

Two Canadian Girls are Queens in Court of Beauty



Erminie Gagnon in a studio pose.

By
ALAN MAURICE IRWIN.

NEW YORK, the world's biggest suckertown, shares one virtue with every other town, city, or village in the United States or Canada—it is proud of its pretty girls! And yet, two of the prettiest in that city are Canadians.

Dorothy Rayner, of St. Thomas, Ontario, and Erminie Gagnon, from the Province of Quebec, are two of the most popular models known to the artists' colony.

United in representing the Dominion, they also represent the *bonne entente*. They show that Canada is a land of pretty girls, that from every province come beauties who can more than compete with their sisters in the southern republic. Blonde and brunette respectively, they are ambassadors to the court of beauty. They have been tried by the foremost judges of feminine pulchritude and have not been found wanting. Side by side, they are perfect foils. Together, they are a delight to the eye.

Played Heroine's Part.

BOTH these girls went to New York at approximately the same time and for approximately the same reason. And yet there was a difference. Erminie Gagnon had never acted before the motion picture camera, Dorothy Rayner had already played leading parts. The young St. Thomas society girl, in war time, played the heroine's part in a Canadian motion picture, made in aid of patriotic funds, and for some time afterward was a member of the company. Eventually the company was disbanded and Miss Rayner left for New York. She laughed when she told me about the trip down. The leading man knew the city well and she asked him to see that she found a decent place to stay.

"Real life," she told me, "is far stranger than fiction. In fiction, I would have expected almost anything. As it was, he was almost discourteous in his anxiety to get me off his hands. He showed me the Y.W.C.A. said goodbye—and I've never seen him since. I think perhaps he was as hard up as I was and feared a 'touch'."

Miss Rayner was not long in the big city before she moved to a club, inhabited solely by girls—illustrators, designers and models. It is to the club that artists and commercial photographers apply when they want models and a sort of "Central Registry" is maintained.

At first the going was pretty hard. Although she knew that she photographed well, the studios were a little shy of someone they had never seen, and the C.O.D. (Call on Dad) system was favored. Then, after her first few appointments when advertisements in

which she was the model began to appear, the tide changed, and enquiries reached the club switchboard for "the girl who did the hands in so-and-so's soap ad", or "that blonde who showed Swartzmann's furs at the trade show."

The "Chicken Salad" Girl.

A MODEL is a living proof of Shakespeare's assertion that each in his time "plays many parts." Dorothy Rayner is internationally famous as "the girl who always ordered chicken salad," and equally well known as the stenographer who wanted to resign because the boss suffered from "that insidious thing—hallucinations." She has waved at you from billboards and you have seen her drinking tea on a fashionable yacht while someone snapped the party with an ubiquitous camera. If you are a woman (or perhaps one of Ann Merrill's "occasional men," you have seen her daintily attired in glove silk bloomers or somebody's patent corset. She has received proposals (in the advertisements) by the score, has been many times a bridesmaid but never a bride, has packed her children off to school with "Butcher's Cocoa" in their thermos flasks—in fact she has portrayed almost every role from that of Cinderella herself to the Fairy Godmother.

In a recent issue of one of the American magazines her picture is seen three times; in a publisher's advertisement, a chemical manufacturer's and as an illustration to one of the stories. The artist was James Montgomery Flagg. Other artists who have immortalized her are Harrison Fisher, James Traver and Dean Cornwell. Mr. Cornwell, who is president of the Illustrators' Association, is a Canadian, and is very much admired by the models who work for him.

Although she was born in Ontario, and lived in St. Thomas until she went to New York, Miss Rayner had never been to the Canadian National Exhibition until this summer.

Work—And Hard Work, Too.

WHEN, at the request of the Editor of The Toronto Sunday World, I interviewed her, she had just returned, and she told me that she wished she could bring some of the girls and the illustrators, too, to see it.

ADVERTISEMENT

Watch Your Wrinkles Vanish in 15 Minutes!

Is your face aging, worn, wrinkled or "lumpy"? Try this harmless and interesting experiment. Mix a spoonful of powdered tartroot with a spoonful of lemon juice and smooth this soothing, creamy mixture over your face. Then go to the mirror and prepare for the surprise of your life. In the next few minutes wrinkles, crowfeet, age-lines, sagging, etc., actually disappear from your face like magic—before your very eyes! It will positively astound you. It is most startling to behold yourself so suddenly rejuvenated. Even in very aged faces a tremendous change is immediately produced.

Tartroot is not a cosmetic or "make-up." In fact, you wash it entirely off after it has done its work. It is so harmless you could even eat it. It is beneficial to the complexion and any druggist can supply you with an original package containing enough to bring the cost down to 2 cents a treatment.



Dorothy Rayner, Ontario beauty and New York model, as she works.

"I thought it was marvellous," she said. "There is nothing like it in New York."

I asked her about her work. "It's just work," she told me, "and pretty hard work, too. It must be much easier to be a secretary. At least you have some time to yourself. With us, in the daytime we have to be close to a telephone, and in the evening there is no inducement to go to a theatre or a concert because we have to leave early. Unless I can get a good sleep the camera will find fault with me in the morning, or, if I am posing for a painter, I shall not be able to hold a pose steadily."

"The pay would be much better than office work if we were to work as long hours as they do, but there might be two or three days without appointments. For photographic work models are paid \$5 an appointment, with a higher rate for corsets and lingerie, and posing for a painter is usually paid on an hourly basis. Some of the bigger artists pay ten dollars an appointment whether it is long or short. Some weeks I have made more than seventy-five dollars, and over a year I think the average is well over fifty."

Miss Rayner laughed when she was asked if the life of a model laid girls open to insult. "Not any more than the life of a stenographer or a factory worker, I should say. In the commercial studios a model is an impersonal being who is necessary to the advertisement, and with an illustrator my experience has been that they are gentlemen first, and artists after. In any walk of life a girl is open to insult if she meets the wrong type of man."

Easy Money—As A Nursemaid

MISS RAYNER has worked a lot for one well known artist who pictures blondes in different poses for a big advertiser. This man has many peculiarities. On one occasion he invited her to stay to lunch. She demurred at first, and then consented. But let her tell it herself.

"He went into his trick kitchen and started to prepare the meal. Knowing that he loved a penny as a mother loves an only child, I

Ontario Blonde and Quebec Brunette Claim Top Rank As Models In Studios of New York's Most Famous Artists—Many Times You Have Met Them Both in the Magazine Pages; Now You'll Read Their Own Stories.



Dorothy Rayner and dog at play.

lar with the girls in the convent. She shared their lives, their interests.

No doubt that was how she came to see the movie magazine. This particular movie magazine was trying hard to increase its circulation. It was in the throes of an "opportunity contest." It was going to give a certain number of the most beautiful women on the continent the opportunity to get into the movies.

Off to White Light Zone.

ONE can imagine the stir that such a contest would create among a group of romantic girls, who knew little of the world at large, and wished to learn a bit. Anyway, Erminie sent her photograph. Weeks passed. One day there came a letter, telling the little French-Canadian girl that she had passed all the preliminary rounds of judging, and was to be given a chance in the final.

This was both exciting and disturbing, for it meant that Erminie would have to go to New York at her own expense, to face the judges. Came a long family discussion, at times no doubt rather warm, Erminie won and went to New York.

She won again in New York. She received a prize, and the promise of a movie engagement. And then her luck turned. Nothing seemed to come out right. The movie engagement was a long, long time in coming, and living in New York is not cheap. Then from somewhere or other came the suggestion that she try posing for artists.

She tried, and after a little difficulty in getting started, she succeeded. Since then she has posed for some of the most famous artists in the United States.

And now, remembering the things she used to think and wonder about artists' models, she has consented to tell of her own experiences—what she encountered on her way to renown, and what qualifies an artists' model should have.

Of these, she is emphatic in placing one first. "A capacity for real, hard, consistent work," she says. "If a girl hopes to become a model just for the sake of having a good time, she is going to be sorely disappointed about becoming a model. It is a serious business. That is why so many beautiful girls do not make good models."

One Unpleasant Moment.

OF course one has good times, too. Lots of them. Not just wild times, though there are those too. If one wants them. But there's all sorts of enjoyable fun in the life of a model. So far as the artists are concerned, most always their attitude towards the girls who pose for them is the attitude of a business man.

"This is not always true, to be sure, but then, it's not always the attitude of the businessman either, is it? It is true that few artists make themselves—or unpleasant to their models. There is one occasion that I remember. "On that occasion the gown that I was wearing was cut very low. The artist attempted to kiss my back. For just a moment I didn't know just what on earth to do. Then I flew into a bit of temper, and—well the man apologized. Today we are the best of friends. It would have been my own fault if it had turned out any other way."

Another photo study of Miss Gagnon.

one of the party asked me what a girl should do in such a case—and I had to answer truthfully. It is no wonder that this girl is making good in New York. From her English ancestors she inherits a capacity for hard work, she is, as the illustrations show, a strikingly pretty girl and she has her heart in her work. Although she has spent years in New York, Dorothy Rayner is just an unspoiled Canadian girl with a host of friends, a capacity for enjoyment and a worthy ambition. What is that?

"To be a good wife to someone."

Fame Called Erminie Gagnon From Little Quebec Town.

By A. K.

AND so the little Canadian girl left the convent and became one of the foremost artists' models in New York. Sounds like a movie subtitle, doesn't it? Well, it happens to be true. It is in tabloid form the story of Erminie Gagnon's conquest of the "big town."

Not so very long ago, in a convent at Three Rivers, Quebec, was a quiet, likeable little girl who happened to be very beautiful. Her beauty was compelling, a subtle aesthetic emanation that had nothing to do with regularity of features. Seeing her, or even her picture, one felt that here was beauty apart from types and standards; that required no analysis.

Of course, she knew that she was beautiful. That was inevitable. But it didn't seem to make a great deal of difference to her. She seriously considered becoming a nun. Not that she was at all "goody-good." She was very popular.

"New York is supposed to be a place where easy money is earned. Easy money has come my way only once. And strange to say it was through this same artist. I had been working on a 'mother and child' picture for him and the little girl who was posed with me became very much attached to me. She would do anything for me. We posed together for some time until Mr. Blank had finished with me, and then he had the child's mother take my place. But the kiddie started to cry for me and refused to do anything for either the artist or her mother. Then he called me up and implored me to come down, and for quite a time I earned a dollar an hour as nursemaid!"

Miss Rayner told me this as we sat at dinner (and by the way, she did not order "chicken salad!"). She told me too of the worst experience she has had.

A Ticklish Moment. ON one occasion, when she was posing for a hosiery advertisement, she had been standing in one position for about twenty minutes and, after a multitude of changes by the camera man everything was ready for the picture.

"I was standing in a most uncomfortable attitude, holding my skirts in place, when my knee began to itch—and I didn't move! I called out to the photographer, 'Wait a minute,' and then I asked one of the other girls to come over and scratch my knee for me. This she did to the accompaniment of a lot of good-natured laughter. I told this to my sister in a letter just after it happened, and last summer at Port Stanley when a bunch of us were playing 'Truth'



Erminie Gagnon, Quebec girl who has achieved outstanding success as a model in New York.

Artist Must Be Interpreter.

NOT all models have the same views. There is one girl of whom Miss Gagnon tells who didn't want to work. She was getting plenty of money from her mother and just wanted to meet the artist-chaps for the sake of having a good time. There are several who have similar views. But your real dyed-in-the-wool model can't go in for many wild times. She has to keep as fit as an athlete. She must retain her beauty of face and form, and her ability to endure the real physical strain of remaining posed in one position without moving.

"One must remember," says Erminie, "that interpretation is the artist's business. He knows what he wants. It is the business of the model to present to his eyes, as closely as possible, a replica of

the ideal that he has in his mind. To do that she must be able to adapt herself to his suggestions, which calls for imagination and a kind of sympathy."

"Of course there are other things that count—some of them vital, some just little 'tricks of the trade.' They all come with experience. But the determination to do real, hard work, and to mind one's own business are essentials that even a beginner must have."

Miss Gagnon has already, although not yet twenty, posed for Harrison Fisher, W. T. Benda, Dean Cornwell, Childe Hassam, Clarence Underwood, of "the skin you love to touch" fame. (For one of this series of famous advertisements, Miss Gagnon was selected to pose). C. D. Williams, George Chitts, Eli Watson, and innumerable other artists of equal and lesser renown.

Thumb Long Considered to Be Hand's Most Important Digit

Used to Sign Documents, Affirm Oaths and Give Death Sentence.

OF the human hand the thumb is the most notable digit, pre-eminent in agriculture, the arts, mechanics, war. In early ages man fought his battles with bows and arrows. The bow was useless to pull the string without the thumb. After a battle the prisoners were enslaved or their thumbs cut off. Decisive battles in later times were won generally by the bowmen.

The thumb was honored in religion, in peace; it bestowed hospitality, and, as civilization grew, commerce, business and correspondence of all kinds, was sealed with the aid of the thumb. At a time when the number of people who could read and write was infinitesimal, a letter or a bond was sealed with wax pressed by the thumb of the sender—the progenitor of our modern finger-printing system.

In the earliest days of the East, the impression of his thumb was the monarch's sign manual. It is of particular interest, therefore, to note that in recent times in India, Sir William Herschel proposed to use thumb prints in the English district courts to protect those executing documents and unable to sign their names. Sir E. R. Henry was responsible for the adoption by the English police of the fingerprint system for crime detection, and the use of finger and thumb prints has now spread to various public departments in India.

A transfer of property is attested by the thumb print, documents are registered with the mark of the thumb for identification, and it is also used in connection with the signing of contracts under the emigration law, medical certificates vouching for the person examined, and is held as a certain method of stopping fraud and imposture. As recognized in the wisdom of the East many centuries ago, the thumb prints of no two persons are the same.

THE thumb had its uses in affirmation, the oath of the thumb being substituted for the names of saints and even of the Almighty. It seems scarcely credible that in the nineteenth century the oath of the thumb might have been seen and heard in many a street wrangle. Two street urchins itching for a fight would put their thumbs to their mouths, wetting them, then, thumbs raised in the air say: "See this wet—see this dry," as they wiped them.

"May I cut my throat if I tell a lie." This oath of the thumb, delivered by many a child in the street with due solemnity and seriousness, was an unconscious parody on an old church form con-nected with the holy water.

Signet rings were worn by the aristocracy in mediaeval times on their thumbs. If husband and wife were separated, and communication necessary, the bearer of a message was vouched for by the seal showing forth the impression of the well-known thumb or ring. The thumb played an important part in the celebrations at Venice on the occasion of the Doge's marriage of the Adriatic. The festival, banquets, concerts, gondola races, ended when the Doge removed the ring from his thumb and threw it into the Adriatic.

In some foreign countries men and women walk with their thumbs tucked together. In such times even two men will walk together thus.

Old-time Celts, in taking holy water from the font, were careful to dip the thumb first. In Walter Scott's romance of "Rob Roy" we find the astute Bailie Nicol Jarvie, the model of honesty, closeted with Rob Roy, who owes the Bailie a considerable sum of money, which he promises to repay immediately if he will go with him to his home in the Highlands. The Bailie loves money, but he refuses, well aware of the risk, Rob Roy says he will protect him. Bailie hesitates.

"Oh, mon, dinna fear for yersel. On the word of a Highlander, trust me, I'll swear." Bailie still hesitates. "Here's my thumb till ne'er beguile ye."

IN the good old days, when torture was practised, the thumb was not overlooked. Witness the thumbscrew of the Spanish Inquisition and the suspension of prisoners by the thumbs.

Legend had it that all good brewers determined the exact temperature required by certain phases of brewing by dipping the thumb into the vat. Every one knows the saying "Rule of thumb," signifying guidance by practice rather than theory. Likewise the adjective well-thumbed, as applied to the pages of a much-used book, although we do not consciously use the thumb in turning pages. "Under one's thumb" is also an expression as common as the one which tells how some one can twist some one else around his or her little finger, the little finger being usually a feminine one and the person twisted belonging to the opposite gender.

"Simon says 'Thumbs up,' Simon says 'Thumbs down,'" in the old game, is rather a reference to the power which lay with the people in the Roman amphitheatre, when in gladiatorial combats the life of the vanquished was spared. If the spectators wished him to live. At the crucial moment, when the victor was prepared to deal the decisive blow, came a moment's pause. If thumbs were shut up in fists, the conquered one received the gift of his life; if it was thumbs down he received his death blow.

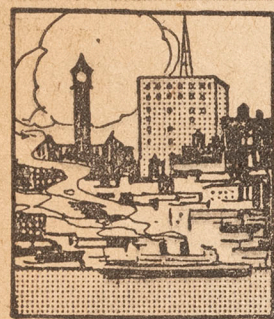
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Itched and Burned, Scaled, Off, Cuticura Healed.

"I was affected with eczema which broke out on my face in a rash and itched and burned and then scaled off. It caused much discomfort. I had the trouble two or three years. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they gave relief, and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed, in about four months." (Signed) Mrs. Fred Salisbury, Norton, New Brunswick, August 23, 1923.

Use Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

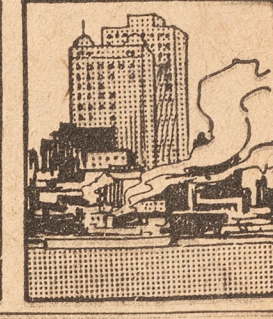
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All Around

City Life
in Pen and
Pencil

The Town



Toronto---"A Town Practically Situated on Open Sea, Most of Whose Citizens Are Unaware of the Fact"

Noted English Architect, Having "Escaped From Depressing Railway Station", Got Vivid Impressions of Queen City's Homes, Streets, Banks and Varsity.

TO SEE ourselves as others see us is now possible. The latest issue of the Journal of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada contains the following impression of Toronto by Professor C. H. Reilly, of the School of Architecture, University of Liverpool.

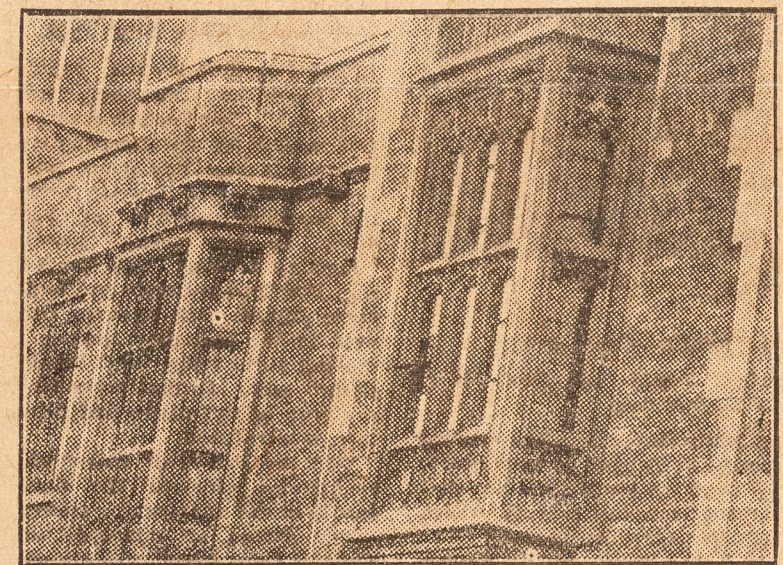
TORONTO is the most English in its sentiments of all the Canadian cities I visited and the most American in its appearance. It has its group of skyscrapers of varying height and design, as have most of the larger American towns. Its business streets have the same bustling appearance, while those along which the car tracks run have the same pitfalls for the pedestrian and would break the axle of any but an American motor-car. As far as nature allows it, it is planned on the block system, but fortunately nature has interfered with this considerably. The town is intersected with large and deep ravines, some perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and filled with trees and shrubs. Across one I saw an excellent road bridge of steel and concrete and yet a thing of beauty. These winding ravines mean winding streets, a few of which were packed with residences for the rich. The rich men in Toronto, and there are obviously a great number of them, build large detached houses on pieces of land which we should think just big enough for a gardener's lodge and a potato patch. It must be remembered, however, that in Canada, as in the States, it is bad form to enclose your land with a fence of any kind, so that the trim lawns are open to one another and to the road, and add to each other's size.

The impression that Toronto is a very prosperous place reaches you directly you escape from its depressing railway station. It is rapidly pulling itself down and rebuilding itself in true American style. The curious thing is that the lake front appears to play so little part in the city's amenities, present or future. Here is a town which is practically situated on a sea—really Lake Ontario—and yet the mass of the town seems to be unaware of the fact. I had to be shot up to the top of a high building to get a view of the lake frontage, and all I could then see was a row of small wharves and piers, with an occasional steamer. In the centre of the town at any rate, there was no evidence of the lake shore nor pierhead from which a comprehensive view of the water could be obtained. The lake was lined behind the wharves with the usual dreary rows of warehouses of varying shapes and sizes. After this, perhaps 1300 yards back, are the two or three main business streets, literally packed with houses.

BANKS in the larger Canadian cities are much more imposing structures than they are in London. They all contain on the ground floor a great banking hall of some symmetrical shape, offering a fine opportunity to the architect. Money without stint is lavished on this hall and its fittings. Lining it are the various departmental private rooms, but not private at all in the English sense. Through low glass screens you can see the president in his holy of holies. Whether this is due to some theory of democracy or for practical control, or to provide better targets for the motor bandits one hears so much about is not clear; but the low partitions serve the useful architectural function of giving scale and height to the hall itself. In front of the partitions is the great banking counter. It generally follows the shape of the hall, and is made of marble with bronze screens over it, on which is lavished a great wealth of fine detail and craftsmanship. The centre of the hall has a few very marble benches of Greek or Italian design. The whole effect is very dignified, forming an advertisement to the stability of the bank, as the great

new railway stations, free from all posters, do to the railways. The mass of bank clerks is often ten or twenty stores up, or even in another building, with elaborate electrical contrivances for telegraphing balances to the bank counter without the knowledge of the client standing at it. Toronto has bank after bank of this sort, the majority by the dozen of the architectural profession in Canada, the late Mr. Frank Darling. Behind this business quarter lies a nondescript mass of small property, held I imagine, by speculators for a rise, and calling loudly for destruction. It is pierced by two big streets, one of which I was informed was fifty miles long in one straight line—a trifling depressing one would imagine—connecting town after town. The other is a fine wide thoroughfare of normal length, called University Avenue, which leads directly from the heart of the business quarter to the front of the Parliament buildings and to the University, which lies around and behind them. It is rather striking that this most important street in the town, wider than Fifth Avenue and the main motor drive, should be called after the University, but in Toronto, I was soon to discover that the University is considered by everyone as a very important institution indeed. In this highly-commercialized town it seems to play even a greater part than its sister universities do in the much older town of Montreal. If you

How Well Do You Know Toronto?



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

looked at the newspapers, the activities of Toronto University seemed of more general interest than those of the Parliament of the province, functioning side by side with it. Its ice hockey matches against American colleges fill the imagination of the citizens, and incidentally provide funds for new University buildings, while its experimental theatre provides an adventurous repository experiment to which the town heartily responds.

THE University campus then is a stretch of park and grass of many acres in extent in the very heart of the city, midway between the best business and residential quarters. It consists of a fine rolling piece of land with the greenest grass that I saw in Canada. It is intersected with curving drives in which are placed in no regular order, but not unpleasantly, the imposing blocks of University buildings. Like those at Liverpool, they follow varying architectural taste from Victorian times onwards, but, unlike Liverpool, they are mostly in grey stone or grey brick and of a scale and size rather staggering to our ideas. Here is a town smaller than Liverpool with a university of 5,000 students which pays to the deans of its faculties £1,500 a year each instead of £150, and, I suppose, gives its principal the income of a bank president. While not at all agreeing with their university system of government where the deans and principal correspond to the general and branch managers of a business, one cannot withhold a certain measure of admiration at the scale of university emoluments. The system of government is, indeed, of the autocratic kind, only a modern democracy can produce, and one which we should hesitate, on this side, I hope, to apply to a private school.

