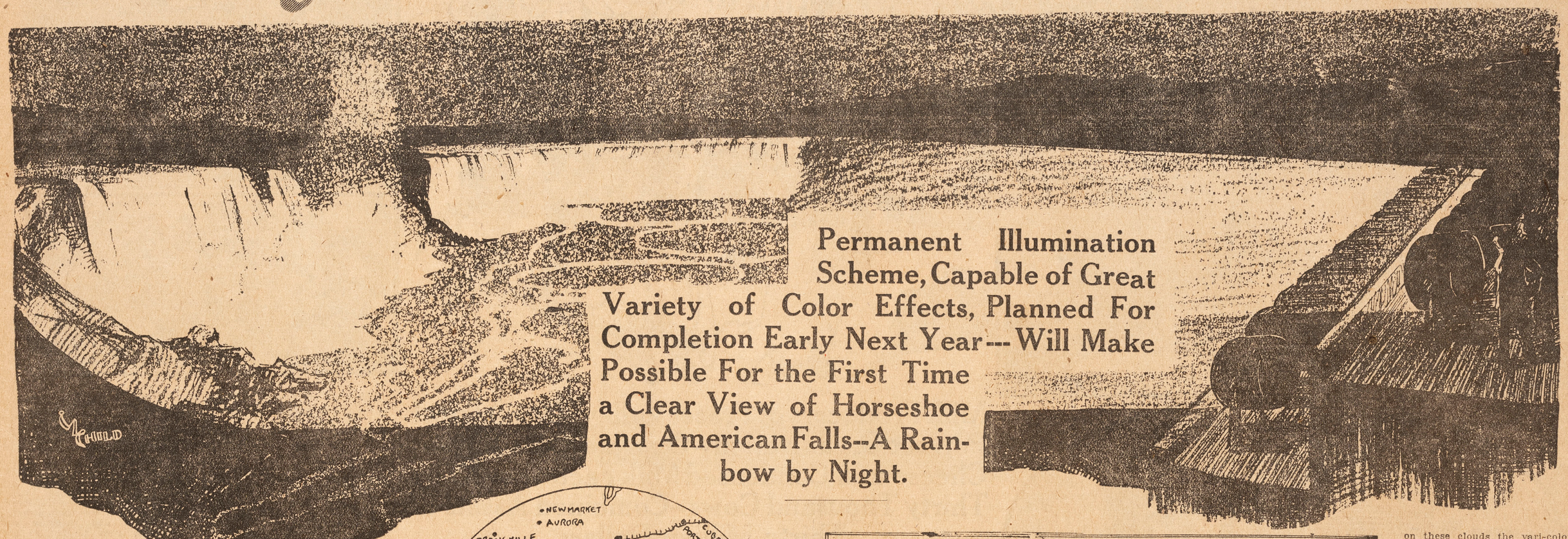
Magazine | The Toronto Sunday World | Section

34TH YEAR—ISSUE NO. 14,944. TORONTO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1924. 10 CENTS PER COPY—PAGES 17 TO 32.

Searchlights to Reveal Hidden Beauties of Falls



Permanent Illumination Scheme, Capable of Great Variety of Color Effects, Planned For Completion Early Next Year---Will Make Possible For the First Time a Clear View of Horseshoe and American Falls--A Rainbow by Night.

UNNUMBERED thousands have gazed in wonder and awe at the Niagara Falls since Champlain told the world of their existence, yet it is perfectly correct to say that no one has yet seen them in all the fulness of their majesty and glory. There has been literally no end of the making of many books relating impressions of the mighty spectacle as received by travellers under supposedly favorable and even ideal viewing conditions—and, of course, an immeasurably greater amount of verbal broadcasting along the same line. But the cold fact is that so far such conditions have never existed.

Next summer, however, it will be possible to really see the Falls to their best advantage. At least, it will be if there is no hitch in the execution of certain plans that have been prepared to this end.

To Bring Out Detail.

BRIEFLY, the scheme is to illuminate the two great Falls, the Horseshoe and the American. Thus, the wonderful transformation will be apparent only at night. During the day the giant cataracts will look just as they do now, but after darkness has set in a battery of twenty-four huge battleship searchlights—each with a lens three feet in diameter—will play upon the rushing waters, causing their every detail to show up in pure white against the contrasting blackness.

No attempt will be made to tamper with the Falls in any way. The illumination project is an ambitious one, but it does not presume to show Nature how to improve on these masterpieces of hers. The idea is not to paint the lily, but to exhibit it, denuded of all foreign matter.

To one wth an eye for beauty a lily would make an irresistible appeal even though surrounded by weeds. And the Falls at daytime, in a setting of great variety, will continue to impress as they have done from time immemorial.

It is generally conceded that the best view of the Falls is obtainable from the Canadian side. Given a bright day with a rainbow topping the bouncing spray from the Horseshoe, the outlook will make an indelible imprint on the memory. Yet, if one were to calmly analyze all that his eye has taken in he would be likely to find the picture encumbered with buildings—from the skyscraper variety to the shack, a speeding train, trees, an adventurous steam tug, small specks that are undoubtedly human beings perilously near to the thundering torrents. All interesting, yes, but not the Falls! The greater the number of these incidentals on the mental retina the less is the space available for the chief subject.

BUT at night when the powerful searchlights are at work there will be nothing to sidetrack the eye from the greatest of all moving pictures. The onlooker will see the master scenario "as is."

Unsuspected beauties of the Falls, so long hidden, will be revealed.

The illumination of the Falls is not exactly a new thing. But never before has it been planned on such a thorough scale. As far back as 1907, seventeen years ago, the Horseshoe and the American were lighted as an experiment for one month. There was no scheme for permanent financing, however, and the matter was allowed to drop. But it served to prove to the satisfaction of observers that the daylight view was not to be compared with the nocturnal one aided by artificial light.

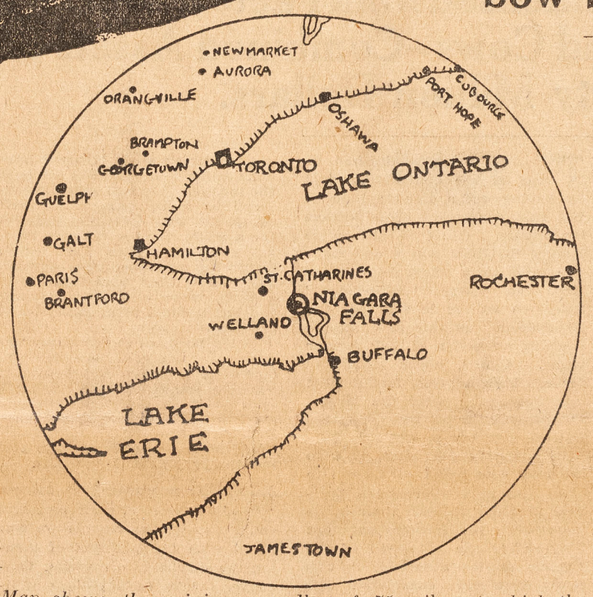
In this experiment there were used 22 eighteen-inch arc lights and 30 thirty-inch arc lights, the former battery focused on the American and the latter on the Horseshoe Falls. At that time the very best searchlights were not on the high plane of perfection since attained, and the illumination produced was but a fraction as strong as that now planned.

As is well known, the American Fall is illuminated now and has been for the past eight years. Two batteries of flood lights are used, one situated at the lower left and the other at the upper right of the Fall, but the result has been far from satisfactory. For one thing the spray from this fall does not rise very high, and the lights are not placed to emphasize the best part of it. Thousands of visitors to Niagara in recent years, however, have protracted their stay over night to gaze upon this sight. And it is one worth seeing, particularly when the sky is void of moon and stars. It is generally admitted, though, that the effect is very poor compared with what can be accomplished by modern methods.

Flood Lights Installed.

THE illumination of this Fall at present is entirely an American affair, the current for the lights being supplied free by the Niagara Falls (N.Y.) Power Company, and the upkeep provided for by the New York State Reservation Commission.

A really good illumination of the Horseshoe Fall was accomplished on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales in the autumn of 1919. A bank of flood lights was installed on the top of the generating plant of the Ontario Power Company, and so long as the spray conditions were ideal the effect was unusually striking. In such a temporary venture it was not posible to develope a highly efficient system, although the general results were by far the most successful ever attained. The tremendous churning effect at the base of the Falls was delineated in such a manner as to draw forth comment of surprise from lifelong residents, none of whom had previously visualized the extent and force of it. This



Map shows the minimum radius of 75 miles at which the powerful battery of searchlights would be visible when thrown up into the sky at Niagara from in front of the Niagara Falls, Ontario. Under ideal conditions the spectacle would be visible at a radius of 100 miles, it is expected.

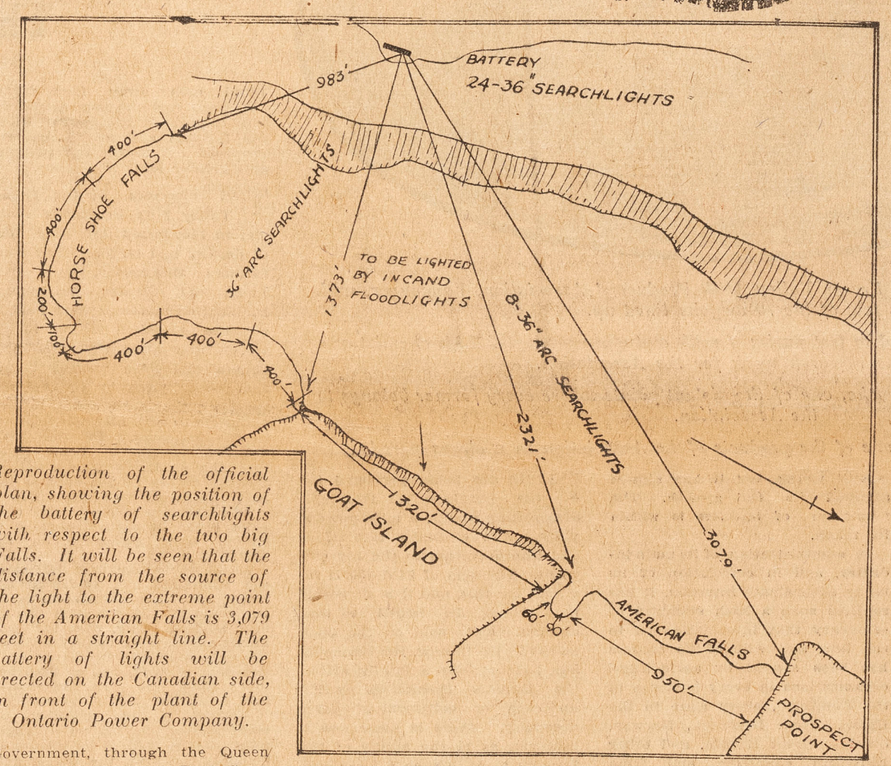
experiment was made on the initiative and at the expense of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

The proposed new scheme will, as already mentioned, consist of a battery of 24 thirty-six-inch arc lights. The beam lumens (the unit of light) of this great battery will reach the amazing total of 1,150,000! All the lights will be located on the escarpment in front of the transformer house of the Ontario Power, which is on the Canadian side in the vicinity of Queen Victoria Park.

The battery will command the sight of both the Horseshoe and American Falls, and will be capable of being focused exclusively on either or partly on both. For fixed illumination purposes it it planned to use eight lights on the American and sixteen on the Horseshoe.

How Cost Is Shared

THE total cost of this scheme, including installation and the first year's maintenance has been estimated at $60,000, made up of cost of apparatus $40,000; installation $10,000 and maintenance $10,000. Money for the financing is to be provided from three sources: the city of Niagara Falls, New York, to give two-thirds of the sum or $40,000; the Ontario Government, through the Queen Victoria, Niagara Falls Park Commission, one-quarter, or $15,000; and the city of Niagara Falls, Ontario, the remainder, or $5,000.



Reproduction of the official plan, showing the position of the battery of searchlights with respect to the two big Falls. It will be seen that the distance from the source of the light to the extreme point of the American Falls is 3,079 feet in a straight line. The battery of lights will be erected on the Canadian side, in front of the plant of the Ontario Power Company.

The expense of maintenance after the first year, which is expected to run around $10,000 annually, will be provided by the same three bodies in the same proportions.

Experience in great undertakings of a similar nature—for instance at the Panama Pacific Exposition — demonstrated that fixed illumination will attract large crowds only for a limited time, regardless of the subject illuminated. So the present plan provides for a wide variety of effects.

It wil be possible to substitude colored slides for the plain ones, and the lights may be swung into focus in any direction desired. On holidays and other special occasions there will be a program of illumination more entertaining than is available in features of this kind anyfhere else on the continent. Especially good effects are hoped for from the spray from the Horseshoe, which soars ordinarily to more than double the height of the Falls itself. Multi-colored lights playing on this should produce a spectacle of unrivalled brilliance.

On ordinary occasions one man will operate the lights, but for special events an operator may be assigned to each light. The scope of the program possible then will be limited only by the imagination of the devisers.

A Rainbow By Night.

EXPERIMENTS conducted by American illumination engineers have shown that trees may be made the background for effects so spectacular as to be inconceivable unless witnessed. The proposed new battery will have a large area of available background of this nature in Queen Victoria Park, Prospect Park and on Goat Island. Engineers are counting on amazing visitors not only by projections on the Falls, but by the vision of a forest more magical than ever imagined for the occupancy of fairies.

Lantern slides have been made of some of the marvelous effects obtainable, and watching them gives one the feeling that he has been transported to some ethereal realm where the landscape consists of an ever-changing vista of beautifully soft, irridescent traceries.

The rainbow over the Horseshoe by day will be succeeded in the night by an artificial one of greater splendor.

It is planned, too, to have fireworks displays in conjunction with the illumination, on public holidays and other special occasions. Smoke bombs will be exploded causing huge clouds to rise, and on these clouds the vari-colored lights will play in the same manner as on the spray over the horse shoe.

Other fireworks, aside from the smoke bombs, will be made to give unusual effects in the glare of the great shafts of light.

A specially interesting "stunt" will be the throwing of these shafts of light straight up into the sky, the different beams interlacing, grouping, or spreading out fan-like as desired, in similar manner to displays which have been given by battleships when on review.

When the whole battery is focussed into the sky it is estimated the light will be visible at a radius of at least 75 miles and, under good conditions—such as on particularly dark nights, up to 100 miles.

At the minimum radius the display would be easily visible in Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock, Kitchener, Galt Guelph, Paris, Oshawa, Port Hope and Cobourg, and hundreds of smaller intermediate places. When the visibility is up to 100 miles, London, Stratford, Barrie, Orillia, Lindsay, Peterboro and Belleville would be among the larger centres able to enjoy the spectacle.

When fireworks are being sent up and the great lights trained on them, these of course would be visible at the same distance as if the lights alone were being used.

A great number of cities and towns in the United States will be able to see the searchlight spectacles. Rochester, Buffalo, Jamestown and Erie, Pennsylvania, will get particularly good views.

Attractions Improved.

MUCH of the credit for bringing the illumination plans to their present stage is due to the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commissioners, of whom Mr. P. W. Ellis, Toronto, is chairman. The able management of the great parks system under General Superintendent Jackson, who is always on the job at Niagara Falls, Ontario, has resulted in large increases of revenue and made possible extensive improvements. There is hardly an attraction at the Falls that has not been made better in the last couple of years, and the results in increased receipts have more than justified the outlay.

More than twice as much money was taken in this season at the scenic tunnel than in any previous year. The restaurants, which have made an enviable reputation for good service, have again had a juicy net financial surplus. This in itself is astonishing when one considers the uncertain conditions under which the business has to be conducted.

No Burden on Taxpayer.

THE Parks Commissioners are appointed by and responsible to the Ontario Government. The Parks System extends from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, thirty-five miles in length. There are at present some 1,500 acres of parks and parkways. Practically all the concessions now are operated by the Commission itself, and the system is self supporting. The proposed illumination features will not mean any extra drain upon the taxpayer. Indeed, the exact reverse is confidently forecast. The infinitely greater attractions which it will make possible should result in such an increase of public patronage as to swell the general revenues very considerably.

On December 1st the city of Niagara Falls, Ontario, will vote on the question as to whether it will provide the $5,000 allotted as its share in the illumination project. The other two bodies have already definitely decided to donate the amounts already mentioned.

The plan calls for installation of the battery of searchlights by June 1st next year. Then the public will be able to really see the Falls!

THE FUNNIEST THING I SAW LAST WEEK



"WHAT was the funniest thing I saw last week?" Ask yourself this question, then write down the answer, in not more than 250 words, and address it to the Editor, Observation Contest Toronto Sunday World. A prize of $3 will be given for the funniest incident, and $1 each for the second and third, or others it may be deemed desirable to publish.

Each letter must bear name and address of sender, but if you do not wish this published, please add a pen name.

The funniest incidents reported during the week ending October 11 were in their order of merit as follows:

By "RICKY."
Danforth Ave., Toronto.

WHILE I was visiting my former school mates at a high school in a small town not far away, a very amusing incident occurred. The students were being subjected to a medical inspection and the principal sent about six girls down to the room at once. We were sitting in the office watching proceedings, when the doctor called a young flapper who was rather fond of herself to the chair opposite him, she sat down, opened her mouth to say ah-h-h and the doctor poked a long flat stick down her throat. But imagine the girl's indignation, the doctor's surprise and our amusement when the stick was withdrawn with a well chewed piece of gum on the end!

"Well, doctor," observed the nurse, "that's the time you went fishing."

By "JINGS."
Poucher St., Toronto.

LAST week proceeding along Queen St. East, I heard coming behind me the pat, pat, of running feet, I turned round and beheld a hatless man coming at a fast pace towards me. As he was about abreast of me, I saw a policeman, who I think scented a bank robbery, shoot out his hand and stop him, at the same time saying, "What's the rush my man?"

The man turned around, and with an accent, that proclaimed him Scotch, said, "Let me go. A mon doon here has promised to sharpen a gramophone needle for me."

By A. LAW,
311 Coxwell Ave., Toronto.

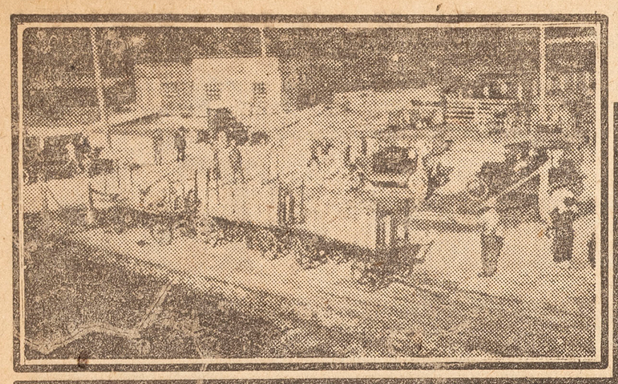
MY wife and I with two friends were on our way to Hamilton in the car. There was another car in front of us going the same way. We were going along nicely when all at once there was a bang. Naturally the car in front stopped. I also stopped. We all got out of the cars to look for a flat tire, but could not find one. Then ensued a general examination of both cars.

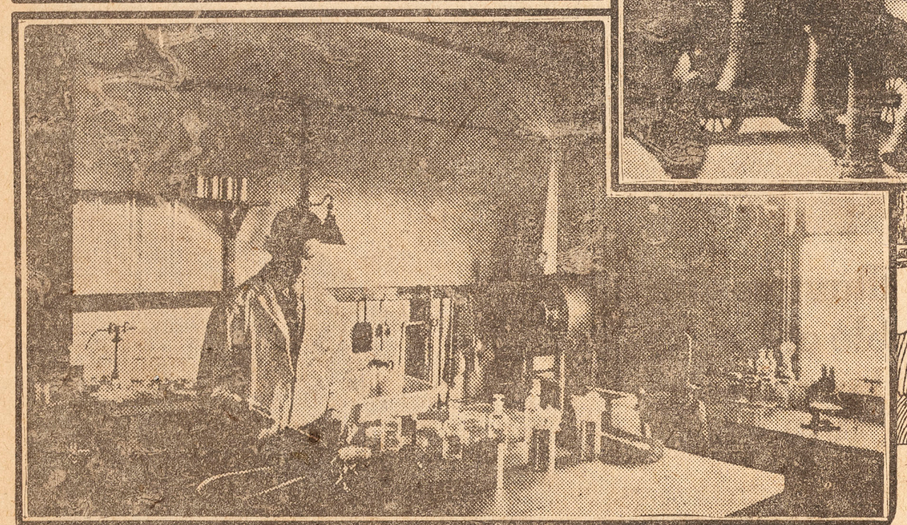
All at once the little boy belonging to the car in front shouted, "Dad, there is something wet running out underneath the car."

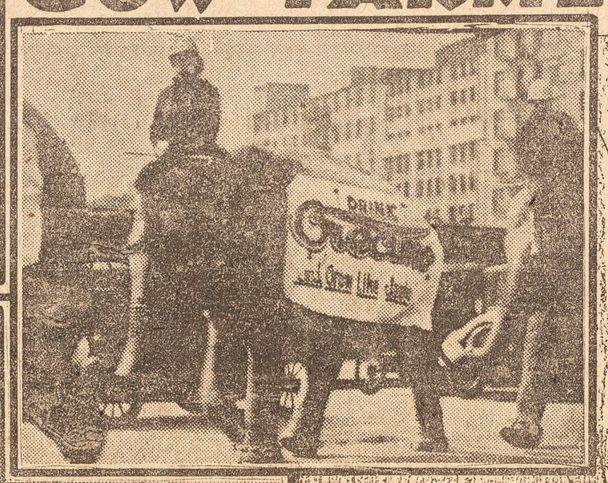
We all went to have a look at it, when the little boy shouted out "Dad, I wonder if my bottle of ginger beer is alright?"

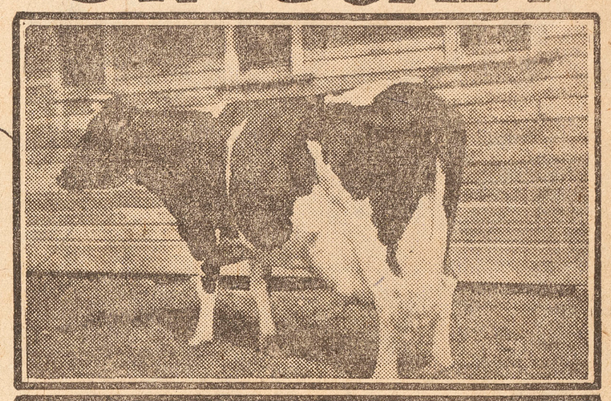
It appeared he had been in the habit of taking a bottle of home-made ginger beer with him in the car, and the rocking of the car had caused it to burst. So the mysterious bang was solved with great laughter.

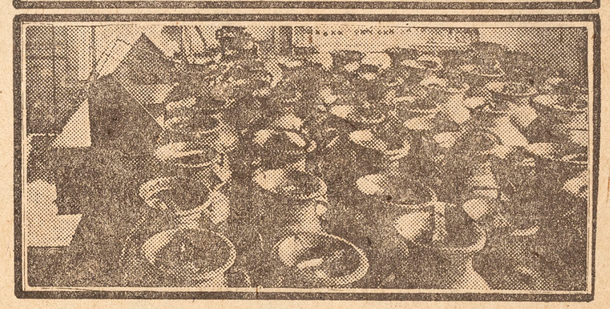
COW FARMERS BOSS MIDDLEMAN ON COAST













Milk cans on receiving platform in Vancouver. Each can holds ten gallons, and is tagged with the owner's name.

Above—One of the big producers of the Fraser Valley, a member of the famous Steves herd.

Head office and plant of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, Vancouver, with a few of the 70 wagons lined up.

Above—Bacteriologist employed to test purity of milk and other products. This chemist also conducts research work for the Association.

Top—Shipping milk from Deroche, one of the distant points where every farmer belongs to the Association.

Top right—Advertising one of the products of the Association in a circus parade.

Milk Producers of Fraser Valley Have Almost Perfect Organization--Operate Own Butter, Cheese and Condensed Milk Factories--Keep Thirty Thousand Cows--Combined Assets of Thirty Million Dollars.

By NORMAN FRENCH.

MILK is cheaper in Vancouver than in any other city in Canada, except Ottawa. The consumer gets nine quarts for a dollar; a year ago he got twelve quarts, but that was during a "milk war."

The farmer who produces this milk gets more money for his product than any other farmer in Canada.

Usually, when the consumer wins, and the farmer loses, and when the farmer gets all that's coming to him, so does the consumer, but not in the same way! The ubiquitous middleman sees to that.

In Vancouver the farmer's middleman is a harmless creature. He is meek and mild, and even a little servile at times, for he exists only on sufferance. He pays the milk producers what they ask, and charges his customers what the farmers think is right. Year by year he sees himself getting smaller and smaller; he knows it is only a question of time until he disappears altogether.

THE elimination of the milk middleman has come about through the co-operation and organization of the farmers of the Fraser Valley, a strip of fertile land about a hundred miles long, by thirty miles at its widest, narrowing to three or four miles in places where mountains or swamps creep close to the farms. There are 6539 farms in this valley, only 1650 being over 50 acres.

North of Vancouver are the mountains. West and south is the sea. All the city's milk supply must come from this valley that lies to the east, its lowest lands forming the bed of the Fraser River from which it gets its name.

The milk producers of this Fraser Valley have formed a co-operative organization that approaches perfection in its ideals, and that does not fall far short of its ideals in its operations. It is still young, but it has almost attained its full growth. The maximum of business is within its reach.

In administration of its main industry, and in correlation of its many subordinate interests, it has reached such a high standard of efficiency that information as to the how and why of its success has been sought by agricultural organizations in every province in the Dominion, every state in the Union, from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Great Britain, and other European countries, and from New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa.

AT the present time the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association has 2086 members; there are less than 100 milk producers who have remained outside the organization, and every week see a few of these coming into the fold.

The Association has 265 employees, the majority being in Vancouver. A year's wages and salaries amounts to $363,377. Half a million dollars is invested in the plant, and in the 30 motor trucks, 70 wagons, and 116 horses required to transport and deliver the milk from farm to city dwelling.

Last year the sale of milk and milk products amounted to $2,820,000; this year it will be well over the three million mark. In 1923 the farmers received $1,575,000 for their produce, the balance being eaten up by freight, hauling, processing, distribution, administration, etc.

The average price paid was 57½ cents per pound butter-fat, f. o. b. Vancouver. All payments are on a butter-fat basis: the richer the milk or cream, the higher the price.

This fall the farmers are getting 60 cents per pound butter-fat for their sweet milk, 55 cents for their sweet cream, and from 37 to 41 cents for churning cream. Over 8,500,000 pounds of sweet milk are handled per month, this being about 95 per cent of the total supply of Vancouver and New Westminister.

In addition to their milk business, the Fraser Valley Milk Producers Association has an ice cream factory, butter and cheese plants, condensed milk factories, retail stores, and a feed department which sells at wholesale price to members.

PLANS are being perfected for the purchase of two milk evaporating plants, a milk powder plant, and extensive alterations and improvements to the big city plant. The sum of $407,000 is required for this, and it is suggested that bonds be issued to that amount, and sold on the open market. Up to now, the financing has been strictly a family affair, the farmers themselves putting up cash or collateral whenever necessary. There is some doubt, however, as to the ability of the farmers to raise such a huge sum at short notice, for though the farms, stock, and implements, of the 2086 members are valued at $30,000,000, most of this is in frozen assets. The average farmer is not an expert at finding capital in a hurry, and it is considered better to let the city public in on a good thing, than to raise rural money at too great a sacrifice.

The foundation work which resulted in the formation of the F.V.M.P.A. was laid many years ago but for a long time growth was discouragingly slow. Theoretically, the farmers believed in co-operation, but the majority did not wish to contribute either money or time until an association was firmly established. The first attempts ended in failure.

IN 1912 a group of enthusiasts succeeded in rallying around them enough supporters to warrant the formation of an association on ambitious lines, capitalized at $1,000,000. A provincial charter was granted the following year, but owing to the selfish attitude of a number of large shippers near Vancouver who thought they would lose a little money, very little progress was made until 1917.

In the spring of that year the milk distributers of Vancouver, who all along had made the mistake of underestimating the strength of the united farmers, sent out notices that wholesale prices would be cut to 55 cents per pound butter-fat on the first of June.

Immediately a great howl was heard all up and down the valley. Those loudest in their denunciations of the middlemen were the selfish big shippers who had blocked the activities of the association from the start, but who were now most eager for co-operation.

It was war time. Prices for all commodities were at their peak, with the exception of such commodities as the farmers of the lower mainland of British Columbia produce. High wages in the cities had drawn an army of hired men away from farms. Winter and spring prices for milk had been too low to allow the farmers any profit, and the proposed cut meant operating at still greater loss.

THE directors of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association recognized that their hour of destiny had struck. They were farmers themselves, and they understood farmer psychology. Indignation meetings were held in all the principal centres in the valley, and after the milk producers had been worked up to the proper pitch by impassioned speeches, they were asked to sign contracts to ship all their produce to the association for one year, definite assurance being given that the contracts would not be binding unless 75 per cent of the milk produced was guaranteed.

The farmers almost fell over each other in their eagerness to spread their signature on the dotted line.

Membership cost fifty dollars at the minimum, and $3,000 at the maximum. The assessment is on the basis of $50 for each can of milk shipped daily, with the payments spread over twenty months. No man may join unless he be a producer of milk, and no man has more than one vote, no matter how large his daily shipments.

Interest is paid regularly on these shares, and by an arrangement that is said to be unique in business concerns, the holder gets his money back any time he retires from business, plus 6 per cent. interest. In actual practice, the shares are usually transferred to the man who succeeds the retiring farmer, and the actual cash disbursements on this account have been very small.

ARMED with their contracts, the directors of the F.V.M.P.A., called on the distributing dairymen and spoke to them very severely indeed. Amazing though it may seem, until they saw these contracts, the dairymen had not believed the farmers would club together, but now there was no longer any question of a club. The farmers had it, and they knew what to do with it.

The middlemen dropped their hectoring and domineering attitude and promised to be good in future, but their promise came too late. That day saw the milk middlemen well on their way to become little more than glorified hired men for the farmers Their day of big profits was a thing of the past, for when that meeting ended they had agreed to pay the producers 65 cents per pound butter-fat for their milk instead of the threatened 55 cents.

Since that fine spring day in 1917 the middlemen have had no say in what they should pay for milk. They have been told from time to time what the price was to be, and they could pay it, or go out of business.

To-day there are about twenty so-called "independent" dairies in Vancouver, operating in apparent competition with the retail distributing agency of the F.V.M.P.A. But only one of these dairies is of real importance, and it, like all the smaller ones, has to buy practically all its supplies from its powerful rival. The Association supplies its rivals with about 37,000 pounds butter-fat per month, and as it can stop this at the expiration of contracts, it naturally dictates the retail price.

In the first three years of its active existence, the Association saved over a million dollars to its members and its customers, the profits which formerly went to the middlemen being divided, with the lion's share going to the producers.

THE Association established itself in the distribution field by buying out a fair-sized dairy, but this equipment soon became inadequate. Other dairies were bought for their horses and wagons, and in a short time there were so many "independent" dairymen willing to sell that the Association was able to eliminate them at a fraction of their former value. A few, which stood out for too high a price, finally went into liquidation after the largest independent firm, the Standard Dairies, sold out to the farmers.

Believing in fair play, even to the men who had forced them to enter the milk distribution business in order to save their home investment, the farmers paid out $60,000 for the good-will of the various dairies absorbed, though many members considered this carrying the Golden Rule a little too far. Much of the material bought was scrapped.

Like all fast-growing organizations, the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association had to seek financial assistance in its early days. British Columbia is under the serious handicap that all its banks are dominated by eastern interests, and it is a well-known fact that, securities being equal, it is much harder to obtain a loan in the west than in the east. Bank managers usually act on the principle that they have discharged their full duty to a farming community when they have takes its money on deposit, and it is a common saying that a bank will loan money to a farmer only when he is able to offer solid gold as security.

AFTER considerable trouble, the F.V.M.P.A. directors got a loan of $10,000, but this proved inadequate to meet expansion needs. A credit of $150,000 was sought, the security offered being farmers' notes for that amount, each note being signed by a farmer worth many times the amount he guaranteed.

The Vancouver bank manager, with the air of one doing a great favor, offered to loan $75,000. This was refused with some heat, and a delegation sent to interview one of the heads of the bank who was finally convinced that the co-operative farmers were on the high road to success. This man caused quite a stir in banking circles by ordering that credit be given to the full amount of the farmers' notes—the first and only time such a thing has happened in Canada.