Our immediate concern, though, is with the university buildings, and the most interesting of those is the latest, called Hart House. It is the gift of a manufacturer of agricultural implements, and cost £500,000. In appearance it is a pleasing Gothic structure enclosing a beautiful grass quadrangle. In purpose it is the most complete and composite clubhouse I have ever seen for every kind of



The distinguished visitor had to be "shot up" to the top of a skyscraper to get a peek at our waterfront.

Houses Last Long When Well Built Lessons to Learn From Ancient Architecture.

THE primeval character of northern France is not so different from that of Canada, and its geographical conditions are not dissimilar. Its natural beauty is great, but its artificial beauty is even greater. There are the stately hills and lovely valleys, the rivers that seek the sea in graceful curves, there are the forests preserved with ever-watchful care, but there are also the fields and pastures, hedges and gardens, and little farms and cottages, all evidences of the kindly hand of man.

Diversified as are the architectural types of northern France, they have one point in common, cohesion with the soil. The half-timbered farmhouses of Calvados, the rough stone cottages of Brittany, and the story-and-a-half houses of the Loire valley, with their decorated dormers and outside stairways, are all distinctive, but all take on the color and character of the landscape in which they seem to grow. The use of local material, of simple form, and traditional workmanship combine to give this quality of homely charm.

The two big things that we learn from this ancient domestic architecture are permanence and picturesqueness. With competent workmanship and sound construction, we too can have houses that will endure; and the careful choice of the location, the application of the laws of pictorial composition, and sympathetic co-operation with nature in planting trees and gardens will give some of the subtle quality of beauty that is inherent in the gentle land of France.

If a man who is engaged to be married wishes to break his contract, he is faced with the serious consideration that such action might lead to a breach of promise suit against him, with the possibility of his being forced to pay out a tidy sum as heart balm. But there is another way to go about it, and with much less risk, apparently.

The man might act in such a way as to greatly offend the lady and cause her to break the engagement. Such a course is seemingly safe, even though the woman had spent a lot of money in arrangements for the prospective marriage.

In a recent case of this nature Mr. Justice Mowat decided against a woman plaintiff. She had received a diamond ring from de-

There's More Than One Way To Break the Love Knot

pendant as a pledge of his love at a time when his conduct was above reproach, but subsequently, she alleged, his attitude towards her changed to such an extent as to become most objectionable, being, it was claimed, lacking in delicacy and morality and causing the plaintiff, in the words of the learned judge "great anguish of mind and heart."

The plaintiff declared that she had been induced by defendant to close up her business in New York and come to Ontario to marry him. And after his change in conduct she felt entitled to recover damages for her business loss and inconvenience.

Mr. Justice Mowat stated that there is no precedent for holding that being guilty of misbehavior constitutes in itself a breach of promise to marry. Therefore the plaintiff's action failed.

Hard Job To Find If Name On List

APPARENTLY in some sections of the city it was not exactly a simple matter to ascertain whether one's name was on the voter's list for the liquor plebiscite.

A lady in North Toronto phones The Sunday World that, being told she could get the information at Eglinton Methodist Church, she went there, only to learn that the lists had been taken to the Salvation Army Citadel on Glen Forest Road. Proceeding to this place as promptly as possible by street car, she found that the papers had been returned to Eglinton Methodist Church.

The next morning she made her second call at the church, and there was told that the lists were now at Bedford Park Methodist Church.

She thinks that she might have been continuing this fruitless round of calls yet had she not noticed an office of the Moderation League on Yonge Street, and gone in.

I'm not saying whether I'm in favor of their policy or not," she remarked, "like a true woman, over the phone, but I certainly admire their business-like system. In a few seconds they were able to give me the information."

Try Talking to Yourself When You're Really 'Stuck'

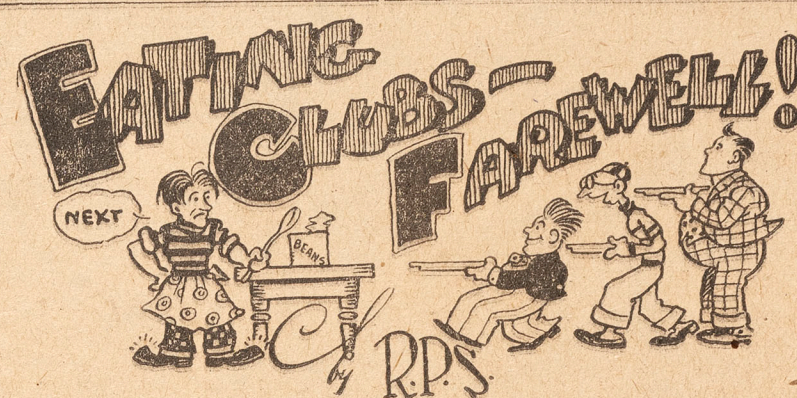
DO you talk to yourself? It may be assumed that your reply is in the negative. Self-talkers are often regarded as a trifling queer. Yet if you call to mind all your acquaintances who have this habit, are not the majority, if not all, of them men and women of considerable mental gifts?

Great preachers, statesmen, and writers, are nearly all self-talkers. Go to the universities and get to know the leading professors—men of learning and intellectual power—nine out of ten of them talk to themselves as they walk about!

The truth is that there is no finer exercise for the brain, and no better way of solving hard problems, than self-talk. It is at once a clarifier and a safety valve. Strong, intense, silent, mental concentration, is really not good; it strains the brain. Arguments crowd upon one another, and those that are rejected are not really jettisoned. The mind retains them.

But self-talking pulls them out, as it were, and throws them away. The next time you have a knotty problem, to solve, try talking it over. Self-talking is at once a clarifier and a safety valve.

Self-talking is never a sign of idiocy. One of the first symptoms of mental affliction is silence—a withdrawal into one's self. Is Edison foolish? No! Yet he talks to himself. Try it yourself and see how it helps you.



IN A college monthly appeared the photograph of a row of little piggies with curly tails turned toward the beholder. They—that is, the pigs—were seen eating from a trough. And the title was: "The Elysian Club."

The uproar that followed this publication cannot be described, for Elysian was the name of one of the foremost and hitherto proudest "eating clubs" in the historic college. In fact, it was the most aristocratic of all such societies in the University of Toronto, for did it not serve twenty-one square meals at the rate of \$2.65 per week when other clubs could not make the price lower than \$2.75.

These golden days when cheapness meant distinction have passed—never to return, as the old song says. To-day the returning student will acquiesce in paying double that amount for a week's sustenance, and call himself lucky.

EATING Clubs linger, but they are "not what they used to be," as was said of the famed grey quadruped. Once the terrific competitors of landladies, of restaurateurs, they have succumbed before the stewards of the great dining halls.

"Belo! de wah!" and away back in the first decade of the century the eating club was a portentous institution at Varsity, although not quite so dominant as at Princeton in Woodrow Wilson's day. Any one of them could make the "beanery" at the north-west corner of University College look like Starvation Point.

And as a political institution it was a self-determination unmandated and the plain without Black and Tan trimmings. Besides it was a refuge from co-education to such an extent as would make a lumber camp dinner look by comparison like a Ladies' Aid.

Add to all these attractions the lure of dinners for thirteen cents, and their years could be explained.

But college customs change quickly and even the Eating Club loses its bite and becomes tamed if not sophisticated.

There was a time when private boarding-houses catering to the bucolic freshman had to serve pie for breakfast and the fear of the made-for-the-table pie was a constant threat to the running of all.

What could a poor widow do to hold the patronage of a lot of sophomore athletes when across the street some student leader had set up opposition and was stuffing the boys with cheap bananas before meals in order to reduce the per capita consumption of dearest foods?

Healy's hand, and the boys wanted was Food, and lots of it. They had to battle with tough Eiders and Argonauts in those days, and it took beef, brawn and muscle.

The players themselves might belong to Greek Letter fraternities, much tender affairs, but the rosters, the men who took the fear of sudden death into supporters of the old Hamilton Tigers, who captured the coffin right at the cricket field in Hamilton, had to be fed on strong meat and gravy and succulent cabbage.

What chance had a half-filled youth to do battle with Toronto blue-coats? The vogue of the eating clubs was the answer.

SOME historic mansions of Toronto fell into their hands at one time or another. Rechristened with high-sounding names, the mid-Victorian walls rang with laughter as loud and free as on threshold day in the farm kitchen. Rich men's sons went into fraternity houses, but the men sought the more casual and less expensive brotherhood that sprang up in these shelters of haughty poverty.

If one club was known as the Grandest, its neighbor was the Finest, although modesty forbade that these classic terms be translated out of the original tongue. Such claims to exclusive merit led to deadly political rivalry. Who was better qualified for the presidency of the literary and debating society than one who had for a term maintained the semblance of discipline and decorum as buyer for a famous eating club? The warfare did even spread to the athletic field and finally to the journalistic arena, where an Aristos editor might lampoon an Acme horde.

THE Great War came about and the eloquence of one masterful buyer, once used to vindicate his regime and regimen against a forest of uplifted forks, became devoted to the drilling of his squad. Another noted buyer, dressed in subaltern's garb, pleaded before the audiences of fashionable theatres for battalion funds and, soon departing the city, lies buried near the spot where he rolled his men.

As if to hurt down to oblivion this former glory of college tradition, the dining halls of the University blossomed forth, places where exuberant youth were not ashamed to obey an order forbidding sweaters at dinner. From that time the Eating Club period had gone.

Eating Clubs may remain, some of them old and others new, but the power of the old order has been broken.

Temporary alliances of two clubs by secret diplomacy and overt acts had been unknown to make or break aspirants for high office. One buyer's bargain in spuds or bananas had played sudden havoc with restaurant patronage, but to-day it is two and a half college generations since this once characteristic feature of University of Toronto life began to fade out of the picture.

THE boys now stand for bread and butter plates. Some can even wrestle neatly with afternoon tea. One famous clubhouse has become an auction mart. Bay Street has been driven through the heart of one eating club district in Yorkville. Another sector elsewhere has been captured by the bootleggers. Tammany is broken and its Wigwag deserted. There's fire on the tables and the boys insist on having their own napkin rings. Bread is less than half an inch thick. The tea isn't boiled any more.

Eating Clubs, Farewell!

In the face of such facts the gesture of despair seems justified. But remember these things: First, Toronto still draws many students from the farms and forests, from summer occupations which breed healthy appetites for strong, coarse, filling food. Second, there are rumors that Tudor Gothic architecture is not quite as satisfying as pork and beans. And, third, there still survives an Eating Club which serves a real meal for twenty-six cents. Around such a fortress of traditional democracy and economy the forces of rebellion might easily rally.

If ever it becomes a choice between vitamins and victuals, then the Eating Clubs will flourish again.

DOORBELLS ON ALL HOMES, BUT FEW WILL RING

Peddler Sees Ups and
Downs of Life In Daily
Rounds.

By CHRISTIE WILLIAMS.

WE peddlers see life from an interesting, if sometimes unpleasant angle, and much of the little pleasure in the work comes from observing people, especially when one does not take anything that may happen too much to heart. On a bright, sunshiny morning house-to-house work is pleasant, at other times it may be tolerable, but generally it is endured only because we, too, must have our daily bread.

After the bell has been tried, and the door knocked upon, the real work of the peddler begins. There's the wee chap who comes boldly to the door, then taken with sudden fright, darts back to the stair and shouts, "Maw, a man wants ya." Later he appears, peeking out from behind his mother's skirts. There is the woman who opens the door a scant two inches and utters a below-zero "Well!" and you know, to say the least, that prospects aren't very bright. Another kind will talk to you from an upstairs window, and just try selling a stick of the most wonderful glue in the world to a woman fifteen feet above you for a test of real salesmanship.

Some are timid, perhaps with reason and as I step towards the door to steady my notebook against the wall, a hand goes unobtrusively up to the hook and fastens the protecting screen door. Then there's the old man who begins to unload his favorite cause of complaint on you. Just let him start and you will get the beginning of a lecture, and half a dozen perorations of a fiercer invective against the way in which foreigners "just out" can get a job and he can't, though he's been living in the city for forty years, and paying his taxes, and so forth. This was the very subject which delayed me half an hour on Westmoreland Ave. Or some woman will begin to inveigh against the neighbors, or a certain neighbor, warning the agent by all that's safe not to call at the second door down the street. The favorite theme of these talkative people, however, their own youthful exploits and talents, until one begins to wonder how so many have escaped greatness and fame.

DOWN on Manning Ave., an excited little Italian girl dashed up to me saying: "Mister, ma wants to see ya." I scented business but when I arrived at the door I was met by the mother with a demand to fix the washing machine, as the repair man had been expected all morning. I explained that I had no connection with washing machines, and tried to introduce my own business, but was met by a sudden and complete ignorance of English against which I could make no headway.

Just around the corner from this place on Argyle St. I rang the bell at a little house that had a two foot porch, and waited. As the door opened I stepped back a little and forgetting the narrowness of the porch, I fell, and my weight on my back, I rolled down the steps thereby ruining my dignity and the success of the interview. Such an approach was bad for business, and though I assured the lady that I was not drunk, she followed me through the doorway, the whole resultless conversation.

One thing that Toronto boosters might add to the list of "Reasons Why I Am Proud of My City," is that some 99 per cent. of Toronto's homes are equipped with doorbells, but let it never be known that 92.5 per cent. of these are out of order, and haven't worked since they heard about the doorbell strike ever so long ago. Time after time the hopeful peddler pushes a promising looking button and strains his ears to catch the sound of the bell from the kitchen—but hears nothing. Very often there will be a second chance in a handle to twist, but disappointment awaits him again, for he is brass ever so highly polished, it is true, but not in his hand. Why there should be a doorbell when it won't work, or why there should be so many pairs of shirkers, is more than I can tell you, but certainly this decrepit condition of doorbells is epidemic, especially in the older sections of the city, and reminds us that we humans are prone to overlook a small defect which is with us all the time.

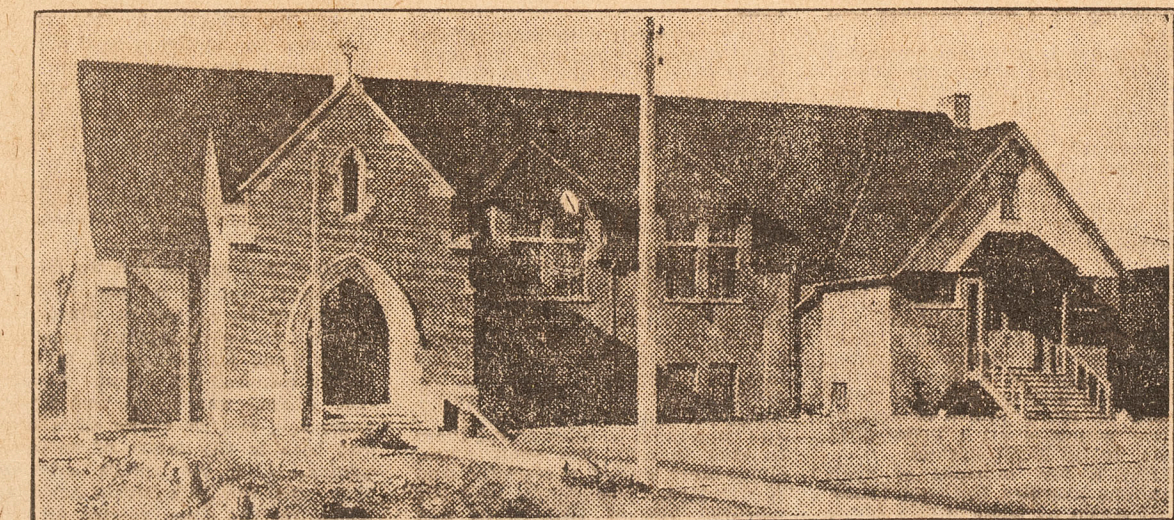
SUGGESTION.

A fit punishment for the honking motorist and the out-of-control driver, who confine them in some remote spot and compel them to listen to one another's noises until one of them became exhausted.

What the Engaged Girl Is Supposed to Ask Her Fiance:

- 1.—How much are you making?
- 2.—How much of your salary do you save?
- 3.—How do you like your position?
- 4.—What do you think of the boss?
- 5.—How many positions have you held?
- 6.—What did you do with the first money you ever earned?
- 7.—Where you ever engaged before, and if so, how many times?
- 8.—Who are your best friends?
- 9.—Who are the people whom you dislike most and why do you dislike them?

First Service in New Building, Bedford Park Presbyterian Church



SPLENDID STRUCTURE JUST COMPLETED FOR RAPIDLY GROWING CONGREGATION.

In a section that is increasing in population faster, probably, than any other inside the city limits, the congregation of Bedford Park Presbyterian Church foresaw the need for a larger place of worship than the frame building they have been occupying up to the present on the north side of Ranleigh Avenue, a little east of Yonge. On a large adjoining site they have erected the Sunday School shown above, intending to put up a much larger church, where they will worship for the next few years. It has seating accommodation for about 900. They have ample land left for a large church building, which it is felt will be needed in the not distant future. The minister, Rev. Dr. Alexander MacGillivray, was recently elected Moderator of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston. The first service, on Sunday morning, will be a communion, at which the Presbytery will be represented by Rev. J. M. Duncan of the Presbyterian Publications. At the evening service Rev. Dr. John Neil, pastor emeritus of Westminster Church, will preach.



HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES



Wells' Idea for New Novel, Shaw's Thoughts on Russia, Are Inflicted on Editor

Sidelights on Noted Figures
Obtained by Compilers
of New History.

THE Encyclopaedia Britannica Company has recently been working on a two-volume history of the present century, entitled, "These Eventful Years," and as there are no fewer than eighty contributors, all of them experts and authorities on the subjects on which they write, the procedure by which their contributions were obtained was precisely the same as that employed for articles for the Britannica itself, says a writer in the New York Times Magazine.

H. G. Wells, for instance, is the contributor to these new volumes of a chapter entitled "A Forecast of the World's Affairs." In the course of correspondence with the Britannica, the famous author, overflowing, as ever, with ideas, plans, and suggestions, announced that he was thoroughly bored by the limited range of the seven and sixpence novel in England. He was, he said, anxious to return to fiction as a medium, and had a project for a very long, rambling novel of a humorous character—something after the style of "Polly" and "Klippers," but both of these had been "cruelly" cut down from a larger and fuller plan. "I have now in mind the career of a retired laundryman and his daughter," he said, both were "quite delightful people."

It would be a rambling story of unlimited possibilities; perhaps, indeed, his Pickwick Papers. It would have to be a book that would run on for some years and be brought out in quarterly sections of some 50,000 words.

Admiral Sims, replying to the invitation to write on the American Navy in the World War, said: "I should be glad to attempt this, but I rather think you might not care to accept the only kind of article I could write." It will be understood from this that the tone of Admiral Sims's contribution to "These Eventful Years" is not exactly pacific.

BERNARD SHAW was invited to contribute a chapter on Communism in Russia. With characteristic modesty, he wrote: "The article on the Communist experiment in Russia which you suggest is quite beyond me. I do not know what has happened in Russia, and cannot find out. Even if I were to visit Russia, as I have been invited to do, I should come back not much wiser than I came (went) as to the economic moral of the experiment. Besides the experiment is not yet consummated. I have not the least notion of what the maximum Britannica rate comes to in figures; but situated as I am at present, with a heavy budget of permanently remunerative work waiting to be completed, I do not believe that anything I could do for the world would be worth what it would cost you to induce me to do it." None the less, I am much obliged to you for the invitation to contribute, and I should do the particular job you propose for its own sake if I were qualified to do it justice.

Gandhi was invited to write an article on the non-co-operation movement in India; but the reply to the invitation came in the form of an official document from the Home Department, Bombay Castle, India, to say that prisoners were permitted to write and receive only one letter once a month, strictly limited to private matters, and that it was

Red Cross Founder



HENRY DUNANT

who was responsible for the founding of the Red Cross organization of the world sixty years ago, which anniversary is now being celebrated internationally. Special exercises will be held in Geneva, Switzerland, where the conference that was the actual start of the societies was held in 1864. Dunant himself was a Swiss.

To Resign Post



SIR HERBERT SAMUEL

High Commissioner of Palestine, has decided not to remain another term in office, after his present term expires in March 1925.

It is said Sir Herbert wishes to devote himself to literary work after his resignation.

"not possible, therefore, to pass on your letter to prisoner M. K. Gandhi."

M. EMILE BOURGEOIS, the French historian, while visiting America a few months ago, was invited to contribute the chapter on modern French history. He replied that he was interested in the project and was inclined to write the chapter, but would be glad to talk the matter over with the editor. The latter accordingly called on the historian. M. Bourgeois was on the point of agreeing to write the chapter when, almost as an afterthought, he inquired the names of other contributors. As it happened, the editor had that morning received letters from Signor Nitti, the ex-Premier of Italy, and J. L. Garvin, the editor of The London Observer, accepting invitations to contribute. The editor accordingly mentioned the names of Nitti and Garvin. "Nitti," said M. Bourgeois, "I will not contribute to any book to which Monsieur Garvin contributes!" He said that France was imperialistic! I will not contribute to such a book! Curiously enough, after M. Bourgeois's wrath had cooled, he proceeded to inform the editor that a very excellent man to write the chapter in question would be Albert Thomas, a first-class scholar, a man who had held half the Ministerial appointments in the French Government, and who, finally had been a pupil of his own.

A FEW of the contributors put forward certain stipulations before agreeing to write. Admiral Von Tirpitz, the "Pirate" of the World War days, wrote saying that he would contribute only on the understanding that the book contained no vilification of his country in any reply to this, but that he himself was to be the judge of what constituted vilification of Germany. While the editor has to be prepared to deal with correspondence in Arabic, Tamil, Japanese, Sanskrit, Latin or any of the other known tongues of the earth, General Ludendorff, who writes in the German Army in the World War for "These Eventful Years," insists on being written to in German. "Finally," he writes in one of his letters, "must once more ask emphatically to be written to in German." Evidently, General Ludendorff is a better soldier than linguist.

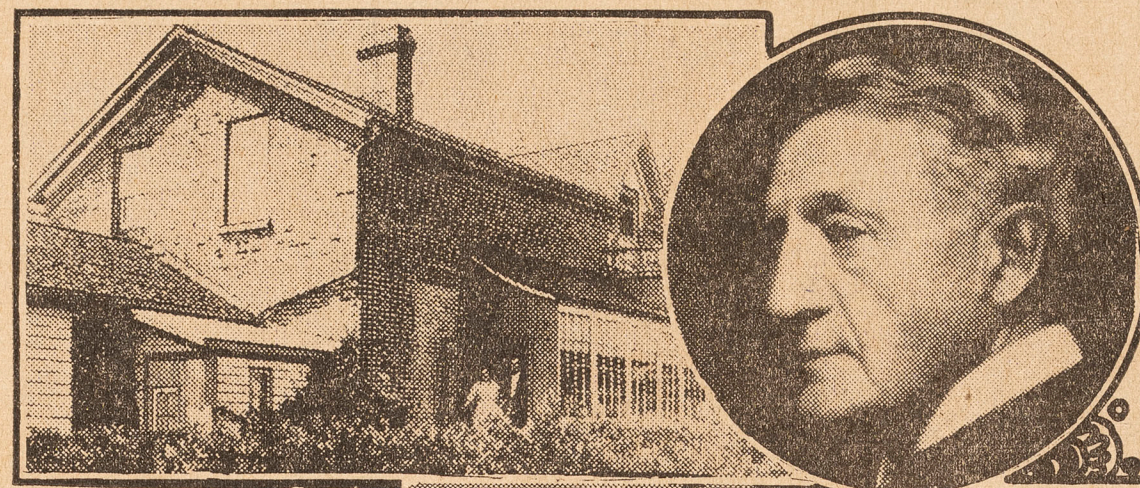
BEFORE the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, Mr. Henry Fitzwater Plumtree, of Goodnestone Park, near Deal, has established his claim to the barony of Fitzwater. The barony is described as one of the oldest in the kingdom, the earliest writ having been issued in 1295. It was in 1756, when Benjamin, the 19th baron, Viscount Harwich and Earl Fitzwater, died without surviving male issue, that the earldom and viscounty became extinct, and the barony fell into abeyance. In 1841 Sir Brook William Bridges, of Goodnestone Park, claimed the barony as grandson and heir of Dame Fanny Bridges, and the Committee of Privileges decided in 1844 that the barony is still in abeyance between Sir Brook William Bridges and the descendants of Jenima Duke. No attempt was made then to find the descendants of Jenima Duke. Since that time the peerage has lain dormant. This year Mr. Henry Fitzwater Plumtree, as grandson of the sister of Sir Brook William Bridges, entered a claim and, as the heirs of Jenima Duke could not be located, the Committee reported that the barony was at His Majesty's disposal.

ANCIENT BARONY REVIVED AT LAST

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Sir Adam Beck's Love of Flowers and Shrubs Developed by Surroundings of Old Homestead

Solid Old Brick Dwelling,
Sir Adam's Birthplace,
70 Years Old.



Above, in circle—Sir Adam Beck. To left—Sir Adam's "old homestead."

THERE still stands at Baden, in Waterloo County, the comfortable and solidly-built brick house where Adam Beck was born. In contrast with "Headley", the London home where the "power knight" and world-famous advocate of public ownership now lives, the difference is largely one of time, rather than magnificence or circumstance. The Baden house was a fine dwelling in the year 1857, when young Adam was born. It was a home quite befitting the successful mill-owner and foundry proprietor which Jacob Beck, father of Adam, then was; just as to-day the beautiful London residence is characteristic in many ways of the station of its owner. If it could be said that Jacob Beck's residence was plain and unpretentious, it can also be said to-day that "Headley" is similarly devoid of ultra-modern appearance, and depends on solidity and beautiful surroundings for the distinction which makes it one of the "show homes" of the Forest City.

A FEW blocks away from "Headley" in London, stands the Beck factory, also unpretentious. A three-foot sign above the office door bears the name of the proprietor: "Adam Beck." About the same distance from the Beck homestead in Baden stands the Beck foundry, where Adam Beck as a young man plied his trade as a foundry laborer, completed his apprenticeship and graduated as a skilled mechanic. The old foundry in Baden is just across the lake on the left of the Beck house.

THE Beck homestead, remodelled somewhat since the year 1857, is now occupied by Abraham Schmidt, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. O. Schmidt, own the homestead and live in a frame house at the gate of the driveway. Mrs. Schmidt was a school-mate of Sir Adam and can recall many of the incidents of his school days and young manhood, especially the parties which the school children used to enjoy at the Beck home. The house itself is not much changed in 70 years. On the east end there is still a conservatory which in the days of the Becks was always filled with beautiful plants. The grounds surrounding the house were also always well kept, shrubbery and flowers being abundant. The Schmidts keep the place looking well, but not so attractive as when the Beck family lived there.

JUST as Sir Adam got his love for horses and athletics from his home life in the early days, so he obtained his love for flowers and shrubs, and his place at "Headley" in London is a wonderful spot from a horticultural standpoint. Sir Adam often spends many hours in his garden and delights in showing the visitors his flower beds and hedges and the beautiful trees which tower above the well-kept lawns.

FAR TOO ANXIOUS TO SUIT MINISTER

THE following story is told of Robert Shirra, a Kirkcaldy preacher:

"One Sabbath, shortly after the beginning of the service, a young officer of a volunteer corps, which was at the time stationed in Kirkcaldy, came into the church rigged out in fresh uniform, thereby attracting the attention of the congregation. He seemed to be walking about longer than was necessary if he was merely looking for a seat; but he was at length compelled to take one quickly, by the reason of the minister saying to him, 'Sit down, man; we'll see your new breeks when the Kirk comes out.'"

IS CIRCLING GLOBE WITH DOCILE DONKEY

BELFAST recently received a novel visitor, Mr. Harold Speakman, an author and artist from New Jersey, who is raveling round the world with a donkey and cart, and sleeps in a tent. "I am, walking all the way," he explained, "and use the cart for carrying my luggage, paints and canvas. In 800 miles my donkey has only refused to go forward on one occasion, and that was one of the few times I had taken the wrong road." The author has already traveled through Europe.

MAHARAJAH IS DEAD; RULED 3,000,000

FROM Madras comes news of the death of the Maharajah of Travancore. The Maharajah, Sir Rama Varma, though a great English scholar and a most progressive prince, would not take meals with his wife because, according to the customs of his land, she was of "low birth," neither would the Maharajah drink water or eat a meal after he had shaken hands with or received a foreigner until he had taken a bath in running water. The crown falls to the son of the Maharajah's elder sister, who, also according to custom, was married, while still a girl, to a man of high caste. The Maharajah's own son, therefore, although well educated and brought up in luxury, cannot take his father's title. Travancore, the leading Malayalam State of South-west India, has an area of 6,730 square miles and a population of 3,000,000. The Maharajah, who possessed great wealth, lived in a beautiful palace at Travancore, the capital of the State. As a ruler of so important a State he had a salute of 19 guns, to which, as personal compliment to himself, two were added, putting him in the front of Indian princes.

Hobbies of Toronto Men



LOUIS J. WALKER.

LOUIS J. WALKER likes to play Santa Claus. He doesn't wait for Christmas to roll around before he begins his distribution of joy to the youngsters. All year round he is working at it. Every summer for seven years he has extended the hand of Big Brotherhood to a group of boys by placing them in camp on the lake shore near Pickering. At that other season "when a feller needs a friend" he dons the red coat and cotton whiskers of Santa Claus and hands out toys and candy at the Jarvis Street hostel. Mr. Walker played lacrosse with the Tecumseh Club, and includes among the 57 varieties of sport of which he is fond golf, bowling and curling.

FIGURE ASKED BY D'ANNUNZIO REAL STUNNER

Anniversary Recalls Early Experience of Italian Poet-Soldier.

THIS year, the thirtieth anniversary of the publication of Gabriele d'Annunzio's first book, his publisher is preparing a special de luxe edition of all the poet's works.

Gabriele d'Annunzio was twenty years old when he wrote his first letter to publisher Treves. In 1885 he was not the bald-headed hero he is to-day. His head was a mass of beautiful curls, golden curls, which made him the darling of all the ladies of the Roman aristocracy. Some of his short stories were shown to Mathilde Serao, then a rising novelist, and she mentioned him to Treves, her publisher, and advised the young man to go to Milan. Before doing so he wrote his first letter to Emilio Treves, dated 18th February, 1885.

"Dear Sir: My book of prose is ready and will be 350 pages long. Mathilde Serao has spoken of me to you. Will you be my publisher? I wish to receive 1,500 lire for four years' rights and wish to have paid to me 1,500 lire on the day when I hand you the manuscript."

Fifteen days later the publisher wrote, asking for details of the stories, pointing out that the young writer had neither mentioned the title nor the contents. D'Annunzio replied, giving a list of titles.

THE publisher told him to post the manuscript to Milan, but a little hitch occurred in regard to the contract. D'Annunzio, even at the risk of losing his publisher, wrote on the 30th of March: "Distinguished Sir—I send back the proofs. When I wrote the first time I mentioned my conditions and the amount that I wish paid down on acceptance of the MSS. When you told me to send it on I decided that this was an implicit acceptance of my terms. Now, instead, I receive a contract in which I notice a change which does not make it worth my while in case you cannot agree on my terms please send back my short stories. In case you see no objection, please send me the contract, written out, on stamped paper, and with it the money due me. Do not be frightened at my haste. For my poems I ask 4,000 lire, with a concession for five years. If this is not worth your while, and I feel certain it will not be, it is useless arguing. I await your answer."

Publisher Treves was so horrified at the price fixed by this unknown writer who dictated terms as if he had a large public awaiting his book that he wrote, pointing out to D'Annunzio, his ignorance of the literary situation in Italy.

D'Annunzio found another publisher in Florence and received the terms he had asked on condition that the title was changed to "San Pantaleone."

Prince Had Shock For Fair Maiden

Declined the Cup That Beauty Had Blessed.

THE Prince of Wales drink from the loving cup presented to the winning polo team at Meadowbrook recently recalls a story told of him some years ago in London.

His Royal Highness had been called upon to open a fashionable bazaar, and after performing the opening ceremonies he toured the hall. One of the stalls, presided over by the pretty daughter of a duchess, sold cups of tea at two and sixpence per cup. It was doing a roaring business, so great was the desire of the public to receive tea at the hands of a beautiful aristocrat, and when the prince approached the young lady asked him to buy a cup. He declined, courteously. The young person became importunate. She held out a cup towards him, slipped delicately from it, and said, "There! now it is worth five shillings."

The prince produced the necessary coins, with the words: "Now would you mind getting me a clean cup."

IS OLDEST MAYOR IN ALL ENGLAND

SIX times Mayor of Gravesend, England, and a member of the Town Council for over 20 years, Alderman H. E. Davies, J.P. of Gravesend, has just celebrated his 83rd birthday. As the oldest mayor in England, he received numerous messages of congratulation. Alert and vigorous as a man half his age, his life has been devoted to public service. In the 'sixties he joined the City of London Rifle Brigade and afterwards the Royal Bucks Hussars, serving with distinction for several years under the honorary Colonelcy of the late King Edward. As a youth he was a fine boxer, swimmer and athlete.

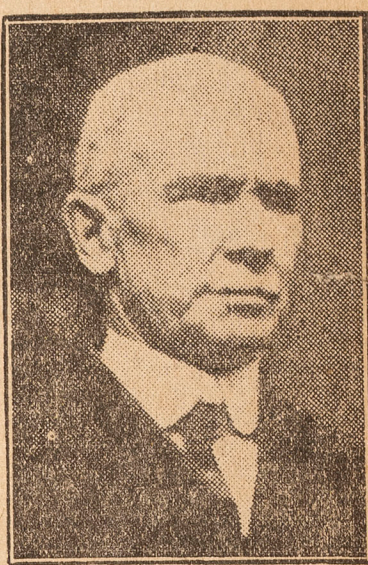
Beautiful and Lucky



Not always boon companions, but Mlle. Edmonde Guy, famous Parisian beauty, has them working hand in hand. A short time ago, she was a shopgirl working in the Montmartre district of Paris when her great beauty gained attention and she was offered a stage career. Just recently she took a hand at the baccarat table at Deauville, and she won 100,000 francs.

Woe Betide "Smart Aleck" Who Faces Cadi's Keen Eye In Major Brunton's Court

Original Methods of Dealing With Offenders Prove Effective.



MAJOR BRUNTON.

IT is in a small side room of an unpretentious building in a busy section of downtown Toronto shortly before noon. About two score persons, mostly workmen judging by their appearance, are seated on plain wooden chairs leaning forward with an air of forced, uncomfortable suspense. In front four others stand ill at ease twisting their caps nervously, and alternately shifting the weight of their bodies from one foot to the other as does a small boy when haled before the school principal for some misdemeanor. Indeed the similarity of school seems to go further as one looks on. In the corner no witness is to be called, or taking the part of the teachers, stand three uniformed police officers while a middle aged man with thinning hair and a bristly grey moustache is busily writing, head down, at a raised table that resembles a pulpit.

To one who has not been told what to expect it proves rather puzzling to realize that he is in the police court of the County of York where \$25,000 in fines alone were collected last year; that is, puzzling until the Major speaks.

THE silence that pervades the atmosphere of the room would indicate that the spectators are deeply engrossed in watching the progress of some difficult and technical operation going on before them. But the reason for their quietude is the respect, indeed awe, which the very character and earnestness of the industrious man before them inspires. Suddenly the bowed head looks up and with a military snap to it a man's manner is sounded. He answers and is asked:

"What do you do for a living?"
"I scream."
The head droops once more for a fraction of a second then rises again and a piercing pair of grey eyes focus their searching gaze on the man who stands before them as a prisoner, and the voice repeats:
"You what?"
"I scream sir."
"I am not asking about your private habits yet, your wages, the bench with a withering sarcasm, 'I am asking for your occupation.'"
"That is it sir."
"What is it—screaming?"
"No sir, ice cream as I said, I make it."

"Oh you work in a dairy, and make ice cream?"
"Yes, that's it," and the Major asks some other questions. We have had our first glimpse of Magistrate Brunton in action.

In other courts the Crown Attorney or some other official would have been asking these questions and a short hand reporter writing them down but not so with the soldier-magistrate. He does both these things himself and therein lies the secret of this unique man's individuality.

But for oneself is a trait in the make up of York County's "lecturing judge."

ON the bench of the Adelaide St. County Court, where he has alternately sat since March, 1912, Major Brunton bears a certain spiritual likeness to George Bernard Shaw, for he says what he thinks and scoffs at consequences. He is not a vegetarian, to be sure, but like Shaw his frankness clears the air and one is never in doubt where he stands on any issue.

In private life one sees a certain resemblance in Major Brunton to the English squire of the Pickwick days, although he is of Canadian birth, having first seen the light of day in London, Ont. In public, he is a true British gentleman. Figuratively one can almost hear him say, "Well, bowled sir, by gad; well bowled indeed, sir," although in fact he is not interested in cricket, preferring the more strenuous activities of baseball, tennis and golf. He was also president of the Ontario Curling Association in 1913, and is a member of the Granite Club.

In court he has no sentiment or emotion. Outside he is filled with it.

IN the little tucked-away court room he is king of all his surveys. His mind is eternally at the gallop and his voice a hurricane of wrath that subdues all upon which it falls. Woe betide the so-called "fresh aleck" charged with some petty offence who comes before Magistrate Brunton for that youth will be subject to the greatest internal searchings he will ever undergo, short of the surgeon's knife, at the hands of the man who hears his pleadings.

In fact the magistrate is a sort of surgeon and he specializes in the removal of egotism. He is a lash laid across the back of the man who admits beating his wife or his horse and he whips that individual with his tongue and makes him grateful.

To the young citizen who breaks the country's laws the Major points out that the laws which they claim to be above were made by the people and for the people of Canada, and he is there simply to see that they are enforced. Mentally, he is as keen as a

razor and usually sees a point coming long before it is actually presented. He enjoys giving a lecture because he knows it does some good and yet his sentences are seldom complained of as severe. He has more than once been known to reduce a bracing youth to a self admitted cad and then send him free from the court with a new grip upon his manhood. He is a preacher in a court of law.

WHY he is always called "The Major" is a question sometimes asked. In the first place he is so called because the title is so exceedingly apt. However this is not on the same theory that every native of middle age in Kentucky who wears a Van Dyke beard or a flowing moustache is saluted as "Colonel," because Major Brunton is a genuine military officer of the rank. In London, the city of his birth, Thomas Brunton enlisted with the 7th Fusiliers as a private in 1876. Thirty years later he retired from the 12th York Rangers as paymaster with the rank of Major and the title will never desert him. During the last war he offered himself for service in France.

He is an educationist of ability having been a member of the Newmarket Board of Education for over a score of years. He is a Freemason of the 32nd degree, a member of the Scottish Rite and a former grand lodge officer. He plays golf with the same vigor that he puts into his magisterial decisions, and drives his own motor car.

THIS last qualification has led to the utter discomfiture of more than one driver who declared after arrest that his ancient vehicle could not go at the speed credited to it, whereupon the Major with his own knowledge of motor cars would sportingly offer the driver an opportunity of escaping punishment if his statement was correct but if the car was really as fast as the speed charged on the information sheet the car was to become the property of the court. The magistrate himself was to make the tests. To the best of my knowledge he has never been accepted. Another "motorism" of the Major's was the dollar a mile fine system. The levy being one dollar as a fine for each mile over the speed limit the car driver was travelling. On two occasions drivers who have stated their cars could not go so fast as charged were named Kane which caused the magistrate to chuckle the question, "I wonder if Kane's car was able."

THE Major is of the opinion that scientific spanking is better than prison in many cases and was the first magistrate in Toronto to adopt the practice of sending men found guilty of driving a motor car while drunk to jail without the option of a fine.

He is an avowed enemy of a certain type of motion pictures, particularly the Wild West variety. One of his favorite questions when a youthful offender is brought before him is: "Do you like the movies?" To this the answer is nearly always an enthusiastic affirmative, whereupon the Major follows up by asking, "Do you like Wild West shooting pictures with Bill Hart and Harry Carey and Tom Mix and those fellows in it?" If another yes answer is given the Major proceeds to smother the halo of hero-worship about the heads of these performers in a torrent of criticism that particularly aims at the play in which they appear. So well did he do this upon one occasion that the humorous publication "Life" demanded an apology in the name of Douglas Fairbanks. This apology was never given and the Major reaffirmed his stand in a later interview.

JELICOE'S AUNT 103 YEARS OF AGE

MISS Katherine Jane Jellicoe, aunt of Viscount Jellicoe, celebrated her 103rd birthday on September 1st. She lives in Southampton, as does her brother, the Rev. George Jellicoe, who is 93.

BROADWAY'S CURRENT STAGE SUCCESS

A COMEDY of American manners, "The Best People" owes much to the skillful hand of that master farceur, Avery Hopwood.

It is a story of impetuous, irreverent, modern youth, battling for what they consider "the new personal freedom," breaking down all barriers of custom or precedent, and generally winning.

If anyone had told Bronson Lenox—a socially prominent and successful New York lawyer—that he and his wife's brother, George Grafton, would be dining that evening with a couple of chorus girls, he would probably have considered the thing a poor attempt at humor. As far as it pertained to his brother-in-law—that dignified apostle of the proprieties—the idea was actually fantastic. Still—strange things happen!

Lenox had arrived that morning from one of his periodic visits to Washington to find his wife in a "state of nerves" and the remainder of his household on the verge of mutiny. To begin with, Marion—pretty, spoiled, enthralling flapper—had announced the sudden termination of her engagement to Lord Rockmere.

Mrs. Lenox had set her heart on the match! It was such a distinguished alliance, with one of the very best families. But Marion had decided that "Rocky" was "dead from the neck up," and that was all there was to it.

The second reason for Mrs. Lenox's nerves was the prim and self-sufficient Miss Tate, her husband's secretary. She was becoming altogether too officious—using the upstairs' phone and refusing to eat with the servants. And to cap the climax, Henry the chauffeur, had come home to report the limousine a total wreck. A Fifth Avenue bus had taken the wrong side of the street and Henry had been unable to avoid it.

LEARNING of Mr. Lenox's arrival, Henry presented himself for an accounting. He was a well-made, straight-backed boy of twenty-six, with closely-cropped hair and a bluff, military manner. Marion was just descending the stairs as he came into the hall and at sight of him the girl's eyes filled with a lively interest.

Marion—"Were you driving for Bertie?"

Henry—"Yeh. He had the girl with him. He was in a store buying flowers. Gee, the way that kid spills money!"

Marion—"Henry, what would you do with Bertie?"

Henry—"I'd put him to work—some light occupation—carrying pianos to the seventh floor. (A pause). I'm pulling out."

Marion—"Leaving? Where are you going?"

Henry—"Back home. Chauffeur don't satisfy me. There's no future in it. You keep going forward but you never get anywhere."

Marion—"Henry, you mustn't talk about leaving. You're not like the ordinary chauffeur. You know what I mean. We've become friends. I'm serious about this, Henry. The way you talk about things has made me see everything differently. You're the first real honest-to-goodness man I've ever known—except father. And you're the only one who's ever had a good influence on me. You know, I think I'd have married Rocky if it hadn't been for you."

Henry—"Beats me what you ever saw in that feller."

Marion—"Well, he was a beautiful dancer."

Henry—"I seen poodles that could dance."

Marion—"It's so hard, Henry, to know just who to marry. I've been mistaken five or six times already."

"Worth \$100 to Me Relieved Eczema and Piles"

Mrs. Peter A. Palmer, Saltburn, Sask., writes:

"Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely relieved me of eczema and piles. I also used this Ointment for my baby, who broke out in eczema. A few applications were all that was necessary in her case. Dr. Chase's Ointment has been worth a hundred dollars to me, before using it I had spent a great deal more than that in unsuccessful treatment from doctors. We have also used Dr. Chase's other medicines, the Nerve Food having restored my health after suffering from severe nerve trouble when a girl."

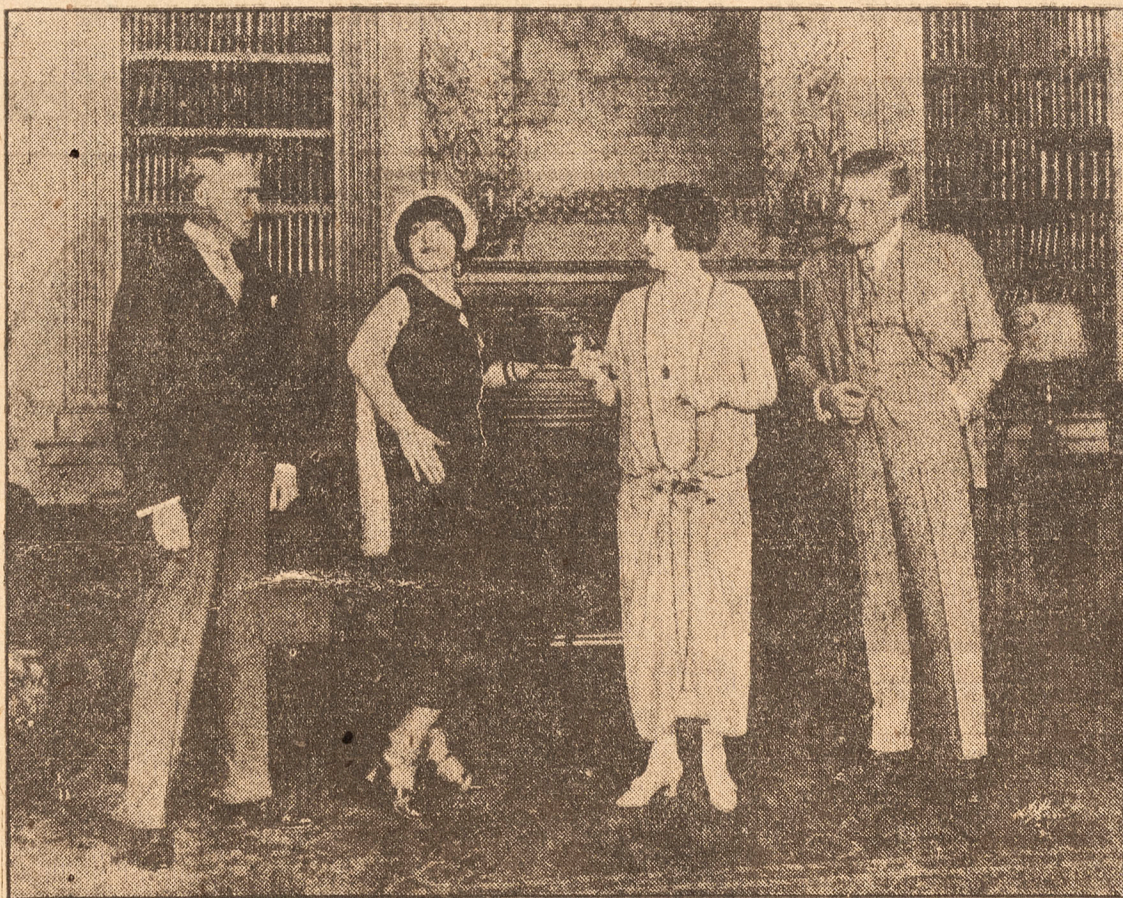
Dr. Chase's Ointment

60 cts. box, all dealers or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Best People

By David Gray and Avery Hopwood

Of course, it had been done before --- chorus girls had married millionaires, and heiresses had fallen in love with their chauffeurs. Still, when it comes right home to your own family, it's a different proposition!