In the early stages of its career, the association suffered considerable embarrassment through the attempts of the independent dairies to discredit the motives of the young organization. Invidious comparisons as to quality of product were made, and there was an attempt to bring in large quantities of milk from the State of Washington dairy districts, where it could be produced much cheaper than in British Columbia. It so happened, however, that the Washington dairy farmers were also organized, and as soon as they understood the reasons behind the sudden demand, they flatly refused to ship milk north.

The next stage took the form of propaganda and publicity, in which the F.V.M.P.A. was held up to the public gaze as an incipient trust and monopoly which proposed grabbing all the trade, then raising prices to outrageous heights.

Considering what "trusts" have done to the dear public in the past, the independents had splendid material to work with, and their campaign was certainly effective for a while, for the farmers let it get away to a good start before advancing arguments in rebuttal. They knew they were fighting in a good cause, and they assumed the public must of necessity be of the same opinion.

Being farmers, the directors understood the viewpoint of the farmer to a nicety. But they could not see things through the city man's eyes. It took them years to acquire the goodwill and confidence of the public, though this could have been done in a few months by judicious publicity.

HAVING guaranteed to dispose of all the milk their members could supply, the association was faced with the problem of turning the surplus into revenue. Vancouver drinks 7,000 gallons of liquid milk daily; New Westminster about 700. This is considerably less than one half the daily receipts, and some use had to be found for the remainder.

So the association acquired or established plants for the manufacture of dairy products, or made contracts for supplying milk to existing plants.

At present it owns a cheese factory at Sardis and another at Clayburn, where 150 tons of cheese are manufactured every year; it manufactures butter at its Chilliwack creamery and at the Vancouver central plant; it has an evaporated milk plant at Abbotsford that absorbs $80,000 worth of milk in twelve months; It has an ice-cream plant in Vancouver that disposes of 60,000 gallons of ice-cream a year, as against 10,000 under different ownership; and it is now planning to buy the plants of an old-established concern, the Pacific Milk Company, at Delair and at Ladner, for $150,000 and also to establish a utility plant, costing $87,000 in the Chilliwack district, where there will be ample facilities for manufacturing butter, cheese, casein, and powdered milk.

The operation of this plant would save the raw material from having to be hauled a distance of 72 miles to Vancouver, and would care for the entire milk output of that famous dairy district.

Large shipments of B.C. condensed milk are made regularly to England, and it is expected that much of the milk powder will also be disposed of in that country. Cheese has sold freely in the east, being usually shipped in carload lots. Casein is also disposed of mostly in the east, where it is used in the manufacture of toothbrush handles and articles of that nature. The local market can absorb all the butter.

A FEW years ago the association branched out into the egg business, acting as distributors for the Poultrymen's Association. Cartons of eggs were carried on every dairy wagon and left on the doorstep with the morning's milk, but for some reason the plan failed to work satisfactorily, and eggs are now handled only in the retail stores.

The association also operates a Feed Department, which supplies members with wholesale lots at cost, plus handling charges. In 1922 $335,000 worth of feed was sold, but last year there was a drop in business handled, due principally to the mild weather which made heavy feeding unnecessary until the end of the year. Feed headquarters are in Vancouver, but deliveries are made to any place, even the most distant milk shipper, who lives near North Bend, 134 miles away, being on the regular list.

Efforts are continually being made to induce the farmers to improve the quality of their stock, and though results have been encouraging, there is still a great deal of room for improvement. On all the up-to-date farms each cow's milk is weighed regularly, and those animals which do not produce enough to make their keep worth while are disposed of, usually to the butcher.

On the smaller places this system is the exception rather than the rule. As a result, it is said by experts that out of the 30,000 cows owned by members of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, at least 10,000 are producing enough milk to make a profit for their owners. Worse than that, Dr. Damman, the association fieldman who wanders up and down the field giving good advice and checking up complaints, goes so far as to say that many of these 10,000 cows are not even paying for their keep. They are "boarders," which is about the worst term of reproach one can hurl at Bossy in these days of standardization and efficiency.

ONCE the F.V.M.P.A. can devise some plan for replacing these 10,000 "boarders" with cows giving 6,000 pounds of milk a year, these little farmers will be on the high-way to prosperity, able to buy better and better cows, until they come up to the champions of the world, which give over 30,000 pounds of milk per year, and have to be milked four times a day.

This Week's Great Day

Memorable Events in the history of the Empire.

By Charles Conway

OCT. 26.—THE DEATH OF ALFRED THE GREAT.

ONE thousand and twenty-four years ago, on the 26th, October 900, Alfred the Great, the noblest and wisest monarch in British history, died at the age of 52.

Very little is authentically known of his earlier life beyond the fact that he was born at Wantage about the year 848 and that he made two journeys to Rome. Ethelwulf IV, king of Wessex, the throne was occupied in succession by Alfred three elder brothers and the fifteen years covered by their reigns were the most miserable in the Anglo-Saxon era. The Danes had become the masters of more than half of England, and Wessex, the last survivor of the seven Anglo-Saxon kingdoms, was frequently raided not only by the Danes who had settled in the north and east of the country but by fresh bands from across the sea.

In 870 the resident Danes commenced a desperate campaign to overwhelm Wessex, and within a period of four months there were nine great battles, in all of which Alfred greatly distinguished himself by his daring and strategy. king Ethelred, the third son of Ethelwulf, died in April 871 and left three young sons, who under normal conditions would have succeeded him on the throne, but the men of Wessex felt the urgent need of a grown man at their head and unanimously elected Alfred as their king.

Soon after his accession a temporary truce was patched-up with the Danes, and for five years there was peace except for a few small raids. Alfred took advantage of the lull to reorganize his army and to build a large fleet of powerful ships. He hired a number of renegade vikings to teach his men how to handle the vessels, and when a formidable Danish armada appeared off the coast in 876 it was badly defeated by the newly created fleet, while a large force of the enemy, who had landed and taken the city of Exeter, were glad enough to surrender on being granted a free departure from British soil.

In January 878, Guthrum, the Danish king in Britain, made a sudden swoop on Wessex, and Alfred was badly beaten at Chippenham and compelled to withdraw to the island of Athelney, where he remained for 4 months reorganizing his forces. In May he was able to fight the Danes at Edington, where he won a great victory, and Guthrum sued for peace. In accordance with the terms of peace the Danish king embraced the Christian faith and the country was divided between the two monarchs. The peace lasted for seven years, when there was a renewal of hostilities, which resulted in Alfred making a slight addition to his territory including the city of London, which he rebuilt. After another period of quiet, two large bodies of Danes from across the sea invaded Wessex in 892 and a fierce war raged for over three years, but the invaders were finally forced to withdraw and the last four years of Alfred's reign were passed in comparative peace.

He died at Farington and was laid to rest in the great monastery which he had founded at Winchester, the capital of his kingdom. His tomb was one of the hallowed shrines of Britain until 1642, when the fanatical soldiers of the Parliamentary army destroyed it and scattered his ashes.

In addition to his strenuous labors in reorganizing the army and establishing a navy, Alfred prepared a code of laws, which were the foundation of the English Common Law, and translated the best of the Latin writings for use in the numerous schools which he founded. He was not only the ruler of his people, but was their father, their leader, their teacher and their judge, and no other monarch in the world's history has ever set a more splendid example of hard work and self-sacrifice for the sake of his subjects.

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ADVERTISEMENT

GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to Overcome Trouble Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion.

"Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

Why Is "Come Seven" Real Science?



Toronto Scientist Shows Why African Golfer's Supplication is Not Mere Cry to The Moon—Mathematical Truth Lies Behind the Formula—Why Gambling "Systems" Cannot Win Against Law of Probabilities.

DO you play cards? Do you shoot "craps"? Do you flip a coin and make a decision on the result of the toss? Don't do it. You are merely wasting your time. If you take a tip from science you will turn your time to more lucrative pastimes.

Never take a chance. It is true Steve Brodie took a chance when he jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. And Columbus took a chance and discovered America. But for every Columbus, for every Brodie, there are thousands of people who take chances—who gamble and lose. Proving more and more that Barnum was right.

And yet every day, thousands, indeed tens of thousands of people right in the City of Toronto take chances. They speculate in stocks; they bet on the races; they wager money on the baseball series, not to mention coin tossing, craps-shooting, dice throwing, and card playing from poker to casino and back again.

What is this thing called chance? And what is there in it? Is chance merely accident, hazard, or is it in fact something real, specific, operating as the result of some law of nature?

CHANCE is defined in the Century Dictionary as luck, fortune; that which happens to or befalls one; opportunity, a favorable contingency; a throw of dice; risk, hazard; a balanced possibility of gain or loss, particularly in gaming; uncertainty; a contingent or unexpected event, an event which might or might not befall; vicissitude, uncertainty; probability, the proportions of events favorable to a hypothesis out of all of those which may occur.

"Chance," says Chambers Encyclopedia, may be defined as that which determines the course of events in the absence of law, ordinary causation or providence. Strictly speaking it is an idea which few would now be disposed to admit as corresponding to anything which really exists; the religious mind excluding it as inconsistent with the belief in the divine government, and the philosophical mind rejecting it as inconsistent with a recognition of universal laws of causation. It is clear that chance, being only legitimate as an expression to popular parlance, is a term which is much too indefinite to admit of any kind of measurement."

THERE you are. Properly speaking there is no such thing as chance. And in scientific method chance is never permitted to enter. In the discovery of all the great secrets of nature, the secrets of light, heat, sound, and so forth, in the discovery of the various treatments for the ailments of human beings, the aim has been to eliminate entirely this element called chance. Scientists never gamble. They experiment. And in these experiments apart from skill, knowledge and patience they bring to bear not chance, but previous discoveries, and they operate not through chance but by means of the accepted laws of nature. Thus James Watt experimented almost a life time before he invented the steam engine. Darwin carried out thousands of the most painstaking experiments, before he evolved his theory. Pasteur labored for years before he discovered his famous vaccine; and in Toronto, Banting searched relentlessly over a long period of time before he tracked insulin to its lair. No chance there, no gambling there, only science.

Chance has always had a lure for people, however. Even in primitive days they gambled with smooth pebbles for a fertile grazing ground, for a wife, or for a much-sought-after position. And yet, this chance, flimsy as it is, fickle as it is, half-sister to Dame Fortune, even chance is guided by some law—known as the Law of Chance, or Averages, or Probabilities. And this law which may be proved by very simple mathematical formulae shows conclusively that while chance may appear to favor you for the moment, it will no doubt leave you in the lurch presently.

Before proving the mathematical accuracy of this hypothesis, it is interesting to see how chance defeated itself again and again through history in that realm in which it has reigned supreme—the realm of gambling.

VARIOUS gambling games known to the generation of to-day or that of yester-year are, ace of hearts, basset, dice, hazard, lotteries, faro, roulette, poker, baccarat, trente-et-quarante, euchre, all fours, vingt-et-un, napoleon, loo, dice, and fantan.

In the early decades of the 19th century, Paris was the great gaming centre of the world. From the profits on the tables sums were set aside for the subvention of theatres and the conservatoire of music. In 1825 more than nine million francs were contributed to the treasury by the tables. Later Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Ems, Hombourg, each became notorious in its turn as a great gaming centre. The stakes at Hombourg, were the highest allowed in any gambling room at the time, £480 being frequently staked on the toss of a card. It was in 1861 that the idea was conceived of building the casino at Monte Carlo—and since then it has flourished to this very day. The roulette and trente-et-quarante tables pay for all. Not only do they support the band of the Casino, one of the best in Europe, and pay all the wages of over a thousand employes, but they have made the principality of Monaco, a paradise for its inhabitants.

The subjects of the prince, who are not allowed to enter the rooms of the Casino except on his birthday, pay no taxes; the public works, road-making, police, schools churches, charities, are all paid for out of the losses of the players at the tables and there still remains a sufficiency to afford a large dividend to the shareholders in the company. When the new concession, which holds good till the end of 1947, was signed, the 500 franc shares rose to 4,770.

THE most famous of great gamblers was Garcia, a Spanish gentleman, who played at Hombourg. He had no particular system but trusted to inspiration, and in the end was ruined. M. Suau de Varenne, another speculator on a large scale, was an accomplished mathematician, and brought a keenly-trained brain into the struggle; but he too vanished. Marvellous instances of luck are on record, as when a well-known gambler backed the eight at roulette for maximums three times in succession and each time it came up.

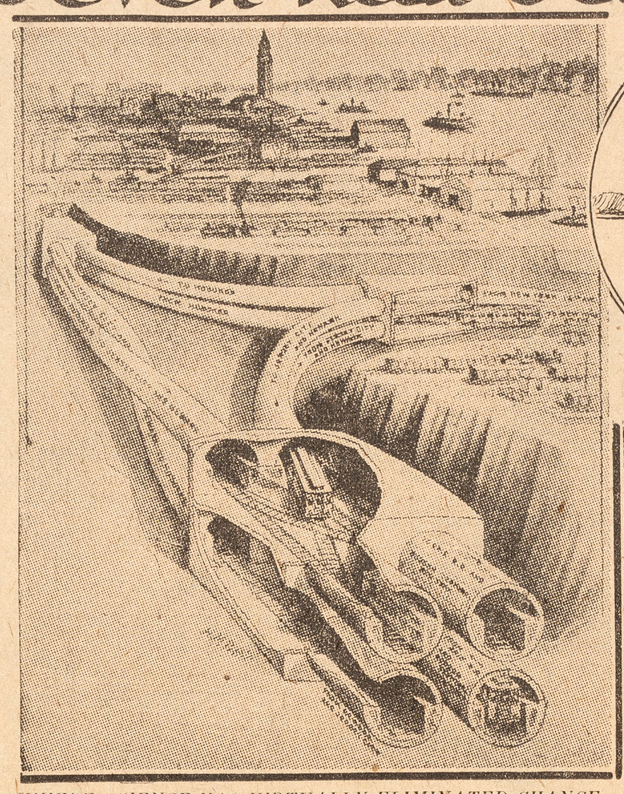
On another occasion a royal prince at Monte Carlo having won 16,000 francs asked to be allowed to risk it on an even chance, and won.

A young American won $100,000 in a day at Monte Carlo; and it is said that Wells, "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo," took from the rooms $250,000 in two days Wells had a system, but it did not save him in the end from ignominious failure. Sam Lewis, the money lender, was probably the Englishman who at the close of the 19th Century won the largest sums against the bank at Monte Carlo.

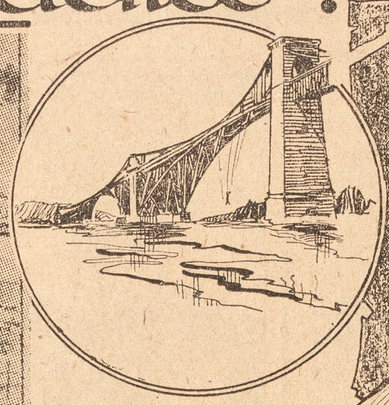
Of the various systems which have been invented by players, the simplest method is the Martingale, designed to win one unit. A start is made with a louis, or a five-franc piece, or whatever the coin may be in which gambling is carried on. If a win is made on the first occasion, the original unit is kept to. If a loss is incurred the stake is doubled, thus 1, 2, 4, 8, 16; and when a win is scored, one unit to the good has been secured, and the player commences again.

D'Allembert has given his name to a rising and falling system based on the law of equilibrium. He added one to his stake after every loss and deducted one from his previous stake after every win. He commenced with a stake of one unit. Under favorable circumstance the system works admirably, but mathematicians have proved its fallibility again and again.

So with them all. They can not stand the test of time.

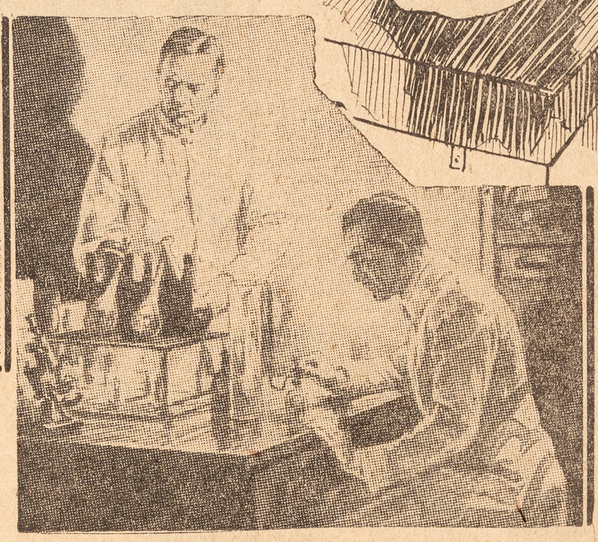


WHERE SCIENCE HAS VIRTUALLY ELIMINATED CHANCE Modern tunnel construction furnishes many instances of the exactitude attainable in engineering science. Beginning at both ends the tubes have been pushed through, meeting within a fraction of an inch.

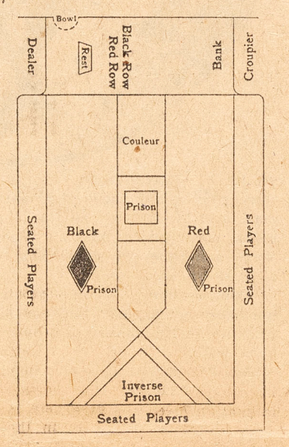


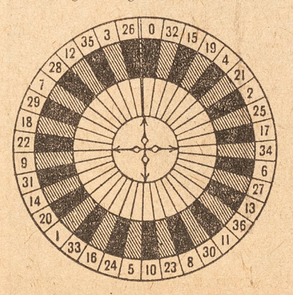


Above in circle—"Steve Brodie took a chance."



In the modern laboratory where patient workers take nothing for granted in their long quest for scientific truth.





On the left is diagram of half of table in Trente-et-Quarante. In centre diagram of roulette, and on right diagram of half of roulette table.

To beat these gambling games many elaborate "systems" have been invented, always with the inevitable result—failure.

IF THIS be not sufficient proof, mathematics has undertaken to investigate some of the laws of chance, and it affords interesting proof, which upon examination would seem to be indisputable.

Thus probability is that branch of algebra which investigates the chance of occurrence of any one of a number of possible events, some one, at least, of which must occur. For example, let six balls exactly the same shape and size, but differing in color be placed in a bag, and let one be drawn at random. So far as can be predicted there is as much chance for any one ball to be drawn as for any other; and if a great number of trials were made, it would be found that each ball is drawn approximately the same number of times. Since then on the average of a great number of trials each ball will be drawn one-sixth of that number of trials, we say that the chance of any one being drawn is one-sixth. We are therefore justified in saying that after an infinite number of trials each ball would have been drawn exactly the same number of times.

Thus in dice (from a logical standpoint) the chance of any particular throw of the dice can be reckoned exactly from the simple known conditions—that each dice has six sides numbered one to six—and we may expect that the actual throws would tend to observe approximately the proportion of our calculation; for example, a throw of six and five is twice as probable as a throw of two sixes, because the former can happen in two ways, the latter only in one.

PROF. ALFRED BAKER, M.A., F.R.S.C., the well known Toronto mathematician, who some time ago retired from lecturing at the University of Toronto, has carried on a number of ingenious experiments in regard to the Doctrine of Probability.

In an interview with The Sunday World, he said:

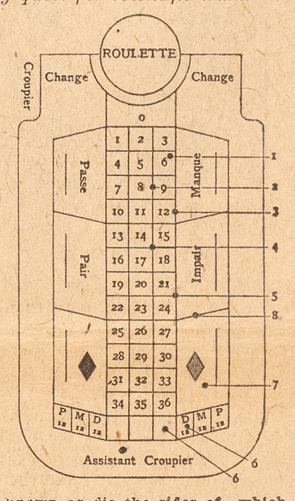
"In the mathematical treatment of probabilities, certainty is represented by unity—or the figure 1; and the probability of an event occurring is represented by a fraction—or less than unity—or in which the numerator is always less than the denominator.

"In these fractions the denominator represents the number of possible occurrences and the numerator the number of occurrences favorable to the event considered. Thus in tossing a coin two events are possible; one of these is the occurrence of head upwards, and the other that tail will fall upwards. The probability therefore that in any given throw a head will occur is one-half.

"In throwing a small cube known as die the sides of which are marked with dots from one to six, six events are possible. Hence the chance that in a given throw any particular one of these may turn uppermost will be one-sixth. If two dice are thrown any one side of one may occur simultaneously with any one side of the other, thus 36 events are possible. Ace may occur with ace in only one way. Thus the chance of throwing two aces is one thirty-sixth, that is there is only one chance in 36. In like manner the chance of throwing two sixes is one thirty-sixth, that is in the long run it will only occur on the average of once every 36 throws.

"In the matter of throwing four, however with two dice, the four may be produced by a three and a one; or a one and a three or a two and a two: hence the chance of throwing four is three thirty-sixths, that is in the long run average a four will be thrown out of every 12 throws.

"Seven may arise from the occurence of one and six; two and five; three and four; four and three; five and two; six and one. In six different ways. Hence its probability is six thirty-sixths, that is it will occur on the average of once in every six throws.



"Since seven can arise in more ways than any other combination that can be produced in throwing two dice, it is no doubt the reason for the well known negro anthem 'come seven.' Experience has taught the African and other dice throwers that seven occurs more often than any other number and they have therefore chosen it as the outstanding one in order to base one of the most important rules of the game upon it."

The Professor went on to say that when values were involved, in connection with probabilities, what is called "expectation" arose. The value of a sum of money contingent on a probability is the sum of money multiplied by the probability of obtaining or winning it.

THE construction of insurance tables involved this matter of expectation. If out of 100,000 people a given number die at a particular age, this given number divided by 100,000 gives the chance that any individual of the 100,000 will die at that age. And if on the occurrence of this death a sum of money is to be paid, the chance multiplied by this sum of money gives the value of the expectation. Full examination of insurance tables involves more complexities, however, than can here be suggested.

The professor said: "In games of chance, with either cards or with dice, the theory of probabilities necessarily introduces itself. In the case of cards the dealing of hands is left to chance, and with dice the events are equally a matter of chance. In the playing of the hands, skill is a factor. If any one in the game is deficient in this skill the game is manifestly unfair for him. If one is superior, then he has an (unfair) advantage over the others. In a perfectly fair game the players should have equal skill, and by reason of the equable distribution of chances in the long run—that is, where a large number of games were involved—no one would be the winner or the loser, except in the matter of the loss of what possibly might be valuable time. This is the scientific, rather than the ethical, argument against card and dice playing."

IT is interesting to note some of the gaming laws that have been passed. It may or may not be known generally that a gaming bet need not be paid legally—though there is, of course, the moral obligation. But by the Gaming Acts of 1845 and 1892, all gaming and wagering contracts, and all contracts to pay any person any sum paid by him, or any commission, fee or reward in respect of such contracts, are null and void, and no action may be brought in respect of them. Thus if A lends B money, knowing that he is going to bet with it, A cannot recover.

Gambling for differences on the Stock Exchange falls under the same rule.

CUTTING The CORNERS

Landis Fails in Crisis, and Another Baseball Scandal Arises—New York Should Never Have Entered World's Series—McConnell the Goat and Others the Beneficiaries.

By J. V. McAREE.

THE dramatic and romantic significance of the recent World's Series has distracted attention temporarily, at least, from the ominous prelude to it, namely, the alleged attempt to bribe Philadelphia players by members of the New York Giants. The confession of O'Connell and the failure of Dolan to defend himself supply stronger evidence of crookedness than was made public before the formal investigation following the series of 1919, in one case a gang of gamblers had bribed several White Sox players to throw games, spending considerable sums of money and recouping themselves by betting on the games. In the case of the New York players the crooks were not gamblers, but players thirsting for a share in the World's Series profits. The Chicago players merely exchanged a certain losers' share for the chance of a winners, a risk not involving more than a couple of thousand dollars apiece at best. The Giants were bribing or offering a bribe for twice this sum. They were trying to buy their way into the series which would mean at least $3,500 apiece, and might mean a couple of thousand more. That is to say, the players themselves had a greater financial object in the case of the Giants this season than they had in the case of the White Sox five years ago. We regard the present scandal as far more serious, a far greater menace to the integrity of the game than the affair of 1919, which came to light a year later.

OUR own conviction is that McConnell's story is true, and that others were involved in the attempted fixing of the Philadelphia games. We believe McConnell to be too brainless to invent a story. Undoubtedly he thought that Frisch, Kelly, Young and the others whom he has mentioned were in it with him. Certainly he never could have engineered the thing himself. The fact that he did not take any trouble to protect himself, to make sure that he would have supporters, to make sure, even, that if Sand had thrown the game even the $500 would have been forthcoming from some other quarter than his own pocket is a sinister commentary upon professional baseball, as McConnell, member of the Giants, knows it. He took it for granted that it was quite the usual thing to bribe opposing players. It was so much a matter of course that he did not think it any more necessary to confirm what Dolan told him, than he would think of asking McGraw for confirmation of a hint to bunt the ball with a man on first base and nobody out, and runs being mighty scarce. According to McConnell's view, it was all a matter of inside baseball.

McCONNELL was so thunderstruck when any fuss was made over his attempt that he was incapable of offering the obvious, the sufficient, excuse that what he said to Sand was in fun. That excuse had to be made for him a week later. Somebody cropped up with the story that there had been some genial joshing about buying up the Philadelphia team to lose a few vital games, and that somebody else had genially joshed to the effect that the whole Philadelphia club was not worth more than $500, and could be bought for that sum. It is an extremely reasonable excuse, except that it happens along some days too late. The New York players who were implicated by McConnell and so swiftly exonerated by Commissioner Landis had not thought of this alibi. Not one of them, apparently, had even this excuse to offer for McConnell. Not one of them recalled the joshing in the club house. It was left for an outsider to recall, all too tardily, the conversation which had imposed upon McConnell. Dolan, a wiser man, did not pretend to have been misled. He was confused, and said he didn't know when Commissioner Landis asked him if he remembered a certain conversation with McConnell.

IT IS simply out of the question that the plot should have been originated with McConnell. It is incredible that Dolan, a cagey bird, would have risked out of his coach's share of the receipts a sum as large as $500; that he would have paid this amount to bring a championship to New York which would have benefitted a score of people more than it could have benefitted him. Then, was it a practical joke played on McConnell, who it appears is only about one third witted? If so, surely the joke would have been explained to Commissioner Landis. It would have been difficult to prove that it was not a joke if the public knows all the facts. The Commissioner might then have warned Messrs Dolan and McConnell of the danger of such jokes and reprimanded them. But Sand and Fletcher of Philadelphia, did not think it was a joke. McConnell must have made more than the casual remark with which he is credited. What Landis has said makes it impossible for us to accept the theory that the bribe was merely a jocular remark which nobody expected to be taken seriously. So we arrive at the conclusion that it was not a joke, and that it was not a plot engineered solely upon the responsibility of Messrs. McConnell and Dolan.

IF WE ask who would have profited by the bribe if it had been successful the problem simplifies itself. The regulars on the New York team; Manager McGraw, who is also a share holder in the club, who has won his fourth consecutive major league pennant and who was on his way to win a fourth world's championship; and Charles Stoneham, the chief owner of the club, are the principal beneficiaries. Are the characters of these men so far as known to the public, of a kind to make the idea preposterous that they would have risked a few hundred dollars to win a few thousand dollars and gratified in doing so a life's ambition? Let their friends answer for them, if they have any friends. We are in no position to make any charges. But obviously Commissioner Landis failed lamentably in the crisis. He is a judge, and according to his loud protestations at the time he was made dictator of baseball he accepted the job for the sake of the game, and with no idea whatever of making money for the owners. When the infamy of the former White Sox had become notorious he acted sternly. But in the present case he has not acted at all. He has intimated that the incident is closed. In other words, he has acted just as John McGraw would have acted had the facts been brought to the attention of the public. McGraw would heroically have fired Dolan and McConnell, getting rid of men who were of no particular use to him, and saving a slice of world's series money.

BAN JOHNSON and Barney Dreyfus, of Philadelphia, have, of course, their own grievance against Landis to air. Landis superceded Johnson as the czar of baseball. Yet the fact that they may be prejudiced does not prevent them from being right when they said that the pennant should have been taken away from New York and given to Brooklyn. The Giants should not have been permitted to share in the profits. But Landis did not have the courage to snatch this prize away from the New York team, a prize which it had won by dubious means. A Toronto man who saw New York beat St. Louis in the last series thought one game looked very queer, the St. Louis pitcher being hit hard every time he threw a slow ball, and being unhit every time he threw a fast ball, to the effect that he continued to throw the slow ones. The last Pittsburg series was also funny, to say the least. On form New York had no right to beat Pittsburg as it did. Nothing crooked, of course, has been proved. It may be that in a court of law New York would be vindicated. But the ideals of sport ought to be a little different. Such a thing as a point of honor should be more in evidence. There should be a little more sensitiveness to suspicion. If there was not such a shameless grabbing for the money on the part of all hands, including Commissioner Landis, New York would have refused to accept its doubtful championship.

Back to "Civvies"



GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, Leader of American Forces in the World War, retired from active service in the United States Army on Sept. 13th. This is one of his most recent photos.

NATURE

By CALTHA

THE fingers of Autumn have been very busy in the garden. Reds and yellows, purples and blues are the order of the day. Calendulas (pot Marigolds) make the border gay with their many shades of gold. Russian Sunflowers wave high among the shrubs.

The Indian Cup has lost its beauty of bloom, but its urns out of which the artistic seed vessels rise on the long stem, make the plant an interesting object still. The Viburnam (high bush cranberry) is so laden with rich crimson berries, that its branches sweep the ground, Robins and blackbirds frequent it, and it is a funny sight to watch them running about the lawn with the berries in their bills.

White throats are on their way south, and each day brings a flock of them to stay awhile among the shrubs, and take baths in the lily-pool. Their pretty black and white striped heads look as not belonging to the sparrow-like bodies. It seems as if nature had been experimenting with the sparrows, and had picked up the wrong head to fasten on a bird-body. Once in a while, faintly comes the sweet sad long-drawn triplets, dear to my heart. For it was the woodcall, of a group of wood-wanderers of long ago.

Down the valley, the dark pines seem to grow darker, making an exquisite background for a group of silver birch, which so gracefully sway, like pretty ladies eager to dance.

O! the old, old Dame knows well how to construct pictures that are the despair of human artists. For what finite hand can ever hope to reproduce her "infinite variety."

As twilight falls, and soft veils of mist arise, all the harsher lines are blended into harmony.

The quietness of approaching night is only broken by the rippling of a brook, or the sleepy note of a bird.

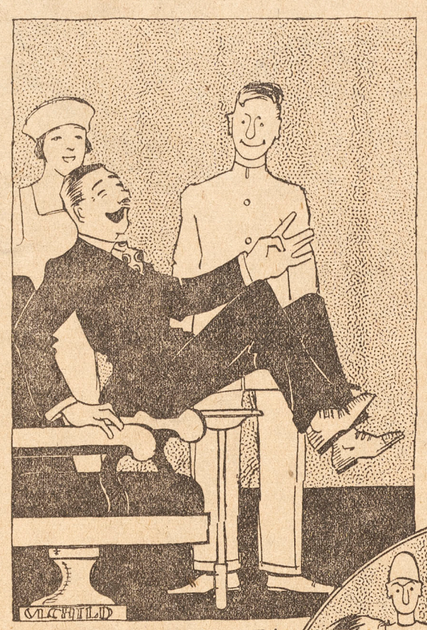
The silence of Autumn is unlike the silence of summer twilight, for the great clock of Nature seems to be running down and gives but a slow ticking.

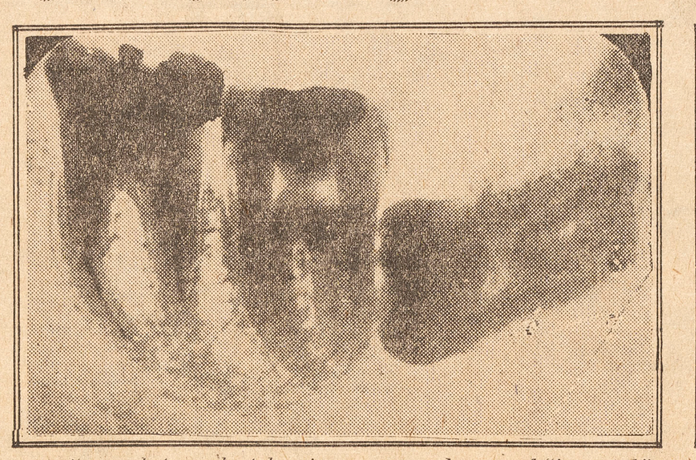
"Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of aster nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure tinted juniper,
The silver-birch its buds of purple show;
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose."