"I taxied him around the park until he sobered up."

supper with you and me to-night after the play. They won't know who we are—at least, at first. We're supposed to be friends of Rockmere's from out of town. Bring your check book, have a release drawn up, and get the girl to sign it. That will show Bertie the sort she is—and there you are."

Lenox (doubtfully)—"It might work. Anyway, I should like to get a look at the girl. I'll do it."

AT eleven-thirty that evening, Millie Montgomery, a pert young lady of the chorus, and her friend, Alice O'Neil, were waiting in a private dining-room of a well known Broadway restaurant for Lord Rockmere and his two gentlemen friends. Alice was a trifle uneasy. She was a pretty girl of twenty, with a gentle, appealing personality and manner, in marked contrast to that of her companion.

Alice—"But who are these men Rockmere is asking to supper?"

Millie—"Well, he just said it would be to our advantage to meet 'em. I've an idea they might be two vaudeville scouts looking for a dancing team. We'd look pretty swell pulling down five hundred a week."

Alice—"But it's funny he isn't coming to his own party."

Millie—"He's got his dates mixed, that's all. But he's going to show up to introduce us."

Alice—"Oh, Millie, I don't like this thing. I wish I hadn't said I'd come. I just met Bertie in the lobby and he was terribly angry about it. (On the verge of tears) I'm afraid he'll do something desperate. Millie, I'm going down and look for him. I'll be right back."

MILLIE was left to receive Rocky's friends. Receptions of this sort were in Millie's line, however, and when Lord Rockmere arrived a moment later and presented Mr. Williams and Mr. Vincent—alias Bronson Lenox and George Grafton—she took the situation admirably in hand.

The introductions completed, Rocky withdrew and Millie informed her guests that Alice would be back in a few moments. They could sit down and make themselves at home. The restaurant had had its monthly raid the night before so there'd be nothing to disturb them. Uncle George was a trifle fidgety, however, particularly when his hostess insisted upon referring to him as her "sugar daddy."

The conversation turned to Alice and her boy friend, Bertie. As her guests seemed interested, Millie explained that Bertie's family was an unusually prominent one.

Millie—"They're just loaded with dough, but I guess they're a lot of big stuff. Bertie says he's got an uncle that oughta to be cremated."

Grafton—"What!"

Lenox (with a warning glance at Grafton)—"And he wishes to marry her, I suppose?"

Millie—"Well, he's been carrying around a marriage license for a month, but I guess Millie don't like the way he hits the booze."

Grafton—"Do you mean the boy drinks?"

Millie—"Drinks? That baby eats it alive! It ain't right. I'm no prohibitionist, but I can't stand for tryin' to swallow all that's left. It's selfish."

Lenox—"But if Alice doesn't like his drinking, don't you think she'll refuse to marry him?"

Millie—"No, it's too good a bet to pass. That's what I tell her. It's a girl's duty to reform a boy that's got that much dough."

Lenox—"If it's a question of money, I should think she might do pretty well without marrying him."

Millie—"Shake him down for the sugar? No, Alice wouldn't do that. She's awfully high-minded. Besides, she's stuck on him. He's a sweet kid when he's sober. Say, I'll run downstairs and see if I can find her."

Lenox—"All right. That's a good idea."

Millie—"Marion may know something about her."

Lenox—"Marion?"

Millie—"Yeah, Marion Lenox, Bertie's sister. I seen her and her new sweetie in the lobby when I came in. This is one of her hang-outs."

LENOX and Grafton were just contemplating the advisability of making a personal search of the premises when Millie and Alice appeared on the threshold. The latter was introduced but seemed reluctant to enter into the spirit of the occasion. Lenox observed her with a curious interest.

Millie—"Say, Alice, let's tell 'em."

Alice—"Oh, no—please."

Millie—"Aw, come on—it's so romantic, and they're from the country. We'll ask 'em to the wedding."

Little by little, to the horror of Uncle George, the details of Bertie's impending matrimonial venture unfolded.

Lenox (to Alice)—"Is this true?"

Alice—"I really don't know, sir. Millie ought not to have talked about it."

Lenox—"Have you met any of his family?"

Alice—"She knows Marion and Marion approves of it."

Lenox (to Millie)—"How do you happen to know his sister?"

Millie—"I gave her cloggin' lessons. Say, there's a girl with speed. She wanted me to get her a job in the chorus, and I'd a got it, too, only Henry put the kibosh on it."

Lenox—"Henry?"

Millie—"That's the chauffeur. He wouldn't stand over it. You see, they're engaged."

Grafton—"What!"

Lenox—"How do you know that—that Miss Lenox—and this chauffeur are engaged?"

Millie—"They just told me. They're over in room seven, hittin' the high spots. I guess they're goin' to—"

Any further explanation was interrupted by the sound of shuffling footsteps in the hall, followed by a heavy rap on the door.

"Alice—are you there?" It was Bertie's voice, husky with emotion. Before anyone could answer the door opened and he staggered into the room. For an amazed second his eyes met those of his father and then turned to Alice.

Bertie (husily)—"What are you doin' here with my father?"

Alice—"I didn't know it was your father, Bertie."

Bertie (to Lenox)—"Spying on me, eh?"

Lenox—"Call it what you like. If you're sober enough to understand I'll tell you that I'm trying to save you and this young woman from a mistake you'd regret the rest of your lives."

Bertie—"You mean you're interfering between Alice and me. Well, I tell you I'm through with all of you. Alice and I are going to get married to-night. And the rest of you can all go to blue blazes."

HE stumbled out of the room, after Alice's retreating figure. What happened after that was like a bad dream to Bronson Lenox.

The next thing he knew his own daughter, Marion, was standing comely before him, with Henry, the chauffeur, by her side. He seemed to hear his own voice demanding to know what it was all about and receiving the quiet reply that they too intended to be married. Everybody seemed to be getting married, he pulled himself together with an effort.

Lenox—"Eh—don't you think we'd better all go home and talk this thing over?"

Marion—"No, I don't. I'm not going home now, anyway."

Grafton—"You're going home now, with your father and me."

Marion—"I tell you I won't and there's no one living can make me."

Henry (to Lenox)—"Do you want the car, sir?"

Lenox—"But you're driving my daughter."

Henry—"Oh, that's all right. She'll go home with you."

Marion—"But Henry—"

Henry—"You're going home now, with your father."

Marion (husily)—"All right—if you want me to, Henry."

Lenox (following the others out)—"Well I'll be hanged!"

NEW THEATRICAL HITS IN STORY FORM

ion cares for me the way I do for her, waiting will only make it stronger. If it isn't the real thing, well, she'll find out."

Lenox—"How long would you wait?"

Henry—"Six months, anyway. Maybe a year."

Lenox—"You mean that?"

Henry—"Yes, sir."

Lenox—"Thank you, Henry. That's very decent of you. Will you see Marion and tell her? I mean, that you think it best to wait?"

Henry—"Yes, sir. I'll see her right away. Good-by, sir."

It seemed that the world was just getting a little sane again when the butler entered to announce Miss Millicent Montgomery. Bertie came in, bursting with news. Bertie had been arrested the previous night, but she had got him out and taxied him around the park until he had sobered up. Then they had gone to Alice's apartment and her Aunt had called Bertie out for "fair," and Alice had said she never wanted to see him again. It was a wonderful night! Bertie was waiting downstairs and Alice's Aunt was on her way over.

Millie—"I think that old bird knows you, Her name's Tate, Miss Sarah Tate."

Lenox (astonished)—"My secretary?"

Millie—"Yeah. That's how Alice first met Bertie. She came here one day with something for her Aunt and Bertie just sort of introduced himself. But she never told auntie."

BERTIE entered the room; he was crest-fallen and sober, apologized for the way he had talked in the restaurant, but insisted that life held no more meaning for him. "What's the good of living if you can't be happy," he muttered. "I had a chance with Alice, and you and Uncle George spoiled it. Well, you've finished me. If that's any satisfaction to you, I'm through, do you understand, I'm through!"

Bertie went storming out of the room, almost colliding with Marion, who came storming in, her eyes full of the light of battle. What the dickens was this talk with Henry? This business of waiting six months? She wouldn't wait one minute!

Marion—"I love Henry, you know I love him—and you're trying to take him away from me. All right, go ahead, but you'll be sorry. I haven't got Henry. I run a garage on the side; they ought to clear two hundred a month the first year."

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of such language?" But Marion had disappeared and Lenox and Grafton were left to explain matters as best they could.

Mrs. Lenox—"What have we done, Bronson, to bring this on us? Haven't we given our children everything?"

Lenox—"I'm afraid we've had the wrong idea, Charlie. Instead of fitting them for life, we've been fitting them for good society.... You know, I'm beginning to realize that Marion and Bertie are right—that these marriages may be their one great chance."

Mrs. Lenox (tearfully)—"But, Bronson—a chorus girl and a chauffeur!"

Grafton—"Our families have always belonged to the best people. I can't help feeling that Marion and Bertie have picked out the two best people for them to marry. In fact, I have a growing conviction that Henry and Alice are probably a darned sight too good for them!"

Grafton—"This is Bolshevism!"

MISS TATE was announced and Alice. She was sorry the whole matter had occurred, but she wanted it understood that it was not her niece's fault and that she had no intention of allowing her to marry Bertie Lenox. He was unprincipled, had no manners, and was so weak he would probably drink himself into a premature grave.

Miss Tate—"Come Alice, we're going."

Alice—"I'm not going."

Miss Tate—"What?"

Alice—"If Bertie is what you said he is, he needs me. I'm going to stand by him."

Miss Tate—"You mean you wish to marry that young good-for-nothing?"

Bertie appeared in the doorway, unnoticed by the others.

Alice—"I'll marry him to-day, if he wants me."

Bertie (rushing forward)—"Alice!"

Marion and Henry entered and stopped short as they saw Bertie and Alice in each other's arms.

Marion—"Henry, this is your last chance. I will not wait six months. Will you marry me now, or won't you?"

Henry (looks sheepishly at Lenox)—"I do—I mean, I will."

Miss Tate—"I can't bear it! I can't bear it!"

Mrs. Lenox—"It's terrible!"

Lenox—"You've got to bear it, my dear ladies. This is the adventure of youth and democracy, and perhaps what this family needs is some new blood."

(Copyright, 1924, by David Gray and Avery Hopwood, released under arrangement with the producer, Chas. Frohman, Inc.)

98 Out of Every 100 Women Benefited

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98 per cent of which say YES. That means that 98 out of every 100 women who take the medicine for the ailments for which it is recommended are benefited by it.

This is a most remarkable record of efficiency. We doubt if any other medicine in the world equals it.

Think of it—only two women out of 100 received no benefit—98 successes out of a possible 100.

Did you ever hear of anything like it? We must admit that we, ourselves, are astonished.

Such evidence should induce every woman suffering from any ailment peculiar to her sex to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and see if she can't be one of the 98

THE LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., Lynn, Mass.

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It only goes to prove, however, that a medicine specialized for certain definite ailments—not a cure all—one that is made by the most scientific process; not from drugs, but from a combination of nature's roots and herbs, can and does do more good than hastily prepared prescriptions.

You see, we have been making, improving and refining this medicine for over 50 years until it is so perfect and so well adapted to women's needs that it actually has the virtue to benefit 98 out of every 100 women who take it.

Its reliability and recognized efficiency has gained for it a sale in almost every country in the world—leading all others.



A Story of Love and Adventure in the Southland

INSTALLMENT I Before the Flame.

THIN, aromatic haze clouded the spaces between the scrub oaks with a pearly mist and spiced the air with a fragrance remotely pleasant—a smell that made Jane Borden think wistfully of autumn afternoons on Long Island, of early wood fires burning cleanly in wide hearths. She enjoyed it with a hint of melancholy; they were burning leaves somewhere, she told herself; winter would be closing in soon. She gave the restless mare her head as if to outrun the thought.

Already the ride had carried her well beyond the limits of her earlier explorations in this brown, desolate sandhill country. The barren monotony of the landscape seemed to urge her on, as if some welcome contrast must be waiting for her beyond each of the successive rises which showed their straggling profiles of stunted, scattered scrub against a gray-blue sky, and the careless, winding lanes had led her beyond any sense of location; she relied on the mare to find her way home when she was ready, and rode on, drifting through a vaguely unfriendly chain of little thoughts, her mood colored by the country.

She woke suddenly to a consciousness of the thickening haze. It stung her eyes now; the mild fragrance had become, all at once, an acrid smell that hurt her nostrils and tightened something in her throat. The mare seemingly liked it less than Jane; she flung her head nervously, snorted, and trembled. Jane emerged from a blur of unwelcome reflection to a reality still less pleasing. Stories of forest fires came back to her with a sudden, terrifying force; the smoke had followed her stealthily, like a sly, hungry beast, until it was near enough to spring.

Fear was a novelty in itself. Jane Borden could not remember ever having felt as she felt now, and the realization that she was afraid helped to clear her mind. Panic was an affair of fools. She had read with a contemptuous pity of people who went suddenly mad in an emergency, and the thought that she could be as witless spurred into wakefulness a pride of intellect.

The fire couldn't be near, or she would see or hear it; there must be time to ride around it, she remembered that the fatal blunder would be to run before it; the wind was perceptibly rising, and accompanied now with an admonitory warth; the smoke thickened quickly as she reined in the mare and tried to think. Far away noises came to her, a succession of faint popping sounds, like distant gunfire. Then swooped down on her, she fought it back, clinging tightly to her self-control as to an only chance of escape. She forced herself to reason; it might be better after all, to run before the flames on the chance of finding a stream or a clearing.

PLAINLY the mare agreed. It needed no touch of the spur to send her at a gallop over the rutted sand. As the road lifted to the crest of another low ridge, Jane felt the hot wind more distinctly. Beyond, where the path dipped toward a branch with its evergreen margin of thorn and creeper, the air was cooler and cleaner, and she thought of people in stories who had saved their lives by covering their eyes with a little stream till the flames had passed. Again she hesitated; farther on their might be no better chance than this brook. She rose in her stirrups, twisting in the saddle to look behind her, and the mare, as if aware of her lessened attention, chose the moment for a desperate leap.

A low branch seemed to thrust out like an arm and snatch Jane from the saddle. She found herself ankle deep in the boggy leaf mold beside the branch, staring through the smoke that had swallowed the horse. Fear lay on her now like a tangible thing, so that she lifted her arms as if to throw off a suffocating weight. A snap and crack of the fire behind her was suddenly near and dreadful, urging her forward into the little stream. It was barely deep enough to cover her feet; she realized that there was no safety in it, plunged across to the farther bank, running clumsily in her awkward riding boots.

The smoke was thick and hot as she came to the crest of the next rise; she choked and strangled and her eyes closed obstinately against the fumes. She stumbled on blindly, one arm over her face, breathing, when she must, through the sleeve of her coat, crashing into the thin, hostile servants of the forest, the slash and whip of low, brittle branches that tried to catch and hold her back, intent on closing her brain against the paralysis of fear.

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Impersonally, a part of her intelligence seemed to stand back and ridicule her. This desperate struggle was a mere flourish, with no one to see and applaud; the end of it was visible and sure. She was on hands and knees now, crawling before a dancing fire that leaped and chuckled and sang behind her. It was all silly, all a part of the folly that had brought her into this wilderness, had tempted her to this ride, had given the mare that chance to unseat her. All silly and all futile; she might as well—

A voice came to her, a deep, clear, carrying call through the smoke. She tried to answer, but her tormented lungs could only cough and strangle. She scrambled toward the sound, sobbing. The fire was close. She could feel the hot breath of it on her neck. Again the smoke reached her, nearer now; she could hear a crashing in the dry wood; through the smoke she saw dimly a figure running toward her. She managed to lift her arms—

"All right. I see you."

SHE crouched, her arms over her face, a wave of relief rising in her. Wondering that she should take it for granted, like this. As if this man could keep that fire from harming her.

Fear came back to her as he stood beside her. What could he do? Carry her faster than the fire? Wasn't he trapped, as she was?

"Didn't you have a match?" He spoke with a perceptible touch of reproof, she thought. A match? With the world burning up behind her? She heard his choking laugh. An idiot—a man crazed by his danger, perhaps. She saw him stoop and cup his hands about a tiny flame, saw the tinder-dry tuft of bunchgrass blaze up at her feet, saw him spread the flames swiftly in a wide swath before them. She cried out:

"O, don't! Now it's on both sides of us!"

He did not answer. A great, roaring rank of flames fled away across the grass. Behind them, terribly close, another line of fire ran up, a narrowing island of safety between.

"O, why did you do that?" She wrung her hands. "We had a chance."

"Don't talk." He pulled her abruptly to her feet. "You're safe now."

She was too spent to resist. He half-carried her in the path of the fire he had set. The dry grass had gone in a brief puffing flare, like an explosion, leaving the bare sand powdered with a gray, fine ash and dotted with blackened root clumps. Here and there a dead scrub oak had caught fire and blazed on; but the menace was gone; the roaring blaze outfooted them, raced on before, eating a path where they could safely follow. She understood now; fire was the only thing that could fight fire; just as the old catchword had it. She had never realized the truth of the mouth-born phrase. She glanced back in time to see a wave of angry flame sweep up to the spot where the man had found her and die down, as if some great hand had fallen on it.

"I beg your pardon—I didn't understand."

"Don't talk." His voice was abrupt, as with authority, touched, she felt, with a grave rebuke. His grip on her arm urged her forward over the sand toward the fire that danced away from them now like a merry, playful thing which had never meant to harm anybody. She saw it vanish suddenly, die out as quickly as the pursuing blaze had died, in a dwindling glow of scattered ember. The smoke lifted and thinned perceptibly. Above the note of the fire which had lulled them on either side she could hear far away shouts, mellow, musical voices. The man stopped short, rubbing a sleeve across his eyes.

SHE was displeased with herself for a mild resentment. The man had saved her life. It didn't matter if he spoke ungraciously.

"It was lucky you happened to see me," She chose the first words that offered. He frowned, and she paused, puzzled at the sudden change in his face. It made her think of an old print that had hung in her grandfather's study—Cromwell, wasn't it, or Hampden? There was the same effect of flint in this man's face.

"It was not luck that I was there. I saw your horse when it crossed our back-fire, and knew that the rider might be afout before the flame. I went on to search and found you."

She wondered at herself for the deepening irritation. She was almost angry.

"It was lucky, wasn't it, that you should see the mare, and think of her rider? If you hadn't—"

"I do not give it the name of luck." His mouth went grim. Again she saw the man who had cut out of a king's head. "You'd best go on to the house. They'll care for you."

"I'm sorry if anything I've said has offended you. I kept her obligation," before her. "I didn't mean—"

"There has been no offence." He nodded stiffly. "Your way is yonder. I must be at my work. This fire is not in hand."

She saw him striding away over the scorched earth, a long, lean, straight figure in worn corduroy. He did not look back. She watched him till a break in the level hid him, and then, still weak from the fright and struggle, she walked on in the line he had pointed. Suddenly she stopped short, staring across the clearing that opened before her. Her breath went deep, and she remembered the queer, keen pang she had felt when she had first seen a mass of men in uniform, halted and motionless on a wide drill ground.

They were like an army, she thought—those great, still,



A low branch seemed to thrust out like an arm and snatch Jane from the saddle.

straight trees that drew a line across the horizon as if on some precise parade. After the desolate monotony of the hummocky wastes and the leafless, spindling scrubs, the sight of these old pines was arresting, incredible. From where she stood Jane Borden could see that unbroken battle front for what seemed an endless distance, drawn straight across the gentle rise and fall of the bare land before her as far as her eyes could reach, the close mass of lofty foliage, high in the air, a deep blue black against the hazy sky.

She stood and stared at them, vaguely conscious of shouts in the scrub behind her, of the dull noises of the fires. The forest drew her toward it at the last. She plodded through a sandy farm road that crossed the clearing between ordered ranks of low, flat fruit trees, the bare branches nod and drooping, trees that seemed absurd distortions unworthy of the name, with those high pines beyond them.

The lane led into the high wood, twisting about between the great, brooding, ancient trees, covering of fallen needles carpeted the wide, clean spaces, clear of undergrowth. Thin, faint strata of diluted smoke hung in the shadow and the sound of the wind in the branches had the sombre majesty of distant surf, and something, too, of its mystery. Jane Borden had an uneasy sense of intrusion into the remote and guarded sanctuary of some ancient faith.

THE mood was still upon her when she emerged on a little clearing in a shallow valley, where a stream fed a low tangle of evergreen vines and shrubs. She saw a low foursquare house of weathered wood below twin sycamores, their white and naked limbs ghostly against the background of the pines and the green creeper that hugged their trunks. Around it were old shrubberies, pruned to dense clumps of leafage almost black above the naked, framing sand, inclosed in a low hedge of box she saw the winter wreckage of a flower garden. The house and the silvery gray walls of the lesser buildings beyond it had the look of fixed and changeless things, as if they had been here always, and would always stand.

A door opened from it to a long, low ceiling room finished in unplastered wood instead of plaster, a straight stair ascending one wall. A great fireplace of rough stone dominated one end and an open cupboard of china and glass stood opposite; there was a square table of some dark wood, and Windsor chairs of the same material.

She found an effect of intentional studied austerity rather than poverty in the simplicity and meagerness of the room and its furnishings. Somehow they had the look of usage and utility which made her feel a decorative value completely wanting in the exotic comforts of the hunting lodge she had left—was it only a matter of hours since? Here was a home in perfect harmony with its setting, she thought, in better taste than her own.

A fat negress appeared on the stairs, a shapeless bundle of ginger hair, already the neck of her head, a great tin water can in her hand. She showed white teeth by way of greeting, her face a net of tiny radiating lines.

"Don't carry up the water, Miss Allie."

JANE liked the voice and the sturred consonants of the speech. It wasn't at all like the dialect of story books or of the stage. Already the northward bent antipathy toward the races had begun to lessen in her; these backwoods negroes were strangely appealing, utterly unlike the impersonal, mechanical servants she had known.

The stair reminded Jane that she was tired; the woman's arm about her was a welcome support, and she dropped wearily into the single hickory chair beside the four poster, surrendering more and more to the dominant personality of the other. She heard the grateful sound of water splashing into the basin; felt a sensuous pleasure at the touch of the warm, wet cloth deftly applied to her face and hands. More and more she remembered old Maggie and the nursery at home. It occurred to her that she had grown up suddenly, had missed old Maggie more than she had known.

It was natural, somehow, to let this woman help her off with the riding boots, to accept the suggestion of a rest between the linen sheets, to drop almost instantly asleep while the descending steps still sounded on the bare treads of the stair.

She woke to a gentle dusk,

amazingly refreshed in spite of surviving aches and stiffness, aware of an edged hunger and a sharp curiosity about this place and people. Her clothes, cleansed and pressed, were on the chair. As she dressed she analyzed her earlier impression of the room. Again she felt the intention of its bareness, the effect of a stern avoidance of the unessential. This, after all she thought, was the sound index of what people called good taste—the limitation of furnishing and gear to need and use. Here it went deeper, she decided, as she looked more closely. She had seen such beds in antique shops; the highboy and the mirror and the chair were the sort of thing for which collectors squabbled at auction sales. She had no great knowledge of furniture as an art, but she recognized in these simple fittings a dignity and charm somehow associated only with the craftsmanship of an older, simpler age.

From the stair she saw that the table had been laid for supper, old china and plain silver on the bare wood. The man who had found her in the scrub stood before the stone hearth, erect and grave and still, his glance meeting hers directly and with no touch of self-consciousness.

"Have you rested?" His voice was even, and the question, she felt, was no idle gesture of shallow courtesy, but an honest inquiry. He wanted to know.

"O, splendidly, thanks," She tried to make her answer match his tone. The word, with its intrinsic exaggeration, displeased her ear. She could have said, she thought, no more than that she had rested well. "I haven't begun to thank you for—"

He interrupted calmly. "You owe me no thanks." It was not, she felt, the insincere disclaimer of false politeness. "I did only what any man would do, given the guidance that I had."

SHE was dimly aware of something like reproof, and puzzled.

"You have had a merciful escape," he went on slowly. "There is no great danger in our grass fires for those who know their ways but to a stranger they can be deadly." His tone changed. "We have caught your mare. She has taken no harm."

Jane Borden had a queer, reluctant sense that he disapproved of her, perhaps, that this sober courtesy covered

a distrust, at least. It was absurd, of course. The opinion of a backwoods farmer mattered less than nothing to her, even though she lay under a heavy debt to him. A faint impatience toward him responded to the thought; it was too bad, she felt, that she had not been rescued by a man more sensible of the privilege, Sheppard Gail, for instance. She smiled at the idea. How he would have enjoyed it, with his elaborate flourishes of gallantry! The contrast between the two men, near neighbors, both products of the same soil and surroundings, seemed somehow to amuse her.

You are Miss Borden. I think. His voice interrupted the comparison. "I remember your father. He passed briefly. 'I am David MacIvor; you have spoken with my aunt, Miss Drummond. This house is hers.'"

She bowed in mechanical acknowledgement of the introduction. It was odd that he should claim friendship with her father, she thought. Robert Borden had been little given to easy intimacies; she remembered him—a man perpetually absorbed in affairs, kind to the little girl whose presence in his house had never seemed to be a major consideration. As a substitute her uncle Warren Borden had found a ready favor with the ten year old orphan, a jolly, companionable uncle, who had no dignity above games of parchesi on the door and boisterous rough and tumble in the snow.

"I barely remember him myself," she said, rather to end an awkward pause than to inform him. "He must have had a queer fancy for this country. I mean it was odd, his caring for it as he did. He was so absorbed in his business that I can hardly picture him as liking anything else."

"He saw farther than most—your father," MacIvor spoke slowly. "He believed in this country. If he had lived—"

She found herself following this thought. If Robert Borden had lived his daughter would not be reduced to exile in a barren waste of sand and scrub oak, with no better future before her. His brother Warren had been a better playmate than he, but no fit husband for Robert Borden's estate. If her father had survived there would be something more than the hunting camp and a bundle of worthless stocks and bonds.

"Yes," she said. "It would have made a difference."

MISS ALLIE came in briskly from the gallery. "You've rested well," she declared, her glance approvingly on the girl's face. "You'll be ready for your supper, now." She looked at MacIvor, her lips tightening.

"Davie MacIvor, did I or did I not say you were to wear your other coat? What manners are these for your father's son with a lady to supper and all?"

Jane smiled at the uneasy look in the man's strong face. He wore an expression which carried her back to her nursery days when old Maggie had chidden her for stains on her pinafores.

"I forgot, Aunt Allie. I'll go change, now."

"You'll not. You'll keep us waiting no minute more for our food. You'll take your supper as you are, and serve you right." She gestured peremptorily at the table, and he drew back her chair with a simple deference which somehow gave Jane Borden an impression of a courtesy that went deeper than the superficial gestures to which she was best accustomed. All this, she thought, was real, true, she liked the way her own chair was drawn back in turn.

"Say grace, Davie MacIvor—a short one," Miss Drummond stressed the adjective, Jane bowed, concealing the twitch of her lips. MacIvor prayed briefly, using a simple Saxon idiom which lent a sobering force to the petition. It occurred to Jane Borden that she had not heard a blessing over a meal since old Maggie had gone home. It was rather good to hear one, now; to find people who still believed in the power of prayer.

Her hunger surprised her, and her relish for the plain food which the old negress set before her. Hot bread and a great dish of moist cornmeal; slices of broiled ham, beef, mutton, and coffee. She ate without perspiration. There was little talk, as if these people came to the table for a single purpose and gave it a single attention. Again she was pleased; it was real, this honest, undisguised hunger.

MacIvor looked up from his plate. "I sent a boy to carry word that you were safe. I will ride back with you, if you have finished your supper."

Something drew the girl's glance to Miss Drummond's face. It was grim; the gray eyes regarded her nephew with a disfavor more eloquent than speech. Jane rose.

"I've quite finished, thanks, I'm ready now."

Miss Drummond came to her feet. For the first time Jane became aware of her dress—a stiff and creaking black silk, with a touch of old lace at the throat. It was odd that she hadn't noticed it before; she could not remember what Miss Drummond had been wearing in the nursery. One did not notice this woman's dress, she thought; no matter what she wore, she was Miss Drummond, she—she went all the way through; Jane decided.

She took leave of the old lady with a genuine warmth. MacIvor, who had gone out to order the horses, appeared at the door.

"We'd best start now, Miss Borden. It's a weary ride by the shortest line—a good six miles of it."

There was an indescribable sound from his aunt, and Jane saw again the grim contempt of the mouth. Miss Drummond kissed her cheek.

"You can trust him to find

you the road my dearie," said the significant voice. "He knows that much, the great—gumph!"

BEYOND the pines, across the clearing where the low trees seemed silver gray in a thin moon-shot dusk, scattered glints of yellow light showed where old stumps burned on in the path of the fire and the air was touched with an acrid smell of resin. It reminded Jane of her stumbling flight before the racing flames; she owed this big, awkward man her life, and she had barely thanked him. She spoke abruptly.

"I don't know how to tell you that I'm grateful, Mr. MacIvor—if you hadn't found me—"

"You owe me no thanks to me," he said bluntly.

"But I do—my life is rather valuable—to me." She laughed softly. "If you hadn't happened to—"

"We see that differently, Miss Borden. I have no belief in what is called chance."

She understood and was a little pleased that he left it at this. He clung, she saw to a faith like old Maggie's in a God who marked the sparrow's fall and whose hand pulled the invisible strings that governed every natural phenomenon. But he did not preach to her about it. It was a restraint she had not found in other pious people; as a rule they seemed to feel that piety relieved them of all respect for any conflicting philosophy.

Riding between the fruit trees through the smoke stained twilight, she had a sense of slipping back through time to another age; this man was no modern. He belonged back with Cromwell's psalm-singing regiments, who backed their faith with dogged blows. She groped for speech; her life had been cast among those to whom silence was at once an affront and a reproach, who spoke for the sheer word's sake.

"What are these trees?"

She was not curious. It was a chance remark, made merely to stanch the man's slow tongue. He startled her by a sudden loquacity. "Peaches. These are in their fourth year now—no more! Show me the soil that will grow trees like these in four seasons! And they call our land a desert!" He laughed shortly. "A desert, when it has made a forest like that bit that I have saved, and can make an orchard like this one that you see, 'MacIvor's Madness,' they call it." "Mad MacIvor—"

He stopped abruptly. "You will think them right if I go on. Yonder is the short road to your house."

SHE did not press the topic. Men who were loquacious on their personal concerns were always tiresome, like Avery Blent, with his talk of commitments and manipulations and gains and losses in the market. It was better to let sleeping hobbles lie, she had discovered.

"It's safe to cross the burned land, so wasn't?"

"Yes," He nodded. "There is no danger now. The fire has passed, and till the grass has grown again and withered there is nothing for us to fear on the burn over a safety belt before the woods each year."

The topic seemed to be exhausted. They rode on in silence between the blackened, twisted limbs of the scrub. She found another speech at last.

"Mr. Gail didn't warn me against fires. If he had I might have waited for him to ride with me," she said. "You know him, I suppose."

"Yes, I know him." She caught an under key. He seemed to bite off the last word.

"I didn't expect to find anybody like him in a place like this. He's interesting, isn't he?"

"Some find him so, I think." Again he gave the effect of leaving a sentence in the air. There was clear that he disliked Sheppard Gail, but it was even clearer that he had no intention of saying so.

and he—you're not friends, then?"

"I have few friends, Miss Borden." He held the conversation stubbornly to the frequency of grass fires in the outlying lands, the destruction of plant food which they caused, and when she suffered it, fell silent again. In this fashion they came at last to the fork of the road. Gail, she recognized as near the lodge.

(To be continued.)

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Evidence of a Sinister Hoodoo in High Society

The 13 Jinx Seems to Dog the Steps of the Marchioness of Crewe, Whose Latest Misfortune is One of a Series That Began After She Attended a Dinner At Which Twelve Others Were Present.

Mysterious Theft of the Crewe Diamonds

An Immaculately Garbed Young Man Made an Unexpected Call on an Exclusive Hostess—After His Departure a Darling Robbery Was Discovered.

THE Marchioness of Crewe and the other distinguished guests whom Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring had invited to Nubia House, on the Isle of Wight, for the famous Coves regatta, were leaving the breakfast-room, merrily chatting about their enjoyment of the day before and their pleasant anticipations of the one just beginning.

When Sir Godfrey had to hurry away in his car to complete the arrangements for a yachting trip planned for the afternoon, Lady Baring and the guests thought there was no better way of passing an hour or so than by strolling in the delightful gardens that surround Nubia House.

After a few minutes along the garden paths Lady Baring found the sea breeze a trifle too chill in spite of the warm August sun. She excused herself and went back to the house to get a scarf to wrap about her shoulders.

As she descended the stairs from her room on the second floor of the house, she was surprised to see a man standing expectantly in the corridor below, just inside the main entrance.

She had heard no bell ring, no servants were in sight, and it was very unusual for strangers to call at Nubia House at this or any other hour. For these reasons Lady Baring would have been greatly alarmed had she not noticed how well-groomed the man was and how apologetically well-bred his attitude as he waited for her to finish her descent of the staircase.

He was not over thirty and was garbed in a double-breasted blue serge lounge coat, white flannel trousers and canvas shoes, all as immaculate and well fitting as the Prince of Wales himself might wear.

AND so, stifling her irritation at the carelessness of her servants which compelled her to meet this guest in this very informal way, she marched majestically down the stairs to greet him.

"I beg your pardon," said the visitor in a voice and with a courtesy which confirmed Lady Baring's favorable first impressions. "I have called to see Sir Godfrey. I have a sort of appointment with him."

"Last Winter, at his club in London, he made me promise to come and see him whenever I came to Coves. I know this is a shamefully early hour to be making a call, but with the yacht racing and everything I thought this might be the best time to find him without intruding too much."

Lady Baring hastened to assure the visitor that her husband had left a few minutes before for the Yacht Club, that probably he would not return until time for luncheon. But before she could ask the young man's name or take any message, he might have for Sir Godfrey, he had fired at her a volley of well-bred apologies, marched out of the house and down the steps and hurried to the street along the very garden path where her guests were awaiting her return.

THE early afternoon placidity was shattered by a woman's piercing screams. Over and over again they were repeated, until startled guests and servants hurrying from all parts of the mansion finally reached their source—the room occupied by the Marchioness of Crewe.

"My jewels!" she cried. "My dinner rings, the diamond tiara I brought from India, my pearl necklace, the ruby brooch my husband gave me on my birthday—they're all gone!"

"I put them in my jewel case when I retired last night. They were all there this morning. For I took pains to look before I went down to breakfast. And now, where are they?"

The police were summoned, and as soon as they heard Lady Baring's story of the gentlemanly stranger she had seen in the hall they declared he was undoubtedly the thief. The jewels were concealed on him, they believed, while he stood coolly talking with Lady Baring.

This bold robber is thought to

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Miss Grace Vanderbilt, the American heiress who was a guest at Coves when Lady Crewe was robbed; and, on the right, Lady Ludlow, also the recent victim of a mysterious jewel robbery.

have made his way into the house while the guests and their host and hostess were at breakfast. It is hard to believe that he was not familiar with the premises and the habits of the family and servants in order to have been able to enter without being seen.

SIR GODFREY could not recall having ever seen the man whom his wife described. He was positive that he had never had any such conversation in his London club as the suave stranger alleged.

The jewels could not be replaced for less than \$30,000. They included several of the most admired pieces in a rich collection—one of the finest any English society woman can boast. Two or three of them had sentimental associations which made them almost priceless.

THE loss of her jewels adds another link to the amazing chain of misfortunes which has long been relentlessly winding itself about the Marchioness of Crewe. In spite of her beauty, her great wealth and her proud position in titled society, she has seemed to be pursued by an evil fate—ever since the night when she was one of a dinner party of thirteen.

It was exactly thirteen years ago that she and her distinguished husband attended a dinner given by Lord Morley, at Claridge's Hotel. The sudden illness of one of the prospective guests left only thirteen to gather around the table.

The reputed unluckiness of the number was made the subject of a great deal of fun and banter. None of those present took any stock in the superstition, but they welcomed it as an interesting topic for table talk.

Before many weeks had passed, however, the Marchioness of Crewe began to think that perhaps there is some malign influence which pursues anybody who has the temerity to make one of thirteen at a dinner table. Within an amazingly short time she was overtaken by more misfortunes than all her previous life had brought. In many strange ways her life and happiness were menaced.

The day following the dinner the Marchioness was laid low with a severe case of appendicitis. The disease was all the more dangerous because she was within a few weeks of giving birth to her first child, the boy which is now thirteen years old and bears the title of Earl of Madley.

She survived the attack of appendicitis and the operation which relieved it, only to come perilously near death when her son was born. For several weeks the physicians despaired of saving her life.

Before she was able to be about again, Crewe House, her old-time mansion in Mayfair, was mysteriously awash by flames. She and her infant child almost perished, being rescued with the utmost difficulty.

The shock did such damage to her nervous system that it was two or three years before she was fully recovered and able to resume her activities in society. During this time she was beset with so many misfortunes that finally, it is said, she developed a horror of the number 13 which has persisted ever since.

FOR several years past the Marchioness had been singularly free from misfortune. If a hoodoo there was as a result of Lord Morley's dinner, it was

At right—Charming and immensely wealthy, the Marchioness of Crewe, whose friends are wondering what on earth will happen to her next.

Middle—The Marquis of Crewe looking for game and not for the fashionable thief who walked off with his wife's jewels.



A view of Coves and some of the society-owned yachts tuning up for a race.

thought to have spent its malevolent force in showing the loss of her jewels leads her and other superstitious ones to believe that it still persists, and she and her society friends are all wondering whether there are still graver misfortunes in store for her.

The Marchioness of Crewe is a daughter of Lord Rosebery. Her mother, who died more than thirty years ago, was the sole heiress of Baron Meyer de Rothschild, far and away the richest member of the Rothschild financial dynasty. From her the Marchioness inherited a fortune that makes her one of the richest women in England.

THE affair at Coves is the second and mysterious jewel robbery to alarm fashionable society and make it guard its precious rings, necklaces and tiaras more carefully than ever before.

A few weeks ago a thief broke into Lady Ludlow's London mansion, at the corner of Piccadilly and Bolton Street, and made off with rare and historic specimens of jewelry valued at more than \$1,000,000. The articles stolen were part of the vast jewel collection amassed by Lady Ludlow's husband, the late Sir Julius Wernher, the Kimberley diamond king. What makes this robbery so remarkable and mysterious is that it was evidently committed by a connoisseur, a man of taste and culture. He stole only jewels of great historic interest and beauty. In their present form they could not be offered for sale, because any jeweler or dealer would recognize their origin at once. On the other hand, split up into unrecognizable fragments, they would lose nine-tenths of their present value.

The conclusion seems inevitable that this extraordinary burglar stole the gems simply for the joy of possessing them and gloating over them in secret. He left behind a quantity of enormously valuable emeralds and diamonds and thousands of dollars' worth of solid silver plate, all of which could easily have been sold, in order to seize exquisite old enameled representations of the Saviour and His Passion, onyx cameos of Daphne and Cupid and similar precious antiques.

He would not dare to offer any of these objects to a dealer able to pay a price worth taking, for they are known to everybody in the art world.

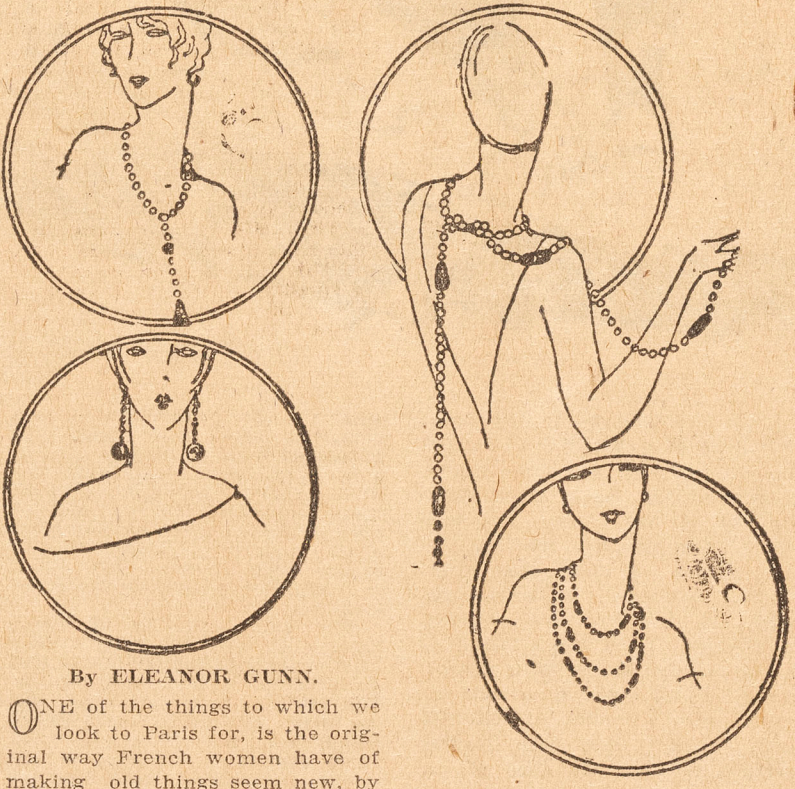
Says She's Sixty But Looks Thirty



DR. ALICE JEWEL.

A devotee of applied psychology, who recently told a Boston audience she was 60 years old. Old age is a curable disease, she claims, and declares she will live to be 250. "Others can do the same if they want to," is her message.

Paris Girls Look Chic In Many Necklace Styles



By ELEANOR GUNN.

ONE of the things to which we look to Paris for, is the original way French women have of making old things seem new, by a new manner of wearing them.

They suddenly wear a necklace so that it falls down the back instead of in the usual way, and a new fashion, or at least, a fad, is born. They decide to wear odd earrings and succeed in looking not freakish but chic, with a black pearl in one ear, a white one in the other. They adopt heavy looking chains for bracelets, or necklaces, and call them slave chains "getting away with it," as in the slang phrase.

THERE are fads in jewelry as in everything else, certain stones have a vogue, go out of fashion and are not worn again by the fashionables for many years. There is a fad, for instance, for carnelians with onyx, a black and red combination. There is also a fancy for black and white pearls, and not a care in the world whether they be real or artificial; next a passion for pearls and emeralds, a renaissance of the opal and so on.

Now there is a rumor that gold settings are coming in again—just as most of us have had our jewels reset in platinum. Fortunately, Paris approves costume jewelry of the sort which may be effective without being costly. At present necklaces are linked in the varieties shown, and many others, and earrings still continue to just escape the shoulder.

SACRIFICIAL TEST.

Jane: "That young bride worships her husband, doesn't she?" Anne: "Well, she places burnt offerings before him three times a day."

Every girl detests flattery until someone begins to flatter her.

SYMPATHY LED PRINCESS TO WED EX-KAISER

Hermione Felt Exiled "All Highest" Needed Companionship.

PRINCESS HERMIONE, wife of former Emperor William, although registered in Baden-Baden as "Kaiserin," is shocking society in the historic resort by her democracy. She has several times gone to the homes of Joseph Schwartz and other famous musicians and listened to them sing or play to the horror of the survivors of the old regime, who insist she should "command" those artists to visit her.

In a recent interview the Princess displayed great interest in the plays of Gerard Hauptmann, which are decidedly Socialist, and even in the plays of Ernest Toller, a Communist, who was arrested because of his activity with the late Dr. Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg in the Communist revolution and who has just been released from prison.

She also expressed dissatisfaction over the demonstrations against Toller's play, "Hinkemann," saying that the public should listen to all sides in controversies as to how society should be organized to meet modern demands.

According to the Princess, she suffered so much during the long illness of her first husband, Prince Schoenach-Carolath, and through her loneliness after his death that she sympathized with the ex-Kaiser, who was in exile, and married him because she felt both needed companionship.

BOBBED HAIR WAS FASHION IN 1350

THE new woman" will no longer be able to employ as a sign of her emancipation a bobbed head of hair. It has just been discovered in the little town of Wymington, Northhamptonshire, England, that this fashion is at least 500 years old. The restoration of the parish church there, has revealed a painting depicting women with their hair bobbed in the style of 1324.

Hidden under a coating of thin plaster were discovered wall-paintings representing the Resurrection and the Judgment. The plaster has now been carefully removed to show the decorations. Most of the figures in the paintings are women. Some have their hair falling about the shoulders but the artist has given the majority short hair, cut exactly in the manner of the modern girl's coiffure.

The vicar, the Rev. C. L. Drev, believes the paintings are of the same age as the church, which was built in 1350.

BOB IS GETTING SHORTER IN PARIS

FROM Paris comes word that the bob is getting shorter and shorter—so short, in fact, that the fashionable coiffure of Milady is hardly distinguishable from that of Monseigneur. Despite occasional inconveniences caused by the bob, principally at formal affairs, most authorities agree that the style is too comfortable to lose its vogue. The latest bob variation is the close cropped rough effect.

MADE HERSELF UGLY NOW SHE IS HAPPY

SIGNORA BOSSI, a pretty woman of Triano, on the Swiss-Italian frontier, married only a year ago to a wealthy manufacturer, has deliberately destroyed her beauty by applying acid to her face. She says that she did this in order "to obtain happiness."

Her husband, who was extremely jealous, constantly accused his wife of attracting the attentions of other men. She denied this, and repeatedly declared that she loved only her husband.

The facts were revealed in court when the wife's mother accused her son-in-law of cruelty to her daughter, Signora Bossi, after stating that the charge was untrue, added pathetically: "I could not help men admiring my beauty and paying me compliments, but in future they will avoid me, and I shall be happy."

The husband, who is disconsolate, declares that he will engage the best doctors to try to restore his wife's beauty.

CHINESE WOMEN RUN BANK.

In Shanghai there has recently been opened the Women's Commercial and Savings Bank, organized by women, staffed by women and devoted to banking exclusively among women. At the head of the institution is a Chinese woman who received her education in the United States.

For Fall Wear



BLACK CREPE OUTFIT. Striking two-piece costume of black crepe, just right for fall wear. It is one of the most stylish outfits.



The Business Girl Dorothy Dix

There Are Plenty of Good Reasons Why Men Are Afraid or Loath to Enter the Holy Bonds of Matrimony.

A YOUNG woman writes me that, so far as she can figure it out from the census report, there have been as many boy babies born in the last quarter century as there have been girl babies, and inasmuch as she can learn of no expectancy of mortality among male infants, it seems to her that there should be a husband for every girl.

She finds, however, that this is not the case. The husband supply is far from being equal to the demand, and she wants to know why this is thus, and if there is any special region where there are large numbers of eligible men anxious to take unto themselves wives.

AS no. 1 know of no such feminine paradise. Every place is fast becoming an Adamless Eden, so far as matrimony is concerned, and to try to find some particular spot where there is a large available supply of domestic timber is as fruitless a quest as to hunt for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

THE trouble is not that there are fewer men than there used to be. There are plenty of husbands to go around if they were properly rationed out, but the difficulty is in doing this, for, after all, you cannot conscript a man into matrimony.

There are many reasons why men are loath to marry in these a perilous times. The principal one is, of course, the high cost of living. It takes so much to support a family that the average young man can no more afford to set up a wife than he can a game, so he has to forego the luxury, no matter how much he would like to indulge himself in it.