Toronto Dentist Has Pulled Half a Million Teeth

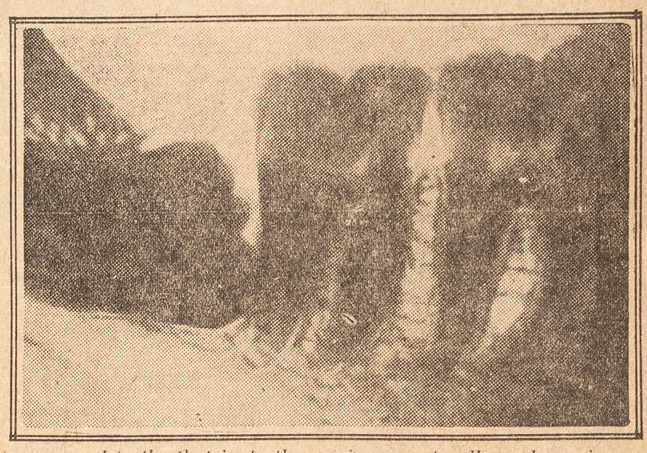


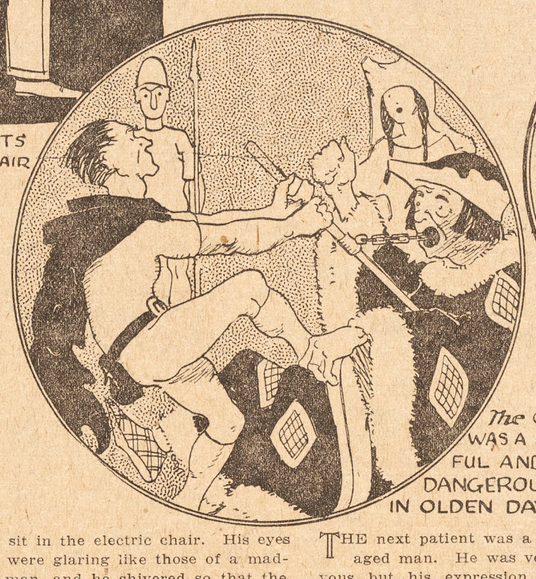
X-ray picture of the head of a woman of 65. This photograph revealed the fact that by reason of internal troubles the teeth had been drawn to the bottom part of the jaw and the fleshy part of the neck An unusual dental operation was necessary in extracting the teeth.

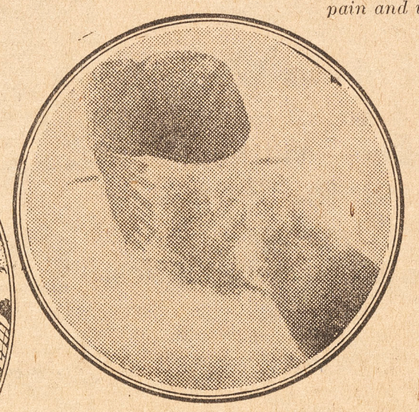




X-ray photographs taken in two unusual cases of "impacted," or suppressed teeth; that is, teeth growing unnaturally and causing great pain and internal disorders.







A tooth that grew upside down. Operations for such malformations are not uncommon in dental practice.

Modern Exodontist, to Keep Fit for Physical Strain, Must Train Almost as Carefully as Athlete --- Women Succeed Best in Nursing Sphere ---Strange Cases of Extraction.

By ALBERT H. MUNDAY.

HOW would you like to have the record of having extracted half a million teeth?

To have stood for fifteen years ready to receive a lugubrious procession of nerve-wracked, grouchy and terrorized persons, nine-ninety-nine out of every thousand "scared to death" and bitingly irritable? But to have had the glorious satisfaction of sending each and every one away with a happy smile and with profuse blessings for their best friend—the dentist.

That, briefly, is the record and the benediction that goes to one Toronto specialist—a dentist who has extracted teeth day in and day out for fifteen years. And there are twelve such specialists in "Exodontia," which is the science of extracting teeth, in Toronto.

Averages 100 a Day.

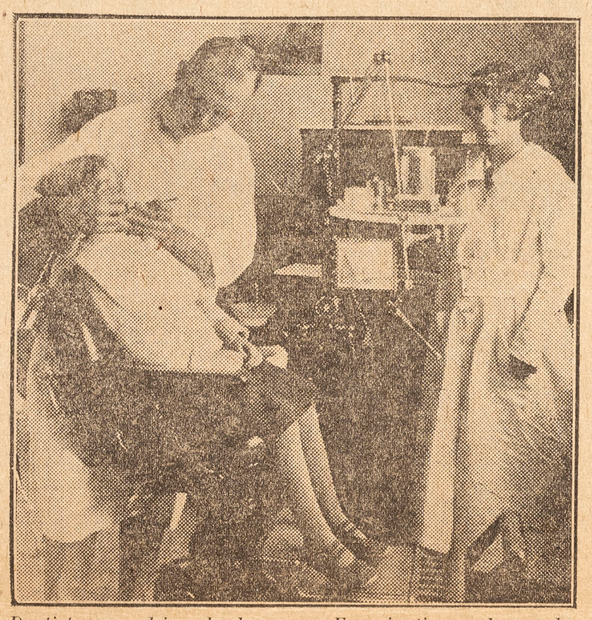
THIS specialist's best day reached the three hundred mark, but a conservative average of his work would approximate one hundred a day.

It was not necessary for the writer to combine business with pleasure, by having several teeth extracted, in order to gain an interview with one of Toronto's specialists.

"Come right along", invited the exodontist over the telephone. "You'll find a dentist's office the greatest place in the world to study human nature."

Bustling into the outer office of the specialist a few minutes later singing "Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more", I was immediately marked by three women, four men and three youngsters as a freak of nature. Ten pairs of eyes dilated and searched me questioningly. How could any person in the world be happy when all is misery?

One elderly man trying to pretend that he was absorbed in a very old magazine was about to throw it at me, while two of the youngsters let out two painful "ouches," and the three women stifled close to a dozen "oh, dear oh's" each. The waiting patients appeared to hate each other with a particular hate, and when the white gowned and smiling young woman assistant crossed and recrossed the room she was the object of the concentrated hate of the whole gathering.



Dentist engaged in school survey. Examination each year by dentists gives the children an opportunity to have teeth defects corrected before they become serious.

Most Patients Nervous.

I WAS about to remark that it was a fine day, although it was raining cats and dogs, but on second thoughts remembered falling off a street car and had visions of similar injuries. No, the secret of an untroubled life in that outer office was to adopt the tense, strained silence that apparently marks all outer offices of dentists, and especially those of exodontists.

Just then a patient of Italian nationality entered and everyone including myself, glared at him. Looking as if he were walking to the gallows he whispered his name and address to the white gowned assistant, and, opening his mouth wide enough to swallow the gathering and pointing to his upper jaw, concluded his conversation with: "Dama-bad-feller-that tooth! You-pulla-him-out-quick-lika-dat!" He gave a quick movement of his closed fist indicating the force of his words.

Then the door of the inner office opened and everyone jumped myself included. All eyes turned to the white-robed figure of the doctor standing in the open doorway of a room that suggested a torture chamber of the early days.

The assistant spoke a few words to the doctor. He looked at me and beckoned. I followed into the operating room and giving me a white coat he told me to put it on and as a member of his staff to see for myself.

"Are many of your patients nervous?"

"Ninety-nine—yes, a hundred out of every hundred. It is the most natural thing," he answered. "And I would sooner have them that way. A patient's imagination greatly magnifies his fear and he comes expecting to go through much pain. The operation is over in a few minutes without the slightest pain. The patient is surprised because it was so easy. He had pictured himself undergoing great tortures. So he goes away smiling and happy. In some cases I have had patients jump back into the chair and ask to have a second or third offender extracted. Fear of additional torture had kept them silent regarding the second or the third troublesome tooth, but when they realized how easy and painless it was they welcomed the opportunity of having the teeth extracted."

The specialist said that very few patients allow their fears to overpower them at the eleventh hour. Many appointments are broken, business or domestic reasons given, but the majority are cancelled or postponed because the patients permit their fears to govern their actions.

Dread of having a tooth extracted is probably inherent, a relic of the past when the ordeal was painful and even dangerous. In the olden days the extraction of teeth was accomplished by means of a lever and a chain which was notched around the tooth. Sometimes the strength of the dentist extracted a section of the jawbone with the tooth.

Under the Anaesthetic.

THE specialist motioned to the white gowned assistant to bring in the next patient.

The woes of the Italian were so great that they commanded the earliest attention. He approached the dentist as if he were going to sit in the electric chair. His eyes were glaring like those of a madman, and he shivered so that the glass instruments on a small ledge adjoining the chair jingled a little melody.

"Him - fellow - tooth - won't-hurt-very-much-yes?" he asked pitifully as his mouth was propped open wide.

The specialist placed a small black cap over the Italian's mouth. He gave a signal to the assistant, there was a slight hissing and the cap was removed. A few swift and skillful movements and the tooth was extracted.

"Go - long - you - big-fat-German - spy! Was - a-matter-you ——" The Italian opened his eyes and gazed about him. The kindly assistant offered him a drink of water.

"Were you back fighting Germans," asked the specialist.

The Italian laughed. "Verry-funny-that! In-Great-War-I-served-in-Italian-navy. I dreamed I push big fat German spy through little porthole. He-won't - go - through-he-too-fat-and-porthole-he-too-small. Verry-funny - that! Where-dama-bad-feller-tooth?" The assistant led him in a small ante-room to rest for a few minutes.

"Strange" remarked the specialist," patient's dreams under the anesthetic are very queer. Psychologists sometimes assert that they centre around the last thoughts. Apparently that patient's thoughts were about the dangers he had faced in the Great War and he might have been comparing the danger of having a tooth extracted to those he had faced in battle. Many patients dream that a street car conductor did not stop the car for them to get off, or that they were called to the telephone."

THE next patient was a middle-aged man. He was very nervous but his expression showed that he was fighting bravely. The black cap again, and a few swift and skillful strokes and the troublesome tooth fell to a small ledge.

"I had such a happy dream", was the first remark of this patient. "I dreamed that I was married."

"And you're single, of course?", answered the white gowned assistant ironically.

Teeth Removed Through Nose.

ONE of the most unusual cases that came before a Toronto specialist in more than twenty years' practice was a patient of sixty-five years of age. This patient suffered a stroke and was an invalid for many years. She was required to undergo many operations for internal injuries and complaints. But she did not regain good health.

An x-ray was taken of her head and it was seen that several of her teeth had been either knocked or drawn down deep into her lower jaw-bone and even into the fleshy part of her neck. These teeth were extracted successfully and the patient soon showed signs of good health.

Another unusual case was of a young girl who met with an accident. Her mouth was injured so badly that several teeth had to be extracted through her nose. All these operations were painless. The patients having been placed under an anesthetic.

The well known term "painless dentistry," so often used in the past to persuade people to have their teeth attended to, is no longer a myth, and to the use of anesthetics goes the credit. The use of anesthetics, both local and general has made it possible for dentists to extract the thirty-two teeth from a patient without the slightest pain and in the short space of five minutes if necessary. Under an anesthetic the dentist can perform his operations without interruption. In fact without the use of gases much of the work carried out within the last twenty years could never have been attempted.

How the Use of Gas Began.

THE gas most commonly used is a mixture of nitrous-oxide and oxygen. It is said to be the safest anesthetic known and accidents resulting from the use of this gas are very rare. The use of nitrous-oxide in the practice of dentistry was first started in 1844 in Boston, Mass., and was the result of two young students attending a lecture on chemistry.

A Dr. Jackson was touring the country and demonstrating the qualities of nitrous-oxide. At every lecture he placed one of his stage hands under the influence of nitrous-oxide to illustrate that under the gas a person was totally devoid of feeling. Dr. Jackson would punch the man, pinch him, stick a pin into different parts of his body, all without arousing the slightest movement or sign of protest.

Two young dentists in the audience, Dr. Wells and Dr. Riggs, conceived the idea of using the gas in connection with their practice. The following day Dr. Jackson placed a patient under an anesthetic and the two dentists performed the first dental operation in history. From that day on the use of gases became an important factor in the practice of dentistry.

"Virtually every dentist prefers to use anesthetics, either local or general," declared one of Toronto's specialists. "It enables him to work without interruption from the patient, and in such cases as impacted or suppressed teeth, when teeth are crowded together or suppressed to such an extent that they grow up into the gum instead of out of the gum, the use of anesthetics is essential. It would be impossible for a patient to stand the pain and his interruptions would make it impossible for the dentist to perform the operation. Anesthetics have made it easy for the patient and easy for the dentists. If a dentist were unable to work on teeth without hurting the patient there would be a continual strain on the dentist's nerves and many of them could not stand that strain for long."

Too Severe for Women.

ASKED whether the profession is suitable and profitable for women, a Toronto specialist said that to date very few women had taken it up as a profession, and that it is very unlikely that they would find it a field for a successful career, especially exodontia.

Exodontia requires special training and skill and it is very trying on the nerves. An exodontist is required to train almost as carefully for his work as a professional athlete; otherwise no man could stand the constant contact with patients who are in a highly nervous condition, aside from the physical strain. Therefore, this specialist believed that women would not find the profession, in all its branches, favorable as a life work.

Many women are, however, assisting in the profession and carrying out praiseworthy work. To become a dental nurse, or an assistant, a woman must spend two years or more at the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Following graduation a large number secure positions with dentists. Others obtain appointments with municipalities and boards of education. These dental nurses are doing good work in schools, institutions, and general health departments. This work is along the lines of preventive dentistry which is very similar to the methods of preventive medicine.

Advances made in bridgework have paralleled those in the science of exodontia. Rough pastimes and games, such as football, hockey, baseball, and other recreations, and accidents have called for much constructive work to be applied to the dentistry profession. Many years ago if a prize fighter or a professional hockey player suffered the loss of a few teeth it was considered that he would be disfigured for life and that he would be required to go through life minus a few molars or wisdom teeth, but the members of the dentistry profession rose to the occasion and with many professional players, and a greater number of amateurs, regular visits to their dentists follow their periods of recreation.

As long as fifty years ago bridgework was adopted. In those days mostly porcelain teeth with pin centres were used. A few years later platinum crowns and bridgework, with baked porcelain, were adopted but were later discarded for gold. During the last few years there has been a tendency to return to the porcelain with a partial use of gold, and a general use of the ash tube tooth.

New Branch Appears.

WITHIN the last few years a new branch of dentistry has made its appearance. It is known in the profession as "avecolectomic surgery," and it is, in other words, the science of improving a person's appearance by making changes in the formation of the teeth and jaw-bones. Another name that could be given to a dentist who would specialize in this work is "a dental beauty doctor."

Famous judges of beautiful women the world over have been unanimous in their declaration that to be beautiful, or even good-looking, one must have "pretty" teeth. They must be in perfect alignment, well shaped, pearly white, and—this is essential—they must be real. In beauty contests held all over the world a fair proportion of the total number of marks are given perfect teeth. It is in the correction of bad formation, high jaw-bones, and the many other idiosyncrasies of Dame Nature that a large number of dentists are finding an active following and a broad field for research work.



Corner of one of the twenty-eight dental clinics in Toronto schools.

Teeth of "Ward" Children As Healthy As Those of Rosedale; How Illness Has Been Reduced By Dental Work in the Schools

THE dental work being carried on among the 90,000 school children in the public schools in Toronto has made the prevention of bad-health through defective teeth an important branch of the Department of Health of the City of Toronto. The work was commenced fourteen years ago. At that time it was found that ninety-seven per cent. of the children attending school were suffering from defective teeth. With careful and systematic inspection and timely treatment the percentage of ninety-seven per cent. has been lowered to fifty-two per cent.

Present plans of the Director of Dental Service call for a thorough inspection of the teeth once a year of every child attending public school. This means that this year the teeth of 90,792 pupils will be inspected. During the school year which terminated recently 76,141 pupils had their teeth examined. Of this number more than half were given treatment and were discharged from the dental clinics as having teeth "perfectly sound" and the remainder of the pupils who required treatment received it in one of the twenty-eight dental clinics that are located in various schools throughout the city.

This work of inspection and treatment calls for the full time services of thirty-one dentists who have made a special study of children's teeth. Each dentist has one qualified assistant.

As soon as a pupil has had his teeth examined a report is sent to the parents and if treatment is required the child is given professional services. Special lectures are given to the children from time to time in the care of the teeth and at these lectures moving pictures, slides, and diagrams are shown. In addition to these lectures a special "Mothers Meeting" is held regularly in each school when mothers are requested to bring their children who are too young to commence school. Children from six months to six years are brought to these meetings and the mothers are given advice how to help the children to grow healthy, normal teeth. This is considered an important branch of the dental practice in the schools as it has been recognized that with right diet and careful watching, and perhaps occasional treatment, children are assisted in growng perfect teeth, whereas they might have been neglected and have grown unsightly and defective teeth, which in after years could not have been remedied. Faulty teeth of infants can, with slight treatment, be made perfect.

Confirming the verdicts of leading dentists that diet is the most important factor in the preservation of teeth the Director of Dental Service for Toronto said that children in the public schools show a striking way how diet governs the healthy growth of teeth. Statistics have shown that teeth of Italian children are nearly the most perfect, and this is attributed to the fact that Italians use a large amount of fruit and vegetables.

Asked if the teeth of children in different parts of the city vary much the Director stated that there was no distinct difference. Children attending public schools in the slum districts show just as healthy teeth as children attending public schools in Rosedale and other districts of wealthy citizens.

"It is all a matter of diet, declared the Director. "I have seen children of Rosedale with defective teeth, the result of wrong diet and perhaps too much candy and sugar. On the other hand I have seen children in the slum districts with perfect teeth and upon investigation I have found that the mother of the children in the slum district understood diet problems. She knew that plenty of good milk, vegetables and a small amount of good meat were beneficial to the general health of her children, whereas the mother of the children attending a school in Rosedale had, investigation showed, left the feeding of her children to a young inexperienced maid."

During the Great War the Canadian Army Dental Corps proved conclusively that dental conditions play a great part in determining the standard of health and physical fitness. It is this knowledge and the success of the work done in various schools in the cities of Canada that prompted the formation of the Canadian Dental Hygiene Council. The first meeting of this new council was held in Toronto a few days ago, and has at its head General S. C. Milburn, Minister of Militia for the Dominion of Canada.

E. E. Reid, a prominent insurance man has been appointed vice-president. The interest that insurance men are taking in the preservation of teeth shows in another way that the insurance world realizes the importance of the care of the teeth in order to preserve good health and longevity.

"The essential thing in the dental profession is the education of the general public in dental hygiene," explained the Director. "In our work in the schools of Toronto we are aiming to educate the children and also the parents, hoping that before long the masses will give the subject the attention that it merits. With the formation of the Canadian Dental Hygiene Council an excellent work will undoubtedly be carried out."

MacDonald Yearns For Bygone Days

PREMIER RAMSAY MACDONALD recently attended as an invited guest the picnic to the banks of the River Findhorn, near Forres, held by over 90 veteran fishermen of Lossiemouth. The premier's daughters were also present.

Responding to a vote of thanks, he said: "My great difficulty, when I met you, the men I remember from the very beginning of things, the men who have known me in petticoats, is to get away from the airs and the dignities of being prime minister. As I always say, I owe everything I have got to the Lossie air, to the fine breezes that blow over Lossie, and to the freedom we used to have before Lossiemouth got respectable. (Laughter.) Where there are now hotels there used to be sandbanks, and when there was no policeman except an old visiting one, we used to do pretty much what we liked. It was a great start in life—(renewed laughter)—and I sometimes wonder whether the young folks now are so well looked after, being compelled to be so sedate, especially in the summer months, when the great people come down to be looked at, but not to look at any one else.

"I sometimes wonder if the super civilization of to-day is quite so good for the production of robust human material as the conditions in Lossiemouth 50 or 60 years ago. I remember many characters, some of them your fathers, of whom I hope you are all very proud. They were men who did not take their views from anybody else, but thought them out for themselves—good, radical-thinking men, who feared God, who were not afraid of work, did their duty, paid their debts, and left a good, honorable memory behind them. (Applause.) These were good days, my friends, and whatever circumstances or societies we may move into there is something of the old Lossie memory, of ladylike working women and of gentlemanly working men, that entered into the formation of one's character and became the most precious inheritance that one had."

Where Upkeep Costs of Teeth Are High

ILLUSTRATING the extent to which the teeth of some amateur baseball players require regular attention, a Toronto dentist told The Sunday World that one of his patients, while taking part in a freshman's scrap at the University of Toronto, had one of his front teeth knocked out. A porcelain tooth with a pin centre was fitted. A few weeks later the student returned, and, opening his mouth, showed a vacant space where the new tooth had been placed. Another was fitted, but with virtually every baseball game the patient returned to have still another tooth placed. He returned so often that the dentist suggested that he either buy the refills by the score or allow him to fit a detachable or a sliding tooth.

Dental Work in the Schools

FOURTEEN years ago 97 per cent. of the school children in Toronto were suffering from defective teeth. A department of dental service was inaugurated and the work carried out by a staff of thirty-one dentists, who have made a special study of children's teeth, has reduced the high percentage of 97 to 52.

There are 90,792 children enrolled at the public schools in Toronto. Of this number 76,141 had their teeth examined during the past year. The remaining number were absent or have been transferred to other schools.

Of the number of pupils examined 47,841 were found to be suffering from defective teeth. Pupils to the number of 44,786 were treated in the twenty-eight dental clinics and 26,876 were discharged from the clinics as having teeth "perfectly sound".

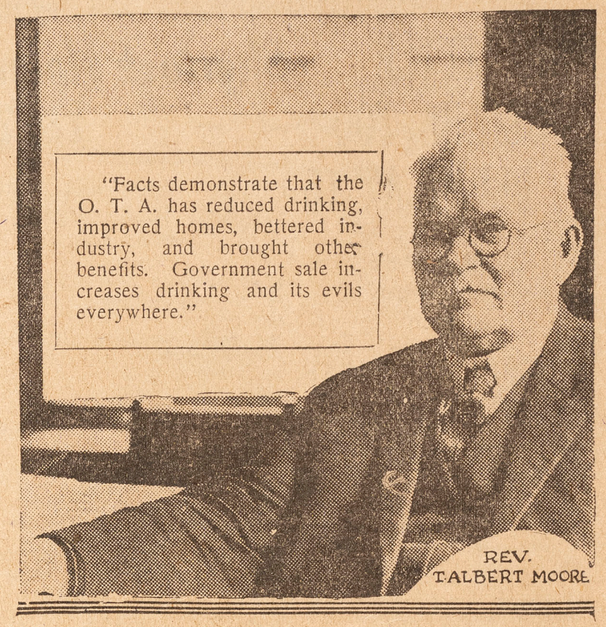
Of the number that received treatment 32,985 were given amalgam fillings, 16,310 cement fillings, 39,404 had "temporary" teeth extracted, and 3,614 had "permanent" teeth extracted. In this case "temporary" means first teeth, and "permanent" means second teeth.

"Them's My Sentiments, By Heck!"





ALL THE FARMERS ARE NOT DRYS



Tillers of the Soil in Ontario Talk About the Temperance Issue Just as Animatedly as Their City-bred Cousins Do, and the Views Aired on the Countryside are Equally Interesting---Some Rural Opinions With a Punch.

IT IS the farmer and his folks who will decide the fate of the Ontario Temperance Act when the plebiscite is taken next Thursday. If prohibition is to prevail it will be Old Man Ontario who says so. While the wets are banking on majorities in the urban communities the drys are equally optimistic in regard to the rural districts and are confident that the combined returns from the many little places will be sufficiently in their favor to substantially upset any advantages the wets may score in the comparatively few big places. This belief is warranted if it is based on the figures which resulted from former fights, but the wets maintain that the sentiment at the cross-roads has undergone an appreciable change since the last vote was taken, and that the formidable dry majority recorded on that occasion is merely a matter of history. Besides, they count on the support of thousands who did not vote before. So do the drys and with equal confidence. What the farmers themselves think of the situation depends very much upon who is asked. Like the city people, they have been doing a lot of talking about it, particularly during the past few weeks, and what some of them say is just as interesting. All the farmers are not "Drys."

* * * *

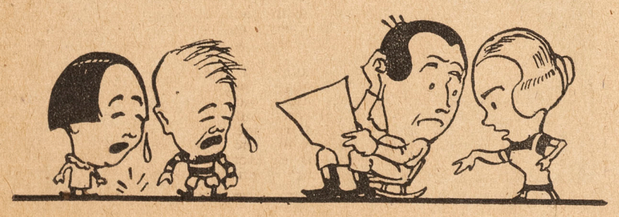
UP IN the Bala district there is a settler who knows how to make his own beverage right on the farm better than anybody else can make it for him, and those who have partaken of his hospitality assert that his concoction is the smoothest ever. Prohibition is of but passing interest to him but he declares that during a recent journey which made necessary visiting several places along the chain of lakes he could not help but notice that the temperance sentiment did not appear to be so pronounced as it used to be. The summer resort business this year was nothing to boast about, many tourists shortening their stay on account of the unfriendly weather and a lot of others puttting off the trip north altogether. It is not hard to find persons in the district who do not hesitate to attribute the falling off to the restrictions in regard to getting a drop of liquor. The damp and chilly days might not have been so discouraging had there been something conveniently handy to ward off colds and cheer the moody mind. Besides, numerous erstwhile patrons of Muskoka resorts are known to have transferred their allegiance to places in Quebec Province for some reason or another which is a blow to local pride. It may be significant that the tourists who visit this settler's locality remained all summer and a number of them are still there enjoying the delights of the fall.

* * * *

ALONG the concession roads and side lines the conversation is very much in favor of continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act declares a sewing-machine man who has motored through York, Peel and Halton counties during the past few weeks. "At a farmhouse not far from Brampton," he related, "the lady I had called to see was very busy chasing a bluebottle around the parlor and when she had succeeded in getting the trespasser out she remarked that the bluebottles were like the black bottles, because one would sneak in every now and then regardless of the precautions to keep them out. From what she said I concluded that anybody with known wet sympathies would be decidedly unpopular in that vicinity. That was the attitude I encountered at most of the country homes I have been in lately. In the towns and villages I found quite a lot of wet talk in the store gatherings and at the hotels, and ran across a number of warm arguments, but from my observations generally I would say that the drys have their forces lined up very thoroughly. If the people are going to vote the way I have heard them talking the result will demonstrate that the countryside is pretty nearly as dry as ever it was. At that, I managed to stumble over an occasional drink."

* * * *

"THAT'S a fact," agreed another farmer who had been an attentive listener. "Up our way even now it is no secret if anybody gets a bottle sent from the dispensary in Toronto. When we were permitted to have some stuff sent on from Montreal I ordered half-a-dozen bottles of whiskey and a couple of days after its arrival the youngsters came home from school in tears because playmates had asked them if their dad had drank up all his booze yet. The missus naturally made a howl about it and I never ordered any more, but when others in the neighborhood got any I usually heard about it. There were two or three who scorned the scandal-mongers for a while, but their women got tired of being pitied every time they showed themselves, and the ladies asserted their rights. A relative of mine up Cannington way told me that he had stopped getting any because it brought him too many visitors, for a little bird seemed to whisper it around every time a shipment arrived. After he put the plug in the number of his visitors was soon restored to normal. I voted against importation because I could not be in on it, and I don't know but what I will vote against Government Control for about the same reason.



A FARMER who lives near Port Burwell declares that he decided which way he was going to vote on the plebiscite just as soon as he read of Premier Ferguson's expressed determination to enforce the provisions of the Temperance Act to the limit in the event of that measure being sustained. Without quarrelling with the principle of the act, this tiller of the soil takes strong objection to the immense expenditure that will be inevitably involved if the Prime Minister is called upon to put his promise into effect. "I cannot see how Mr. Ferguson can reconcile that with his repeated protestations of providing economical administration," he said. "I am a prohibitionist in sentiment but I am also a taxpayer and have sufficient common sense to realize that hundreds of thousands of dollars of the people's money are implicated in the Premier's promise. Our taxes are about all we can stand now so I have concluded that regardless of how much I would like to see total prohibition it is a luxury that I cannot afford. To my mind there are many more than enough Government officials living on the province today without the creation of another little army for the task of thorough enforcement of any law which so many of the people are opposed to and take delight in holding up to contempt. It is too rich for my blood."

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AT A little hamlet a few miles out of Toronto, up Yonge Street way, the storekeeper has been indiscreet enough publicly to express his displeasure with the Ontario Temperance Act and his error is reflected in the till. His utterances have engendered the ire of a woman's organization associated with a neighboring church all of the members of which trade at the store because it is the only one there. Of late the demands upon his stock have decreased because some of the ladies are curtailing their patronage to the extent of getting only little things they require at once from the store and ordering the bulk of their stuff from the city. While the storekeeper has some sympathizers they are mostly of the male persuasion and men are not as a rule the persons who do the shopping unless it is upon defined errands. It has been suggested to the storekeeper that a little bootlegging might help him to offset the losses now inflicted upon his legitimate business and give his friends a chance to help him out in a manner which would be appreciated by them. One wicked scoffer expressed the belief that some of the boycotters would like to have such facilities available "in case of sickness."

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A LARGE dry vote may be expected in Oro township on Lake Simcoe. It was not like that in the olden days. A pioneer asserts that temperance began to get a foothold in Oro when the people became unable to secure anything like the fine line of liquor the palate had been educated to in the times when McPhee's still flourished in the Moon settlement, at McPhee's switch on the Grand Trunk, six or seven miles from Hawkestone. The activities of this still were stilled upwards of forty years ago, but the surviving old-timers still smack their lips in pleasant retrospect when recalling the excellence of its product which did not make the customer want to climb a tree or beat up a policeman, but mellowed the many hardships of the rough farming life of those days. The man who called for the milk used to leave the jug of whiskey at periodical intervals, the pay for it being placed underneath a milk can as a subterfuge. The liquor itself was the only receipt for payment. McPhee fooled the authorities for a long time with nearly everybody helping him but eventually revenue officers wrecked his little distillery and haled him before the judge in Orillia where his trial attracted the whole countryside.



McPhee was a hard-boiled Scotchman, an old chap with two husky and affable sons. He was exceedingly shrewd and when the men of the law seized his still he managed to secrete the worm in some hiding place which was never found. Without the worm as evidence there was no absolute proof that whiskey had been made with the still and the court investigation was marked by considerable merriment, particularly when McPhee was under examination. "Where is the worm?" he was asked, and his reply was "Th' wor-r-um, did ye say mon, th' wor-r-um—might it be a gr-u-rub, ye mean?" That expression is repeated to this day in Oro when worms are mentioned. It is related that McPhee conducted a piggery in conjunction with his still, and the porkers found the mash a most nourishing diet. When the still was demolished Oro Township not only lost its supply of most excellent liquor for ever and ever, for it is said that never since has there been such delicious bacon the district. Thus was the downfall and hams obtainable anywhere in of the still a double calamity. For years the residents tried to get an invigorating beverage approaching the McPhee standard, but it was in vain and one by one they gave it up in disgust to become abstainers and thus there has accrued a temperance majority in the township.

* * * *

MORE people in the rural ridings would vote wet if their facilities for securing liquor when they wanted it were to be equal to those enjoyed by the city people in the event of sale under Government Control being established, in the opinion of an Ontario County farmer. He said the experience in the days when importation was allowed had proven that the man in the country who got in a drop of hard stuff usually had to brave a considerable amount of local publicity in connection with the transaction, which was not always desirable, and could scarcely be avoided in small communities. This unwelcome advertising came about through getting the money order and the receipt of the package at the post-office, express office or railway station. With the inquisitive always around, the transaction often became public property and a topic of conversation which sometimes caused the recipient of the shipment to be held up to ridicule by the wags, or as a horrible example in certain circles. The arrival of a suspicious-looking package, large or small, provided a tit-bit for the talkers just as soon as it



UNWELCOME ADVERTISING CAME THROUGH THE RECEIPT OF A PARCEL FROM MONTREAL

was whispered that it came from Montreal, and the consequent gossip became such an annoyance that the super-sensitive decided to stay dry in preference to incurring it. City people would have all the best of it if the Temperance Act went under, for there would be handy depots where they could buy without everybody knowing about it. But countryfolk with a thirst would be compelled in most cases to write in for their liquor to the nearest Government depot, and news of its arrival would soon sift through the locality, privacy in connection with the transaction being next thing to impossible.