ONLY men who have inherited money, or the poor man who is fool-nary, dare risk marriage when they are young and romantic, and by the time a man gets to making enough money to feel that he can prudently undertake the great adventure he has lost all heart for it. His wells of sentiment have dried up. His illusions have been torn to tatters. He has learned to listen to the voice of caution instead of that of impulse, and he whispers to him that it is better to endure the ills you have than to fly to those you know not of.

ANOTHER reason men do not marry is because so few girls know of social intercourse between the sexes. Men who work side by side with women every day, and who play about with them outside of working hours, get all of the benefits of the company they get, but out the necessity of assuming a wife's bills or having to stand for her temper and temperament. The boom days of matrimony were those in which a man had to buy a woman's companionship with a wedding ring.

ANOTHER reason men do not marry is because we have all, men and women alike, grown more selfish. We call it by high-sounding phrases—developing our own individuality—the right to live our own lives untrammelled—but what it really means is that we love ourselves so much better than we are capable of loving anybody else that we are not willing to make the sacrifices demanded by marriage. When it is all spent on himself would be genteel pauperism if split up with a family. He knows that the doors of rich hostesses that are open to a good-looking, agreeable bachelor are shut in the face of the man who drags a shabby wife around with him. He knows that the single man can take many chances in pursuit of fortune that the man who has a wife and children is afraid to take. He knows it is mighty comfortable to be able to come home with no certain lecture waiting for him, and so he passes up a wife for a latchkey and luxuries.

ANOTHER reason men do not marry is because so few girls know how to cook and are willing to do it. The best bait for a husband is the kind of pie that mother used to make. The warriest old tom trout will rise to that if he can be caught at all. More men marry to get a home and home comforts, and because they are sick unto death of going out to dinner and gobbling restaurant food in a mob than for anything else.

THERE is nothing in a girl who is a good office woman, or a crack-jack saleswoman, or a jazzy little fashion plate that makes a man yearn for matrimony. He likes to pal with the one and dance with the other, but he doesn't want to eat out of paper bags with her or spend his evenings with her in cabarets for the balance of his life.

GIRLS threw away their trump card in the matrimonial game when they cast domesticity into the discard, and if fewer men marry now than formerly, it is largely because there are fewer women who are willing to go into the kitchen.

A FINAL reason why men don't marry is because women are not so keen about marrying, either. In our grandmother's time a man hadn't the ghost of a chance of staying single because every woman was on the husband-hunting job, and she pursued her prey until she got it. Her means of support, her position in society, her interest in life, depended on her having a husband, and so grandma was some little go-getter.

BUT granddaughter can support herself quite as well as the average man can support her. She is contented often for being single than for being married, and she has a million interests outside of matrimony. Wherefore a man has to look pretty good to her for her to want him.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR MISS DIX—Can a man love his wife and yet hate married life? We have been married five years, and my husband says that he cares for me, but that he does not like the restrictions of domesticity and longs for his bachelorhood, and he suggests that we separate. I care very much for him and I am not satisfied away from him, and we have a little girl who is very fond of both of us.

What shall I do? Shall I take my child and go, and try to forget him, or shall I stay, knowing he is dissatisfied and wishes to be free? ANSWER: TROUBLED.

The role of the unwanted wife is certainly the most pitiful one in the world. It should be that no woman of spirit would endure a minute longer than she could help. There is nothing for her but humiliation in sticking to a man who wishes to be rid of her and who lets her see at every turn that she is a burden to him. Anywhere else in the world she would be better off and happier than she is with the man who makes her feel continually that she is a guest who has overstayed her welcome.

So, my dear Troubled Wife, I think that the best thing that you can do is to sell your husband the freedom he craves so greatly at the very highest price you can get out of him. Get some good lawyer to draw you up an iron-bound contract which will at least force your child's father to support you and the baby, and then pack your trunk and go.

If you stay where you are not desired, you will get more and more upon your husband's nerves, the restraints of the holy estate will gall him deeper and deeper, and he will come to hate you because he thinks you come between him and happiness. But if you go away and leave him free to resume the remembered joys of his bachelorhood, the chances are that his love for you will reawaken and he will come after you begging you to return.

For matrimony unfits a man for the celibate life without his knowing it. Tied to wife and child and home, he may pine for the good old days when he did not have to come home until he was good and ready; when he could play poker or read or do anything he pleased when he could eat in clubs and restaurants, and live a free, untrammelled life.

But when he tries it, he finds that it is lonesome to come home to an empty room in which there is no one to welcome him; that it is a bore to have to think what he wants to eat and order a dinner, and wait for it to be cooked, instead of sitting down to a savory meal of the things he likes, prepared by the loving hands of the wife who knows his every taste; that dyspepsia turks in restaurant food; that laundry doesn't automatically take care of itself; that poker-playing every night is a more expensive diversion than he can afford, and that after a few nights out with the boys he is all in and absolutely no good at the office.

Then it is that he realizes that matrimony has done its deadly work. He is not only housebroken. He has lost his taste for the wild, and he wants to go home of an evening, where a woman will fuss over him and a child run to meet him with outstretched arms.

Virtually all husbands have to dissemble their joy when they kiss their wives good-bye in the summer as the misuses and the kids start for the country. They are going to be free, hurrah, hurrah! But, oh, how glad they are to welcome those same ladies back, again after their vacation. That is a tip for the unwanted wife.

THE POTTERS

By J. P. McEVOY

PROLOGUE.

NO one really knows what the other is, but everyone with a radio set is beginning to realize that it isn't all cracked up to be . . . certainly it can stand a lot of punishment, ranging from light sopranos to candidates for political office . . . broadcasting doesn't care who does it, the result being that everyone by this time has done his self into the patient microphone, with the possible exception of Mulligan's Trained Seals and the Singer Mid-gets . . . yes, it is almost as difficult to get "on the air" as it is to get on a jury . . . small wonder then that the local station of W O W, being hard put to clutter its share of the air, decided to turn a few selected wave lengths over to Pa Potter some evening . . . stand by for a few minutes please . . .

SCENE I.

IT is the home of the Potter tribe and Pa is perspiring . . . in a scant hour he must appear at the broadcasting station of W O W and assault the ether with a collection of well assorted words . . . what to do . . . what to say . . . this is indeed a weighty and eventful moment . . . in one short hour the entire world will be glued to its receivers or leaning far into its loud speakers, dangling breathlessly on its lightest whisper . . . you'd think the world could find something better to do . . . maybe it will. Pa (with a hunted look in his eyes):

I don't see why I ever accepted this fool invitation. Gosh, I don't know what to say.

BILL (lightly)—ah, youth—say, irresponsible youth!

CAMIE (can't you sing something?)

MAMIE: Why don't you recite that thing you used to give—"A Face On the Bar Room Floor?"

BILL: Of that one that went, "My Mother said, 'Willie, Lay off the Vanilly, Them Phosphates will lead you astray, and the Devil himself is in Sassa-parilly, and his den is them fountains so gay. But fool that I was—"

PA: Shut your face, will you? How can a fellow think?

Why don't you give them a nice, simple talk, full of ideas? There's entirely too much jazz on radio these days. (With a sudden burst of inspiration): Say, I've got a seraphook just full of lovely poems . . . wait a minute (til I get it).

PA: I don't want it.

MA: I'll get it, anyway. (She does.) Here's a nice one you could read . . . it's about Friendship . . . listen:

I could sail the waters of all the world,
Bitter and wild and blue,
And never I'd find a friend like love.

Like the Friend I've found in you.

Oh, keep quiet, will you?

MA (passionately): I could walk down all the roads of the world . . .

And knock on the doors forever,
An dnever I'd find a friend like you—
Never—never—never!

PA: Shut up—I'm trying to think.

BILL (helpfully): Why don't you do some card tricks? That's something they haven't done on the radio yet.

MA (reading aloud blissfully): I love to hear the merry rattle of little children pattering around . . .

Pattering around about the floor . . .

Oh, how could you or I get sore

To hear them pattering around the floor . . .

BILL: Why don't you sing them that song about one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back? (Bursts

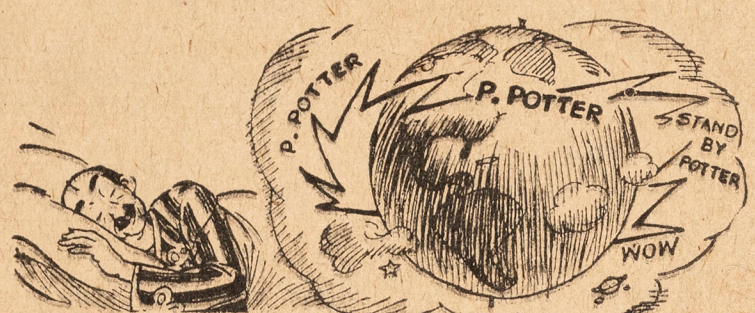
Mrs. Rose Craig



SPARKLING EYES FOLLOW GOOD HEALTH

Toronto, Ont.—"From the time of my earliest childhood I had always heard my mother speak in highest praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for women's ailments, so it is not at all strange that after I married and had backaches, nervous spells and other distresses that I should remember what my mother had always said of this Prescription, and I found it relieved me of my aches, pains and nervousness. It gave me renewed health and strength and so greatly benefited me that I have no hesitations in saying that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is absolutely perfect as a tonic and nerve for women who are ailing or nervous."—Mrs. Rose Craig, 257 Sackville St.

You'll soon feel better if you obtain this Prescription of Dr. Pierce at your nearest drug store, in tablets or liquid, or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ont., for trial package tablets. Write for free medical advice.



Pa Potter's Pleasant Dream of Broadcast Laurels.

into chorus, in which Mamie joins lustily):
They were only, only fooling—
They were only, only fooling—
They were only, only fooling—
As one grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back.
PA: (Rehearsing badly to himself)
We are all put into this world for service, success depends upon service; you and I are as successful as—which reminds me of a little poem, a little poem I once saw, where is that damn thing . . .

MAMIE: I know a little poem you could use . . .

Cheer up, little girl.

You're a long time dead.

And besides, when you cry,
Your nose gets red.

BILL: That reminds me, Pa, I could let you have a little Christmas poetry I wrote for myself once:

Long, and white and swell,
You ain't got no whiskers—
Perhaps it's just as well . . .

Santa's cheeks are rosy.

His nose is nice and pink

But what has all this got to do with the case?

Not a darn thing! Merry Christmas!

PA (bubbling aloud insanely): Success is the thing we are all striving for—the thing we are all striving for—for—for—

BILL: For he's a jolly good fellow.

MAMIE and BILL (together): Which nobody can deny.

PA (mechanically): Which nobody can deny—say, get out of here and let me alone, will you?

MA (helpfully): Yes, let Pa alone, he's got to get his speech ready. Listen, Pa, here's something you can use:

Far from the crowd's ignoble strife,
I think of you . . .

TELEPHONE: . . . BRRRRINNGG.

BILL (on phone): What? . . . Oh Pa, it's for you . . . they want you over at the broadcasting station.

PA (frantically): Oh, my gawd, wattle I go, wattle I do.

BILL: Don't forget all the suggestions I gave you. There's some pretty good ones, at that.

PA (gathering up his notes and prattling to himself in terror): To you, all my unseen friends, gathered together to-night and listening to the sound of my voice, when we realize the importance of—and of course, it goes without saying—as I was saying—that is to say . . .

MA (reading): Listen, Pa, you know people always like to hear something nice about mother . . . here's a love-

ly poem I once saw, where is that damn thing . . .

PA: Shut up—I'm trying to think.

BILL (helpfully): Why don't you do some card tricks? That's something they haven't done on the radio yet.

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HANDICAP IS TO GOLF AS SUGAR JACKET TO PILL

Disguises Bitterness of Actual Defeat With Sweetness of Un-earned Prize.

By ALEXANDRINE GIBB.

HANDICAPPING, in the tantalizing game of golf, is an admirable feature to help those who cannot help themselves to a low score.

Golf is the game where the average beginner, after playing three or four holes in almost par, begins to congratulate herself on the splendid game she is playing.

When behold at the next flag her score has increased by a nine or ten, or sometimes even more, and as even the old golfer knows to her sorrow, a score of ten for one hole will ruin the best efforts one can put forth while playing around the rest of the course.

Recently at the club I try to play at, we had a handicap event for ladies and all the new ones were persuaded this was the time to acquire the very necessary knowledge of tournament play.

At the first hole my partner and I got up to drive with a crowd of men golfers gathered around impatiently waiting until all the women got on the way.

Started out joyous in the knowledge of the big handicap awarded me, which I felt ought to help in the reducing of my score to a fairly presentable size. Alas, for my hopes, my hopes were dashed at all the way down the fairway, and I found when I had reached the second hole, I had two of the fatal nines on my score card.

The third hole is what the men call a mental hazard and where the professional declares anyone who knows anything of golf could kick the ball across. While only about 145 yards in length, below the green, far away, I took my midday, then changed my mind and got my nice new brassie out of the bag and took my stance, desperately wondering just what the captain and the Scotch professional all anxiously seeking us and our score cards.

Well, when I succeeded in holing out, not by any means with the ball I started off with, we found the president, vice-president, the captain and the Scotch professional all anxiously seeking us and our score cards.

Handicapping is a wonderful thing. We were sitting in the dressing room, talking over the match. Suddenly there came a hurried call for me to come down to the secretary's office and draw for the fourth prize, which I had won by a good old handicap pass. I feel all golf even should be on a handicap basis.

THE strain of the week at Ancaster showed in the closed tournament at Mississauga. Miss Mackenzie continued. And again, it was difficult at Mississauga. There had been two weeks of Phil weather, and the course was dry. This made the fairways much harder to play than at Ancaster. Ancaster has a thick growth on the fairways. Of course, this difference made the shots entirely different.

And the greens at Mississauga, trapped as they are, made it ne-

cessary to play pit-shots. With a hard fairway and fast greens any golfer knows the difficulty of bringing those shots off.

"Mrs. Hutchings again won the qualifying round with an 80, the par being 73. This was done in a heavy windstorm, and in conditions decidedly against good play. I found it hard going. Once I had to use four brassie shots where ordinarily I'd have been playing the mashie."

"One improvement—to my mind—was the use of the automatic draw, for the first time in Canada. By this draw, the players are selected according to their standing in the qualifying round. This gives the first four players the opportunity to come to the semi-finals, which in each case they did. Hitherto, in Canada, we have always favored the draw from the hat. I prefer the new way. I have been for it for the last couple of years, for I believe that it ensures better finals and semi-finals. It eliminates the possibility of some of the best players meeting in the first round. Now of course the galleries

want to see good golf at the end of the week, and if all the players are playing to anywhere near form, the automatic draw virtually assures this."

"The closed championship was held after the open, and there was a bigger entry than ever before. All Canada was represented. As a result of changing the order of the matches, the closed was weaker, and the open stronger. The strain of the open had begun to tell, and the closed semi-finalists didn't play top golf."

"Then playing the open match first gives the second-raters a chance?" Miss Mackenzie was asked.

"Well, since the best Canadian entries tire themselves the first week, I suppose it does," she answered, "but it didn't affect the standing in the closed this time."

"I noticed that in the American National and in the Buffalo tournament there were entrants of 14 years of age. Now we have none of that age over here in our tournaments. We lack young girl players. We do nothing to encourage them. Why, Britain has a junior golf championship. I am looking forward to the time when we will have one at the new club. We want one next year."

Both Miss Thayer and Mrs. Jessup were missing from last year's list, the latter's maternal duties having interfered with her game. But to even scores, several of the first ten of last year may not be included this year. For instance, Elizabeth Charman, Mrs. H. G. Lockhorn, Edith Sisourney and Helen Hooker, who have been comparatively inactive.

The Prince of Wales left behind him in the United States not only an interest in blue shirts and turned down hats among the men, but he has given the girls a sudden desire to play polo. We have word from Chicago that a Woman's Polo Club exists there, not only exists, but leads among American women. For, if you must know, the ladies from the Windy City set themselves up as champions when their opponents, the Cincinnati Club failed to appear. The taste of victory however, is like gall in their mouths, because, after spending the whole summer polishing their spurs and manuevering their horses and hoof, they find they have no one else to conquer.

Glenna Collett, running absolutely true to form in the Canadian women's open golf championship, playing again. Ada Mackenzie, somewhat off her game, annexed that title again. Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Hope Gibson, proved their ability to battle the best American products by lasting into the final rounds.

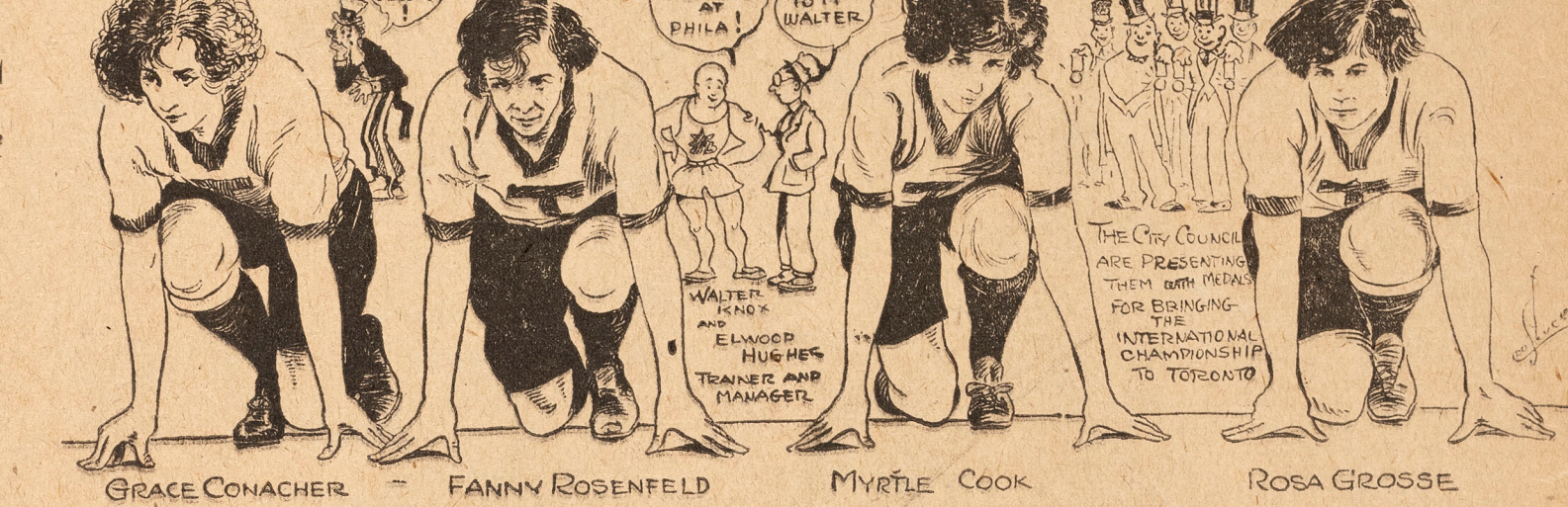
The representation from all sections of the United States and Canada in this and other tournaments this year, brings to mind the thought that golf is the most widespread of the sports and the least dependent on climatic conditions for the perfection of its devotees.

Tennis, for example, on this continent, produced particular talent in such sections as California and the East. But golf starts anywhere and is played by them all.

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The Sportsman's Section

C.N.E. RELAY TEAM 1924



Canadian Women Golfers Show Big Improvement, Says Ada Mackenzie

Average American Golfer Better Than Average Canadian, Largely Because of More Practice, but Canadians Gaining Ground—Record Play From Back Tees—International Amity has Foundation in Buffalo Invitation Tourney—Advantages of the Automatic Draw.

THAT Canadian women golfers have shown marked improvement in recent events, especially in the Canadian open tourney, is the opinion of Miss Ada Mackenzie, interviewed by the Sunday World. Miss Mackenzie pointed out that all of the top-notch American players but Miss Glenna Collett, who holds the Canadian title, were eliminated by Canadians.

"And this in spite of the fact that the average American golfer is better than the average Canadian golfer," added Miss Mackenzie. Never, she said, has the competition been keener at the Canadian open tourney. Since out of the total entry only 32 could qualify, the Canadians had to play at top form to get in.

"We Canadians did better than we expected, for three of us pulled out to the semi-finals. Mrs. Hope Gibson, the Ontario champion gave Glenna Collett a real game. She was only one down at the turn of the ninth hole, and although Glenna was playing unbeatable golf, it was a close thing."

"One thing that did please me was to see the women's judgment completely vindicated in playing from the back championship tees. Some of the men thought that that was a mistake. It was, they said, making it altogether too hard. Yet Miss Collett broke the record there with a score of 76 in the finals, finishing the last 9 holes in 36. That's a record any man could be proud of. Then Miss Fordyce, the Ohio State champion, got a score of 77, and Mrs. Hope Gibson, got a 78 in the qualifying round. All of these broke the women's par of the course."

AN interesting feature of the "American invasion" of women golfers, Miss Mackenzie stated, is that it shows the good feeling that exists between the ladies on both sides of the border, and the appreciation that Americans have of our ability. This has its foundation, she added, in the Buffalo invitation tournament, started some four years ago. Due to the efforts of Mrs. Mary Louise Spaulding, a strong desire has thus grown up for international competition.

"And the more we have of that the better. We did miss the British players. So many stayed away whom we would have liked to have had. Next year we expect Doris Weathered."

"Glenna Collett's marvellous play brings up one or two very interesting points," said Miss Ada. "The smooth, evenness of her performance is remarkable. I admired that especially when playing with her."

Those who saw the play at Ancaster noticed that too. Miss Mackenzie had several bits of rotten luck, but managed to hold her own satisfactorily with brilliant recoveries. Miss Collett laid down most of her shots with the exactness of a machine.

"Why is the average American better than the average Canadian?" Miss Mackenzie was asked. "And how does Miss Collett acquire her accuracy?"

"Practice, all other things being equal," she replied. "I heard it rumored that Miss Collett had only missed six days of golf in the whole year. Up here, we haven't quite the same chances, so we are not so steady. So everything being considered, we can claim that we're not doing so badly as we might. Mrs. Hutchings deserves a lot of credit for winning the qualifying round with a 78. The par is 80, and on such a field that is excellent."

THE closed tourney.

The strain of the week at Ancaster showed in the closed tournament at Mississauga. Miss Mackenzie continued. And again, it was difficult at Mississauga. There had been two weeks of Phil weather, and the course was dry. This made the fairways much harder to play than at Ancaster. Ancaster has a thick growth on the fairways. Of course, this difference made the shots entirely different.

And the greens at Mississauga, trapped as they are, made it ne-

cessary to play pit-shots. With a hard fairway and fast greens any golfer knows the difficulty of bringing those shots off.

"Mrs. Hutchings again won the qualifying round with an 80, the par being 73. This was done in a heavy windstorm, and in conditions decidedly against good play. I found it hard going. Once I had to use four brassie shots where ordinarily I'd have been playing the mashie."

"One improvement—to my mind—was the use of the automatic draw, for the first time in Canada. By this draw, the players are selected according to their standing in the qualifying round. This gives the first four players the opportunity to come to the semi-finals, which in each case they did. Hitherto, in Canada, we have always favored the draw from the hat. I prefer the new way. I have been for it for the last couple of years, for I believe that it ensures better finals and semi-finals. It eliminates the possibility of some of the best players meeting in the first round. Now of course the galleries

want to see good golf at the end of the week, and if all the players are playing to anywhere near form, the automatic draw virtually assures this."

"The closed championship was held after the open, and there was a bigger entry than ever before. All Canada was represented. As a result of changing the order of the matches, the closed was weaker, and the open stronger. The strain of the open had begun to tell, and the closed semi-finalists didn't play top golf."

"Then playing the open match first gives the second-raters a chance?" Miss Mackenzie was asked.

"Well, since the best Canadian entries tire themselves the first week, I suppose it does," she answered, "but it didn't affect the standing in the closed this time."

"I noticed that in the American National and in the Buffalo tournament there were entrants of 14 years of age. Now we have none of that age over here in our tournaments. We lack young girl players. We do nothing to encourage them. Why, Britain has a junior golf championship. I am looking forward to the time when we will have one at the new club. We want one next year."

Both Miss Thayer and Mrs. Jessup were missing from last year's list, the latter's maternal duties having interfered with her game. But to even scores, several of the first ten of last year may not be included this year. For instance, Elizabeth Charman, Mrs. H. G. Lockhorn, Edith Sisourney and Helen Hooker, who have been comparatively inactive.

The Prince of Wales left behind him in the United States not only an interest in blue shirts and turned down hats among the men, but he has given the girls a sudden desire to play polo. We have word from Chicago that a Woman's Polo Club exists there, not only exists, but leads among American women. For, if you must know, the ladies from the Windy City set themselves up as champions when their opponents, the Cincinnati Club failed to appear. The taste of victory however, is like gall in their mouths, because, after spending the whole summer polishing their spurs and manuevering their horses and hoof, they find they have no one else to conquer.

Glenna Collett, running absolutely true to form in the Canadian women's open golf championship, playing again. Ada Mackenzie, somewhat off her game, annexed that title again. Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Hope Gibson, proved their ability to battle the best American products by lasting into the final rounds.

The representation from all sections of the United States and Canada in this and other tournaments this year, brings to mind the thought that golf is the most widespread of the sports and the least dependent on climatic conditions for the perfection of its devotees.

Tennis, for example, on this continent, produced particular talent in such sections as California and the East. But golf starts anywhere and is played by them all.

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THE SPORTSWOMAN

(Title registered)
American Track and Field Championship—Ranking of Tennis Players—Polo for Women—How Canadian Golf Tourney Looked to American Eyes.

By NITA HOWARD.

THE second American national track championship for girls was almost washed away in the rain that bathed Forbes Field, Pittsburgh. Had it not been for the weather, the world might today be richer by a number of track and field records. The plucky little contestants were wet to the skin and although that didn't prevent them from competing, it did keep them from breaking the records they certainly would have smashed on a sunny day.

Considering the condition of the field some remarkable feats were accomplished. Christine Pylyck, of Cleveland, made 50 yards in 6-3-5 seconds, only the fraction keeping her from the American record, 6-3-4.

Frances Ruppert, the Philadelphia flash, ran 100 yards in 12 seconds.

Ida Robinson, of Philadelphia, could have smashed the record when she tossed the shot 30 feet 11-1/2 inches. The discus throw was won by Roberta Rank, of Philadelphia, who sent the dial whirling for a distance of 70 feet.

Esther Spargo, of Boston, hurled the javelin 72 feet 5-1/2 inches.

Little Hazel Kirk, of Philadelphia, did the throw of 224 feet that Eleanor Churchill made last year, but it certainly is excellent work for a rainy day and a slippery field. Dorothy Walsh, of Ohio, took the running broad jump in 15 feet 8-1/2 inches, and the high jump in 4 feet 10-1/2 inches.

The baseball throw was won by Mable Holmes, of Patterson, N.J., who threw the ball for 139 feet 10 inches. It doesn't stand comparison with the throw of 224 feet that Eleanor Churchill made last year, but it certainly is excellent work for a rainy day and a slippery field. Dorothy Walsh, of Ohio, took the running broad jump in 15 feet 8-1/2 inches, and the high jump in 4 feet 10-1/2 inches.

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THE BEACHCOMBER

A WHITE man, clad only in trousers, shirt and broken canvas shoes, sweated under the baking sun on the wharf of Nolia in the South Seas. In the terrible mountains of bales awaited handling by the lumpy—seven near-naked Negroes and the white man, Jim Kelson. He worked harder than the rest, and perhaps this was why they laughed at him on occasion. The evasion of labor is an art among colored wharf laborers. Also it is a joke to have a white man brought so low.

Jim paused a moment to wipe the moisture from his forehead, when his eyes fell on a topside schooner a mile or so away. She was making for the wharf, bending to the breeze, graceful as any creature on the seven seas. The man's fingers slid from his bale hook. Two ships had called at Nolia during the six weeks he had been stranded there like rat in a trap, but neither had been able to sign him on. Optimism was rekindled at sight of the schooner.

Ignoring the yelp of a colored "boss boy," Jim presently turned his back on work, walked over to a faucet, sluiced his hands and face, and picked his way among the merchandise.

ON THE schooner a sail rattled down. She luffed, and sidled to the wharf. A puzzled expression settled on Jim's face. He had expected to see some garbled old mariner on the poop, or perhaps a youngish mate capable of manhandling anything with two arms and two legs. Instead the vessel was being run by a girl, who evidently understood sailing.

Jim waited just long enough for the gangway to be thrust ashore before he walked on board, then stood ridiculously nonplussed before the girl from whom he wanted a job. "Parlon me, I'd like a word with the skipper," he said, after clearing his throat. "My name's Kelson."

She was sunburnt and freckled, with gray-green eyes which rested on him only a full second before she answered. "This is my ship. What do you want?"

What did he want? He had come across that gangway starving for a chance once more to find his place in the world of men, for the chance of a rolling deck under his feet, for the right to civilized food and a place to sleep. During the last sixty nights his only resting place had been on the beach.

What did he want? Ten minutes ago he would have been able to do the his wishes fairly accurately. He still wanted a chance to find his place in the world of men, but a complication had arisen which as yet he could only vaguely understand.

"If you've room for a deck-hand aboard, I'd be glad," he said. "I'm stranded."

The gray-green eyes scanned him again, more closely this time. As a who he couldn't have chosen a better fig. A tear at the knee of his trousers flapped in the breeze the hat in his hand was a travesty.

"Can you navigate?"

"I've a master's certificate."

"What happened?" The question was comprehensive.

"Went broke. Just plain rotten luck." Finished up here without a bean.

"Why, I guess I've a job I could give you, Mr. Kelson," she said, "but maybe you wouldn't care to take it. It's up to you. The mate of this vessel was washed overboard two weeks ago and I hadn't been able to give him his pay for three months. The ship's safe is pretty nearly empty. Mr. Silver has been with me for three years, so he understood. Stuck by me, you understand. Now, if you want to get away from Nolia, here's your

chance, but that's all I can offer you for the present. Of course, if my luck turns you'll draw ordinary pay. If it doesn't—well, you'll have worked your passage, that's all."

"I'll take a chance," he said, quickly. "But I may as well tell you, Nolia's no cargo to be picked up at Nolia."

"I don't want cargo—just now."

"Where are you bound?"

"Why, frankly, I don't intend to tell you one till I get clear of Nolia."

JIM raised his eyebrows fractionally. At least, it was an unusual proceeding.

"Of course, if you put it that way."

"I do. Very definitely. Are you coming?"

"There isn't any question about that."

And for the space of twenty seconds these two bits of human flossam studied one another. Nothing could have been more opportune for Betty Trask than his arrival. Silver, the drowned mate, had been her shield and bulwark in these waters. The sea itself had few terrors for her. She loved its moods, even as she had infinite respect for them. On this schooner her own father had taught her the mysteries of his craft. It was a byword among those who knew her that Betty Trask could sail the Apia Maid as cleverly as any skipper under the Southern Cross. It was the only life she knew, and for that reason she had clung to the schooner long after her father's death. Nor had she ever positively needed Silver's physical protection. With a revolver she could break nine bottles out of ten in mid-air when they were flung overboard, which knowledge carried deep conviction into the minds of her Kanaka crew.

But even with the heart of a lion, a woman needs a white man around when she is running a trading schooner. And as far as she could judge, Jim Kelson, though an entire stranger, was a man on whom she could depend, a man whom she could like. There was something about the steadiness of his eyes that appealed to her. He was no weakling, in any sense of the word. In the lines near his mouth there lurked good temper and humor, but his chin was obstinate. The woman who set herself the task of twisting him around her little finger was foredoomed to disappointment.

"Miss Trask," Jim began awkwardly that evening as they sat together on the poop when the stars were dancing overhead. "I don't want to ask any question you don't care to answer, but sometime, don't forget, I've got to know where we're bound for."

The stars went on dancing a while before she answered. He almost wondered whether she had heard.

"You're quite right," she said at length. "We're going up the Fly River in New Guinea."

Kelson's brows crinkled. "The Fly River?" If interrogation rang about his words, he didn't intend. Sooner or later she would explain.

THERE was no sound save the sea's gurgle at the prow of the schooner and the tapping of a loose halyard. An ebony hued Kanaka stood motionless at the wheel. The moon glinted on the water, spraying it with a million ever changing fairy lights; half a thousand glistening flying fish shot up, hung in the air a space, and then sank from sight. But these things passed unnoticed by the man and girl on the poop. For the present he was not really concerned as to their destination. Enough for him that he was here.

"Maybe you'll think I'm crazy if I explain, Mr. Kelson," she said eventually. "When you get down to your last five hundred dollars in this trading ship for about a couple of thousand dollars, and buy a ticket back to the United States, I've got an aunt in Massachusetts who wants me to go and live with her, but—"

she broke off, eyes roving the rim of the moonlit sea.

"You mean you'd miss this life?" put in the mate.

"Miss it? Why, it's everything in the world to me. And there's another point. I don't come of a race of quitters. My dad sailed 'this schooner for fifteen years. It was his home; and mine, too, most of that time. And when you've made home in a ship it's worse than having your back teeth out to hand it over to anyone, especially if it's because you've failed. It's a nasty word, that—failure."

"But you're not through yet."

"No, and I don't intend to be if I can help it. Mr. Kelson, five days ago a sailor told me a queer yarn about a lot of missing pearls and then offered to sell the secret where they were for a hundred dollars. When I tell you I fell for it what will you say?"

"Why—why, I wish you luck, that's all," said Kelson. "It sounds as if you'd taken an almighty big chance, though."

"Taken a chance! There are people

There came a sharp crack and a pain in Kelson's arm as though it had been seared with white hot iron.

I know who'd say I ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum. But I paid the old pirate his price. One hundred perfectly good American dollars when it only left chicken feed in the safe."

What made you fall for it? The man was watching her face intently. She leaned forward, nervously eager.

"I don't believe I'd ever be able to explain. I've tried to think out fifty times, but I can't. I suppose the real fact is I figured that he was telling the truth, though Lord knows everything was against him. He came on board the Apia Maid at Groona, where I'd gone to discharge cargo. He was about half drunk, sailor fashion, but seemed to have his senses, and he was respectful, so I let him talk a while. He was deck hand on a ship that was leaving by that tide for Chinese ports, and he made a mistake; he was just as crooked an old villain as I've struck in years. But he didn't tell his story as you'd expect a crook to tell a yarn he'd invented. I felt all along it was an unsavory business and it's no less unsavory now, but I put him through the third degree before I came across with the currency. I laid it on the table between us, figuring that he'd be more likely to open up if he saw the cash, only I had my gun handy."

KELSON uncrossed his legs. He was growing interested, though he didn't relish the idea of her crossing swords with a tipsy sailor.

"He told you where the pearls are?"

"No. It isn't even as hopeful as that, quite. I won't say it's an even money chance. But I think I got the truth out of him. He'd been on the pearling schooner, the owner had had struck it rich. They were living at some island after pearling for eighteen months when he and another man chloroformed the owner, dumped him on the wharf and sailed off with the pearls on board as far as they knew. The owner hadn't had a chance to sell them and they made sure he hadn't got them on him when they dumped him on the wharf. After they got out to sea they searched the schooner from end to end but couldn't locate the pearls. And then they got scared because there was a pretty long stretch in the penitentiary ahead of them if they were caught. They didn't dare run into any port because it was dollars to doughnuts they'd be arrested."

"After a while they came to New Guinea and turned up the Fly river, intending to run ashore in some quiet spot, break the schooner into match-wood if necessary to get at the pearls and then go on foot to the trading station further up the river. They ran her ashore all right but wrecked her in the process and then began smashing up the place and looking for the pearls. But when they'd seen, they felt certain those pearls were hidden somewhere aboard, because there was nowhere else for them to be. That's all right. But when they'd settled down to the job up comes one of those fussy little government powder boats that always seem to be poking their noses everywhere nowadays."

"Fenchman?"

"Heaven only knows. The two crews didn't stop to ask. They dove it out, that it was a close call and bolted."

"Didn't get the pearls?"

"The old sailor said they didn't and if there's any truth in the whole story I guess that part may be true. I don't see why should this man want to put his neck in the noose for a hundred dollars? Remember the pearler had struck it rich."

"And you don't know if the men in the government powder boat finished the job?"

"No. But it's long odds against their knowing just what the game was. As I told you at first, I'm taking a chance, but it looked good enough. I've no more notion than the man in the moon where the law comes into this thing. I'm not out for piracy, Mr. Kelson, but it's common sense, isn't it, that somebody ought to fetch those pearls if they're there. And as far as I can make out, nobody aside from the two thieves and me knows that particular schooner is lying wrecked up the Fly river."

The water rippled and swished along the vessel's side.

"Did he—I mean the sailor—indicate the exact spot where the schooner is supposed to be lying?" Jim asked after a pause.

"Near enough," she answered. "He made a rough drawing on the entrance to the river. The schooner lies at the back of a little island about fifteen miles up. Come, I'll show you his sketch."

Jim followed her down the companion. She took the sailor's sketch from a locker and laid it on the table.

"You think the whole thing's a fool game, don't you?" she asked.

"No, but you think so, don't you?"

"To be honest, I have no idea. Most sailors would spin a yarn for a hundred dollars. I can only repeat what

Betty Trask, who had spent her girlhood on the sea, became captain of the "Apia Maid" when her father died. Then, failing for many months to get a cargo that would pay expenses, she took a long shot in the shape of a trip up the Fly River in New Guinea in search of pearls supposed to have been sunk with a schooner. The mate was washed overboard and she hired Jim Kelson, a beachcomber, in his place. Then followed adventures of an entirely new kind.

soon—" he began; but left the sentence incomplete. It was beginning to dawn on him that when he left the Apia Maid he would leave also something that was curiously vital.

ON the poop Betty Trask was snapping orders to the Kanaka bos'un. The set of the mainsail was perfectly good, but she had the halyards sweated. The topst was drawing with every inch, but she sent a couple of men scrambling up to overhaul and stop the buntlines. There was a possible doubt about the job, and she gave crisp orders for it to be unbent and the spare set in its place. Then, with no excuse for driving the crew further, she stood on the poop and watched the thing she had loved best in all the world—the way of this Apia Maid, a creature of infinite grace, as it raced like a finely bred horse, exactly as the race horse might have conscious pride in its power, so might the schooner almost have an intelligent pride in the way of its own. It seemed incredible that a mere mass of inanimate matter could ride up the side of a green wave with such grace and assurance, then volplane, like some great bird, down the slope ahead, shaking itself almost petulantly at a temporary check.

For perhaps half an hour Betty watched, but finally turned, leaning bare forearms on the rail. For the first time since her life she found something just the least unsatisfying in the possession of this flying schooner. She loved it—if that was the word—but it wasn't human. And of a sudden she knew that for years though adventure plenty had come her way, though excitement of kind held her every time the Apia Maid ran into a hurricane, there was some human note within her that had been altogether too still.

Then, with a glance at the companion way where her eyes had last rested on Jim Kelson, she again told herself not to be foolish. So that by the time the mate met her once more her defenses were fully alert. She treated him with quiet indifference—and saw something fine in the set of his shoulders. She spoke to him with casualness, but she was not the agent, who had often offered to pay his big hands, big heart, and big fortune at her feet—and she wondered what sort of woman Jim Kelson's mother was.

It was a delicious and hazardous threading under the intricate shalows under reefed sail. Something of the gold miner's spirit when, after long toil he comes within reasonable reach of his great goal, captured Betty Trask as the schooner rode into the river's wide mouth. This was her one last desperate hope. Until now, faced as she was by the possibility of failure and disillusion, she had never quite realized how black an outlook life held for her. In a way, for years, everything had been one continual gamble, but this was the greatest. Literally her whole future hinged on the next few hours. Once she twice glanced at Kelson and on each occasion a vague shadow crept into her face. There was something about the man which she sensed, she thought, that was not. Perhaps she was mistaken, but there seemed to her a curbed unconsciousness, a restraint in the eyes which she had not noticed before. Intuitively, unreasonably, she had hitherto felt that in the last analysis she might count on him, but now she was conscious of mis-

giving. Almost it appeared that he was avoiding her. That quiet smile about his lips was there at times when he spoke, but it seemed different. Perhaps it was forced, she fancied.

Picking her way by the aid of the old sailor's chart, which bore a rough resemblance to the contour of the land, Betty came at length to the island indicated, and triumph shone in her eyes when finally, on rounding the northern point, she saw a stranded ketch. So far, at least, she realized, the old sailor had not been lying.

With infinite care the girl maneuvered the Apia Maid to within a hundred feet of the abandoned vessel, and then a boat was lowered. With Takari, the colored bos'un, and another Kanaka deck hand, she prepared to row across. Kelson drew near.

"Pardon me, Miss Trask, but shall I go first, as usual, alone on the rigger?"

"That ketch—well, she's been lying there half submerged some time, and you never know what might happen."

Betty regarded him directly. Her gray-green eyes narrowed. Comfortably she felt the weight of a revolver inside her dress.

"Never know what?" Her tone was cold, deliberate.

"Well, on one thing there may be native on board that ketch, or—"

His face hardened. "Miss Trask—I'm darned if I'll let you go aboard first."

HER lip curved.

"And how will you stop me?"

"She was building mask on the revolver, and though her fingers flicked to stray toward its bulk, her hands remained still. The man's face twitched; clearly she saw the restlessness that possessed him.

"I don't want to use brute strength—against a girl," he said, with a touch of irritation. "At least, you'll let me come over, too."

Betty realized she was fighting some unseen force, and her senses quickened. There flashed into her mind a swift conviction which stabbed doubt. She had seemed necessary to tell this man everything, but now that they were so near possible success he meant to come between her and any treasure trove. She knew it. The knowledge was to her as real as her own existence, and neither the swift thrust of her neck nor the momentary shakiness of her knees had any relation to hypothetical pearls on that strand and ketch. Nor did salvation come from her sense of humor. The thing was too bitter—too near for

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.

By HENRY HOLT

Complete in this Issue

AN ARMED truce still lay between them when the coast line of New Guinea first loomed under the schooner's bow.

"Do you know these waters, Miss Trask?" he asked, eyes fixed on the blur ahead that might have been haze.

"Never been here before," she answered. Have you?"

"Never. I hope you won't mind my saying it's supposed to be pretty tricky. Especially up the mouth of the Fly."

She shot a searching glance at him. Was this a veiled reflection upon her skill? Or was it a momentary concern for his own skin? A slight frown swept her forehead. For an instant she was filled with a wild desire to test him. Many a time, trading in the Carolines, with Silver perched on the heel of the boom, she had picked her way through uncharted reefs, guided only by the color of the water and some sixth sense which none save a real sailor could even understand. Once, in a race for cargo, she and Silver had felt their way through five miles of that sort of thing with a margin, at places, of two fathoms between rocks, and got in hours ahead of their rivals. She would have loved now to drive the schooner full tilt through this danger zone, partly to see how her beach-comber of a mate would react under the strain and partly to show him that she was in every sense of the word mistress of the Apia Maid. But on second thought she took a more rational course.

It was a delicious and hazardous threading under the intricate shalows under reefed sail. Something of the gold miner's spirit when, after long toil he comes within reasonable reach of his great goal, captured Betty Trask as the schooner rode into the river's wide mouth. This was her one last desperate hope. Until now, faced as she was by the possibility of failure and disillusion, she had never quite realized how black an outlook life held for her. In a way, for years, everything had been one continual gamble, but this was the greatest. Literally her whole future hinged on the next few hours. Once she twice glanced at Kelson and on each occasion a vague shadow crept into her face. There was something about the man which she sensed, she thought, that was not. Perhaps she was mistaken, but there seemed to her a curbed unconsciousness, a restraint in the eyes which she had not noticed before. Intuitively, unreasonably, she had hitherto felt that in the last analysis she might count on him, but now she was conscious of mis-

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For perhaps half an hour Betty watched, but finally turned, leaning bare forearms on the rail. For the first time since her life she found something just the least unsatisfying in the possession of this flying schooner. She loved it—if that was the word—but it wasn't human. And of a sudden she knew that for years though adventure plenty had come her way, though excitement of kind held her every time the Apia Maid ran into a hurricane, there was some human note within her that had been altogether too still.

Then, with a glance at the companion way where her eyes had last rested on Jim Kelson, she again told herself not to be foolish. So that by the time the mate met her once more her defenses were fully alert. She treated him with quiet indifference—and saw something fine in the set of his shoulders. She spoke to him with casualness, but she was not the agent, who had often offered to pay his big hands, big heart, and big fortune at her feet—and she wondered what sort of woman Jim Kelson's mother was.

It was a delicious and hazardous threading under the intricate shalows under reefed sail. Something of the gold miner's spirit when, after long toil he comes within reasonable reach of his great goal, captured Betty Trask as the schooner rode into the river's wide mouth. This was her one last desperate hope. Until now, faced as she was by the possibility of failure and disillusion, she had never quite realized how black an outlook life held for her. In a way, for years, everything had been one continual gamble, but this was the greatest. Literally her whole future hinged on the next few hours. Once she twice glanced at Kelson and on each occasion a vague shadow crept into her face. There was something about the man which she sensed, she thought, that was not. Perhaps she was mistaken, but there seemed to her a curbed unconsciousness, a restraint in the eyes which she had not noticed before. Intuitively, unreasonably, she had hitherto felt that in the last analysis she might count on him, but now she was conscious of mis-

giving. Almost it appeared that he was avoiding her. That quiet smile about his lips was there at times when he spoke, but it seemed different. Perhaps it was forced, she fancied.

Picking her way by the aid of the old sailor's chart, which bore a rough resemblance to the contour of the land, Betty came at length to the island indicated, and triumph shone in her eyes when finally, on rounding the northern point, she saw a stranded ketch. So far, at least, she realized, the old sailor had not been lying.

With infinite care the girl maneuvered the Apia Maid to within a hundred feet of the abandoned vessel, and then a boat was lowered. With Takari, the colored bos'un, and another Kanaka deck hand, she prepared to row across. Kelson drew near.

"Pardon me, Miss Trask, but shall I go first, as usual, alone on the rigger?"

"That ketch—well, she's been lying there half submerged some time, and you never know what might happen."

Betty regarded him directly. Her gray-green eyes narrowed. Comfortably she felt the weight of a revolver inside her dress.

"Never know what?" Her tone was cold, deliberate.

"Well, on one thing there may be native on board that ketch, or—"

His face hardened. "Miss Trask—I'm darned if I'll let you go aboard first."

HER lip curved.

"And how will you stop me?"

"She was building mask on the revolver, and though her fingers flicked to stray toward its bulk, her hands remained still. The man's face twitched; clearly she saw the restlessness that possessed him.

"I don't want to use brute strength—against a girl," he said, with a touch of irritation. "At least, you'll let me come over, too."

Betty realized she was fighting some unseen force, and her senses quickened. There flashed into her mind a swift conviction which stabbed doubt. She had seemed necessary to tell this man everything, but now that they were so near possible success he meant to come between her and any treasure trove. She knew it. The knowledge was to her as real as her own existence, and neither the swift thrust of her neck nor the momentary shakiness of her knees had any relation to hypothetical pearls on that strand and ketch. Nor did salvation come from her sense of humor. The thing was too bitter—too near for

Continued on Page Twenty-nine.

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OUTLINE of SCIENCE

One Muscle of Man's Arms Composed of 600,000 Fibres --Marvellous Postal and Telegraphic Systems in the Body.