* * * *

SOME of the farmers who were forced to experiment with home-brew if they wanted alcoholic stimulant have got it down to a science and do not care if the sale of booze never comes back. One who does not live a hundred miles from Barrie concocts a beer that is the equal to any that money could buy on the testimony of a Toronto resident who has partaken of it and says he often wishes he had further opportunity. "The old chap came here to visit the Fair a year ago," relates the Toronto man, "and when I apologized for being unable to offer him a drink I made a little dig at him by blaming the farmers for voting us out of our home comforts. He repudiated the accusation as far as he was personally concerned and told me how he and some of his neighbors up north had met the situation in a most satisfactory manner by making a variety of high wines and a beer that was exceedingly palatable and possessed full authority. To be frank, I thought he was just bragging and he noted that I was a bit incredulous. He came to the Fair again this year bearing two suit-cases, the principal contents of which were bottles containing samples of his boasted brew and in full justice to him I must say that he had underestimated its virtues. Oh! Boy! but that was real beer! No matter how the vote goes I know where I am going to spend my holidays next summer."

* * * *

IN the neighborhood of Newmarket former campaigns on the temperance issue have been fought with considerable vigor and the present one appears to be living up to past performances with both sides hustling. The rancor which followed the famous finding of a bottle of liquor in a room where Herb. Lennox's political allies were gathered, and a frame-up was alleged, has been to some extent revived. A farmer who was asked for an opinion as to how the vote would result said the only way to guess was by the way people talked and his experience was that very little reliance could be placed safely on that. He instanced an incident of the last campaign which had upset his faith in appearances. A Liberty Leaguer from Toronto had some business at the home of a family prominent for its temperance professions although it was known that the head of the house was not a total abstainer. When the visitor invited his host to take a sly drink of forbidden beverage and then offered him the bottle as a present the gift was accepted and hidden with apparent nervousness, the recipient remarking that it would never do for his folks to know about it. A few minutes later the visitor was amazed to observe three cases of whiskey in plain sight when he made a casual glance through a pantry window.

* * * *

AN Aurora agriculturist who admits that he takes a drink of beer or hard stuff any time it is offered to him says he will vote dry and continue to vote dry just as long as the exhorbitant prices of liquor prevail. "The wets keep on telling us that the Temperance Act is a rich man's law because any person with the money can get all the liquor they want. Well, isn't Government control of the sale of liquor practically the same?" he demanded. "Just take a squint at the price lists which have been published showing what a bottle of whiskey or a case of beer costs in the provinces where they have Government control! Much is said over and over again about the moral aspect of the question. Why, there is not anything about the whole business nearly so immoral as those prices! Sheer robbery is all one can call it, no matter whether it is taxation or anything else that makes the price. Where does the poor man get a look in when a bottle of hooch that does not cost fifty cents to produce, package and all, cannot be bought for less than about five dollars? Throughout this whole campaign has anybody said anything about bringing down the prices to a figure which would enable the poor man to share the advantages his more fortunate brother will be able to obtain under government control?"

* * * *

A STRONG feeling that the temperance issue is a political football and the sooner it is kicked out of bounds the better has gained ground in some agricultural districts and it is going to be seriously impressed upon the prohibitionists in the coming vote according to a prominent farmer who lives near Aylmer. "From what I can learn," he said, "there is no doubt that a lot of thinking farmers are about disgusted with the continual passing the buck and the apparent insincerity of the political parties in regard to prohibition. One party is as bad as another. When we were called upon to vote in 1919 we were told that a quietus was to be put on the vexed question, but it was back again in 1921, when we were assured that it was to be settled for all time. Now, it is here again with a revival of all the old antagonisms in the homes and among neighbors, creating animosity between the city people and the farmers, and generally upsetting the natural scheme of things. I have come to the conclusion that all of the general good accomplished by prohibition is discounted by the dissension it has caused. I have supported it until I am sick of it and like many others will vote against it this time because I have come to regard it as an insufferable nuisance, no matter how many nice things can be said in its favor."

* * * *

ACCORDING to a North York farmer who toys with politics under the Grit banner, and knows the riding pretty well, the result of the plebiscite vote in that section is not going to be as dry as the Newmarket Canal. "Our motoring friends from the city have visited us so often that the stocks of booze have been pretty well exhausted, that being one of the disadvantages of living close to the big town," he explained. "A constituency which boasts a Prime Minister must have entertainment for the unjust as well as the just to keep its end up, and the cup that cheers is not without its appeal to many who have voted on the temperance side before. That is one reason for expecting the wet vote to be stronger in these parts than heretofore. Another is that some who did not take the trouble to go to the polls on the other occasions have been stirred up, and most of those voters may be regarded as on the wet side when it comes to marking the ballot. Personally I do not care a hoot which way the vote goes, but I do wish that the question was not continually coming up, for it arouses a lot of bitterness among the faithful in our own party as well as that of the other fellows. The worst of it is that it won't end on the 23rd. The wrangling will continue, no matter which side wins. The wets seem more optimistic up our way than they were in previous fights."

* * * *

A RUDDY-VISAGED individual who grows fruit, potatoes and pigs, a mile or two away from St. Catharines remarked that he would vote dry but he had neighbors who would not although they seemed to be able to get all the whiskey they want with things as they are now. "That is not the fault of the Temperance Act, it is the fault of the Government in failing to enforce it!" exclaimed a fellow prohibitionist standing by, but the red-faced man dissented. "Don't talk like a nanny-goat, my good man, think before you bleat. You are as much to blame as the Government is, and so am I," he asserted. "The Government consists of about fourteen men, human beings like ourselves, and while I doubt very much if any one of them would lodge a complaint that the man next door was breaking the temperance laws I also feel reasonably sure that you would not and I am quite certain I wouldn't. We are all acquainted with somebody who is breaking the law, but do we go to the authorities and tell what we know, at the same time demanding that the law we voted for be enforced? We do not! If we suspected a neighbor was guilty of a murder or knew he was a thief we would probably get into touch with the constable and raise Cain if he did not get on the job without any monkeying. I am on good terms with the neighbors who like their liquor and they have invited me to have a drink more than once. Probably you are the same and like me you are dodging your duty in reporting what you could prove. We don't want to hatch any feuds, or whatever they call them, or even to be unneighborly in any way that we can help. But until we do, and everybody else supporting prohibition does likewise, the Ontario Temperance Act nor no other temperance measure calling for prohibition within the meaning of the word can be enforced here or anywhere else. It is the people and not the Government who are to blame because the letter of this law is not carried out. The man who wants it pushed as far as it can go must be prepared to report his father or brother if either one of them is guilty of illegal purchase. Ties of blood and friendship must be sacrificed if the province is to be made bone dry. Every prohibitionist must become a prosecutor. The odium which attaches to the informer must come to be regarded as a virtue much more than it is now. Otherwise our neighbors who want it will get their liquor as long as it is manufactured. I am voting dry again because I believe that prohibition even as we have it is better for the country than none at all. Stop blaming the Government because it does not make the land as dry as you would like—blame the people, yourself included. Them's my sentiments, by heck!"

Kaiser's Mother Feared Dark Future For Her Son

Letter to Intimate Friend, Just Published, Reveals Accurate Forecast of Evil Times.

BERLIN.—A remarkable prophecy by the ex-Kaiser's mother in the beginning of the 'nineties is now disclosed.

Her treatment by her son is well known, and she refers to it in a letter to Frau Henrietta Schrader, who had become intimately acquainted with her majesty through her work for women's welfare.

The late Kaiserin in this letter, which is now published, remarked: "It is difficult to believe that history will not bring expiation and justice.

"BUT the end of the drama has not yet been reached. We may live to see it. One can only pray that understanding, calmness, circumspection and foresight may come without wisdom having to be bought by ill experiences.

"The monarchy seems to me to be put to a hard test, and I tremble lest there be an evil turn."

Her majesty deplored the effect of her son's example on the younger generation of the country.

HOME FOLKS AND OTHERS

SIDELIGHTS ON PERSONS AND PERSONALITIES

POOR LITTLE JULIANA, TOO PLUMP AT 16

Holland's Roly-Poly Princess Must Begin to "Reduce."

TO SHUN SUGAR

To Enter "Hot Cabinet" After "Shimmying Machine" Does Its Worst.

POOR little roly-poly Princess Juliana of the Netherlands is only 15 years old—and face to face with just such a trying ordeal as looms before any young woman threatened by the danger of getting fat.

She is going to "reduce!"

The blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked child, who still wears her hair in pig tails, or hanging down her back in a long, brown mane, is about to lop off forty pounds, if the plans of her royal mamma carry, as they undoubtedly will. And she doesn't like it a bit. Indeed, she looks forward to the reducing program as the most trying ordeal of her life. Such, at least, is the gossip in court circles at The Hague, and it grows out of a word or two dropped by a lady-in-waiting, who happened to be present when the interview took place between her majesty and the only heir to the Dutch throne.

Juliana's reducing is treated very much more seriously than the court gossips anticipated, and the heavy part of it is strictly private.

Juliana is the only unmarried and thoroughly eligible princess of Europe. She is the only child of the only ruling queen.

So, of course, Juliana's parents are determined to make a good match for her. And, of course, she is expected to assist.

Apparently that means a diet in which there is not one drop of cream nor one grain of sugar. Also it means hours of back-breaking toil upon the horizontal bar, the rowing machine and the hard gymnasium floor instead of pleasant days on satin cushions.

And it means more than these. For all the new and wonderously complicated machines recently invented by science to straighten out curves and dig waistlines from billows of fat may be used upon the poor princess for the purpose of making her over from a plump little Dutch maiden into something more nearly resembling—in looks, at least—the princess of the fairy stories.

All of which is quite true. Among the devices which will punch and pull and sandbag and all but electrocute the princess is a couch with the surface made of separately insulated metal plates.

She will lie upon this couch upon the rolls and bulges where most of her forty surplus pounds are distributed. And when the current is turned on, her muscles and the whole tissue of her body will jerk and vibrate in an exercise much like the "shimmy" for twenty minutes. Then the current will be turned off.

From the shimmying machine Juliana will go to the "hot cabinet," a box in which she will sit with only her head sticking through an opening in the top, while her body basks in the high temperature of electric heat inside.

Sherlock Holmes' Creator Failed as Sleuth; Yielded Palm to Village Constable

Famous Writer and Spiritualist Tells Story of Crowded Life.



SIR ARTHUS CONAN DOYLE, the famous creator of "Sherlock Holmes," and latterly one of the world's most aggressive protagonists of spiritualism, has just published a book called "Memories and Adventures," in which he tells the story of his 65 years of eventful life, and from which it is interesting to learn that his recent interest in psychic phenomena was not the outcome of the war, but began many years ago.

Dr. Doyle comes of talented stock. His father's family was Irish of Anglo-Norman origin; his mother's Irish also, and with an English strain. His grandfather, John Doyle, he describes as "the father of polite caricature," who made a great reputation in London from about 1825 to 1850. He was "a gentleman drawing gentlemen for gentlemen, and the satire lay in the wit of the picture and not in the misdrawing of faces." One of his sons wrote, "The Chronicles of England," illustrated by himself, and also compiled "The Official Baronage of England." Another was director of the National Gallery in Dublin, a third was a well-known cartoonist in Punch, and Sir Arthur's father, Charles Doyle, was, in his son's opinion, the greatest artist of the family, with an original style, "more terrible than Blake." He had the habit of giving away his water-colors, which did not help the financial fortunes of the family.

WITH this background, it is surprising that Arthur Conan Doyle did not also become an artist. That he did become a physician Sir Arthur believes was due more than anything else to the fact that Edinburgh was so famous a centre of medical learning. He practiced only eight years, and remembers with enjoyment the toastmaster who remarked that a living patient of Doyle's had never been discovered. His first schooling was in Edinburgh under a "pock-marked, one-eyed rascal who might have stepped from the pages of Dickens." There followed several years under the Jesuits, a short period in Germany to learn the language, and then Edinburgh University.

IT was from the personality and methods of Joseph Bell, surgeon at the Edinburgh Infirmary, that he developed the character of the scientific detective who was to become known to the world as Sherlock Holmes. Bell was not only a very skilful surgeon, but expert in the diagnosis both of disease and of character. He chose young Doyle as his out-patient clerk, a capacity in which there was ample opportunity to observe his methods. How closely his use of the faculty of observation approached that of Holmes may be judged from this interview with a civilian patient:

"Well, my man, you've served in the army?"

"Aye, sir."

"Not long discharged?"

"No, sir."

"A Highland regiment?"

"Aye, sir."

"A non-com. officer?"

"Aye, sir."

"Stationed at Barbados?"

"Aye, sir."

"You see, gentleman," he would explain, "the man was a respectful man but did not remove his hat. They do not in the army, but he would have learned civilian ways had he been long discharged. He has an air of authority, and he is obviously Scottish. As to Barbados, his complaint is elephantiasis, which is West Indian and not British.

Sir Arthur has often been asked whether he himself had the qualities with which he endowed Holmes, or whether "I was merely the Watson that I took." He believes that "a man cannot spin a character out of his own inner consciousness and make it really lifelike unless he has some possibilities of that character within him." In the case of Holmes, Sir Arthur found it necessary to throw himself into an artificial frame of mind before he could deal with evidence in a fashion worthy of his hero, adding that in ordinary life he is "by no means observant." Several times, however, he was able to solve problems by Holmes's methods in cases where the police had failed. And there was also the occasion of a burglary near his home, when the village constable, "with no theories at all, had seized the culprit when I had got no further than that he was a left-handed man with nails in his boots."

IT is true, as Sir Arthur himself points out, that the success of the Sherlock Holmes stories had obscured his other literary work. He has a much higher regard for his historical novels, and considers "Sir Nigel" his best book. It was because he saw himself in danger of being entirely identified with what he regarded as "a lower stratum of literary achievement" that he decided to end the detective's life. He records his amazement at the concern expressed by the public, one letter of remonstrance which he received addressing him as "You Brute."

When he was 20 Doyle interrupted his medical course to accept a berth as ship's surgeon on the Hope, a whaler on which he spent seven months in the Arctic, Inasmuch as everybody on board enjoyed perfect health, there was little call on his medical resources, and he put in most of his time hunting with the boat crews. "I went on board the whaler," he says, "a big, straggling youth. I came off it a powerful, well-grown man." He was still only 21 when he received his degree—too young to practice with an assurance of success—and this consideration, together with a naturally adventurous spirit, led him to sail again as ship's surgeon, this time on a voyage to the west coast of Africa. This experience, however, proved more comfortable than toughening, so much so that he decided it was time to get down to work. As yet the thought of a literary career had not crossed his mind. He went home to practice, at first in Plymouth for a short period, then in Portsmouth, where he stayed eight years. Progress was slow—how slow may be judged from this letter which his young brother, whom he had brought down from Edinburgh to stay with him, wrote home:

"The patients are crowding in. We have made three bob this week. We have vaxenated a baby and got hold of a man with consumtion, and to-day a gipsy's cart came up to the door selling baskets and chairs so we determined not to let the man ring as long as he liked. After he had rung two or three times Arthur yelled out at the pitch of his voice. Go a way, but the man rang again so I went down to the door and pulled open the letter box and cried out go away. The man began to swere at me and say that he wanted to see Arthur. All this time Arthur thought that the door was open and was yelling Shut that door. Then I came upstairs and told Arthur what the man said so Arthur went down and opened the door and found out that the gypsy's child had measles.

* * *

After all we got sixpence out of them and that is all ways something."

Sir Arthur adds that his recollection is that the gypsy got sixpence out of them.

THIS was the period also of his first marriage and his first literary work, undertaken merely as a side issue to relieve the burden of financial pressure. After some short stories came the "Study in Scarlet," introducing Sherlock Holmes, and soon after it "Micah Clarke," the first of the historical novels, which, on its appearance in 1889, was "the first solid cornerstone laid for some sort of literary reputation." Two years later, during his convalescence from an attack of influenza, when he found himself "as weak as a child and as emotional, but with a mind as clear as crystal," he determined to abandon medicine. He had recently come to London to specialize as oculist, but now he realized "how foolish I was to waste my literary earnings in keeping up an oculist's room in Wimpole Street. * * * I remember in my delight taking the handkerchief which lay upon the coverlet in my enfeebled hand, and tossing it up the ceiling in my exultation."

After that decision Conan Doyle's life is a crowded story. There was a period of residence in Switzerland, during his wife's illness, and a lecture tour in the United States in 1894. Two years later he was in the Sudan, where he saw some service as a war correspondent. Early in 1900 he sailed for South Africa as a member of a hospital detachment. His experiences on the veldt provide the material for some of the best chapters in the autobiography. On his return to England he wrote a pamphlet in defence of the British position and conduct of the war. As an appeal to the world's opinion it was successful in moderating the tone of the Continental press, and it was for this service, he thinks, that he was knighted in 1902. Twice he stood unsuccessfully for Parliament. Impressed by the power of the rifle in modern warfare, he began the building up of rifle clubs in England. He embarked on various business enterprises, threw himself into the solution of some famous criminal cases, became increasingly interested and active in the field of psychic phenomena, kept up a lifelong participation in sports and all the while went on with his writing.

RALPH CONNOR GOT CIGARS AS MARRIAGE FEE

Shared Western Bridegroom's Gift Only With Fellow-Parsons.

AN AFTERMATH of the recent Presbyterian Assembly at Owen Sound has taken the form of caustic criticisms of the smoking room provided for the convenience of those ministers who like a mild cigar or a strong pipe. The reverend gentleman who wrote an indignant letter to the newspapers considered that a minister who smoked set a horrible example to his flock, and roundly condemned the increasing tendency to smoke openly in public.

Rev. C. W. Gordon, who manages to live in comfort on his munificent stipend of one dollar a year as pastor of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg, and the income from a million dollars he has made writing books under the name of "Ralph Connor", is not troubled by scruples against the use of tobacco by other members of his profession. If they want to smoke, he lets them smoke. There was even a time when he supplied his brethren of the cloth with good cigars.

In the early nineties, when he was a young minister in the West, Dr. Gordon was occasionally called upon to marry couples who were starting out in life without the handicap of riches. His fee was often only a trifle, and occasionally he was paid in goods instead of in cash.

ON ONE occasion the bridegroom touched on the delicate subject of payment in this wise:

"Well, parson, you took your time over the job, but I guess you got me and Jenny hitched up good and tight. What's the damage?

"Oh, I generally leave that to the happy bridegroom", answered the young minister. "Sometimes he gives me what it's worth, and sometimes he gives me what he can afford."

The new husband leaned forward confidentially:

"I tell you how it is, parson; what I can afford is considerably less than you might think. Between you and me, I'm broke flatter than a beaver's tail, and Jenny'll have to do all the honeymoon financing. But I don't hold it's right you should do all that gabbing for nothing, and I can make you a little present.

"The boys down at the hotel chipped in and bought me this here box of cee-zars as a wedding gift, and I'll slip it to you if you promise not to put them wise. They mightn't like it; it set 'em back five dollars. If you've never learned to smoke, there's a big treat ahead for you, I know. I've smoked since I was that high, but I'm going to quit for awhile. . . . Jenny made up my mind to that!"

Being of Scotch descent, Dr. Gordon took the box of cigars. Under the circumstances, he considered it would be little short of sacrilege to let laymen enjoy this wedding fee, and so the distribution of the cigars was religiously restricted to ministers.



RALPH CONNOR.

RUGBY HEADMASTER OF RUGBY LINEAGE

THE headmaster of the famous Rugby School in England, W. W. Vaughan, has an almost traditional right to preside at Rugby, since his family has been associated with Rugby for many generations.

Someone was discussing the Vaughans, and mentioned:

"Four generations of the Vaughan family have been prominent figures at Rugby."

"Well," commented an old lady, "I think they'd have done better if they'd been prominent figures at Association. Rugby's a nasty, rough game."

"Ah," retorted the first speaker, genially, "that's true. But don't forget, they were prominent for their association with Rugby."

After which the old lady had nothing to say, and returned, thoroughly confused, to her knitting.

Colored Artist's Portrait of Mayor Caused London's Only Art Controversy

Fair Directors Refuse to Remove "Character Study" From Gallery.



PORTRAIT OF MAYOR WENIGE.

THE nearest approach to an art controversy that London, Ontario, has ever experienced, eventualized when an oil painting of Mayor George A. Wenige was entered in competition at the art gallery of Western Fair. The picture was accepted by the fair directors and hung in the Art Gallery annex. It was reported to the Mayor that a futuristic study of himself was on view at the fair, and after verifying the news the Mayor asked the directors of the art exhibit to take down the picture. This the directors could not do under the terms of the competition in which the painting was entered. The incident roused public curiosity and for a week it was the chief topic of conversation in the Forest City.

The controversy over the picture brought out the fact that it was the work of a colored artist from Chicago, who had formerly lived in London. The artist, B. E. Fontaine, gave an interview to the press in which he denied that his picture was meant to be a futuristic study of the Mayor, and in fact was not a portrait at all of the Mayor as mayor. It was a character study pure and simple. He does not belong either to the futuristic school or the impressionist school. Art critics, by the way, declared the portrait to be a good piece of work.

"IT WAS the character in Mayor Wenige's face that attracted me," said Mr. Fontaine. "I was impressed by his personality. I approached the Mayor and told him what I wanted, that the lines of character in his face were most unusual and I would like him to sit for me. He said he was willing to do anything he could for me, and posed seven times, about an hour and a quarter each time. To test the Mayor's sincerity I asked him to finance a trip to Toronto to buy materials and select a frame. He at once wrote me a check for the amount. When the picture was finished he expressed himself as being highly pleased. He suggested that it be placed in a prominent public place. The next place it appeared was at the Western Fair."



B. E. FONTAINE.

It has been suggested by members of the City Council of London that the portrait be purchased and hung in the art gallery of the City Hall.

Pulling Teeth Has Nothing On Getting Opinions From "Babe" Ruth, Swat King

The Bambino as Cautious in Statement as President Coolidge.

A NEWSPAPERMAN who recently tried to interview "Babe" Ruth, the noted baseball star, found him "a quiet, modest stoic, with few expressed opinions and half of them equivocal in tone." Here are a few of the questions put to the Bambino, and his illuminating answers:

"Who is the most valuable player in both leagues?" I asked.

"Eddie Collins," was the unhesitating answer. "He is a wonder. Best second baseman in the game, even after nineteen years of service. Better than when I first broke in, because he is just as fast, as good a fielder and batting better than when he played on Connie Mack's $1,000,000 infield. Don't see how he does it. Hope I can last that long."

"Who is the best pitcher of the year?"

"Vance," he replied. "He's having a wonderful season."

"You have batted against both Vance and Walter Johnson. Which is the harder to hit?"

"It all depends. Johnson's got better control, but I guess Vance has more stuff now."

"Do the young left-handers frighten you?"

"Look at the records," was the smileless answer.

"Who is the best young pitching find of the year?"

"Joe Shaute of Cleveland."

"Better than Wingard of the Browns?"

"Better headwork."

"Do left-handers bother you more than right-handers?"

"Maybe they're harder, but maybe I try harder, because I seem to get just as many home runs."

"Is Joe Sewell, young Cleveland shortstop, overrated?"

"If they say he's the best in baseball, and some do, he is."

"Why?"

"Because Peckinpaugh and Scott rate over him as fielders."

"Does that offset his superior hitting power?"

"I think so."

"Outside of yourself, whom do you consider the three best outfielders in both leagues?"

"That's hard to tell," he said.

"Is Cobb one?"

"No."

"How about Tris Speaker?"

"Maybe."

"Bob Meusel?"

"He's a wonder."

"How about naming three?"

"That's hard to figure."

"Which team do you think will win the National League pennant?"

"That's hard to tell. It's pretty close."

"Which had you rather face in the World Series, the Brooklyn or the Giant pitchers?"

"Makes no difference to me."

"Who is the fastest man in baseball?"

"There are a lot of 'em."

WELLS WAS FORCED TO BE "AT HOME"

ONE day a journalist rang up Mr. H. G. Wells on the telephone.

"Mr. Wells is not at home," said the voice at the other end.

It was obviously the voice of Wells.

"Do you know when he will be at home?" asked the journalist, thinking that Wells himself ought to know.

But he didn't. "Haven't the faintest idea," replied Wells.

The journalist took his chance and called. Wells opened the door himself.

"Are you at home yet?" inquired the journalist.

"Come in!" sighed Wells.

SIR WILLIAM BAYLISS MAN OF WIDE GIFTS

GREAT loss has been sustained by the world of science by the death of Sir William Maddock Bayliss, professor of general physiology in the University of London. Sir William, who was 64, was probably the greatest of contemporary physiologists. He was the son of a Wolverhampton iron manufacturer. In 1881 he entered as a student at the University College, London, and later went to Oxford, where although older than the usual run of undergraduates, he took a first class in the final school of natural science in physiology. Any subject which interested him was a reason for an experiment. In his laboratory at Hampstead he might be found investigating the ascent of sap in plants, or new methods of color photography; and when he had satisfied his curiosity he would pass on to some other problem. Whenever any question arose in the laboratory, which no one could answer, the rule was always, "Ask Bayliss." To him his colleagues went for advice on questions of botany, or physical chemistry, of electrical circuits, or even when the refrigerator would not work.



BABE RUTH.

Real Nourishment in Boots, Declares Bishop Stringer, If of Rawhide Variety

But Even Yukon Parson Inclined to Balk at Boiled Muskrat.

HOW Bishop Stringer of the Yukon came to be know as "the bishop who ate his boots" was revealed when the Bishop himself and his wife, after a three months journey from the Arctic, reached London, Ontario, recently for the triennial synod. In the comfortable surroundings of his hotel apartment the Bishop of the Yukon still suggested the fighter and the man of action that he is. He is six feet in height, weighs 220, and his flashing eye and youthful skin denote the activity of his life in the north. He has experienced most of the thrills commonly ascribed to the heroes of Jack London or R. W. Service stories, and has nothing to say about them except that the fiction is not overdrawn. Square of shoulder, square of jaw, and direct of glance, the Bishop easily bears out the known facts, that he has been a good fighter against the Arctic country for 32 years and that he has done what few other men could in the way of instructing white men and Eskimos in a diocese containing 200,000 square miles.

DANGERS unnumbered have been the lot of Bishop Stringer in the north. Out whaling with the Eskimos his oomiak was towed for some distance in zig-zag fashion by an infuriated whale. Then there were the ordinary dangers of the chase and the trail, in addition to which the unfriendly Eskimos frequently threatened his life at the beginning of his mission.

"How did you earn the title of the 'bishop who ate his boots'?" he was asked.

"Oh, that's an old story" he replied, "though its true enough. It was away back in 1909. Another chap and I were going From Fort Mackenzie along the Rat River to another mission. After we had gone some distance we found there was no game and no friendly Indians. Our food ran out and we decided to turn back and try to make Fort Macpherson. As we went along the grub got scarcer. There was nothing we could shoot, so we finally reached the boot-top stage you have heard about."

"IS there any real nourishment in boot-tops?"

"Oh, yes, in the rawhide variety. You couldn't do it with the tanned kind. We cut the raw hide strips and boiled them. If you chew that well you get some nourishment out of it. That's what we did and we got to Fort Macpherson all right. That's the closest call I ever had in the Yukon."

But the Bishop did not tell of it with half the horror that he described the two weeks every year when boiled muskrat is about the only dish available for the table.

"Pass muskrat", said the Bishop, or words to that effect.

Moody's Lesson From J. P. Morgan

Investment Authority Got Lecture From Banker.

AN interesting incident in the career of John Moody, well-known investment authority, whose advice on investments is sought by multi-millionaires, heads of great financial institutions, trustees of huge estates and others, is told by B. C. Forbes, in Forbes Magazine.

This was in 1890. While little John Moody stood at one of the windows in the Drexel-Morgan banking room waiting for the check for securities he had delivered, he noticed a veritable giant wandering from desk to desk and that every clerk seemed to shrivel up with fear when the big man approached. The clerk not having returned, the giant, who had very piercing eyes, looked through the window where the messenger stood and asked, "What are you waiting for, sonny?"

The little fellow was instantly seized by the same fear and trembling. "A-a-a-a-ch-check for some bonds."

"What bonds?" snapped Mr. Morgan.

The giant's eyes seemed to bore holes right through him. He could neither think nor speak. Just then the clerk returned with the check.

Seizing it, Morgan turned to the messenger and asked, "Now, boy, tell me the amount of the check you are to receive."

"I-I don't know, I-I forget."

"Don't know? Forget?" roared Mr. Morgan. "What kind of a boy are you; what are you good for? Let me tell you something, young man. You will never be any good in business or anywhere else unless you learn to remember—to remember, exact figures—and facts." Saying which, he handed Moody the check and walked away.

All Around The Town

City Life in Pen and Pencil

October Sees the Great Annual Trek In Quest of the Ideal Apartment

By AMA BARKER.

THIS is the season when we reap a store of information on all the regrettable features of the "ideal apartments" where our friends have been living for a twelve-month or more in seeming contentment. They were only twenty or thirty minutes from Queen and Yonge—really no trip at all. Everybody who saw their apartment wanted it, and the rent was reasonable; that is, as rents go. It may have been August or even as early as July when you began to hear that the Beans's "adorable" apartment is hot in summer and cold in winter. The Browns can't sleep at night for the neighbors' card games. The Johnsons can't rest in the morning for the neighbors' children. Some are too far out, anyway—others too close in.

They begin spending their evenings touring vacant apartments. Sunday likewise. In another two weeks the chase grows warmer and Mrs. begins to make a day of it and meet Mr. somewhere for dinner—unless she gets a frantic call during the day to dash out and look at a darling suite before somebody else snaps it up. They are fast reaching the stage where she generously announces that she will leave it to him, and he unselfishly declares that it is only necessary to have a place that pleases her. The hunt languishes



announced that the engagement was broken and he hoped to be spared to enjoy his bachelor apartment many years to come.

For blithe freedom in expression let me direct your attention to the kitchenette. The originality of these varied and spontaneous creations recognizes only one tradition. They all—if I may be permited to generalize upon such a complex subject—contain a heating unit, though often fragmentary. The kitchenette proper, in the light of my exhaustive investigations, appears to be a place for solitary confinement. No matter what form it takes, shelf, cabinet, desk or cupboard, if its capacity is more than one cook it becomes a kitchen.

IN shrinking disposition the bathroom is second only to the kitchenette. When you march into an apartment you may as well bear in mind that the bathroom is likely to be lurking most anywhere. If you were to bet on the location of the bath in any given suite it's 10 to 1 you'd lose. The architect or contractor or whoever does the make-up must shut his eyes, dab his pencil on the blueprint and there the bathroom appears. I point with pride to the fact that only one apartment baffled me in all my inspection tours. When I admitted my defeat the landlord led me through a narrow hall, fumbled along the wall and triumphantly disclosed a triple A bathroom. I shall always contend that he would never have found it if he hadn't put it there himself.

The calendar blandly records October as merely the tenth month. But up town and down town mahogany floor lamps are anchoring in strange corners and gateleg tables are trying out new wall spaces. It marks the height of the season for the landlord's fountain pen.



Stalking apartments produces the same feverish energy and not a little of the desperation of a gold rush.

a day or two. Then they glance over the To Let ads and they're off again.

Now that I review the pursuit from the retirement of an easy chair, it appears that stalking apartments produces much the same feverish energy and not a little of the desperation of a gold rush. I was prospecting for weeks in the renting field. After going over several districts from sign to sign a few times I began to recognize other oldtimers following the celebrated lure of a spacious suite with a real kitchen and a southern exposure.

THERE comes to mind the bride from Kingston searching in systematic and narrowing circles for a dining room large enough for the Colonial forniture bestowed upon her by an old aunt—exact degree of greatness unknown. Two pairs of college boys took turns hunting in couples for an apartment consisting almost unanimously of bed-rooms and baths. Then there was the oldish but very dapper person who was always accompanied by a cane and followed at a respectful distance by a taxicab. Another indefatigable companion of the trail was a nice, excitable elderly lady who was looking for a larger apartment because her son was bringing his wife to live with them. They opposed the match bitterly and consistently enough continued to do so for some time after the youngsters were married. Indeed I have it on excellent authority that the family was not harmonized until the dear girl come in one evening and made them the best raspberry tarts you ever tasted.

Of course, your problem is different. Everybody's is. But once you get the apartment hunting fever you are subject to "hunches" that your apartment is just around the corner or in the next block. And, like the folk who sat out to collect nuggets, you get a superstition or two. Such as never looking at an apartment described as "handsome" and thinking that even numbers are lucky for you. Your spirits zig-zag up and down like a rainfall chart. You feel orphaned and woebegone when you ponder your fate without a roof over your head. It is just about here that somebody always happens along to tell you the story about a cousin of a friend of hers who chanced upon a choice apartment for $80 the first day out. Dumb luck, certainly, but it drives you on to rout out another half hundred superintendents early and late in the belief that the next apartment is yours.

BUT luck, it seemed, finally got my longitude and latitude when I encountered a young man who was the sole possessor of an apartment he had promised his sweetheart to relinquish. She was willing to leave the parental section of the roof, but she wanted an apartment in the same building where her mother lived. After going through his apartment and finding it charming, I must say that his bride's regard for home ties seemed most commendable and I offered him a deposit. He hesitated and I was lost, for the next day he airily

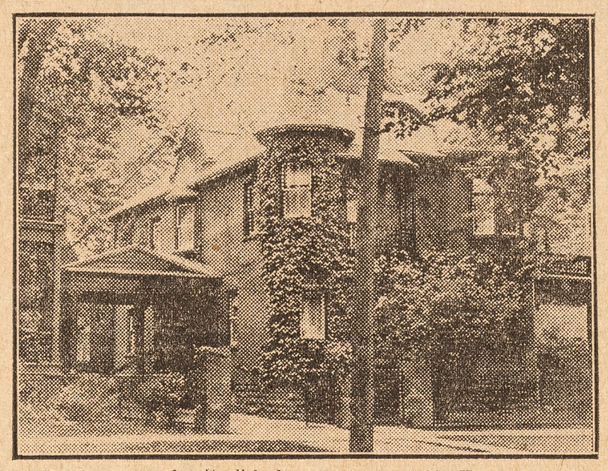
PRINCE HENRY IS WIT OF THE FAMILY

PRINCE HENRY, is the humorist of the Royal Family. Here is an example of his wit. He was talking to some brother-officers of his regiment, the 10th Hussars, about a jazz band he had heard, "When it was in full blast," said His Royal Highness, "you couldn't tell whether it was playing Wagner, or Aston Villa."

PREMIER DEMANDS SOME HOME LIFE

AT the Labor Party meeting, called to consider the demand that there should be no parliamentary vacation, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald made a happy hit. He opened the proceedings by saying, "I am a prime minister, but I am also a father, and claim the right to see something of my family."

There's a Fine "Homey" Atmosphere About the "Elizabeth Rye"



The new centre for English domestic girls at 661 Huron street.

Centre For English Girls Seeking Domestic Work

Use Residence on Huron Street for Novel Service.

By K. MUNRO.

A Receiving and Distributing Centre for English girl immigrants who wish to enter domestic service here has been opened at 661 Huron Street. The place is called the Elizabeth Rye, and is operated by one of the social service agencies of the Church of England, under the supervision of the Department of Immigration at Ottawa. Miss H. M. Garrett, of London, England, is superintendent, assisted by Miss Evans, also of London.

The girls come to Canada to enter domestic service, and are over the English school age of fourteen years. All receive some preparatory training in domestic science before leaving the Old Country.

So far, two parties have arrived. The first came over in April, conducted by Miss Garrett, and were immediately offered household positions in Toronto. The second party arrived in June, with Miss Evans, and found homes waiting to receive them.

THE Elizabeth Rye is a fine three-storey brick residence, with an attractive homey atmosphere. Here the young women come when they are off duty for social evenings and on occasional afternoons for chaperoned visits to the museum, art gallery, parks and amusement places.



MISS H. M. GARRETT, The superintendent of the Centre.

Col. Boyne Smart, Supervisor of Juvenile Immigration, Ottawa, visited the Receiving and Distributing house recently, among other officials and private citizens interested in the work.

An interesting and unusual feature is that no fee is charged for the services which the Elizabeth Rye renders, but many voluntary donations have been made by grateful employers.

WELL DRESSED TORONTO MEN FOND OF BLUE

Survey at King and Yonge Shows 55 Per-cent. Wear This Color.

A SURVEY made at the corner of King and Yonge Streets during a recent noon hour indicates that more than about thirty per cent. of Toronto's business and professional men prefer the three-button sack suit in plain blue or blue with a very thin stripe.

Blue was undeniably the most frequently seen color, about 55 cent. of all the men who passed wearing blue suits. It was a comparatively warm day and most of the walkers were minus an overcoat. It was interesting to note that the preference in topcoats—so far as could be judged from the few observed—is for the lighter shades, fawn or grey. Indeed, not a single blue overcoat was seen.

Some fifteen per cent. of the men wore the two-button sack coat in blue, and about ten per cent. had on double-breasted blue coats.

A FEW years ago brown was a very popular color for men's suits, but now it is relatively out of favor. Nearly thirty per cent. of the men noticed during the hour's survey were dressed in grey—of a great variety of shades and mixtures, it is true, but grey none the less. Browns, plain or striped, were worn by, roughly, fifteen per cent. of the strollers.

Nearly all the greys had the single-breastetd sack coat, and there was about an equal number in three and two-button styles. About ten per cent. of the greys were tweeds, less than five per cent. had double-breasted coats. Among the browns not a single double-breastetd coat was seen, and most of them were of the three-button type.

Despite the fashion experts' broadcasts about the popularity of wide "bell-bottomed" trousers, only one wearer of such a pair flounced by. Evidently Toronto's well-dresed men feel pretty certain when they dress in the morning that they will not be called upon during the day to swab a battleship's decks, so they refuse to wear trousers that were designed for such work. The lone individual who wore them on Yonge Street had neither the carriage nor the ruddy face of a seaman. He looked distinctly uncomfortable with the excess cloth flopping about his thin legs.

GREY fedora hats with a plain black band would win out in a popularity contest on Yonge Street by five to one. Brightly striped bands were rare—less than one among every hundred. Less than five per cent. of the passers-by had on a christy or derby. Men seem to have gone in for comfort rather than funereal aspect in headgear.

Brogues are not so much in evidence as they were a year ago. With Oxfords, however, they still have the favor of about seventy per cent. of the office men, apparently. Only two pairs of spats went by, and they were far from the loud affairs that used to hurt one's eyes two Winters past.

There was no time to make note of the ties worn, but the recollection of the writer is that they were, as a rule, very "quiet." Bright college stripes seemingly do not grow well outside the campus.

Ye Olde Cobbler's Shoppe Dispenser of Atmosphere

A Leaf From Dickens' Transplanted to a Busy World.

By HUBERT EVANS.

"IF we're going hiking on Saturday," I said to Jane at breakfast last Monday, "don't you think I should take my heavy boots down to be resoled and made shipshape generally?" I always consult Jane on matters of internal economy.

"By all means," she said. "I'll get them out and wrap them up now. You could take them to that new electric shoe repair place that's opened up three blocks down."

"Indeed, I'll not. I'll take them to some good old-fashioned cobbler. People are machine mad nowadays. Machine-made clothes, machine-made furniture, almost everything made by machines. It's deplorable. The cobbler is one of the few craftsmen of the good old days who has managed to survive, and now you seem to want him to pass away, too. If we could only get back to the old craftmen's guilds when people worked for the love of creating beautiful things and not for mere money, there would be less of this social unrest we read so much about."

"Is a shoe a beautiful thing?" Jane asked meekly.

"It is if you look at it in the right light," I told her. "And, anyway, I'm not going to that electric repair place, so that's that." I stirred my coffee with determination and let her see there was nothing more to be said.

THE cobbler's shop I went to was like a leaf from Dickens with its smell of honest hides, its adorable untidiness and its bearded cobbler in leather apron who peered genially up at me over old-fashioned steel spectacles as I entered. He promised me the boots by Thursday noon.

But they were not ready by Thursday noon. "If I'd of knowed you wanted them now they'd been ready," the cobbler assured me. "Friday noon was the time I said, wasn't it, Ed?" He turned to his apprentice for corroboration.

"Yep," said Ed.

I called again Friday noon. "If you don't mind waiting," said the cobbler, "I'll have them done in a jiffy. I had some special work to do this morning and it kep' me late."

I idled before the counter taking in the details of this quaint workshop. What a delightful old-world place it was, and how perfectly the cobbler fitted into it. Scores and scores of worn boots and shoes waiting to be repaired. Heavy, clumping work boots, a demure pair of ladies' dancing slippers and children's footwear piled together in a corner. The cobbler bent over his last, plying his wax-thread and awl with honest vigor. Then on the counter not eighteen inches from my nose, I saw my own boots. I told the cobbler about it.

"By golly, I thought these was yours," he exclaimed. "But them's yours, all right. Funny how things get mixed up, ain't it? Oh well, I guess I might as well finish these now and get them out of the way. I tell you what you do. You come back here at six o'clock and I'll make a point of having yours ready."

I was nettled. "Very well," I said, "but be sure you have them then, I must have them to-night. I'm going on a hike to-morrow morning early and I——"

"That's all right, that's all right, Mister. You come at six and get your boots."

I was there at six but the cobbler was not. "He went off downtown somewheres," said the apprentice, leisurely. "He's after some new stuff for his radio. He picked up KGO last night and he thinks if he has a better——"

"Oh never mind what he thinks," I snapped. "You give me my boots."

But they could not be found. We rummaged every shelf and corner of the shop in vain. "He must of laid them away somewheres," surmised the apprentice. "He won't be back again to-night, and I don't know nowhere's else to look."

WHAT was the use? I flounced out of his disgustingly dirty shop, and on Saturday instead of hiking I stayed home and cleaned out the furnace pipes.

As I said to Jane only this morning, this Chestertonian, mediaeval nonsense about fireplaces and the good old days generally may be all right in books, but when the Winter storms howl about the house give me an up-to-the-minute furnace, and Chesterton and his crowd of antiquated fogies can huddle before an open hearth and freeze for all I care.



Many a Husband Will Be Well Browned This Fall

By SAM HELLMAN.

"I SEE," says I, that brown is gona be the favorite color with the gals this fall."

"Who says so?" she comes back.

"I met Madame Simone on the street to-day." I tells the frau, "and she tips me that the wrens that don't sport a brown outfit this autumn won't have no more social standing than a cross-eyed garbage collector is got with the polo set."

"What you doing, talking with modests?" snaps the wife.

"Why not?" I returns, "me and Abe Garfinkle has been friends"—

"Abe Garfinkle?" repeats Kate.

"Sure," I explains, "he's Madame Simone; been that way for ten years. Didn't you know that most of the Madame Julies and Madame Maries was bimbos that goes to church on Saturdays? I remembers a couple brothers named Ike and Moishe Ginsburg that's now running a spiffy dead-fall on the avenue under the monicker of Francois Sewers, sewers being the French word for sisters."

"Well," remarks the misses, "it may be true like you says that brown is gonna be in a rage this fall, but what's that got to do with me. I ain't caught up yet with the color that was all the go in 1917. It ain't possible that you is thinking of buying me some clothes, is it?"

"Brown," says I, "is gonna be the favorite color and"——

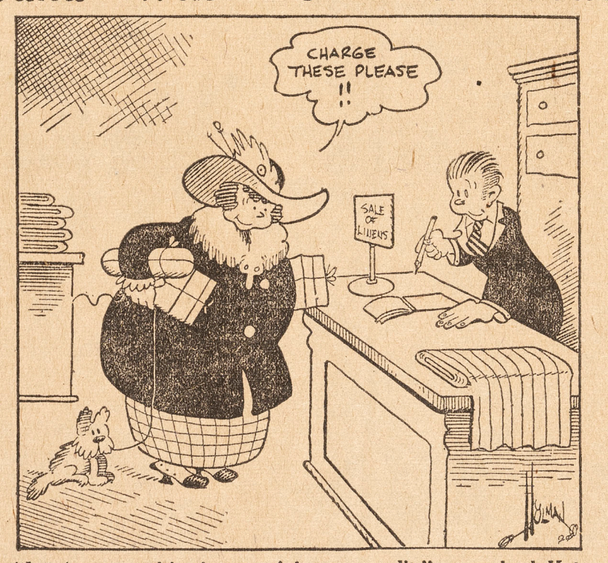
"What other hunches," interrupts the frau, "is that Madame Simoon of yours got, not that I expect to get any of the new styles, but I'd like to know what women who guessed better than I did is gonna wear this fall."

"Hats," I tells her, "is gonna be small like they is now, which is lucky for you on the account of you being able to wear those I bought you this summer."

"You bought me?" gasps the misses.

"Well," says I, "I was thinking of doing so. Don't I even get no credit for good intentions?"

"I ain't got no objections to



"I ain't got no objections to giving you credit," comes back Kate, "but I'd much rather you'd fix it so a store would give me some."

giving you credit," comes back Kate, "but I'd much rather you'd fix it so a store would give me some. What do you want me to do? Go around this autumn wearing the hats you was going to buy me last summer."

"The skirts," I informs her, "is gonna be shorter this fall, which oughta be a fine break for you."

"How do you mean?" smiles the frau, whose really got a pair of snappy chippendales and don't object none to showing 'em, careless like on purpose.

"I heard you complaining," says I, "about that summer dress you had cleaned shrinking about a foot. That'll just make it right for you."

"It would," admits the misses, "if it only shrunk from the bottom, but it done its shrinking all over. It ain't gonna be stylish to go around like you was a sausage dressed in a casing, is it?"

"That's where you're wrong," I chortles. "That's just what's gonna be stylish. Abe tells me form-fitting dresses is gonna be the catfish's ear-muffs this year and the wrens is gonna have their rags stuck on 'em like they was wall-paper. Ain't you glad?"

"Why should I be, if any?" the wife wants to know.

"Ain't it oblivious," I returns. "A woman with a form like your'n oughta be cuckoo about the new styles. Venus and Milo ain't got nothing on you, gal."

"You don't care how much flattery you spend, do you?" sniffs Kate. "I suppose if the mode was to wear dresses built like sacks, with the waistline at the ankles, you'd say I was just bui't for it."

"I can't imagine no style," says I with a deep bow, "that you wouldn't make stand out like a brick-kiln in a fog. It ain't you, my dove, that needs styles; its the styles that need you."

"Why don't you try that line on the butcher?" inquires Kate. "Maybe you won't have to pay him what you owe him."

"Don't you believe what I been saying about you?" I inquires, pained.

"I know it's true," replies the frau, "but I don't believe you. To talk me outta new dress or hat you'd swear on a stack of baubles that I was the most beautiful woman in the world——"

"Ain't you?" I demands.

"Beautiful is as beautiful does," returns the misses, "and I got so much trouble doing you that I'm beginning to doubt that I'm as beautiful as you think I think I am."

"What," I asks, kinda sorry, "do you want me to get for you?"

"Nothing," returns Kate.

"You want some fall doll-rags, don't you?" I insists.

"No," says the frau, "I don't want none now. They is one thing you can do for me, though. Will you?"

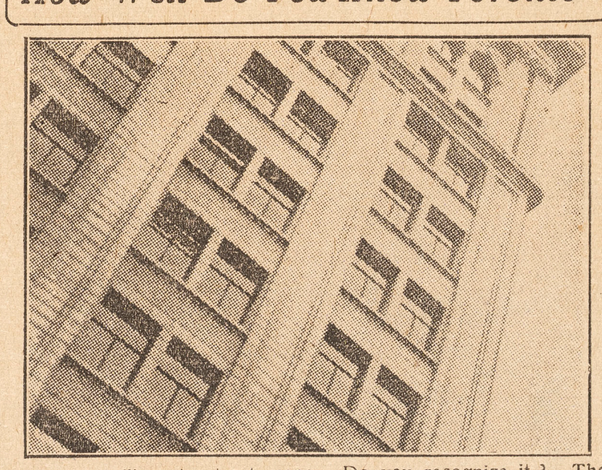
"I sure will." I swears. "What is it."

"Pay a C.O.D. charge of five hundred dollars this afternoon for me, honey," she says.

"For what?" I asks.

"My fall outfit," returns Kate. "I bought it yesterday at Madame Simone's."

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.

URBANITES WHO GO TO COUNTRY MISS POSTMAN

One Becomes Known By the P. O. Box He Keeps.

By W. J. PITTS.

IF you move from Toronto to a little town near by, one of the many things that impresses you as "different" is the postoffice box and key.

At first you miss the postman. Many a time in fact you find yourself looking down upon the linoleum in the vestibule for a long desired letter. This feeling doesn't last long. You soon begin to welcome your morning and evening excursions to the local postoffice, and to approach your box with an air of proprietorship that is quiet alien to the crowds that throng the "General Delivery" wicket. Your key, it may be said, is a tantalizingly small, saw-like affair that gets wedged away in your vest pocket, or slips into the lining and disappears along with matches, pencil ends, and other insignificant objects.

Boxes are of two kinds in most postoffices, and your social and financial standing is largely governed by the size of the box you own, or whether you own any at all.

TO begin with the latter crowd. They come night after night, as many have come for years, some of them expecting a letter, and others only there to meet friends or to pass the time away. The last thing is not so hard to do in a super-heated Government building. Hardly the place for the unburdening of a troubled conscience, for walls have ears, and little birds have been known to shout like sirens.

The big boxes are usually rented to the heads of big businesses, bank managers, and officials of the town. They generally get more mail than they can conveniently carry home; a lasting point of envy with the "General Delivery" crowd who are frequently obliged to content themselves with breakfast food ads or a mail order catalogue. If you possess an ordinary box your mail is mostly limited to letters, social and otherwise, and an odd paper or magazine.

There is a way always open to increase your prestige in this regard. You don't have to mail letters to yourself. All you have to do is to glance down the columns of any large weekly, send a half dozen postcards, and you will receive enough mail to satisfy the most avaricious wicket hound that ever walked. The "Direct Advertising" agencies will help you in this regard, but if they fall back on you just send an unstamped envelope to the Department of Agriculture, asking for one of their publications.

THE stuff you will receive from a paternal government is simply astonishing. Leaflets and pamphlets galore flood your box for a twelve month, and some times more. You may even receive a bulky report now and then at the parcel wicket, on perhaps the very day you were expecting a birthday gift from a rich aunt. The chief disadvantage to this scheme is that it becomes too much of a good thing after a while. A long yellow envelope supposedly a communication from a firm of "will" lawyers, turns out to be a brochure on "How to Winter Hogs." A treatise on the Sow Thistle hits you on the day you were expecting a letter from Jackson wanting you to come with him. By and by you begin to down and spend the week-end grow tired of it, and think of sending Ottawa an advance obituary notice of yourself.

The Basket of Snakes

The Story of an Impartial Witness With, Apparently, a Taste for Similes, and What Came of It.

By Charles Saxby

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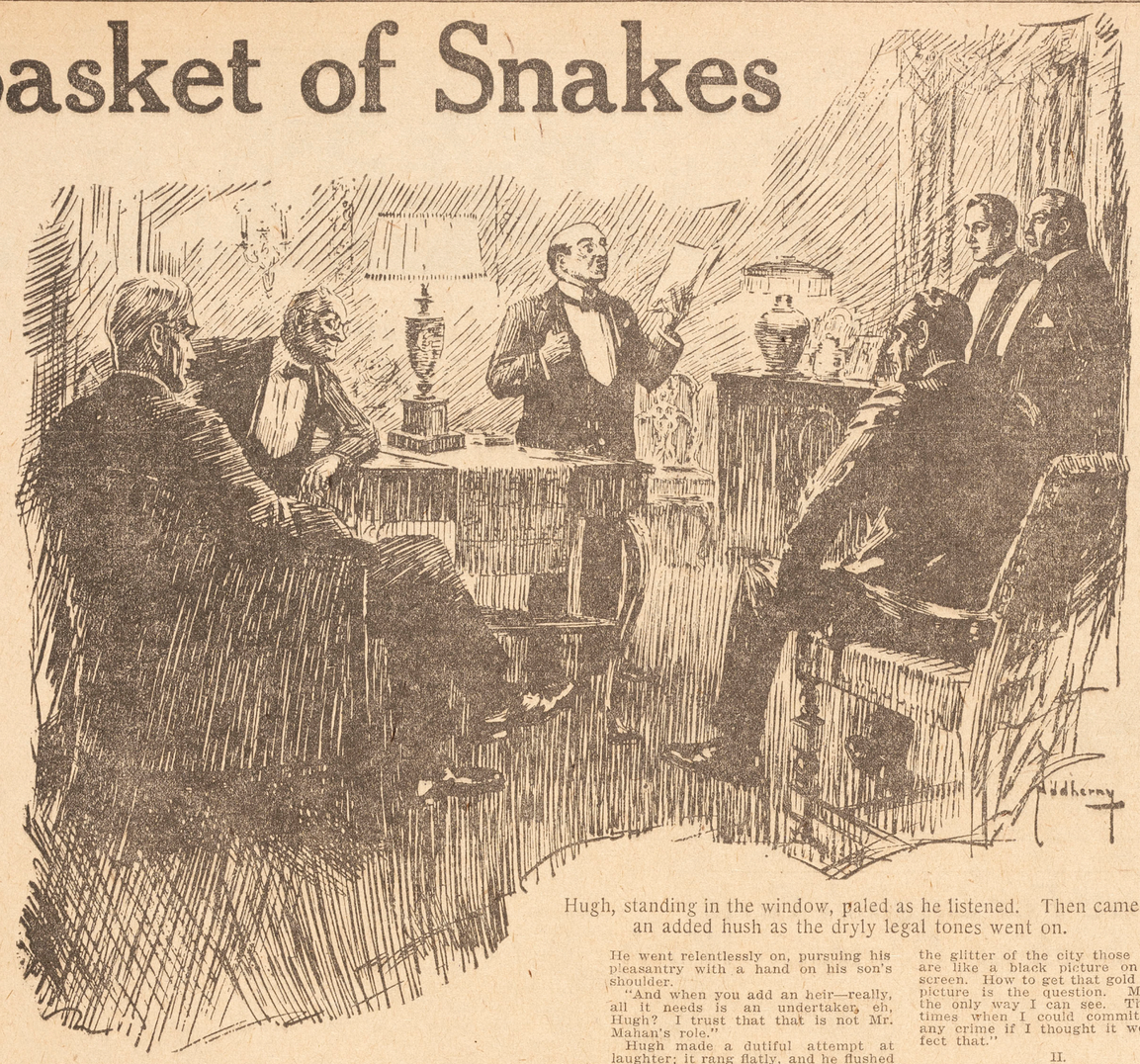

Hugh, standing in the window, paled as he listened. Then came an added hush as the dryly legal tones went on.

SINCE the future keeps its events so carefully up its sleeve, it was with no premonition that the two guests walked the terrace at Lakeholme that afternoon.

Of all places Lakeholme, spread out in the richness of the October afternoon, looked the least threatening. It seemed rather one of those fortunate spots where the world of men grows thin and lets through some hint of a brighter backing. Formal gardens surrounded the house, then pine woods, the glint of a lake, and the great stretches of private links still showing the furrows left by wartime potatoes. Those potatoes, carefully reproduced in the newspapers, had been a compelling gesture. But then Peter McAusland was a master of gesture. Lakeholme itself was one, swept defiantly in the face of the world as a fortress of masculine retreat.

On the terrace the smaller of the two men blinked about him, thinking aloud in a voice dryly harsh.

"The place epitomizes his life, you know."

"What place and whose life?" asked the other.

"McAusland's, of course. Whose else? A bitter grasping for power in the midst of a still more bitter isolation."

"O!" the other murmured.

He was Dr. Hobyn, the sort of physician to whom the reporters delight to allude as "the famous specialist." A large, inflamed sort of man, put up in the Jeffersonian manner of turned out toes and entailed dignity. His glance held a perpetual blue choler, and everything he said sounded tremendously important.

"With McAusland a lot of that's liver," he pronounced.

Much of his professional reputation came from his way of explaining ethical or moral lapses as physical derangements. Women found him especially comforting. But, like the Metropolitan Museum, which he vaguely resembled, Dr. Hobyn was deadly respectable, in spite of the curious knowledges inside him.

"Who else is here?" he asked.

"Father Sebastian, for one."

That came with an added dryness, and the doctor whistled, softly.

"But look here, Montefiore, isn't that going rather far?"

The one addressed as Montefiore was obviously a Jew and, as obviously, a lawyer. He was a wispy little man, with a domelike head on which the hair had met its Marne. His glance was of an almost venomous intelligence, and his politics as reactionary as the Talmud. He was that unpopular thing known as a "corporation lawyer," and certain journals served him up as a Jewish looking monkey sitting on the shoulder of a bloated human "trust." In return he had pickled his tongue in an acid impertinence.

"Really now—Father Sebastian," Hobyn rumbled on. "Why, wasn't he the—er—other man?"

"My dear fellow, there never was another man—the trial proved that," Montefiore rasped. "It is simply that it has taken McAusland twenty-five years to admit that he was wrong."

"But to have Father Sebastian here, and the boy at the same time."

"Merely a rather sweeping admission on McAusland's part that his accusations were groundless. He never did do anything by halves."

Hobyn pondered that breathily.

"That's spleen. Well," he continued, as if the pronouncement disassociated him from all responsibility. "I'm here professionally."

"So am I. He made his will this morning with the aid of his attorney. I am not betraying confidence. We are all to witness it after dinner."

"His will? Why, I gave him another fifteen years after my examination this morning."

"As I said, McAusland loves to go the whole hog. As to the guests, the only one I know of is this Mr Mahan."

"Just who is he, anyway?"

"My dear man, did you ever know just who any of these westeners are?"

Montefiore's own birthplace had been Portugal, but he spoke with an adamantine conceit of your as nearly native as any New Yorker can be.

"With them we have to reverse things," he continued. "Here among ourselves we know with such ghastly certainty just who everybody is that we seldom trouble to know them. Westerners, on the other hand, come with an appalling capacity for personal intimacy and no indications of who they may really be."

"They probably don't know themselves. And is this Mahan one whom you know with such appalling intimacy?"

"I know that I don't know him, and that's something."

MONTEFIORE stopped as a figure detached itself from the shadow of a great stone vase. A spare figure, his face striking a note of sun bronze in the midst of a general effect of pleasing grayness. An unobstrusive figure, one at which people would hardly glance twice. If they did so they were apt to look again. It took notice to detect the texture of the man. From his grizzled hair and the sun wrinkles about his eyes he was probably well into the forties, but his still supple lines took off some years of that.

His gray gaze held a twinkle. He must have heard part of the conversation, at least, but Montefiore's native impertinence came instantly to his rescue.

"Ah, Mr. Mahan, we were just discussing you."

"May I ask the verdict?" the other inquired, and Montefiore's hands went up in one of his incurable gestures.

"Simply that we couldn't arrive at any at all."

Mahan considered that as he proffered his cigar case.

"Well, that is the only verdict I have been able to arrive at myself," he said.

He seemed to have a way of finishing a subject with a single sentence. One could almost see it expiring on the flagstones at their feet. The doctor glowered as though he suspected the other's interior organs.

"You are here in connection with the Matanzas oil fields, aren't you?" Montefiore suggested.

One of his tricks was to imply something which he knew to be false in order that the truth might rush out to refute it. But Mahan leaped the trap as if it were not there. Montefiore thought he had never seen so non-committal a gaze as this man's; it appeared to take everything in and give nothing back, like a mirror.

"No, I'm—just here, I guess," said Mahan. "I'm really a most useless person, quite unconnected with anything. Just a man—at large."

"How did you get out?" chuckled Montefiore.

"I found out that we are none of us every really in."

That finished that. Mahan swung himself up to a seat on the broad balustrade of the terrace. A quiet man and one, as Montefiore had already discovered, surprisingly well informed. One met him everywhere, even at houses like this, where as only claim to an invitation seemed the fact that he honestly did not care if he were invited or not. That attitude was particularly baffling to women, but flew no flags and offered no explanations.

AT the formal entrance down the terrace men were twining an elaborate design of the flags of the former allies. That was in preparation for the morrow, when a visiting marshal of France would pin a decoration on Peter McAusland's coat in recognition of his aid to the devastated zone. There would be a luncheon with a senator or two, some ambassadors, and an Episcopal bishop. McAusland liked the grand manner and a bishop is, perhaps, the best that America can do. There would also be reporters and a battery of moving picture cameras, for McAusland had the knack of being always "big news." The importance of it all made the comparative nondistinction of the little house party all the more apparent.

Mahan was considering that behind his quiet glance. He looked up at the house, soaring above them into a bouquet of towers with much machicolation. From a flagstaff flew the McAusland pennon, a green star on a white ground. That private flag certainly lent an air, especially when one remembered it could be seen over half the world, in every place where rubber or oil could be profitably secured. Peter McAusland's way had been to seize defenceless little tropical places and wind them up in a net of his plantations and steamer lines. The Starboard islands were practically in his pocket. Waganda, a considerable part of Mexico, and the oil ports of the Persian gulf dangled like ornaments from his watch chain.

He was something of a great little man in his way, with a lingering Scotch middle class complex and a strange inability to forget an enemy or to hold a friendship. The wreck of his domestic life proved that. But that, of course, was over now, and this occasion was the acknowledgment of its end.

And yet—Mahan wondered again, wondering just what he was wondering at. His capacity for wonderment was almost embarrassing at times. Meanwhile he gazed up at the great mass of the house.

"Quite a place," he remarked.

"You are probably aware that Lakeholme is considered one of our best examples of Spanish renaissance," Hobyn offered.

"That means feudal Gothic with a touch of Moorish subtlety," Mahan nodded.

"Are you one of those who profess to draw a connection between the character of a man and the kind of house he builds?" demanded the physician.

Mahan took his time in replying, half draping himself along the balustrade.

"Do you know, the way in which we attempt to trace connections always strikes me as rather ridiculous," he said, at last. "It makes me think of a man with a basket of snakes trying to sort them out by joining up the nearest head to the nearest tail."

"I see—one of your picturesque western similes," Hobyn patronized. "But really, now, who ever heard of a basket of snakes?"

"No one, probably," Mahan agreed. "Yet here it is, all about us every where we go. A queer snarl of human events of which we see only the heads and tails—buzz or poison as the case may be. And who can tell which middle really belongs to which finish?"

Hobyn snorted, with an odd effect of hoofing at the flagstones. Montefiore gave one of his keen chuckles.

"My good man, I'd like to have you in the witness box."

half draping himself along the balus-

THERE were voices coming down the terrace; three men, with Peter McAusland himself in the lead. He was extraordinarily like the caricatures of himself. Those keen pens always depicted him as a little man, thick-set, with long body and short legs, and a face like a cherub in need of a shave. A purely exterior, rubber sort of cherub, fashioned about a core of inner iron. How the artists managed to express all that with a few strokes of the pen they and heaven alone knew. But that was how he looked as he came down the terrace, clad in a shabby golfing suit, his closely-clipped beard like a silver frosting on his pink face.

Coming quickly, a step or two in advance of his companions, he resembled a high-powered tug pulling along a couple of craft—craft totally dissimilar, yet alike just then in a common air of being stripped down and rather rudderless, both bound to McAusland's motive force.

The elder of the two, in clerical black with a gold cross, was known as Father Sebastian. Tall, gaunt, his face was too furrowed and sensitive for genuine strength. Twenty-five years before, as rector of a fashionable Episcopal church, he had attracted much notice by his revival of a fiery mysticism accompanied by much ritual. Then he had suddenly resigned and plunged into social missionary work in what is vaguely known as the tenement districts.

The other, the only young man in the party, was Hugh McAusland. It was across his cradle that Peter McAusland had battled with his wife until the highest court in the Union had pronounced the child his own. Since then, until within a few days, Hugh McAusland had never seen this legally proven father of his. And Father Sebastian was the man whom Peter McAusland had been bitterly bent upon proving to be the partner of his wife's supposed guilt.

It was a strange situation as the three came together along the terrace, one created by Peter McAusland's sudden right about face in deciding to acknowledge his son. The situation was hardly a credit to his good taste. But then, Mahan reflected, one did not become the McAusland Tire Company, the Cosmic Oil and the Green Star lines by dint of good taste. It took something ruthless to force the world to deliver up so much of its guarded values.

The host stopped, with much glitter of eyeglasses and smiling teeth.

"Mr. Mahan, I believe you have not yet met my son—and Father Sebastian."

The cleric bowed gravely. Hugh thrust out an impulsive hand.

"Say, you are from the West, aren't you, Mr. Mahan?"

"My son has spent some years in—Oregon, Wasn't it?" his father explained.

In his slim, slightly Italian fashion, Hugh probably resembled his mother. Just then his good looks were clouded over as if he had really no desire to be there in this situation of his father's contriving. McAusland was voluble, almost noisy, with much show of paternal affection. Of the three, it was the Father who most kept his dignity at that moment.

Smiling hugely, McAusland turned his glittering eyeglasses on the group.

"A doctor, a lawyer and a priest," he crowed. "Usually that combination is the last in a man's life."

He laughed at his own joke. Like most small men, he seemed to make up in egoism for his lack of inches. He went relentlessly on, pursuing his pleasantry with a hand on his son's shoulder.

"And when you add an heir—really, all it needs is an undertaker, eh, Hugh? I trust that that is not Mr. Mahan's role."

Hugh made a dutiful attempt at laughter; it rang flatly, and he flushed at the sound of it. With loud good humor McAusland clapped him again upon the shoulder.

"But at your age you can afford to give the old man a few years more, my boy—fifteen to twenty of them, Dr. Hobyn said this morning. You will pardon us, gentlemen; we have things to see to for to-morrow."