It may seem so far only to have concerned ourselves with organs which exist for the sake of other organs. That, in point of fact, is the nature of every organ in the "organism"; and, indeed, it would be at least equally correct to say that bones and muscles, which one naturally thinks of as forming the greater part of the body, exist very largely for the purpose of digestion and respiration. Nutrition and reproduction are the oldest functions, the original functions, of the animal body. The elaborate skeleton, with its masses of muscles, has evolved to protect and minister to these fundamental activities.

Of the distribution of the two hundred bones and two hundred and sixty pairs of muscles which form the great bulk of the body little can be said here. A catalogue of the bones would be a list of unfamiliar terms; and a catalogue of the muscles would be almost an essay in Greek. It is in the development and minute structure of bone that modern physiology is chiefly interested. As is now generally known, the body begins its existence as a single cell—a microscopic speck of living matter surrounded by a membrane—and the development of the body is due to the repeated and rapid multiplication of this cell (the fertilized ovum or egg cell) until countless millions are formed. It is a "cell state", commonwealth of millions of living, active units bound together into a harmoniously working organism.

As this "protoplasm"—the jelly-like matter which composes cells—is soft, the beginner may wonder how it can build up such structures as teeth and bones. To understand this, as far as we do understand it at present, we have to remember that, as the cells of the body multiply from the original egg cell, they also separate into different classes. We get muscle cells, nerve cells, bone cells, gland cells, and so on, and they differ remarkably in structure from each other.

ONE contingent of these cells consists of the bone builders, and long before birth they begin to construct the supporting framework of the body. It is, of course, not done at first. Frames of cartilage precede bony frames in the

course of racial evolution, and a cartilage frame goes before bone in the development of the individual body. When the time comes, the bone builders extract the lime salts which have got into the blood with the digested food, and they use these in building up the bones. Sir Arthur Keith tells us that there are two million of these bone builder cells at work in the thigh, of a newborn baby, and that the number rises later to a hundred and fifty millions. They make the bones solid, then they change the interior into the light but strong texture with which every body is familiar.

How is it that we feel no creaking, no jarring, or friction, of the two hundred and thirty joints by which our bones play upon one another? There is another ingenious contrivance. A layer of cartilage remains over the end of each bone. It is dense, elastic, and always well lubricated by one of the many remarkable automatic lubricating systems of the body. The cartilage cells themselves in this case are converted into lubricating fluid when they die!

The muscular system which moves the bones is the red flesh with which we are familiar in the butcher's shop. Everybody who has carved a joint, and knows the importance of cutting against the grain, is aware that one of these large muscles of the ribs or limbs of a cow consists of muscular fibres packed closely in bundles. There are 600,000 fibres in a single muscle of man's arm, the biceps. Each fibre is composed of many fibrils, the seat of that power of contractility which we little understand. The body machine is still full of problems and mysteries for us. Three hundred years ago the courageous anatomists of the later middle ages began to make out the structure of the organs. Later came a generation which dissected the organs into tissues. Later still, as the microscope improved, the tissues were dissected into cells, and the whole life of the organism was resolved into the co-operative life of millions of these units. But we now know that the secrets of the life of the cell lie partly in the molecules which compose the cells, and these are beyond the range of the most powerful microscope. We must wait and be grateful for what we know. Science never rests. On the day on which I am writing this page the press announces the discovery of

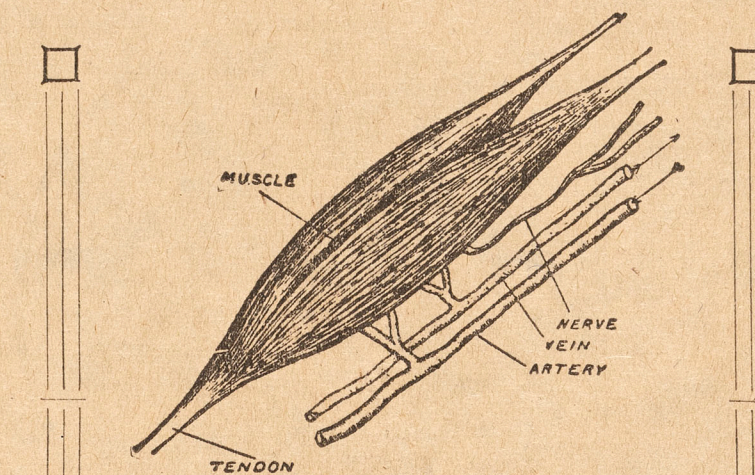
a new microscope, which takes us at a bound deeper into the mysteries of living nature!

Meantime, science has shown us that the muscular system is an automatic living mechanism of the most wonderful kind. To every muscle the arteries bear their streams of food and oxygen, the muscle cells select their diet, and the veins take away the waste products. On every muscle there are also the fine endings of some nerve from (generally) the spinal cord, and at the proper moment a discharge along the nerve causes the whole mass of the cells or fibres in a muscle to contract simultaneously and lift the bone to which the muscle is attached. The nerve impulse itself is slight. It is merely like a match set to the great energy stored up like powder in the muscle. But when we remember the number of muscles needed for a single harmonious action—we bring fifty-four into play at each step in walking, and there are about 300 muscles concerned when we walk—the delicacy of their adjustment, the precise degree of action needed in each, we cannot but marvel at the ceaseless regularity and correctness of this unconscious play of muscle and nerve and nerve centre. We can say only that it is broadly and beautifully illuminated by the story of evolution—a slow advance during millions of years, during which every individual with a defect is sifted out and every improvement means longer survival in the struggle for life.

The Nervous System.

MOST wonderful of all structures in the body machine, and most difficult to understand, is the telegraphic system—the nerve threads or wires and the central stations in the brain, the spinal cord, and certain other clusters of nerve cells. A unified cluster of nerve cells is called a ganglion or nerve centre. In the simplest forms of life there is no nerve, no muscle, no mouth or stomach. The microscopic unit is one single cell—a bit of jellylike living matter enclosed in a more or less definite membrane. Each and every part of it digests food, contributes to the movement, and is sensitive to the surroundings. In the course of evolution there arose larger organisms with bodies, with millions of cells bound together in harmony, showing division of labor. Some cells specialize on nutrition, some on reproduction, some on locomotion, and so on. Some of these cells specialize on sensitiveness, and thus arise nerve cells. Then some specialize on one particular kind of sensitiveness, and there appear patches or pits in the skin, one sensitive to light, another to smells, and so on. Further advance unites these various centres by nerve fibres, and at last a central telegraph station, a long tract of nerve matter, connects up the various sense centres and the muscles and glands. When a backbone is evolved, the main tract of central nerve stations is enclosed in it; and, as life advances, the upper part of this spinal cord swells into a brain and is protected by a skull.

This interesting story of the evolution of the brain and sense organs deserves to be told at greater length, but this slight outline may serve at present for our understanding of the essential nature of the nervous system. There is, as we said previously, a postal system and a telegraphic system in the body. Certain organs discharge certain chemicals (hormones) into the blood, and the blood delivers them to distant organs which are thus set to work. Obviously, this postal system would be too slow for the purposes of ordinary life, and so the telegraphic system is richly developed. Suppose that in bathing you tread upon a sharp stone. In a fraction of a second a nerve thrill flashes



A Drawing of the Biceps of the Upper Part of the Right Arm, Showing Its Tendon, Its Blood Vessels, and Its Nerve.—A tendon or sinew fastens a muscle to a bone; the artery brings oxygen and food material for the muscle; the vein carries away carbon dioxide and waste; the nerve conveys the stimulus which provokes the muscle to contract. The biceps lies along the upper arm or humerus; its upper end is connected by two tendons with the shoulder blade or scapula; its lower end is connected by a tendon with the radius, one of the bones of the lower arm; when the biceps contracts, becoming shorter and broader, as we can feel it doing, it raises the lower arm nearer the upper arm.

(Reproduced by permission from Keith's "The Embryology of the Human Body.")

from that part of your foot to a certain centre in the spinal cord, and a return thrill causes the muscles of the leg to contract, thereby jerking back the foot. In an animal far down in the scale like the octopus this nerve message goes at about eighty inches a second; in the frog the speed has worked up to ninety feet a second; in man it reaches about four hundred feet a second.

In the case of man the nerve message often goes on to ring a bell in the brain, as it were—to announce itself in consciousness—but the greater part of the body machine is run, as we have seen, by automatic action, and we will first master this. We have spoken repeatedly of reflex action. We mean by this nervous action without conscious effort. The message that goes to the brain or spine is automatically reflected, along a different wire, to the muscles or glands. When a piece of dust blows against your eyeball, one nerve sends some sort of thrill to a centre in the brain. Within a small fraction of a second this message passes through a nerve centre in the brain, and another thrill comes back to the muscles of the eyelids. Nearly the whole body is connected up generally through the spinal cord, by an automatic nervous machinery of this kind. For the muscles of the head and face the nerve centres are in the brain.

The nerve cells (or neurons, as they are often called) have a cell body and outgrowing fibres or wires. Each cell has two or more fibres running out to it, and these in most cases end in brushes of still finer threads. The nerve cells are, therefore, particularly suitable for communicating with each

other. In the brain and spinal cord especially each cell runs into a little brush or tree of fine fibres, and they interlock with each other. In the nerves that carry messages or commands to the muscles and glands many long fibres are bound up into bundles by a sheath. Inside each fibre there is a mysterious central channel, the axis cylinder, probably of a liquid nature.

What the real nature of a nerve thrill is we do not yet know. It is accompanied by electricity, but it is not itself an electric wave, for such a wave would travel more than a million times faster than the nerve message does. The nerves are also peculiar in the fact that they never get tired (as long as they are well supplied with oxygen), and physiologists have not yet been able to discover any definite chemical change in them. Even the production of carbon dioxide is questionable. Sleeping or waking, the wires are always alive, yet physiologists have not found that any heat is produced in connection with their activity.

The Brain Centre.

It is otherwise with the masses of nerve cells which make up the great brain centres. Everybody knows that these grow tired and must have a period of rest and recovery. Sleep is, however, still a puzzling phenomenon, and no theory of it can be regarded as satisfactory. All that physiologists are generally agreed upon is that the blood supply to the brain is checked, and this lessening of the supply of oxygen (as to which the

brain is particularly sensitive) lowers the vitality of the organs of consciousness. About the end of the first hour of sleep (which is the real beauty sleep) the brain life is entirely suspended, and the blood is busy feeding the tired muscles. Some hours later the brain seems to return to the brain and we get partial consciousness, uncontrolled by intellect. In the form of dreams. In a few individuals there may be, instead of a partial return to consciousness, an awakening of power of stimulations. They are apt to "walk in their sleep."

Our knowledge of the brain is now a special and formidable branch of science; it will be referred to later when we come to deal with mental science.

In some way that we do not understand our personality is more bound up with our nervous system than with the rest of our body. Our quickness of decision, alertness or dullness, cheerfulness or gloominess, reliability or fickleness, good will or selfishness, are wrapped up—in our ordinary life inextricably—with our very wonderful nervous system. Some people believe that our innermost self uses the nervous system as a musician uses a piano, and compare the disorder of mind illustrated in the delirium of fever, or the decay of mental vigor in the aged, to disturbances of wear and tear in the instrument. Others think that the inner life of consciousness—feeling, thinking, and willing—is one aspect of our mysterious living, and that the physical-chemical bustle that goes on in the nervous system is the other aspect of the same reality. The two aspects are inseparable, like the concave and the convex surface of a dome; and no author is of any use, the relation is quite unique.

"This is one of the oldest rid-

Bulk of Matter in the Cranium Has Nothing to Do With Thought--Large Head Does Not Mean Large Capacity.

dies, and Tennyson made 'the Ancient Sage' say: Thou canst not prove that thou art body alone. Nor canst thou prove that thou art spirit alone. Nor canst thou prove that thou art both in one: For nothing worthy proving can be proven. Nor yet disproven.

Yet three things seem to us to be quite certain: (1) Our nervous system is a scientific actuality that can be measured and weighed; it is complex beyond our power of conception, if only because of the millions of living units which it includes; it is the seat of an extraordinary activity which baffles the imagination. No theoretical view can stand that is subversive of the fundamental reality of our nervous system, (2) Even more certain, however, if there are degrees of reality, is our inner life of consciousness, our stream of thoughts and feelings, desires, and purposes. It is our supreme reality, for it includes all others, and no theoretical view can stand that is subversive of this reality. (3) But the third certainty is that organism and personality, body and mind, nervous metabolism and consciousness, are in the experience of everyday life interdependent. There is nothing to which we can compare it; if it is a unity, it is equally unique. We are mind bodies or body minds; sometimes we feel more of the one, some-

times more of the other. That, however, as we have seen, will form the subject of a later chapter.

We may note here that it is a popular fallacy to suppose that all the contents of the skull are concerned with thought and feeling, or that a large head means a large capacity. The bulk of the matter in the cranium has nothing to do with thought. It is only a thin rind or cortex of nervous matter, about a ninth of an inch thick on the average, covering the fore part of the brain (from the top of the head to the base of the forehead) which is the organ of consciousness. But this precious cortex is a very intricate structure made up of 9,200,000,000 nerve cells, and it is in man folded and creased so as to pack as much surface as possible within the limits of the human skull. Round this central area are the nerve centres for controlling the muscles of the head, face, eyes, tongue, and the like; and the centres for receiving the reports of the eyes, nose, and ears are also in the brain. In a man who weighs 150 pounds the nerve matter of the brain cortex would weigh about 1-5,000 part of the total, but this small part controls the whole.

*Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, "The Control of Life." (Copyright: 1922.)

(Another instalment of "The Outline of Science" will be published next Sunday.)

THE BEACHCOMBER

Continued from Page Twenty-eight.

her to view rationally. Not for nothing had she lain awake in bed on recent nights, striving to pierce the mystery of new problems angling her, tried to picture herself as "Peter First," and even visualized the canvas without color.

With a quick movement Betty dropped into the boat. "You stay there," she said, with a tightening about her throat; and then, as the sailors rowed, sat still, curiously watching, till you get a big share."

There came a sharp crack and a pain in Kelson's arm, as though it had been struck with white hot iron. The man turned toward the girl, and although her finger was still trembling on the trigger, he put out a strong arm and took her by the wrist from her as the Kanakas scurried into the boat. All of the tigress within Betty was roused, but even so, she knew that with her finger she was no opponent for an armed man.

"Yellow curl," she laughed at him. "Get back, you yellow curl, get down to your cabin! I'm afraid you'll hinder me."

"Men such as you ought to be horse-whipped," came from her, acidly.

As though she were little more than a child, he put one powerful arm about her, picked her up, carried her to her own stateroom, and locked her in.

Left alone, she became curiously calm. The impossible—the utterly impossible—had happened. Where was this thing going to end; where could it end? Presently she heard a familiar sound. Slowly, laboriously, a sail was being hoisted; the vessel was drifting, heading down stream to the south. And the native deckhands were still on the beach.

Until late afternoon Betty sat still. At first her anger was overwhelming, but later the utter ludicrousness of it all made her laugh momentarily. Even now she was not actually afraid. Men had caused something akin to fear in her at times, yet this cavalier who kidnapped her in her own ship, mounted on a horse, and who was so personally unconcerned for her personal safety. But she had a word or two to say to him. "O yes, she would make hand and foot, but she would not sell control had kept him impassive when she called him yellow. The barb had gone deep, for one second at least he had suffered. But that was nothing; just a foretaste of what had to come. Holy suffering cats! No living man would stoop to do more stunts with her and her schooner, and he was proud of himself in the afterward."

She glanced through the porthole. The Apia Maid had some about awkwardly. The schooner was well out to sea now. She could hear the flapping of canvas in the breeze and the vessel's irregular lurching that was something was wrong. The man wasn't steering. The Apia Maid yawed off on the nose, and she went into the wind, poised there tremulously a while, then yawed off again. What crazy tricks was the beachcomber up to? He'd soon have the sticks out of her with his antics.

SHE turned—and most of the color drained from her face. A sheet of paper lay where it had been pushed under her door. A message, obviously. What new indignity was this that he was thrusting upon her? She stared at the thing for several minutes, fascinated. The schooner yawed and lurched drunkenly, evidently not under control.

Her first impulse was to ignore the paper and, retiring figuratively to high seas, wait until she had a better move. But presently she walked over slowly, drawn toward the door in spite of her sense of outraged indignity, and picked up the note. The hand that held it became less steady as she read.

Your door is open, but please read this before you come out. The life of the girl I love was in my hands, and I know she might still have some doubt about me. If I told her she was mine, she might still have some doubt. And the least slip would have caused her death and mine, too, probably. The pearls are just outside Tokani, and I have them to the beach for her. I have them to the beach for her. I have them to the beach for her.

"If Silver were alive to-day," came from her curtly. "he would knock you down and then throw you overboard—at my request." "Turn on her heel, she summoned Tokani, and snatched the note from her. She wanted all the Kanakas to go with her to the beach, taking whatever implements they could, to break apart the remains of the wreck.

Kelson watched these preparations, and then, as the girl prepared to get into the boat, he stepped in front of her.

"You wouldn't listen to reason," he said. "Now I'll stop you with force, even though that will make you hate me."

For a second time her lip curled. She drew out a revolver. "Get out of my way, please," "Peter First," he stood firmly and spoke to Tokani.

The pearls were hidden on that wreck," he said in the Kanakas' polyglot tongue, pointing across to the wreck. "Do and then, then you saw, and I'll give you a big share."

There came a sharp crack and a pain in Kelson's arm, as though it had been struck with white hot iron. The man turned toward the girl, and although her finger was still trembling on the trigger, he put out a strong arm and took her by the wrist from her as the Kanakas scurried into the boat. All of the tigress within Betty was roused, but even so, she knew that with her finger she was no opponent for an armed man.

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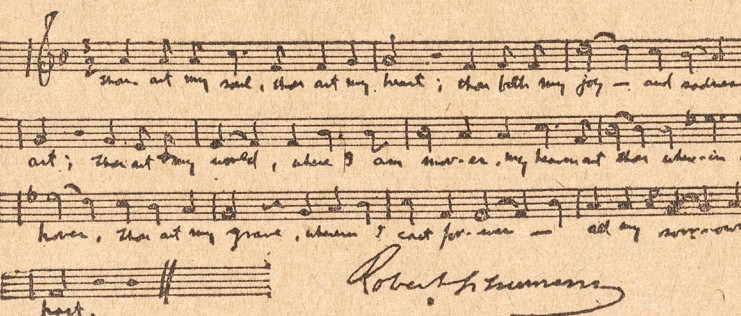
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LOVE IMMORTALIZED IN SONG



CLARA WEICK

THE GREAT AMOURS BEHIND GREAT MUSIC



"Love's Dedication"

By Robert Schumann

Thou art my soul,
Thou art my heart;
Thou both my joy and sadness art;
Thou art my world,
Where I am moved,
My heaven art thou wherein I hover,
Thou art my grave, wherein I cast
Forever all my sorrow's past.

ONE of the purest and most beautiful romances in music is that of Robert Schumann and Clara Weick.

Both were musicians. Clara Weick's father was a celebrated teacher of music and it was his ambition to make his daughter a virtuoso of the piano. She was naturally gifted and with his own pedagogical genius the elder Weick was sure that Clara would take first place on the concert platform. For this reason he was afraid of possible lovers for Clara. He could not reconcile a career with wifehood and determined that for the sake of her artistic future his daughter would remain a spinster.

Then Robert Schumann entered upon the scene. Schumann was both a great pianist and composer. Both felt drawn to one another instinctively and they

dedicated themselves to each other's happiness.

Father Weick was bitterly opposed to the match on principle. Nothing that his daughter, her lover or friends could do or say changed him from his decision never to give his consent to Clara's marriage. They suffered years of heartache before finally Weick's resistance was worn down and he resigned himself to seeing his hopes for Clara as an artist frustrated. At least so he thought, for the truth was that though Clara Weick was a distinguished performer her talent was not such that she would ever have attained the extreme heights her father imagined.

Schumann and Clara Weick were married and they could not have been happier. There was in every way an ideal union but when Schumann was only forty-four, in the prime of his life, he succumbed to a mental disease and had been creeping upon him for some years and died, a hopeless lunatic.

(Copyright, 1924.)



NATURE

By CALTHA

"MOTH? That isn't a moth, moths are much smaller than that!" And the onlooker gazed at the beautiful creature before him and glanced doubtfully at the naturalist, and said: "That is a butterfly!" But like the little maid in the poem, the naturalist "would have her way," and repeated, "No! that is a moth." "Well, how do you know?" said the onlooker. Without going into the details of difference in construction, the naturalist explained that the great distinctive mark of

the moth is the "feathers" antennae on the head. If these beautifully delicate "feathers" are wide and heavy, the moth is a male; if thin the moth is a female. In the case of butterflies the antennae are thread-like with a tiny knob at the tips.

The subject under discussion was that magnificent creature, the Samia cecropia. Fastened on a white cardboard, it looks like an exquisite painting. The wings are nearly five inches across. The body near the head is covered with long, soft, silky hairs, of a reddish-brown tint. On each of the four wings is a half-moon of white, edged with the reddish-brown and bordered by a thin line of black. On the tip of each fore-wing is an "eye" of iridescent blue, edged with black. A border of fawn streaked and dabbled with black edges the wings, and above it is a shaded band of red-brown edged with white. The body between the wings is red-brown with bands of white and black.

It is quite a common moth but being a night-flyer, is not very often seen.

Its caterpillar is a very large, soft, pale green creature three or four inches long. On the second and third segments it has tubercles (round rough balls) of bright coral red; blue on the first and last segment, and bright yellow on the rest. It is a very handsome caterpillar if the non-lover of caterpillars can be induced to examine it. It weaves a large oblong cocoon late in September and fastens it along a branch of various fruit trees, sometimes on lilacs. In this about ten days after the cocoon is finished the caterpillar sheds its skin, and goes into the pupal stage, from which it emerges in June of the next year.

Who has had the opportunity of watching the various changes in the life of this giant silk-moth, has witnessed something of wonder to carry through life and to be never-forgotten.

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Really better than ready-made cough syrups. You probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made and saves easily \$2. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

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Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break up severe coughs. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



The Secret of Successful Baking

consists very largely of choosing a baking powder whose leavening qualities are uniformly reliable. Magic Baking Powder is the powder that never fails you. This is the reason why it is by far the most popular baking powder in Canada.



A detailed illustration of a swan's head and neck, facing right. The swan has a long, dark neck and a white head with a small black patch near the eye. It is enclosed in a decorative oval frame.

A black and white photograph showing a large, multi-story building with many windows. A large crowd of people is gathered in front of the building, and a tall pole stands in the foreground. The image is framed by a decorative border.

Were Canada's Mound-Builders of Welsh Descent?

"SALADA"

TEA

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outside. "Now there are thousands of acres of waste marshland in both the United States and Canada owned by the respective governments, and which could easily be made into sanctuaries with out cost to either country. And as far as sanctuaries for the most insectivorous birds are concerned, as has been suggested by Jacobson, the United States and country golf course could have shrubbery planted along its fence which would not only attract the birds but also ornament the property and so, for that matter, would a few bird houses erected open about the golf links. "What would a miner while playing golf be able to hear the voice of birds filling the air with melody," asks Mr. Miner.

their own nephews did mur-
 der on another day. I prepared a
 number of ships and galleons for
 such men and women as were de-
 sirous to live in quietness, and
 taking leave of his friends took
 his money thitherward again.
 Therefore it is well presupposed
 that he and his people were
 part of those countries; for I
 asseverate by Francis Loues that
 in Acuesance and other places the
 Spaniards honoured the Cross, where
 by it may be perceived that Chris-
 tians had been there before the
 coming of the Spaniards. But
 because the people were not man-
 ners, they followed the manners of
 the land they came unto and used