LINKING arms, he bore his son away, and with his departure there seemed somehow more air to breathe. The man undoubtedly had power of a sort; it stood out about him like an aggressive mist. The group on the terrace drifted apart, and it was Father Sebastian who fell to Mahan's share.

They strolled down through the gardens, then across the shaven meadows to the lake. The light lay in golden bars between the pines, the Autumn haze was as a bloom upon the land.

"A wonderful place, this," Father Sebastian was saying. "Though, of course, to yourself, after the vast spaces of your own marvellous West ——"

That he was genuinely a somebody was proven by his instantaneous Eastern habit of placing all Westerners as a race apart. He had the physical dignities of an old school tragedian. They matched well with the slight flamboyance of his self-bestowed clerical title.

"I can see how the place must seem to you after the East Side," Mahan returned.

"Ah—the East side ——"

Mahan had chosen the right word. With it another atmosphere descended on the Father, one of a wilderness of people pent up in a clattering place.

The East Side!" he repeated. "There are times when I almost suspect that Swedenborg knew something. Have you read his description of the city of the average dead? A place of drab infinitude, where shadows, unaware of their own death, conduct a memory of buying and selling; a mockery of spectral gains and losses. And in the centre of it all a hole that leads down to the hells."

They had reached the lake, where swans preened among the sedges and the pines doubled themselves in the still surface. A piece of some placid paradise it looked, but the clergyman's eyes were clouded by the visions which, it seemed, he had not quite the fibre to support.

"The hopelessness of it all," he went on. "The startling monotony, not aware of its own death, hardly of its own misery even. It is the deathly respectability that is so terrible; you have no idea of the prides of the poor. Even their sins are without spirit or joy. They circle round their hole to hell, but they never really jump into it. Down there are fire and brilliance and all the things which they dare not face. But here"—he paused, sweeping a hand towards the arrogance of Lakeholme—"here is a man who has dared. Only McAusland himself could tell what he has faced to tap the golden stream of the world like this."

"But is there so much actual distress in New York?"

"Distress is always with us. Starvation—no—except the bitter hunger of the spirit, unrecognized except as a perpetual snarl and whine. Against the glitter of the city those districts are like a black picture on a gold screen. How to get that gold into the picture is the question. Money is the only way I can see. There are times when I could commit almost any crime if I thought it would effect that."

II.

THE routine of Lakeholme was unsparingly English in its model, and dinner had passed with a smother of food and ceremony.

In a disjointed group the guests strolled down the Curio Gallery. Vaulted ceiling and walls of mosaic and dull gold; great mirrors recessed in deep alcoves; rows of cases containing things rare and strange from the McAusland properties scattered across the world's map.

"This gallery always reminds me of a department store," Montefiore shrugged.

Mahan, walking at his side, stopped to examine a case of specimens from the South Sea Islands. More curious than curios, they seemed; had there been women at Lakeholme they would have had to be curtained. Their presence struck a revealing side light on the character of their owner.

"A store with some odd departments, certainly," he replied. "And what comes next on the program?"

"The signing of the will, I believe. Our host has a touch of the dear old melodrama about him."

"The cast is complete," Montefiore caustically continued. "The benevolent millionaire, the mystic priest, and the gallant young heir whom all the audience know to be in for two hours and a half of engaging trouble. The rest of us are the comic character bits, I presume. Even the accused lady, though absent in person, is here in spirit."

"What became of Mrs. McAusland after the trial?"

"She refused all efforts at reconciliation, took her son, and went to relatives on the Pacific Coast."

"That accounts for Oregon," Mahan nodded. "And Father Sebastian buried himself on the east side. Odd that the two proven innocent should have been the ones to throw up everything and disappear."

"It is usually the innocent who do the strange things," the lawyer returned. "Guilt is more apt to be circumspect. This is the way in to the study."

McAusland's study was a surprise. With its silken hangings and gilt chairs it more resembled a man's idea of a woman's boudoir, save for the incongruous mahogany desk.

There was probably a private staircase concealed somewhere above, but the only entrance from the gallery was by one of those mirror lined alcoves which held a sudden turn. That hidden entrance lent an intriguing air of secrecy to the place. One could imagine almost anything as taking place in that hidden nest. McAusland was awaiting them with the attorney who had drawn his will. In that pink setting, with firelight and shaded lamps, his silvered geniality made him look like some barbered Santa Claus scattering gifts.

Munificent gifts they proved as the will was read. Everything without reserve to "my dear son, Hugh Peter McAusland." Hugh, standing in the window, paled as he listened. Then came an added hush as the dryly legal tones went on.

"—and in the event of the said Hugh Peter McAusland deceasing without legal issue . . . entire estate as hereinbefore described . . . to . . ."

Impossible; not even McAusland was capable of quite that; they must be hearing amiss. Hobyn was frankly open mouthed beneath his clipped, bottle brush mustache; Montefiore bent forward, startled into the eminent counsel. Hugh had flushed and his fingers were unconsciously destroying a silk curtain at his back. Father Sebastian might have been carved from some gray green stone.

". . . the Reverend James Clinton Dalhousie, now otherwise known as Father Sebastian of the mission church of Saint Mary the Sorrowful, City of New York.

THE whole estate to Father Sebastian, should Hugh die without legal children. It took all the combined social training of the group to surmount that moment. Only McAusland was the same, nodding delightedly like some miraculously frosted child. An unbelievable man; for a quarter of a century he had been bent in bitterness until it seemed that his mental and physical tissues must have "grown that way." Now, by some inconceivable contortion, he was leaning as far in the opposite direction.

It was the doctor who first recovered from the general surprise, clapping Hugh upon the back.

"You will have to wait, my boy; I gave your father another lease of life this morning."

"Thank God for that," Hugh breathed.

"Amen," Father Sebastian pronounced. "And to you, lad, a happy marriage and soon I hope. And the Church of Saint Mary the Sorrowful is always open for christenings."

The signatures were witnessed and they trooped out again. Mahan was last with Peter McAusland at his side. The short passage from study to gallery was unlighted, and Mahan halted. Surely when he came in he had turned at a sharp angle, yet there right ahead of him was a glimpse of the brilliantly lit Curio gallery.

McAusland nodded at the other's surprise.

"That is merely a reflection," he explained. "One reflected from the mirror that faces the gallery; we calculated the angles with precision. A man of my mark has to take precautions, you know. As I sit in my study with the door open I can see anyone who approaches, or who even crosses the gallery here."

Mahan examined the angling of the mirrors and an involuntary, "But if you can see them, then——" rose to his lips. But he cut it short, substituting a smile of understanding.

"And persons seen in reflection unknown to themselves, are seen so differently," he said.

"One catches them off guard like that," McAusland returned, rubbing his plump hands in satisfaction. "One never knows, there may even be treacheries in one's own household. Should anything happen to me, you might remember I mentioned that suspicion."

So that was his place here in this Lakeholme affair, Mahan thought, as he prepared for bed that night. His was the role of the impartial observer who was to remember having been told something.

As he considered that, there came a tap on his door, and Hugh McAusland's voice.

"I just came to make sure that you are being properly looked after," he said, as he entered at Mahan's bidding. "Have you everything you want?"

"Everything, thanks."

Under his smile Mahan's glance was keen as he looked at the other, standing irresolutely just inside the door. He seemed a young man under stress, which is a thing that a youth never understands. Of course, from his age, he must have shared in the stresses of the war. But that had been a general affair, while this, whatever it might be, was something private, locked in his own person. Mahan remembered times when he himself had been driven to seek comfort in unlikely quarters. As a rule it merely meant someone to listen to him.

"I have everything," he repeated, "except a disposition to sleep. Sit down and smoke. How long is it since you left the west?"

"Three weeks," Hugh answered, as he lit a cigarette and wandered uneasily about the room. "I feel like a fish out of water here."

"There are ways of becoming amphibious."

"But I don't know that I want to," Hugh objected, in the conservatism of his youth.

He took another turn, fingering at objects without seeing them. Mahan smoked quietly, certain that sooner or later the young fellow would talk.

"I don't want that money," Hugh burst out at last. "I never wanted to come here at all. All this means nothing to me. I had my own life out there and this is changing it all about."

"What had you planned for yourself?"

"I was starting out in civil engineering. I had just got my first job on a big power project up in the Cascades. I loved it."

There was a pride in that announcement. One could imagine him, standing on the edge of some great gash in the earth, done up in gray cords, much leather, and all the cub engineer's consciousness of being virile and picturesque.

"I never wanted to come to this damn place—I merely came because of . . . things . . ."

Because of his mother, he meant. That was the reason for Father Sebastian's presence, too. This belated paternal recognition of Hugh was the final vindication of Mrs. McAusland. She, and not Peter McAusland's wealth, was the force which had drawn them both to Lakeholme.

MAHAN let Hugh talk. Most of it was mere irritation and homesickness for the west, but the relief of speech was like picking a blister. He was probably unconscious of how much poison he let out. At last he gathered himself for departure.

"Sorry to make a nuisance of myself, but it is good to see one of my own kind of people. Thanks so much . . . good-night."

An engaging young man, and all the more so for being a trifle lost just then. From an open window Mahan looked out on the stretches of Lakeholme, graying under a rising moon. That pink and gold study remained with him as a somehow sinister memory. It must have been intended for Mrs. McAusland. A glowing hidden heart of the house it should have been, but for twenty-five years it had been empty of all save a brooding bitterness. A curious man, McAusland; and a queer squirming world, all heads and tails. . . . .

III.

IT was late before Mahan strolled along the terrace next morning.

He had breakfasted in his room. Preparations were afoot for the day's events; decorators hanging flags along the avenue, a truck load of roses being brought in. Through a bay of leaded glass he saw McAusland and Hugh together in the study, and in a few moments they came out.

"Anything you need from the drug store, Mr. Mahan?" his host inquired.

"I am sending Hugh on a little errand. The fact is"—he paused, glancing about in humorous caution — "but don't let Hobyn know it, aspirin; I have a rotten headache and there's the luncheon to face. Hobyn hates aspirin and would make me lie down and perhaps countermand the whole affair. But you won't give me away."

Hugh smiled mechanically. He never addressed his father except as "you," sometimes actually distorting his sentences to avoid a more intimate form. McAusland went gaily on.

"Where is Father Sebastian? I sent for him—O, there he is. Come, padre. I heard you wished to run into town, and here is Hugh just going. A nice tete-a-tete drive for you both. A chance to confess your sins, Hugh. Don't be too hard on him, father. Remember we were all younger once. Just the aspirin, my boy, and don't let Hobyn get wind of it."

He bustled them off with incurable good humor, seeming to see nothing strange in this enforced intimacy between his son and the man whom he himself had accused of being that son's father. His jokes kept one almost afraid of what he might say next. There seemed actual intent under that genial exuberance. And through it all persisted the sense of the unseen presence of the woman who had never entered that house. It was a relief when the car rolled away with that ill assorted pair.

"And you, Mr. Mahan, what will you do with yourself until the luncheon?" McAusland asked. "Ride—motor? Or Hobyn is looking for some one to go round the links with him. Montefiore, I suspect, is in his room practising a speech for the day's occasion. My own little impromptu of stammering thanks is already typed and learned."

Mahan's usually pleasant grayness had a steely quality that morning. He knew the mood which was upon him, coolly aloof, intensely watchful even though there seemed nothing to watch. He never invited that mood, but he never fought it when it came.

It was that, rather than his own choice, which answered: "I was planning to examine the exhibits in your gallery."

"A-ha," McAusland exclaimed, digging him in the ribs with a Rabelaisian understanding. "Some of them are quite interesting—eh? Of course, I understand that your interest is purely scientific. It is remarkable what a number of unsuspected scientists those South Sea cases have discovered amongst my visitors."

Mahan was in no hurry; it was some time before he lounged into the gallery, and he was still there when Hugh returned and went through the mirrored alcove into his father's study. A moment later he came out

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.

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By Harry Wall

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Some women have wrecked empires. Violet Derring did not play with such high stakes.

THIS is one of the finest, outstanding hits of the new season. It is a war play, of which there are now several on Broadway, including "Nerves" and "What Price Glory." "Havoc" was imported by the Shuberts, with its original cast, from the Haymarket Theatre, London, where the play had a sensationally successful run.

* * *

PEOPLE in Violet Derring's set said that she was simply insensitive—her ravishing beauty, which had all London talking, had become the lure of an acquisitive and cold-blooded nature.

That spring of 1918 was memorable in London social circles for more reasons than one. The bitter German offensive along the British front had set all nerves a-tingling with conflicting reports leading to bursts of feverish rejoicing and as feverish and sudden spasms of depression. A forced gaiety, in the form of charity bazaars, midnight dances, and other exotic entertainments, acted as a sort of mental stabilizer.

In all this, Violet Derring took a prominent part. Her picture, in fancy dress costume, appeared in the papers; her beauty recipes were quoted, and the announcement of her engagement to Captain Roddy Dunton was a social event which shared the front page columns with the latest news from France.

Her engagement, however, did not exclude Violet Derring from the company of her many erstwhile admirers. While Roddy was at the front she came and went as she pleased, somewhat to the amusement of her friends. And then, one day, Dick Chappell came home on leave. Dick and Roddy were bosom friends; they had grown up together, were at the front together and had vied amicably for the hand of the fair Violet.

It was four o'clock of a windy March afternoon when Dick arrived at the Derring mansion. Tessie Dunton had been there but a few moments before. As Roddy's sister she had lately felt some concern over Violet's rather free behavior; after all, an affianced woman was subject to a certain restraint, and people were beginning to talk.

Whatever their talk had been, it had put no damper on the spirits of Violet Derring. In fact, she was in a particularly provocative mood when Dick was announced. A tall, dark-haired youth with finely limned features, he made a strikingly romantic figure in his trim uniform. His manner was a trifle constrained.

Violet—"Oh, Dick, this is a pleasure!"

Dick—"In the ordinary way I shouldn't have come here at all."

Violet—"Why not; I've shared your other leaves?"

Dick—"It's different now. I've come to bring you this. . . ."

He held forth a small parcel. With an impatient gesture Violet took it, unwrapped the folder, and glanced a moment at its contents. Placing it on the table beside her she looked up with a smile.

Violet—"Poor old Roddy—he's a dreadfully unimaginative lover. Dick, when you fall in love with a woman, never give her watch bracelets."

Dick—"I'm pretty dud at choosing presents myself. Roddy went specially to Amiens for that. He thought you'd like it."

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You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex; then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill up the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for $2.50.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Violet—"Then you must tell him I do. (As Dick turns to leave) Must you go?"

Dick—"I think I ought to."

Violet (puts her hand on his arm)—"Dick—do you still love me?"

Dick (hesitates)—"No!"

Violet—"It's because you want to be loyal to Roddy that you say, 'No'—isn't it? (He bows his head and moves away). Is that why we can't be friends?"

DICK (desperately)—"Yes, that's why. You knew I couldn't forget—ever. Why couldn't you be content just to know—content to accept the pretence that you were no more to me than a woman one brushes against in the street? I've tried to play fair—why couldn't you?"

Violet (draws closer to him)—"I'm a woman, Dick—we never play fair. Well, why don't you kiss me?"

Dick—"For heaven's sake—let me go—"

Violet (kneeling on divan with arms outstretched)—"Why don't you kiss me? The barriers are down—you needn't be afraid of me any more."

Dick—"We must play the game by Roddy."

Violet—"Suppose I said I'd made a mistake—that I didn't care enough for Roddy to marry him—would that make it any easier for you to kiss me?"

Dick—"Vi!"

She was in his arms, her warm lips against his own, everything obliterated in the mad impulse of the moment. Neither heard the door open.

Tessie (entering)—"Oh! I didn't know—Dick, you?"

Dick (looks up)—"Tessie!"

Violet—"Why have you come back?"

Tessie—"I left my bag (She goes to the table and picks up her bag). Do you want me to write and tell Roddy what I've just seen, or will you?"

Dick—"Please, Tessie—don't do that."

Tessie—"I must know whether she considers herself engaged to my brother."

Dick—"Violet is going to marry me—now."

Tessie — "Then you'll tell Roddy?"

Dick—"Yes."

Without a word, but pale and trembling, Tessie turned and left the room. For a long minute there was silence between the two. Somehow the great moment had gone for each—lost its glamor—seemed suddenly unreal. Releasing Violet's hand, Dick strode across to the window, muttering to himself:

God knows how I'll tell him—it will just about break his heart."

FOR three days ammunition trains and detachments of troops had been cluttering the roads that ran past Holnon Woods toward Villers-le-Petit, in Northern France. The show was "presently about to commence again," as Babe Playfair put it, while he ruefully contemplated the luxury of the Nisson hut in which he and Smithy were at the moment seated. From the distance sounded the occasional "crump-crump" of exploding shells. The battalion had been "en repos" for a week but was evidently soon to resume its front-line activities.

The mail had just arrived, with a copy of the Tatler for Babe and a letter from the wife for Smithy. Babe Playfair was a curly-haired youth—little more than a boy—who had come out the month before as a lieutenant of infantry. Smithy, his companion, also a lieutenant of infantry, was an older man, slightly bald, whose scholarly demeaner had never been quite obliterated by the savagery of his new environment.

Babe (turning pages of Tatler)—"I say, where is Roddy?"

Smithy—"Gone with the other O. C. companies to reconnoitre the front lines."

Babe—"That's ominous. We shan't be lingering much longer in this leafy bower. Hello, here's another photograph of Roddy's girl. (Reads) 'Miss Violet Derring, the well-known society beauty, in the costume she will wear in the tableaux at the Palace Theatre next week.' I say—you can see Roddy's ring on her finger quite plainly. A lot of plonking diamonds in the form of a cross. Isn't she a stunner!"

Smithy (holds out snapshot)—"That's my wife, Babe—with the youngsters."

Babe—"Um—jolly little beggars, aren't they? I'll have to get a young woman, Smithy. You know I go on leave after Dick gets back. Just my luck though to get run over by a Boche tank in the next offensive. That would be sickening, wouldn't it? Have you ever noticed how fellows get pipped, either just before they go on leave, or just after they come back? Leave's unlucky!"

The door opened and Roddy Dunton, a roll of orders in one hand, breezed into the hut. Capt. Dunton was a squarely-built, aggressive man of about forty, brusque and to the point—a direct antithesis in character to his friend, Dick Chappell. With a cheery word of greeting he spread a paper on the table and motioned the others over beside him.

Roddy—"Well, men, we're going up. Here's the lay-out. Three companies in the front line and one in support Battalion front. Compris?"

Babe—"Smithy does—he's the brainy one—carry on."

Roddy—"Each front line company will man a self-contained bit of trench system called a redoubt. Three platoons in there—and one in support, back at company headquarters."

Smithy (looking at plans)—"But they don't join up. Good Lord, how silly. Why the Boche could walk through those gaps and the redoubts wouldn't stand an earthly chance."

"Roddy—"The theory is that a counter-attack would be launched by the company in support and the situation restored."

Babe—"Even with Dick back again we're still the only company with an officer short. We ought to draw for support company and the jolly old counter-attack."

Roddy—"We shan't—don't worry. You'd better go now and post your N.C.O's."

Babe and Smithy withdrew while Roddy crossed to his bunk and began hauling out trench shoes and helmet. In the midst of his task the door opened and Dick Chappell stepped into the room. He smiled faintly at Roddy's boisterous greeting and allowed himself to be propelled toward the centre of the room.

Roddy—"Well, Dick, old man—welcome back to it all! Now come, tell me about everything. I'm dying to hear. Did you do all the theatres? How's Vi? She seems to keep busy with those side-shows of hers. Talk man."

Dick—"I—I saw quite a lot of her."

Roddy—"Lucky dog! I hope you told her I was getting handsomer every day. Dick—didn't she give you any message for me? I haven't heard in a fortnight."

Dick—"Roddy, I—there's a letter for you."

AWKWARDLY fishing an envelope from his pocket, Dick handed it across to his friend. The lines about his mouth twitched nervously as he watched the other.

Roddy—"You infernal odd ass—why didn't you give me it before? (He starts to open the envelope) There's something hard in this envelope. What is it? It feels like a—like a—(He hesitates) Dick—do you know what's in it?"

Dick—"For God's sake open it!"

Roddy tore open the envelope. From the folded sheet within dropped a diamond ring in the form of a cross. For a second the latter gazed at it uncomprehendingly and then his eyes sought the paper and he began reading aloud.



"In the ordinary way I shouldn't have come here at all."

"I'm sorry if it hurts you, Roddy. Forgive me and ask Dick to explain."

Roddy (looks up)—"Then you knew what was in here?"

Dick—"Yes."

Roddy—"I—I suppose the explanation is that there's another fellow?"

Dick—"Yes—Roddy, I——"

Roddy—"Oh, go ahead—talk! So that's all there is left. (He looks at the ring) My nerves are all shot, Dick. Talk. Tell me, what's the new show at the Alhambra? It's just as if everything good and true—in the world—had gone. (He holds up the ring) Only that left—ha, ha! Well, I guess friendship lasts longer than the love of woman, eh, Dick?"

Dick—"I've got to explain. Roddy, I loved her too—always have loved her. Sometimes, in the line, you'd read me bits of her letters. That was torture to me. You made me take her that bracelet thing—I tried to make excuses. You would have me see her. Well—I saw her. Just now I told you there was another man. . . . I'm trying to tell you who he is."

Roddy (rising)—"You—you!"

Dick—"Yes, I'm the other fellow."

Suddenly Roddy's face blanched hard. His lips trembled. One hand went back and snatched the revolver from its place in his belt.

"You bloody swine!" he snarled. "You—my God!"

Slowly he replaced the weapon. The high-pitched nerves relaxed, but in the look with which he regarded his friend was an implacable hatred—something elemental, bestial, dwarfing all other emotions.

Turning abruptly on his heel he strode out of the hut.

For a long moment Dick sat staring at the opposite wall—the muscles of his face working spasmodically. After all the long years of their friendship—! If Roddy could only have taken it as he, Dick, had taken it! Someone was coming down the walk. He rose to his feet. The door opened and Babe and Smithy were at his side pumping his arm and firing questions at him. Presently the former spied the ring, with the cross of diamonds, lying on the table.

Babe—"I say, who's the owner of this pretty thing?"

Dick—"It's—it's Roddy's. Put it back where you found it."

Babe (picking up a magazine)—"I say Dick, have you seen this photograph of Miss Derring in last week's Tatler? I expect it's the last photograph she'll have taken, wearing this ring."

Smithy—"What do you mean, Babe?"

Babe—"I may be young and pure, but I can put two and two together ever so correctly. The Derring woman has chucked Roddy and sent his ring back."

* * *

THE battalion had gone into position and for two days and nights had been subjected to a heavy "strafing". On the third evening an acrid fog settled down over the lines making it difficult to see a yard ahead. The firing slackened perceptibly and Roddy and his staff, in Company C headquarters, in the cellar of La Ferme de la Dame Alice, waited anxiously for the surprise attack which seemed imminent.

Something was decidedly wrong! Twice during the early evening runners had come in to report no trace of A and B companies on the right and No. 1 Redoubt, some fifty yards in front, in command of Dick and Babe, had not reported for an hour. Moreover the lines to Battalion headquarters were cut.

Shortly before midnight there was a commotion and the sound of voices outside the cellar, and Dick came staggering into the dim circle of candle light. His uniform was torn and muddy and his eyes half open. He started toward Roddy and then — with hands outstretched — both men suddenly stiffened to a formal recognition.

Dick—"I had a runner with me—he's been killed—don't know how I've escaped. I'm a bit wonky. We've had a hell of a gruelling up in front to-day. Babe and I tossed up for who'd make the trip back here. Babe won—so I came—but it's taken me nearly an hour to find you. Did you get my messages?"

Roddy—"I got one that said you hadn't been attacked and were all right."

Dick—"All right? Ha—ha—there's me and Babe——and fifteen men. That's all there are left. I want to know whether you can get us up supports, or whether I'm to withdraw."

Roddy—"I can't order you to withdraw, if that's what you want."

Dick—"If we're to hold on, then for heaven's sake, get us supports."

Roddy—"I tell you the wires are broken—I can't get through to headquarters."

Dick—"Send a runner."

Roddy—"And say that Lieutenant Chappell has advised me that I ought to take him out of the front line?"

Dick—"Roddy."

Roddy—"As long as I'm in command of C company I'll give my own orders. If you like, you can wait here until the wire is repaired and I can get some orders."

Dick—"If it won't take long, I'll wait. They're only seventeen—Roddy—they wouldn't stand an earthly—we're all done—I've had no sleep. Have you got a bed anywhere—just for ten minutes?"

Roddy—"You'll find one in the next place. (He nods to adjoining cellar) I'll call you as soon as the signallers get through."

DICK had barely disappeared when horses' hoofs sounded outside and a second later Capt. Taylor, the adjutant, dashed into the room. Battalion Headquarters had cleaned out and gone back to Villers-le-Petit—that was why Rodney couldn't get them. The Boche had attacked on the right and got through between the redoubts in the fog. What was left of A and B companies had been withdrawn.

Taylor—"They're legging it back to Villers and I'm here to tell you to do the same. As quick as you can. Your orders are to get your company back to Villers."

After proffering his whiskey flask to Roddy, Capt. Taylor motioned to his runner and the two disappeared up the crooked stone stairs. Aroused by the sound of voices, Dick entered from the adjoining cellar.

Dick—"What orders did he leave?"

Roddy—"You will have to go back to No. 1 Redoubt—and—and——"

"Dick—"And what?"

Roddy—"And wait there—until supports come up."

Dick—"You got through to headquarters? That's splendid. It will put new life into those fellows when I tell them. (He turns) Roddy, won't you try and take it the way I did? For the sake of our friendship? If there's an attack, it's possible that one of us might—Roddy——?"

But the other turned away and Dick slowly ascended the stairs. He had been gone but a few moments when Roddy turned to his sergeant-major. "Parade the company, sergeant," he ordered. "We're going back to Villers."

FOUR hours later found Company C headquarters installed in a small roadside house in the village of Villers-le-Petit. The withdrawal had been made without encountering the enemy and Roddy had received instructions to hold the approach to the village until Battalion Headquarters could reach Voyennes. The retreat apparently extended all along the line. It was four-thirty in the morning and the fog was beginning to lift.

Smithy, who had been outside on reconnaisance, entered the low, candle-lit room. A runner had passed and left two letters.

Smithy (to Roddy)—"Here's a letter for Dick, Skipper; perhaps you'd better take it."

Roddy gazed for a second at the familiar writing, while a slow flush suffused his cheeks. "Yes, I'll keep it," he said. "I know who it's from."

Smithy—"Mine's from my wife. Bad news—both kids down with the measles. I say, isn't that rotten—first the whole damn British army retreats and then my kids get measles. I never did have any luck. By the way, have you had news from Dick?"

Roddy—"No."

Smithy — "I can't understand why they haven't come through. We had no trouble, and they were only a few hundred yards in front of us. Did you send a runner with the order to withdraw?"

Roddy—"No, I gave it myself."

Smithy—"It's funny!"

"Lieutenant Playfair, sir—we're bringing him in." It was the sergeant-major's voice at the door. Roddy and Smithy looked up to see Babe, supported on the arms of two privates, come limping through the door. They sat him in a chair and for a space all that came from him was a confused mumbling. His eyes were staring and his body shook. Evidently he was suffering from shell shock. At length he grew calmer.

Roddy — "Babe—where—are—the others?"

Babe—"Others? There aren't any others—there's only — me. There was an attack—Boche stuck the others—stuck 'em like a lot of bloody pigs."

Roddy—"And Dick—what of Dick?"

Babe—"I've told you—killed—they're all killed. They swarmed through the barbed wire—hundreds of 'em—grey devils with bayonets fixed. I got away. You don't blame me for running away, do you, Roddy? I couldn't do anything. . . . Why didn't the supports come up?"

Smithy—"Supports?"

Roddy (quickly)—"It was a mistake."

Babe—"Dick said you'd promised him—supports would come up—said the adjutant came while he was asleep."

Smithy — "But the Adjutant brought the order to retire."

Roddy — "Some mistake of Dick's."

Babe (shrilly)—"That's a lie! If you gave him that order why didn't we retire—instead of stopping to be killed? My God, you sent Dick back to wait for supports that you knew would never be sent."

Smithy — "For God's sake, Babe——"

Roddy—"He'd better have a sleep."

Babe (rushing toward Roddy)—"You're a murderer—that's what you are."

Roddy—"If I thought you were responsible for what you're saying I'd have you put under arrest."

Babe—"Go ahead and put me under arrest. What about Miss Derring? Hasn't she chucked you for Dick? Answer me that.

Roddy—"I hope to marry her on my next leave."

Babe—"Then why did Dick bring back the ring you gave her?"

Roddy—"I've had enough of this. It's dawned on me now why you've made these ridiculous accusations."

Babe—"Why?"

Roddy—"Because, when an officer deserts his post in the face of the enemy, there is generally a court martial."

Smithy—"Be reasonable, Roddy—he's had an awful time of it; don't put him under arrest."

Roddy—"If I keep my mouth shut, Babe—you must withdraw everything you've said."

Babe—"And if I refuse to withdraw a single word?"

Roddy—"After a court martial for cowardice, fellows are sometimes shot."

Babe—"You've got me (He sobs). All right, I withdraw all I've said. You see, Smithy, I am a coward."

THE whining crescendo of an in-coming shell suddenly terminated in an earth-shaking explosion and for the moment Babe and his troubles were forgotten. From the distance came the "tack—tack—tack—tack—tack," of machine guns. Roddy had donned his helmet and was about to leave the house when again the door slammed open and two figures, carrying a third between them, appeared in the aperture. Around the man's head was a bloody bandage and one arm hung limply in a sling. It was Dick!

"Blind, sir," nodded the sergeant-major to Smithy's anxious query. The latter put his arm gently about Dick's shoulder and led him to a chair by the table.

"We thought you were killed, old chap," he said. "Babe came through half an hour ago. What happened?"

Roddy (interrupting) — "We ought to be at the posts now—Smithy, you and Babe come on."

Smithy—"Wait a minute—Dick can clear up that other business, Roddy. (To Dick) We can't understand why you didn't retire. Dick. We retired at half-past ten—and you got the order the same time."

Dick—"What order?"

Babe—"Dick——didn't he give you the order to retire? Did Roddy—give it to you?"

Roddy—"Well—why don't you tell them?"

Dick (after a pause)—"Yes, Roddy told me to retire, but I didn't want to—I—I thought we could hang on."

"Bang!" Another big shell had dropped close to the house. Snatching up their helmets Babe and Smithy rushed out the door. Dick lifted his head, listening.

Dick—"Roddy, are we alone here?"

Roddy—"Yes."

Dick—"Then you really did mean to kill me? Well, twelve out of the seventeen that were left are dead. So, you've not done badly. Why did you do it?"

Roddy—"I loved her. She was God in heaven to me—and you stole her. You know what love of woman is to a man—you can't weigh friendship in the balance against it. I hated you. I wanted to kill you. A fine mess we've made of things, haven't we? Well, it's over now. I hope your eyes will soon be all right. Good-bye!"

Dick—"Where are you going?"

Roddy—"Where the love of woman can't follow a man."

Dick—"Roddy—what do you mean—Roddy—where are you?"

The door to the adjoining room creaked shut. The latch dropped on its hook. There was a moment's pause, followed by the single crack of a revolver. Smithy rushed in. Dick heard him pounding against the door — the snap of the lock—a muffled exclamation—and then returning footsteps.

Dick—"Has he—done it."

Smithy—"Yes — through the head. He's dead. This letter was in his hand. (He gives Dick the letter). It's one that came for you to-night. Hurry now, Dick. There's an ambulance outside. I'm staying—Good luck to you, old man."

ON a Sunday afternoon, four weeks later, Violet Derring was nervously pacing the floor, awaiting the arrival of Dick Chappell. Somehow she felt that the ordeal was going to be too much for her—particularly since Tessie had told her about the letter. It was impossible to go on pretending to poor Dick that she was going to marry him!

The bell rang and a moment later Dick was in the room. He seemed older, thinner, his features more sharply defined, and across his eyes was a white bandage. The orderly, who had led him in, withdrew.

Violet—"Dick!"

Dick—"Vi! Where are you? (He holds out his hands). I want to touch you."

With a half shudder Violet allowed her hands to rest in his. Dick started to draw her toward him, but, evidently sensing her diffidence and constraint, released her hands.

Dick—"It's queer when you can't see. I'm trying to picture you now. I say to myself, she's beautiful—her nose is so and so—her eyes, thus and so—but it's never you. So you've been dancing? I wonder if I shall ever dance again?"

Violet—"Please don't talk about it, Dick."

Dick—"I say, have you thought—you'll have to read the newspapers to me, butter my toast, and call my no-trumps for me?"

Violet—"I can't bear it — I can't bear it."

Dick (his hand on her shoulder)—"My dear, it's all right—you're not going to have to bear it. That's why I've come here to-day—to tell you that we're not going to be married."

Violet—"Dick—do you mean—that you no longer care about me?"

Dick—"Well, I tried not to put it so bluntly. We've each had time to think things over."

Violet—"I'm glad you said that because of that letter I wrote you. Have you got that letter, Dick?"

Dick (pulling the letter from his pocket)—"Right here—I shall always keep it."

Violet—"I want to read it to you, Dick."

Dick—"Tessie's done that already."

Violet—"I must read it to you now," (She takes letter and reads) "Dear Dick: I tried to tell you before you went back that we'd made rather a mistake. I didn't want to hurt you then because you seemed so awfully earnest about it all. We really made a mistake. Please forgive me and forget me—Vi."

Dick—"Is that all? . . . Then—all those endearing terms—Tessie invented them?"

Violet—"She wanted to spare you."

Dick—"My God! Then you've never loved me—not even that night when you made me—kiss you—not even then! Look at the envelope—do you see any stain on it?"

Violet — "It's smeared with something."

Dick—"Tessie asked me what that stain was—I couldn't tell her. But I'm going to tell you. Roddy had your letter clutched in his hand when he shot himself—now you can guess what that stain is."

Violet—"Did he do it—because—of me?"

Dick—"He loved you. He was my friend. I loved you. God, the havoc you've made!"

Violet—"Dick, you don't hate me?"

Dick—"Hate you! I came here because I was hungry for the touch of your hand—craving the peace that you alone could give me. But I soon sensed your true feelings. You couldn't be true to any man. You're false—as false to me as you were to Roddy—as false as hell!"

LEAVING her staring horrified after him Dick turned and stumbled gropingly toward the door. As he crossed the portal someone gripped his hand.

Tessie—"Dick!"

Dick—"Hello, Tessie, I didn't know you were here."

Tessie—"You've dropped Vi's letter. Here it is."

Dick (tearing letter to shreds)—"I know what's in it now, Tessie. Why did you deceive me about it?"

Tessie—"Because—because——"

Dick—"Because you—? Tessie, I wish I could see you now."

Tessie—"I'm a fright. I'm crying."

Dick—"I know. Will you take me back to the hospital?"

Tessie—"Dick, I'm sorry. I wanted it to be all right."

Dick—"Ssh—it will be all right—soon. Give me your hand, Tessie."

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IT'S A HEALTHY SIGN WHEN CHILD FIDGETS

AMONG the minor worries of parents is the fidgety child. To-day, in thousands of homes, thousands of parents must have enjoined thousands of children not to fidget!

Ought children to fidget? The reply of the majority would certainly be in the negative. Children should learn to sit still. To fidget is a bad habit; it gets on the nerves. And, as a clincher, to fidget is bad manners.

Manners apart—for what is good manners to-day may be bad manners to-morrow!—for a child to fidget is as natural and as necessary as physical growth—in fact, fidgeting is growth!

It is a sign of vitality, health, and mental and physical development. Children must fidget, and to suppress the habit is wrong. It hurts the child, and may lead to mental trouble. A kettle of water put on to boil soon becomes "alive." The life moves the lid, and out comes the steam. Fix the lid and block the spout, and there'll be trouble.

THIS provides an excellent illustration of what happens when the natural fidgeting of a child is suppressed.

The muscles are forming, the nerve system is being developed, and fidgeting is only an external sign of the internal life. It's a safety valve, and it is as cruel as unwise to suppress it. Parents will, of course, have noticed that there is extra fidgeting on days when, owing to inclement weather or the like, a child has had to stay indoors.

That should give fresh point to what has been written above. Play, romping, exercise take the place of fidgets. Deprive a child of its play and it is bound to fidget. Many children, too, must fidget as well as play. They are of the type with great vitality and health.

Fidgets should be free. Life is motion and movement, and to suppress the motion and movement is always injurious. Parents should be worried if a child doesn't fidget—not when it does!

"Was Freed of Gall Stones And Persistent Backache"

Mr. Alexander Bradley, R.R. No. 1, Carp, Ont., writes:



"I suffered from gall stones, and commenced taking Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I feel safe in saying that these pills completely overcame the trouble, as it is some years since I was afflicted in this way, and I have not suffered from gall stones or even backache since. I have also found Dr. Chase's Nerve Food excellent for heart trouble and shortness of breath."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

35 cts. a box of 35 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

The Home Woman

Women's Art Association Crowned With Success

Movement That Had Unpretentious Beginning Thirty-seven Years Ago Has Grown Into National Institution, Sponsoring the Development of Native Talent Along Artistic and Useful Channels.

The Business Girl

LADY BROWN WILL REVISIT LONELY WILDS

Intrepid Woman Explorer Will be in Honduras Party.

LONDON—Lady Melville Richmond Brown, intrepid woman explorer who accompanied F. A. Mitchell-Hedges on his exploration into the wilds of Central America last year, is setting out with him again this month for the scene of their former discoveries.

In addition to Lady Brown and Mr. Mitchell-Hedges the party will include Miss Glday's Houlson, secretary, Dr. T. W. F. Gann, archaeologist, and Robbie, Negro servant, who accompanied them before. The group has taken a twenty-year lease of 70,000 acres in British Honduras, where they believe they have discovered a hidden civilization thousands of years old.

"Seven days is the longest a white man or woman is supposed to be able to live in the climate surrounding the district," said Lady Brown, "so I intend to spend five days at a time working and then go down to the sea and fish. In the district where we discovered this ancient city there are seventeen types of poisonous giant mosquitoes, each able to inflict fatal illness.

"No other white woman has ever been there, as far as we know. Since my return I have been madly anxious to get back there, where walls do not confine your outlook and where rigidity of conventions does not cramp one mentally and physically."

LADY BROWN, who is forty, is the wife of Sir Melville Richmond Brown, Bart. Her great hobby is exploration. She is a crack shot and a skilful fisherwoman. Her catch of sixteen sharks, aggregating 6,490 pounds in weight, on hook and line in a single day, is regarded as a world's record. In collaboration with Mr. Mitchell-Hedges she also took on hook and line a huge sawfish, weighing 5,700 pounds and measuring thirty-one feet long, believed to be the largest specimen ever captured.

Dr. Gann, the archaeologist of the expedition, has stated that the ruins of the vast Maya city found in the hearrt of British Honduras gives evidence that the calendar system of these ancient people dated back to about 3,250 years B.C.

Wembley Diners Hard on Crockery

About 30,000 Pieces Broken Every Six Days.

THE average daily crowd of 70,000 people eating in the numerous restaurants at the Wembley Exhibition were responsible for the smashing of 30,000 pieces of crockery every six days. In an average week the breakages were: 761 dozen cups, 345 dozen saucers, 472 dozen plates and 774 dozen miscellaneous pieces, according to the firm which had the contract for feeding the visitors.

These figures do not include glasses broken in the drinking saloons, and it is stated that it was no common thing in a busy week for one bar to smash 1,500 glasses. As there were some 54 bars in the exhibition. It is apparent that the number of glasses smashed since the exhibition opened in April was about 700,000.

If starch, moistened with a little warm water, is applied to a bruise, it will prevent the flesh from discoloring.

CUTICURA HEALS SKIN TROUBLE

Face Broke Out In Pimples. Were Disfiguring. Extremely Sore.

"My face broke out in a mass of pimples that were very annoying as well as disfiguring. The pimples were small, hard, red lumps at first, but increased in size and came to a head. The pimples were extremely sore and tender, and I was very much discouraged.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap, together with the Cuticura Ointment, I was healed." (Signed) Miss Alberta Moore, Salt Springs Sta., Nova Scotia.

For every purpose of the toilet and bath, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are excellent.

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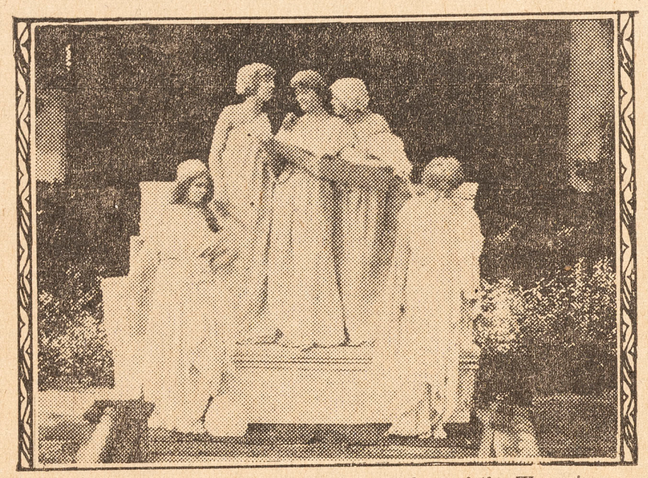
Revival of Early Settlers' Domestic Handicrafts Among Achievements of Women's Organization





Directly above is a group of living figures, members of the Women's Art Association, in sculptured pose, and to the right are costumes worn in connection with a Victorian era period performance. To the right, below, is a scene from Dante's Dream as enacted by members of the W. A. A.

Exhibits in Spacious Local Galleries an Inspiration to Visitor

By M. L. HART.

ADMITTING that small beginnings often have big results, yet it is not often that success attends unpretentious efforts in such bountiful measure as has been the case with the Women's Art Association of Canada. The recent national gathering of the Women's Council of Canada brought the association into prominence as they were the first in the Dominion to affiliate with the Council

Those who recall early days of the organization will undoubtedly find much to commend and even to afford surprise in a visit to the home of the Women's Art Association at 23 Prince Arthur Avenue. The house itself, through the addition of a recent purchase, now gives opportunity for spacious rooms, where lectures are held and goods displayed which exhibit the many sided products of the members, products which tend to a cultivation of beauty and the development of a national art.

What the organization has as its aim is specifically outlined in its prospectus which states that the objects of the Association shall be the "creating of a general interest in art and the encouragement of women's work for the purpose of mutual help and co-operation of its members, the establishment of art lectures and reading clubs, the holding of exhibitions of painting, designs, sculpture and engraving and the industrial arts, and the encouragement and development of the art handicrafts and home industries of Canada.

ONE of the most outstanding achievements of the Association has been the revival of handicrafts which English, Irish, Scotch and French settlers brought with them to Canada, but which, with the incoming of machinery, had fallen into disuse and were in danger of being altogether lost. As a result of the association's activities we now have Canadian homespun in various weaves, design and coloring for the use of both men and women. Specimens of these in lengths of linen, habitant curtains and rugs lying piled up on shelves, give many a brilliant touch to the rooms at headquarters.

As with much of the world's best effort, little publicity has been given to the long years of continuous and systematic activities of the members. As a result it may be a surprise to many to learn that the Women's Art Association has made a large exhibition of these products in New York, San Francisco and St. Louis, in Melbourne, London and Edinburgh, and in the chief cities and towns of the Dominion. To estimate the value of these exhibits in making known the possibilities of Canada, a pretty high premium would have to be placed upon results.

This revival of what may be termed domestic handicrafts is but one of a many-sided endeavor. During the years in which these seekers after beauty in the highest sense have co-operated, many members have excelled in paintings in oil and water colors, miniature and china decorations. Specimens of these are not only from time to time on display in the galleries on Prince Arthur Avenue, but have also had place in the National Exhibition and in many Canadian homes. Variety and a good deal of skill has been attained in even more rare lines, in hand-made jewelery, bookbinding, wood carving, leather tooling and studio weaving. This last is something which fascinates the onlooker who watches the deft fingers of a worker moving in and out among the warp and woof of the loom, plying with many colored threads into the flaxen background and evolving attractive designs to furnish and brighten homes.

THE jewelry, too, is curious and often-times rich, and the various articles in woodcarving and leather are not unfrequently marvels of accuracy and artistry. The association is alert for any new note which by their care and fostering may be retained in our art treasury, so we find here embroidery and other needlework as brought into the country by new settlers from England, Russia, India and Galicia, and the lacemakers from the old lands and early Canada. The primitive work of our aborigines is not forgotten and specimens of bead, bark and quill work as well as basketry are included in the range of artistry covered.

Musicales and lectures given alternately during the weeks of the season have been and are a wonderful source of information and pleasure, reaching as they do into the history and practical demonstration of all that has developed along the line of harmony of sound.

PERHAPS no phase of the work of this association is more conducive to what is really art than the attention that is given to the annual presentation of pageants and plays by members and assisting artists. These exhibitions, many times repeated with every attention to detail in costume and setting as far as limited space permits, draw admiring audiences to the grounds of the association, where in the terraced garden, tableaus and plays show high merit. Scenes at a Victorian era festival and in Dante productions have been particularly well done, the one in accurate detail of period costume and the other in interpretation of the text and the closeness to originals in character. Minor plays, too, have been produced with good effect.

AND in all this there is co-operation in different parts of the Dominion. There are now branches in Hamilton, St. Thomas, Ottawa, Peterboro, Owen Sound, Sudbury and Welland. That encouragement is given to the schools is noted in a glance at the report from Sudbury where "four prizes of ten dollars each to pupils of the senior 4th and junior 4th forms of the public and separate schools" were awarded.

In the 37 years since the association was founded it has had but four presidents. Mrs. Dignam, founder, and now advisory president, has guided the movement from the presidential chair for the greater part of this time. Her advice is still a prime factor in its success. The other presidents were: Mrs. J. Home Cameron, Mrs. A. C. McKay, and Mrs. F. D. Mercer, the last named now filling a second term of office. The wife of the Governor-General is always honorary president, and among honorary life patrons are found the names of men who appreciate the splendid work of the association.

Beautiful Lingerie For the October Trousseau

By JANE WARD.

IF scarcity is a measure of valuation, lingerie rates high up in the scale of things. This does not mean that there is a lack of numbers in the ranks of under-pinnings—no, indeed!—but rather that in this age of freedom from antiquated conventions and bad



sense in regard to clothing, women have found that a minimum is to be desired rather than a maximum. Therefore, if the well-groomed woman is going to wear as few clothes as possible, instead of carting around pounds of superfluous and uncomfortable articles, she demands that these few be of the choicest and finest variety.

Of course, there is no one more interested in lingerie than the bride. The trousseau must all be new and fresh and perfect and there must always be a sufficiency of everything. Consequently, there must be a quantity of the most beautiful underthings which the shops or fancy and clever fingers can produce.

Brides of to-day, in addition to being the "luckiest women in the world"—or is it indelicate to borrow the masculine complex?—are really very lucky to be living in these times when scarcity is the rule in the matter of underclothes. Think of the poor brides of the past who felt that they were hopelessly shabby if they didn't have at least 29 stiffly starched petticoats to their wardrobe, and piles and piles and piles of heavy muslin or linen garments, in sets, of various names and descriptions, which were donned in abandoned profusion! It is rather terrifying to recall that a century ago people did wear as few things as we ourselves—and yet 30 years later we find the voluminous starchy petticoats saucily parading themselves among us.

LINGERIE at present is decidedly a treat. It is so beautifully simple, so tasteful and so becoming. There seems to be a flair for a great deal of lace for trimming—Valenciennes, Binche and Milan, usually about two and one-half inches wide. This gives a touch of daintiness to the straightest and most severe of pieces in the trousseau and will be a constant feast of beauty. Crepe de chine, triple voile and linen batiste are the favored materials, and a bride may even be so extravagant as to indulge in a bit of chiffon or georgette. Pale rose, apricot and peach are the most popular and becoming colors, but there is always some mauve and occasionally yellow and blue.

White, of course, is always used for the bridal set itself. Net edging and footing are used most successfully for decoration, and a beautifully worked monogram is unusually attractive to the bride who stills clings, somehow, to her girlish memories. Pleating, tucking and hemstitching help to fashion the loveliest lingerie, adding ornamentation to simple things themselves. Dyed lace is a new and very chic feature of Parisian origin.

THERE is a gorgeous assortment of lingerie in Toronto enough and sufficiently beautiful things to satisfy the most exacting bridal heart. There are heaps of "teddy-bears" boasting fine lace and glowing satin ribbons, gloves—silk vests and bloomers, soft and clinging, chemises and step-ins of unusual pattern and prettiness. Nightgowns, too, quite outdo themselves in charm, One, of white crepe de chine, has square shoulder lines of gorgeous lace which is wide enough to make a yoke and deep armholes. It is fastened to the silk in points of the material, exquisitely embroidered. Another, of pale rose crepe de chine, has a white Valenciennes yoke apparently tied on with pink satin ribbons.

There is a wonderful opportunity for her friends to select a gift for the bride from among the beautiful pieces of lingerie which are a delight in themselves but which in numbers will surely add immeasurably to the happiest of occasions.

BRAVE WOMEN GIVE LIVES FOR LEPERS

A SERMON preached in Westminster Cathedral by Father Dunstan Sargent has turned public attention to the women who give up their lives to nurse in leper communities. There are such communities in England.

"The number of lepers in the world is astonishing," said Father Sargent, "but more astonishing still is the heroism that inspires women of all ages and all types to give up their lives to attend them.

"The youngest girl I ever knew to devote her life to nursing lepers was only nineteen. Many are nobly born, wealthy, and singularly attractive. The life they lead is one of complete abandonment of all physical comfort and all the things that make life worth living to ordinary people.

"Many of these brave women contract leprosy themselves. They not only give up their lives but willingly risk disfigurement and, ultimately, a terrible death."

QUITE AS BAD TO BE SLIGHT AS OVER STOUT

Very Slender Woman Needs Rest Period Every Day.

By MARCIA.

ISN'T it a fact that stout women like to be thin, that thin women yearn for just a little more avoirdupois and no woman seems to be entirely satisfied with either her corpulency or pronounced lack of it?

Since popular favor seems to lean toward so-called sveltness, our generously proportioned sisters apparently think that the world is against them, that they are outstyled in the wardrobe, outplayed in sports life and outgeneraled in love. That is why, perhaps, she wants to reduce, to be thin, to be svelt. But isn't there such a thing as being too thin? Don't we all know of women here and there who bitterly complain that they are painfully thin? Don't they crave for a little flesh to fill in the hollow spots in cheeks, chest and throat, to build up hip and limb?

So there you have it: Stoutness versus slenderness, one envying the other, that is, in the extremes. Of the two I personally would prefer a state of general plumpness, rather than of painful attenuation. Much has been written on how to reduce, but apparently little thought has been given to the almost equally important subject of how to acquire a little more weight. And surely the woman who sports spindle-like legs, flat chest and hollow throat has a vital problem before her. For this woman we would propound the following advce:

NOW in order to be stout the firse logical step is to change your method of living. Watch the stout women of your acquaintance and you will discover two salient facts. One is the continual (more or less) state of cheerfulness of the cherubic or plump preson, and the other is the habit of relaxation which the stout woman possesses to perfection. A person who has not learned to relax thoroughly, completely, her mind and body, cannot get stout.

The best form of relaxation is to lie flat on bed or couch, with every muscle entirely limp. Do not let any of the hundred and one petty and trival things about the home distract you to the point of getting you off the couch. Don't pick up a book, or your knitting, or your sewing; just lie like a deadweight with your mind made up that nothing can get you off the couch. This form of relaxation practiced every now and then, even for a few minutes, will work wonders.

It is to be observed that all very thin women are of the restless type. They do their household work, with entirely too much nerve energy, and strain of mind and physical tenseness. The best advice I can give is to take it easy. Avoid unnecessary stair climbing, avoid all thought of petty annoyances. Don't mind if a book is on the table instead of the bookcase, or if a door is ajar when it should be closed. Learn to maintain a peace of mind—a mental equilibrium, as it were. It may sound hard, but it is easy once you get the hang of it, and you can get the hang of it only by incessant practice.

FIVE DECORATIONS FOR WOMEN ONLY

IT IS supposed by many people that the only British decoration or medal awarded exclusively to women is the Order of the Royal Red Cross, given for valor in attending to the wounded under fire, or for special merit in similar circumstances. There are, however, four others.

Of these the best known is the Cross of the Order of St. John, instituted by Queen Victoria forty years ago. Its ribbon is of black watered silk, and it is awarded to nurses or those actively interested in nursing.

The Imperial Service Order was originated by King Edward as a reward for women showing conspicuous bravery in any sphere of life. Its holders are few in number, and the decoration is highly valued.

Even more exclusive are the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert and the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, the latter awarded for services rendered in India by women of the Viceregal Court and wives of the native princes. It is a coveted decoration, but not more so than the first-named, which is given only to titled women, and this in very rare instances.

If You Are Tempted

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

ELECTROLYSIS

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

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My Ideal Girl. **Dorothy Dix** Paints a Word Picture of the Perfect Girl.

The Ideal Girl Has the Beauty of Health, She She is Womanly, Intelligent, Full of Enthusiasm, Competent, Independent, Romantic—A Real Helpmeet—And You Will Find Her Everywhere

A MAN wants me to paint him a picture of the ideal girl as I vision her.

WELL, to begin with, she is easy on the eyes. It doesn't matter what color her hair is, just so it isn't bobbed, for a woman's glory is her hair, and I like to see it piled in shimmering masses of gold or waved in dusky darkness about her head, and, best of all, I like it when it is a flaming red splendor. None of your short-haired, mop-headed, Circassion freaks, who look as if they had just escaped from a side show at the circus, for me.



NOR does it make any difference whether my ideal girl is blonde or brunette, or betwixt and between. I like them either way, and I like them plump, but not fat, because fat in a young girl is the hallmark of a slothful mind and a lazy body. And I like them slim and willowy, but not the living-skeleton kind who have starved themselves into incipient anaemia, and who will have nervous prostration or tuberculosis by the time they are thirty.

THE chief beauty of my ideal girl is the beauty of health.

SHE has the sparkling eyes, the clear skin, the strength and vigor that make her every movement a joy to watch. She radiates youth and vitality, and that comes as near to being personal magnetism as anything upon which we can put our fingers.

MY IDEAL girl is always well dressed. She doesn't underestimate the value of clothes. She knows that a woman's frock and hat are the frame that sets off a living picture and palliates the faults of even a chromo, but she is not dress mad.

HER skirts are never the shortest nor the longest, nor her bodices the thinnest, and before she adopts any style she considers well whether it will enhance her charms or make her look like a figure of fun by revealing hitherto unsuspected defects in her anatomy.

MY IDEAL girl is womanly. She never apes the clothes, nor the manners, nor the morals of man. She never tells off-colored stories. She doesn't swear nor drink, and wild horses couldn't drag her into a suit of knickerbockers, for well she knows that a woman's trump card is her femininity, and when she casts that into the discard she is beaten.

My ideal girl is no fool, and she knows that dressed up in boy's clothes she is no more interesting than her little brother. And nobody is crazy about him.

ALSO she is wise to the fact that there is something about a young girl in a chiffon dress that smacks of everything that is fresh and sweet, and fragrant, and that makes a subtle appeal to every beholder. The rosebud-with-the-dew-still-on-it girl isn't so very common nowadays. Maybe that is why we fall so hard for her when we do find her.

MY IDEAL girl is intelligent. She is well educated. She reads worthwhile books and the papers, and she can carry on an intelligent conversation.

SHE has never bored herself and she never bores you because she has something to talk about besides the last party, and the newest fashion, and what he said to me and I said to him.

MY IDEAL girl is full of enthusiasms. She bubbles over with the joy of living, and she is interested in everything under the sun.

SHE doesn't yawn in the face of Mont Blanc and walk through the Louvre with her eyes shut. She thrills to all that is beautiful in art and nature, and is touched to tears by noble acting or some fine and eloquent passage in a book.

She is alive from head to foot. She is eager to take her part in the world and to make the most of her life for herself and others.

MY IDEAL girl is competent. She takes no stock in the clinging-vine stuff. She has trained herself to some definite trade or occupation, and she is perfectly capable of making her own living and taking care of herself. She scorns to be a parasite and claims for herself the independence that is the right of every human being.

SHE knows how to do many different things, for she is many-sided. She can hold down a job with one hand, and cook and sew, and make a dress and trim a hat with the other. She can drive a car, play a good game of tennis, and golf, and bridge. tread a measure with the jazziest, give first-aid to the injured and perform a thousand other stunts that would cause the Admirable Crighton to scratch his entry in the efficiency contest.

MY IDEAL girl is romantic, for a girl without sentiment is a flower without perfume. She dreams of her fairy prince, but she gives him the once over and puts his credentials through the third degree before she gives herself to him.

SHE is in no hurry to marry, and she's no man-chaser because she doesn't have to marry for a home. She has so many other interests in her life that she doesn't spend all of her time counting her heartbeats.

MY IDEAL girl will make a splendid wife when she marries, but the man she marries will have to be a real man to win her and a real man to hold her, for she will not belong to the doormat class of spouses. But to the man who wants a chum, and not a domestic slave, she will give a love and sympathy and tenderness and understanding that will make her truly a helpmeet.

MY IDEAL girl's name is legion, and you will find her everywhere.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think a man will kiss and tell? Do you think that a man will show a love letter that a girl writes him?

I say that unless a man is an utter cad he will not boast of the favors that a girl shows him. My friend says that all men brag about their love affairs. Which of us is right? HORTENSE.

Answer:

I am afraid that I have to side with your friend, Hortense. Of course, if a man is a perfect Sir Galahad he will keep silent concerning his conquests among the fair sex, and wild horses couldn't drag from him any of the details of amorous episodes in which some poor, foolish, little girl, who was perfectly crazy about him, figured. Also, he would carefully file away the love letters that girls wrote him in his safety deposit box.

But, alas, perfect Sir Galahads are rare among the jellybean youth of the day, and the average young man loves to pose as a devil among the women and tell how he gets them going. Therefore, he not only kisses and tells, but he broadcasts the glad news to all who will listen.

Nor do I think the girl has any right to resent this or consider it dishonorable in the boy. Why should she expect the man to be more careful of her reputation than she is of it herself? Why should she expect a man to cover up her indiscretions? I never have any patience with people who rage so against gossip. It is only those who do something wrong who object to being talked about. As long as people discourse about our virtues they cannot say enough to please us. It is only when they begin discussing our faults that we brand them as malignant gossips.

Anyway, we are foolish to suppose that the world is going to enter into a conspiracy of silence to guard our good names. We have to do that for ourselves, and so if you don't want boys to kiss and tell, don't kiss.

As for writing a man a love letter, write only such words and use only such terms of endearment as you would be willing for his friends, his mother and sisters, his landlady and the chambermaids in hotels to read. Not every man shows his love letters as Exhibit A to prove what a fascinator he is, but all men are careless. They leave their letters in bureau drawers, on writing tables, in the pockets of coats, for any prying eye to peruse, and this is a fact that girls will do well to remember when they are tempted to slosh over sixteen pages with sentimental gush under the delusion that it will be sacred to some man and that nobody but he will ever know of their indiscretion.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE POTTERS

By J. P. McEVOY

PROLOGUE.

THE few gray hairs in Ma Potter's head were put there principally by heavy thinking—and most of the heavy thinking has not been about clothes, as you might suppose . . . clothes give Ma Potter little worry—she either gets them or she doesn't—but when she must entertain "the girls," as she and her chums call each other, then indeed, does the old brain sag in the middle and get all curly around the edges . . . here, for instance, is Hallowe'en just around the corner, and it has been the custom in Ma's set to throw an original party at this time just to show that the dear old witches have not been forgotten in the stress and turmoil of modern civilization . . . this year it is Ma's turn to do something clever and devilish . . . we wish her luck, the dear soul.

SCENE I.

IT is evening in the Potter household, and Pa is reading the financial news on one side of the table while Ma is chewing a pencil absently on the other, and gazing with fixed purpose at a spot just a few inches above Pa's devoted bald spot . . . it looks as though she is about to break into conversation . . . will she obey that impulse? What a question!

MA:
What rhymes with fifth, Pa?

PA (refusing to look up):
Huh?

MA:
Fifth—what would you rhyme with it?

PA:
I wouldn't rhyme it with anything . . . got more important things to do, don't bother me.

MA:
How about "gift?"

PA (happily):
Gift's good.

MA:
But it doesn't rhyme.

PA:
That's all right with me.

MA:
I think you might give me a little bit of assistance . . . I'm having enough trouble as it is.

PA (with heavy humor):
I'm giving you as little as possible. (Brightly): If you can't rhyme fifth, why don't you say five?—alive, thrive, bribe, tribe. I used to be pretty good at rhyming when I was younger and didn't have more sense.

MA:
You make the same mistake all men do, thinking as they get older they get smarter; besides, I don't want to use five, I want to use fifth. Listen, this is the invitation I'm writing:

Of my guests you are the fifth . . .

PA (snappily):
Come to my party and get the drift . . . there you are . . . see how easy it is?

MA (mumbling):
Fifth, drift, drift, fifth . . . yes, I guess that's all right . . . that's close enough, anyway . . . And now the next one . . .

Of my guests you are the sixth . . .

PA:
Sixth?—sixth?

MA (thinking intensely):
Sixth . . . sixth . . . sixth, wixt, lixt . . .

PA (with a great flash of inspiration):



Ma Gets An Idea for a Hallowe'en Party.

Of my guests you are the sixth,
come to my party and don't get your dates mixed.

MA:
Isn't that last line a little bit long?

PA:
You can crowd the words together and they'll never notice it.

MA (mumbling):
Mixed . . . sixth . . . doesn't sound just right to me.

PA:
Say it fast and it's all right.

MA (fast):
Mixed, sixth; mixth, sixed; mixth, sixth; mixth, sixth . . . yes, they rhyme all right . . . they didn't sound right at first, though . . . well, let's get the next one . . . Of my guests you are the seventh . . . seventh . . . seventh . . . eleventh . . . heaventh . . . that one isn't so hard.

PA (interested in spite of himself):
How did you get the first ones by yourself? What are they?

MA (rummaging through handful of scrap paper, backs of envelopes, fine stationery, all covered with profuse white hot poetry):
Let me see . . . oh, here's one . . . Of my guests you are the fourth . . . let me see . . . where is the second line . . . I don't seem able to make it out . . . I'm sure I had it . . . (Reads.: We may may have something to quench your thirst . . . that doesn't sound right . . .

PA (brilliantly):
That must be your second line for the first one . . . (declaims dramatically): Of my guests you are the first . . . we may have something to quench your thirst . . . That's pretty good, Ma; you're a real poet.

MA (still rummaging):
Of my guests you are the second, we'll have a surprise for you, I reckon.

PA:
That doesn't rhyme.

MA (peevishly):
Well, it'll have to; I'm not going back to it. Oh, here's the third one . . . Of my guests you are third, come to my party and don't breathe a word.

PA (judiciously):
Well, now, that isn't bad . . . not half bad. Of course, I think I could improve it a little.

MA:
You just leave it alone, I've got enough troubles.

PA (rebuffed):
Very well, do them yourself . . . don't ask me for any more help.

MA (with real artistic temperament):
I don't need any of your help . . . (chews madly on pencil and glares fixedly over Pa's head): Of my guests you are the seventh . . . eleventh . . . heaventh . . . I'll do that one later . . . Of my guests you are the eighth . . . eighth . . . e i g h t h? (desperately): EIGHTH? . . . (sorrowfully): Eighth . . . (piteously): Eighth.

PA (mechanically, though apparently reading):
Eighth . . . eighth.

MA (beseechingly, to Pa):
Eighth?

PA (suddenly):
Oh, shut up.

MA (wailing):
I'll never get this party done right . . . I know I won't . . . look what I've got to do yet . . . invitations, place cards, favors, plan the dinner, decorations.

PA:
Will you let me read? . . . what do I care about your party?

MA:
Selfish brute.

PA:
I wouldn't say brute, darling.

MA:
Well, beast, then.

PA:
That's better.

SCENE II.

For the convenience of such of our customers who may wish to give a Hallowe'en party similar to that of Ma's the following list of Ma's successful invitation couplets is appended:

Of my guests you are the first,
We may have something to quench your thirst

Of my guests you are the second,
We'll have a surprise for you I reckon.

Of my guests you are the third,
Come to my party and don't breathe a word.

Of my guests you are the fourth,
To your coming we're looking forth.

Of my guests you are the fifth,
To my party will you please drift,

Of my guests you are the sixth,
Come to my party and don't get your dates mixed.

Of my guests you are the seventh,
Aren't you glad you're not the eleventh.

Of my guests you are the eighth,
You're absence I would surely hate.

Of my guests you are the ninth,
For your presence I do pineth.

Of my guests you are the tenth,
To whom this this invitation is sent.

Of my guests you are the eleventh,
Aren't you glad you're not the seventh.

(Bravo, Ma!)

SCENE III.

And now that we have all our invitations nicely written, we must find nice orange paper and decorated with black cats, there being some popular tradition to the effect that black cats go out only on Hallowe'en nights, although our experience as a neighborhood morals censor—but let that pass . . . where were we . . . oh, yes, the invitations—tastefully illuminated they are with their black cats and witches riding astride broomsticks, and this without the aid of knickers . . . they were wonderful in their way, these old witches . . . tastefully illuminated and carefully written out to show off all their poetic qualities . . . Ma's invitations have now gone forth and she has nothing to do for the coming week except put her poor, dear brain through a daily setting-up exercise with menus, and games, and table decorations, and place cards . . . all of which will require the same careful planning and original thinking that went into the invitations, which, you may be pleased to know, made quite a hit—several of "the girls" calling Ma up the next day and complimenting her lavishly on the cleverness and the originality of her delightfully "different" invitations . . . we understand the ninth guest was made particularly happy by the felicitous phrasing of the invitation itself, as well as the piquant surprise of the rhyme.

MA (to Pa—same scene, same Pa as in Scene One—three evenings later):
I found a list of Hallowe'en superstitions that ought to be good, don't you think?

PA:
Don't bother me.

MA (placidly):
Listen . . .

PA:
I don't want to listen.

MA (reads on):
In olden times many queer superstitions prevailed. One old charm reads: Take twenty-five new needles and set them on a plate. Then pour water over them. Those that cross denote enemies. Here's another queer old superstition: If anyone tells you anything and shortly afterwards you have to sneeze it is a true omen that what was told you was true.

PA:
I don't suppose if I told you to keep quiet that all the sneezing I could do would make it come true. (Turning page savagely: I wish you'd get that damn party on and over with, so we'd have a little peace around this place).

MA (flaming):
Well, if you'd given me a little help instead of carping and criticizing all the time . . . you're a selfish brute, that's what you are.

PA:
Did you say brute?

MA:
Yes, that's just what I said.

PA (resigned):
That's what I thought you said.

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RHEUMATIC PEOPLE CAN NOW FIND RELIEF

By Driving the Poisonous Acid From the System.

Rheumatism attacks people when the blood is thin and watery, or charged with impurities, thus setting up inflammation of the muscles and joints. Cold, wet weather or sharp winds may start the pains, but the cause is rooted in the blood and to get relief it must be treated through the blood. As a blood builder and nerve tonic Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are unsurpassed, and for that reason do not fail to give relief to rheumatic sufferers when given a fair trial. Among the rheumatic sufferers who have proved the great value of this medicine is Mrs. Simeon J. Tatton, Indian Head, Sask., who says: "For over two years I was an intense sufferer from rheumatism and until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills no treatment that I took helped me any. The trouble grew so bad that I could not move around the house without help, and finally I had to give up and go to bed. Words cannot tell how much I suffered, and I could not bear to have anyone come near me. Finally one of my neighbors strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so. In the course of a few weeks I could feel an improvement, and I was able to get up. I kept on taking the pills until all traces of the trouble were gone, and I could again do my housework, feeling like a new person. Three years have passed since that, and there has never been the slightest return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the relief brought by this medicine is permanent."

You can get the pills from your druggist, or by mail at 50 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Sportswoman's Section

More and Better Basketball Promised by the Girls This Fall

Competition to be Keener in Ontario and More Teams to Play Than Ever Before in History of the Game.

BASKETBALL this coming season is certain to be "bigger and better than ever." Yes, we assuredly will have "more and better basketball." First, there will be all the teams that were in the game last season. Then there will be more teams—new ones. And basketball will be much better organized than ever. The L. O.B.A. will look after that. These things are very significant when one remembers that last season was the greatest in the history of the game.

It is impossible to overestimate the influence that the "Grads" will have on the morale of the game.

In the old days, before the L. O.B.A. was formed, basket teams did not travel far. The writer remembers well the time when a trip from Toronto to Hamilton was a jaunt to be prepared for, remembered, and boasted about. To travel to our neighboring city to play basketball, a team had to be a real team. Then came the era when the whole idea of travel was summed up in a journey to London to play there. That was a real step, and not to be considered lightly.

Then came the trips to Edmonton. Surely basketball for girls had reached its highest level when teams crossed the major portion of the continent in order to compete. But no. The Edmonton team has actually crossed the ocean and returned with a world title.

And so now, everyone wants to beat the Grads, and for the first time in history, every team in Ontario will play with that possibility ahead of them. That is, if the L.O.B.A.'s plans of expansion materialize, and there is no reason under the sun why they won't. So every little team that has been in the game five minutes will hope for the fluke that will give them the chance against the Grads, with the misty possibility of an ocean voyage and foreign strands lingering somewhere in the background.

That's one of the really delightful things about little teams. They are always waiting, watching and hoping for the "break" which will place them at the top of the ladder, with victory against the champions immediately ahead. And speaking about "hope," what the Hope ladies did in softball this Summer is an outstanding example of how these hopes and dreams do occasionally come true. Who knows but that there may be a similar upset in basketball?

And so the Grads' successes stimulate every team in the country, for the Grads have shown their less famous sisters just what may lie ahead of the successful basketball player.

An interesting detail in connection with the coming season is the fact that the championship will be played for in the East. That is definite. The Dominion Basketball Association decided a year ago that the ladies' championship was to be played in the West this year, and in the East next Spring, with the "home" team paying expenses. So that whoever wins the championship of Ontario wins a bit of a white elephant as well, for the expenses of bringing the Grads from the West will certainly amount to something, and the drawing power of a national championship game in the East is something to conjecture about.

If Toronto wins again, and the Grads, therefore, come to this city, why not use the Coliseum?

YES, competition is going to be mighty keen in the L.O.B.A. play-off this season. Toronto ladies realize it, and are busily sizing up a bunch of fifteen applicants. Whether this will mean dropping anyone from the team, or not, remains to be seen.

London, of course, will be another centre of interest. We have heard nothing from the London Shamrocks. It is known that some of their best players are away, so just what they are going to do, while it may be known to themselves, is not a matter of common knowledge. It is to be hoped that their bright new suits will be seen again this season. These suits are glorious things—imported affairs, bearing the girls' names in nice conspicuous letters. The London, A.A.A. team should be strong contenders. They have some ex-Shamrock players, and the rest of the team is first-rate material, too. They are certainly not to be despised.

RECORDS MADE WHEN GIRLS RUN AT EX. TRACK

Fanny's Place Taken by Elwood Hughes' Dark Horse?

RECORDS were made and broken at the S.P.A. meet, as was predicted two weeks ago. The C.N.E. team again enter the hall of fame by running the 440 yards in 51 2-5 seconds, a brand new mark. It all happened like this:

Ethel Smith, Helen Small, Mildred Dale and Pansy Davis were selected to race an exhibition 440 yards against the C.N.E. team. When the time came to line up, Fanny Rosenfeldt had not put in an appearance. This left a gap in the C.N.E. four, and Mr. Elwood Hughes invited Miss Josephine Dyment to race with the C.N.E. girls. This now made the champions line up as follows: Josephine Dyment, Grace Conacher, Myrtle Cook and Rosa Grosse, and they started in that order. Miss Dyment gamely started with the other girl, already fifteen yards in front before the gun was fired. Yes, the opposing four received a fifteen-yard handicap, thus the C.N.E. faced a long lead to make up before even starting. When the gun was fired, little Miss Dyment just flew along and cut into the lead of her opponent, giving the stick to Miss Conacher not very far behind the other pass. Grace raced along behind Pansy Davis, who hung on to the rail, and was just a scant couple of yards back when Myrtle Cook received the baton. Myrtle and Mildred Dale raced along (incidentally both having sore knees), and when Rosa Grosse got the baton she had a lead of about five yards, and easily more than doubled this before reaching the final 440-yard mark. Time, 51 2-5 seconds! Fast, indeed, but the writer is not presuming too much when she says they can go even faster than that!

In the sprint events Miss Josephine Dyment came through the heats and won the final in the hundred open. This is the race the C.N.E. girls did not enter. We think we have discovered Mr. Hughes' "dark horse" in the little lady from Jerseyville, who attends Hamilton Collegiate. At least she certainly looked the best of the juniors. Her work was commented on by several of the powers-that-be on track athletics.

IN the invitation handicap event Rosa Grosse came through, as was expected, and a record equalled once more—her own, by the way, made at Beaverton this Summer. She started from scratch. Myrtle Cook next, Kathleen Flannigan, then Grace Conacher, and Pansy Davis out in front with nine yards on Rosa. But what is nine yards to the little flyer? Nothing! Just before the final couple of yards she came rushing through to break the tape. Kathleen Flannigan, who was placed behind Grace, beat Grace out and got third position. Myrtle Cook was second, but the judges had a little trouble deciding between Kathleen and Myrtle at the tape. They were pretty close.

Mention should be made of some of the little school girls who turned in such good performances. Florence Bell, Helen Small, Mildred Dale, F. Davies, Eleanor Leslie are all names which we will continue to hear of in the cinder track columns.

In the inter-club relay Toronto Ladies' Athletic Club came through in the fast time of 52 1-5 seconds, one-fifth second slower than the record of the C.N.E. team at the Exhibition this year. This team was composed of Rosa Grosse, Grace Conacher, Myrtle Cook and Dorothy O'Neill. Perfect baton-passing featured this race. There was absolutely no hitch whatever. Myrtle Cook started and there were ten teams in the race—ten anxious individuals waiting for the gun. At the start Toronto Ladies was second to the pole, but soon got next to the pole, and Myrtle handed Dorothy a nice lead, which she held, and passed to Grace, who increased it before giving the baton to Rosa. Then, of course, Rosa just flew towards the finish. Hydro were second, and have a nice, fast-working team. Hamilton Collegiate, with their line up of Rosa Hunter, Miss McKelvey, Josephine Dyment were looked upon as favorites for the event.

These races are the last outdoor events on the program for this season. Now the rubber soles will be pattering around the inside floors instead of spikes on the track.

OSHAWANS FORM LEAGUE OF BOWLERS

Five-pin Organization Will Perform in New Clubhouse.

A LADIES' five pin bowling league has been organized in Oshawa for the Fall and Winter months and all games will be bowled in the new Motor City Bowling Club. There will be twelve teams with five ladies on each, and the following are the names of the teams and captains of each:—

Advertisers—Miss Ida Braniff.
B. B's.—Miss Doris Bone.
Billings—Miss Violet Smith.
Central Park—Miss Florence Archard.
Allymites—Miss Violet Mackie.
Exporters—Miss Marguerite Callaghan.
Follow-Ups—Miss Kathleen Wells.
Lollypops—Miss Dorothy Luttrell.
Purchasers—Miss Cassie Graham.
Sales and Service—Miss Hazel Beckel.
Traffic—Miss Ada Gallagher.
Vens—Miss Beatrice McCabe.

Mrs. Rose Peters



Toronto Woman Advises Young Mothers!

Toronto, Ont.—"During all my years of wifehood and motherhood I have had such great comfort from the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription that I do not hesitate to recommend it to other women who need strength and help during expectancy. 'Favorite Prescription' relieved me of all nausea, or sick stomach, and kept me well and strong. I took this splendid tonic and nervine during each of my four expectant periods and I feel quite sure that my babies were just as greatly benefited as I myself, for they were plump and exceedingly healthy from the first moment."—Mrs. Rose Peters, No. 257 Sackville Street.

Health is most important to every woman. You cannot afford to neglect it when your neighborhood druggist can supply you with Favorite Prescription, in tablets or liquid. This Prescription is made in Dr. Pierce's Laboratory in Bridgeburg, Ont. Send 10 cents there if you wish a trial package.

WHO'S WHO IN GIRLS' SPORTS



A FEW DETAILS ABOUT GAME OF FIELD HOCKEY

Enjoying Wide Popularity in England the Game Has Crossed the Pond.

By MYRTLE A. COOK.

WITH the rapidly increasing popularity of field hockey, it is felt that the time is ripe for discussion of the game and its various strong points. Field hockey is certainly nothing if not progressive and as women have played a leading part in the field of other sports, why not this form of physical exercise and amusement? For many years past, the game has been the favorite Winter sport of the Oxford and Cambridge Ladies' Colleges and here in our own city we have Havergal Ladies' College deeply interested in the game. In former years, one of the rules of the game was "no hat pins" but with the modern bobbed heads and no hats, this rule may be considered as forgotten.

The game itself, well, it has all the appearance of ice hockey and yet is vastly different, instead of the smooth, shiny surface of ice the player often finds uneven ground, sometimes dotted with mounds of grass, and again perhaps a perfectly rolled lawn. Instead of the round flat disc used in ice hockey, the object around which the interest centres in field hockey is a round rubber ball which rolls and bounces in a tantalizing manner just when it is expected to roll into goal. The fact that eleven players make up a team makes this game popular with clubs having a large membership, there is no need for so much worrying of "can I make the team?" as where a team consists of perhaps five players and a few spares such as in basketball. There are five forwards and five half-backs in field hockey, beside the goal keeper. Only those who have undertaken this latter position in all weathers fully realize its pains or pleasures. The goalkeeper is by some thought to have done no more than her duty when she saves a hot one and should she happen to have done her best but not succeeded her position is doubly thankless. On such occasions she may get words—or worse, looks—and inevitably she criticizes her own play. Running also plays a large part in a victory because it requires speed in breaking away and keeping the ball constantly in front and towards the goal in sight.

EVERY woman who takes up this game should, in the first instance, be able to bend, swing, stoop and breathe with absolute ease. When discussing field hockey in the real terms of the game, such words as "off-sides," "rolls-in from touch" make it sound like a mixture of hockey and rugby. The various rules and plays of the game are numerous, too numerous to set down here but the main idea is to score goals. In lawn tennis, golf, etc., success waits upon individual skill and judgment, the player relies solely upon her own efforts and resources and if she fails, the interest of, at most, one other person are involved. It is otherwise in field hockey, for although skill is necessary, here the interest of the individual player is merged in that of the team. Combination and loyal co-operation are the prime factors and anything like selfishness or want of discipline may involve a whole side in failure and loss of prestige. To sink your identity, to obey orders, to be diligent in practice, careful of your health, constitute a discipline which will be found useful in many affairs of life of even greater importance than hockey.

Toronto with its long list of girl athletes should have no trouble in fielding a team which would give a good account of itself and somewhere in this twenty-six square mile area there is someone who could step forward the possessor of all the requirements necessary for the coaching of the team, someone who knows the ropes and how to handle a team. Just for instance, right at the present moment a team could be fielded as follows, which would give a fair exhibition of the game at any rate; for forwards, Rosa Grosse, Grace Connacher, Fanny Rosenfeldt, Ethel Smith and Dorothy O'Neil would provide all the speed that was necessary and the half-back positions could be successfully filled with Janet Allen, Mollie Trinnell, Athol Wesley, Winnie Simpson and Conny Hennessey, all of hockey fame with the goal being looked after by Tena Davis.

THE SPORTSWOMAN

(Title registered)

The Field Hockey Invasion Continues Apace—Some Intimate Details of the Game As It Is Being Taught To New Yorkers By a British Teacher.

By NITA HOWARD.

DRIVES, dribbles, lunges, scoops, push-bars. Consider these, and field hockey becomes a game that requires strictest attention. One must be as skilful with the stick as with the golf club; must get the ball as rapidly as in tennis; must run as fast as in basketball. But the benefits of the game, we are assured, are therefore threefold.

Under the expert tutelage of Groucutt Roberts, the diminutive coach from England, who has come over to teach the game, hockey is a science. When we played hockey in school, more years ago than we care to remember, it was our sole and absorbing aim to hit the ball. Whether we hit it direct to the enemy who shot it through the goal posts, or whether we sent it out of bounds, didn't feaze us in the least—we were satisfied if we merely hit it.

HOCKEY should be played constantly, says Miss Roberts, because only practice can develop the speed, endurance and co-operation necessary for a good game. And it should be taken up rather early in life—say at the age of twelve. The way to learn the game is to combine stick practice with actual play—and this reminds us of an interesting point the English coach spoke about. Her countrywomen practice stick-work for at least a half hour before their tournament games.

Speed is acquired by means of speed games that keep the players chasing all over the field and, by the way, increase their endurance. Nothing is so important to a first-rate game as running, for nothing so tires out an opponent as pursuing the elusive ball. And co-operation, which we speak of more familiarly as team work on these shores, can only be attained by practicing, and in groups.

One thing to remember is this: There is no room for "star" performances in field hockey. No one can be a first-class player unless her game absolutely synchronizes with that of her fellow players. What can it profit a girl though she shines brilliantly when she fails to co-operate with her team mates?

THE best, the most sensible hockey equipment is that which offers the least interference to the game. In England, the girls wear short tunics, not quite reaching to knees, tights underneath and extra long stockings and shin guards.

In America the costume must be varied, because of the fact that it is almost impossible to get the long hose that are so necessary to the outfit. An adequate, though not as attractive get-up is the regulation middy and bloomers. If you wear bloomers be sure that they are comfortable, neither too full nor too long, for you will find them slipping below your knees, twisting about you and otherwise hampering your speed.

One should be as finicky about selecting the hockey stick as the tennis racquet. The stick should have plenty of spring to it and many of the better grade hockey sticks have a rubber splicing down the middle, as well as carefully fitted parts. Look at the top of the stick for these details, and lean on it to see if it has any "give."

What the English stick-women particularly excel in is stroking. And little wonder, for they devote so much time to its practice. They are careful not to foul. They learn the value of wrist work, how, by a simple twist of the wrist to send the ball skipping over an opponent's stick and out of her reach. They learn to think fast.

We mentioned, a little while ago, drives and dribbles, lunges and the like, and now we shall explain what they are. A drive in hockey parlance means just what it does in golf; sending the ball shooting clear across the field, by hard hitting, toward the goal. This is the stroke to attempt where there is an uninterrupted field.

A dribble is something like what the dictionary describes as "letting fall in small drops." It consists of hitting the ball light, short strokes that send it only a little way, but in the direction one wishes it to go. In a tight squeeze, with the enemy preventing hard hitting, this is the stroke to use until one gets out on a clear enough field to drive.

In England, the players dribble the ball in and out of rows of peach baskets, to sharpen their accuracy. We mentioned this point sometime ago, but it does no harm to speak of it again, for it shows how far advanced the English game is.

There is the lift stroke which really does scoop the ball up and throw it right over the opponent's stick; there are the lunge and the dodge, the former to be used in offensive, the latter in defensive play. And there are unbelievable little ways of stopping the ball or deflecting its progress. The Englishwomen thinks about all these details when she plays hockey. We are less careful. For instance, in a game we watched recently, between a team of picked athletes, we saw almost every one of the women stopping the ball with the foot—a foul.

The experienced English player always stops the ball with her club. And again, when she wants to intercept her opponent's ball she does not crowd into her enemy player, but swings around in front of her and prevents her hitting the ball.

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U.S. CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.



Mrs. Ary Bos, wife of the famous billiard champion of Holland, is also a billiardist of note. She holds the title of women's balkline billiard champion of the United States, and often competes in exhibition contests with her husband. Mrs. Bos was formerly Katherine Hayward of Philadelphia. Photo shows Mrs. Bos busy at the table.

The OUTLINE of SCIENCE

Edited By Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON
UNIVERSITY of ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

A Plain Story Simply Told—The Discovery of Hormones.

Influence of Mind on the Body is Illustrated by Effect of Anger or Other Strong Emotion on Adrenal Glands.

A PHYSIOLOGIST would class the different parts of the body as bones, muscles, nerves and glands, and we have in conclusion to say something about the last. We have already spoken of the myriads of tiny tubular glands which line the alimentary canal. Another mass of tubular glands make up the essential part of the kidneys. They really form a filter of a remarkable pattern. Arteries bring the blood to the kidney tubules, which are stimulated to action by the blood. Each—by vital action, not a mere physical process—takes out of the blood the fluid nitrogenous waste substances and a certain amount of water, and the tiny ducts connected with the tubules run together and carry the waste or urine to the bladder.

But the main interest to-day is in what scientific men call the "ductless" glands; glands which extract substances from the blood but do not pour their secretion into special channels. We have already mentioned a most interesting example in the suprarenal glands; two little bodies near the kidneys, each about the size of a segment of a small orange, which pour into the blood a "chemical messenger" (or hormone) for regulating the supply of blood to the various organs.

It is one of the most remarkable discoveries of recent years that there are numbers of little glands entirely devoted to the manufacture of hormones, "If all the glands of internal secretion were rolled together they would form a parcel small enough to go into a waistcoat pocket, yet such a small mass can influence the working and growth of the whole body." In his interesting book, which we have already mentioned, Sir Arthur Keith, referring to the dispatch of secretion to the stomach, uses the following suggestive words; The secretin, or hormone, which acts as a missive "is posted in the nearest letter boxes or capillaries in the duodenal wall and is carried away in the general blood circulation, which serves for all kinds of postal traffic. In a postal system where there are no sorters and which must be conducted by an automatic mechanism, letters or missives cannot be addressed in the usual way. Their destination is indicated, not by their inscription but by their shape. The molecules of secretin may be regarded as ultra-microscopic Yale keys sent out to search for the locks of letter boxes which they can fit and enter." They circulate around the body until they find their destination. "What is still more wonderful in this system is that the letter boxes, or we may call them locks, have a positive attraction for the kep missives which are destined for them." It was Prof. Starling who named these messengers hormones.

THE thyroid glands—two little lobes on either side of the windpipe—are bodies of this nature which have attracted a good deal of popular attention, of late years. The secretion formed is discharged straight into the blood stream, and for that reason they are called ductless glands or glands of internal secretion. Here it is enough to say that the chemical stuff, or "hormone," which they secrete increases the vitality of the tissues; it makes the tissues "greedy for oxygen," and the work goes on more briskly. Hence it is that decay or imperfect development of the thyroid glands leads to that state of bodily and mental feebleness which is called "cretinism," while the extract from the glands can be used for the purpose of "rejuvenation." This small organ, the thyroid gland, is necessary to the health and normal development of both body and mind, and this knowledge has been put to practical application in some cases with astounding results.

Near the thyroid glands are four small bodies—the "parathyroids." The function of these is not clear, but there is serious nervous trouble if they are removed. Then there is a "thymus gland," which seems in some way to prevent the sex organs from developing too early. It i s situated in front of the breast bone, and must act by "postal service." The internal sex organs themselves post a good many of these "hormones" in the blood. The development of secondary sexual characteristics, such as antlers, seems to be largely stimulated by chemical messengers of this kind. One of the most interesting illustrations is in connection with the milk in the mother's breasts. How does the mammal mother come to have this rich development of her milk glands just at the moment when it is needed? It has been discovered that, as soon as she becomes pregnant, the ovaries begin to discharge a hormone into her blood, which finds its way to the breasts and stimulates them. Probably the embryo itself also produces hormones which pass into the mother's blood, and serve a useful purpose up to the time of birth.

The Pituitary Body.

FINALLY, there is a remarkable and long neglected little body in the head, the "pituitary body," which is a rich laboratory of hormones. It controls the growth of tissues by stimulating them. When it is removed from an animal the body becomes feeble and undersized. On the other hand, some rather unfortunate people have their pituitary body overgrown, or overactive, and they develop unpleasantly large faces, hands, and feet, or become "giants."

Such, as far as one can tell it in so brief a space, is the tale of the wonderful mechanisms in the body. Even the skin, which binds and protects this marvelous system of parts, is a remarkable organ when one has time to study it thoroughly. On the tender eyelids of a young child it is as thin as tissue paper, yet on the palms of some "horny handed son of toil" it will produce protecting cells until it becomes an eighth of an inch thick. It is, moreover, rich in sweet glands (which, as we saw, are most important for regulating the temperature of the body), lubricating or sebaceous glands, corpuscles for the sense of touch, and little pits in which take root the hairs which were once of great service to the body. Every internal surface also has its lining, or skin; tough where toughness is required, but so fine in the right places that gases and fluids can pass through it for breathing and nutritive purposes. "The proper study of mankind is man," said a great poet; and we may surely add that we know no more interesting study in the universe.

Before we leave the subject of this article a further word should be said.

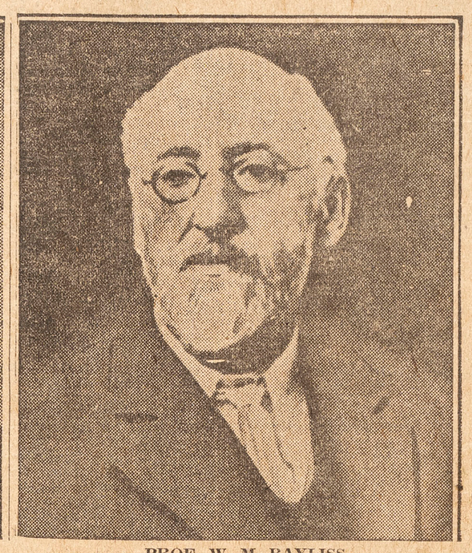
The comparison of the body to an engine is very useful, but it is more than a little apt to lead us astray. For the body is living, and in higher animals, at least, there is a "mind" that counts. No one has succeeded in making clear the relation between mind and body, if there be a relation, but what we are sure of is that there are two aspects, two sides to the shield, the mental and the bodily. Just as a dome has its inner concave and its outer convex curve, inseparable from one another, two aspects of the same thing, so the living creature is a feeling, remembering, willing, and sometimes thinking being, just as really and truly as it is a feeding, moving, storing and energy transforming system. On the one side there is "mind", probably present even when it is not apparent to the observer; on the other side there is the routine of chemical processes which we call metabolism. Sometimes the living creature is more of a body-mind, sometimes more of a mind-body. We cannot solve the riddle; the mental or subjective and the bodily or objective activity are bound together in one. What we are quite sure of is that the ideal for the organism is a healthy body at the service of a healthy mind. Let us take an illustration of the influence of mind on body.

The famous physiologist of Petrograd, Prof. Ivan Petrovitch Pavlov, was the first to demonstrate the influence of the emotions on the health of the system. Every one knows that a good circulation and a good digestion make for cheerfulness, but the converse is also true. "A merry heart is the life of the flesh." The researches of Pavlov, Cannon, Carlson, and Crile have made it quite clear that pleasant emotions favor the secretion of the digestive juices, the rhythmic movements of the food canal which work the nutriment downwards, and even the absorption of what has been made soluble and diffusible. On the other hand, unpleasant emotions, such as envy, and mental disturbances, such as worry, hinder digestion and the smooth working of the nutritive process.



PROF. E. H. STARLING

One of the leaders of modern physiology. He has made contributions of the highest importance toward an understanding of the chemical correlation or harmonious working of the body, notably by his study of internal secretions. Profs. Bayliss and Starling have done much together. Elliott & Fry photo.



PROF. W. M. BAYLISS

One of the leaders of modern physiology. He has made contributions of the highest importance to the study of internal secretions, digestion, and the action of ferments, electric phenomena associated with vital processes, the production of heat in the body and the regulative functions in general. His "Principles of General Physiology" is one of the great books of the science. Profs. Bayliss and Starling have conducted many investigations together. Russell photo.

The Cult of Joy.

WHEN the hungry man sees the well laid table his mouth waters, but every one knows that a memory or an anticipation will also serve to move at least the first link in the digestive chain. Professor Dearborn writes: "It is now well known that no sense experience is too remote from the innervations of digestion to be taken into its associations, and serve as a stimulus of digestive movements and secretions." As was said of old time, "He that is of a merry heart has a continuous feast." When our joyous index is high, our digestion is good. As Dr. Saleeby has put it, freedom from care has nutritive value. It does not seem far fetched to wonder if the joyousness of singing birds may not react on their remarkably well developed capacities. We speak smilingly of our friend's "eupeptic" cheerfulness, but our smile is a little apt to become a materialism. We have to inquire whether our friend is not "eupeptic" because of his physical success in the great task of happiness. The truth is that the mental and the bodily harmonies are the bass and treble of one tune.

The influence of mind on body finds a good illustration in the stimulation of the adrenal glands by strong emotion. Anger, which may be righteous, affects the production of adrenalin by the core of the adrenal glands, situated near the kidneys. The slight increase in this powerful "chemical messenger" or hormone, which the blood sweeps away, has numerous effects through the body. It constricts the smaller blood vessels, and there is less blood in the peripheral and more in the deeper parts. It raises the blood pressure, excites and freshens the muscles, adds to the sugar content of the blood, increases the coagulability of the blood and so on. In short, the whole body is prepared for a fight, and all under the influence of what was to begin with a physical event.

"Good news, psychical if anything is, may set in motion a series of vital processes, complex beyond the ken of the wisest. What is true of digestion is true also of the circulation. Wordsworth was a better physiologist than he knew when he spoke of his heart leaping up at the sight of the rainbow and filling with pleasure at the recollection of the daffodils dancing by the lakeside. There are facts which point to the conclusion that a gladsome mind increases the efficiency of the nervous system. Good tidings will invigorate the flagging energies of a band of explorers; an unexpected visit will change a wearied homesick child, as if by magic, into a dancing gladsome elf; a religious joy enables men and women to transcend the limits of our frail humanity."

There is reason, then, to believe that emotion has its physical accompaniment in tensions and movements throughout the body, and in changes in the secretion of glands. There is a physiological reverberation of joy. But there must be more than this. The nervous system has a notable integrative or unifying function; it makes for the harmony of the bodily life. This function it may discharge the better if the psychical side is finding its due development. Thus it is well known that aesthetic emotion—delight in the beautiful — is very markedly a body-and-mind reaction, affecting the whole creature as a unity. It is practically certain that many people fail in health because they starve their higher senses and minds.

We venture to go further, under the conviction that physiology and psychology must join hands—as is suggested, indeed, by the name of the new science of psychobiology. The physiological ideal is bodily health; its essential correlate is healthy mindedness. No doubt the invalid may have a vigorously healthy mind and the athlete a mind diseased, but, on the average, the two aspects of health must develop together. Hence the importance of mental disting, mental gymnastics, mental rest, mental play, mental stores; though these must be sought as ends in themselves, not as aids to digestion!

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Pituitary Body, Situated in the Head, Rich Laboratory of Hormones—Controls Growth of Tissues By Stimulating Them.

HUMAN ENIGMAS : : That Still Keep the World Guessing

No. 2--Mrs. Lenora Piper

By WALTER B. GIBSON



"While Mrs. Piper was in a trance, her hand wrote spasmodic messages."

EVER since the awakening of interest in modern spiritualism, scientific interest in psychic matters has rapidly increased, until now there is scarcely a person claiming mediumistic powers who has not come under the surveillance of investigators, whose methods of detecting fraud are far more highly developed than they were some fifty years ago, when the first tidal wave of spiritualism swept over America, and hundreds of fraudulent "mediums" preyed upon the gullibility of the public.

The study of physic marvels must be confined to modern instances of mediumistic phenomena, rather than to historic cases. It stands to reason that if spirit communication be true, its principles will exist through succeeding generations, for historic cases of alleged psychic phenomena date back beyond the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Bearing these facts in mind, it is significant to note that perhaps the most remarkable case of mediumship is modern one; that of Mrs. Lenora Piper, who has displayed her ability in the presence of many modern scientists, and who has been instrumental in converting a number of them to a firm belief in spirit control and communication.

The first evidence of Mrs. Piper's peculiar ability was manifested in the year 1884. In that year she developed a trance state, and in the year 1885 came under the observation of Prof. James, a famous psychologist of Harvard University. The remarkable statements she made during her trance utterances did not at first impress him as necessarily being genuine evidences of psychic control, but in 1886 he made the following statement:

"I am persuaded of the medium's honesty, and of the genuineness of her trance; and, although at first disposed to think that the 'hits' she made were either lucky coincidences or the result of knowledge on her part of who the sitter was . . . I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained."

The next important investigator was Dr. Richard Hodgson, whose exposures of fraudulent mediums were thorough and far-reaching. He studied the remarkable statements made by Mrs. Piper—statements that described family relations, and important facts concerning persons unknown to her—and in the year 1887 he became fully convinced that she possessed some supernormal power.

LATE in 1889 Mrs Piper, who had hitherto resided in New England, was taken to England, where the most stringent methods were employed to prevent her from obtaining information concerning any persons who were concerned in the English investigation. Sir Oliver Lodge was one of the most important investigators, and he and many others were impressed with the evident existence of supernormal power.

In the years following Mrs. Piper's trance seances continued. The singular feature of each seance was her ability to pass into a trance—a state resembling hypnosis. While in that condition she would be "controlled" by various personalities, who announced themselves under the names of "Philnuit," "Imperator," "Doctor" and "Rector." The first named stated through Mrs. Piper's utterances, that his full name was Dr. Jean Phinuit Sciliville; that he was born in Marseilles about the year 1790 and died about 1860. These "controls" presumably took possession of Mrs. Piper during her trances, and utilized her voice to carry on conversations with the sitters at the seances. They would give information regarding "departed" friends of the sitters, with whom the "controls" presumably communicated. Sometimes the medium would write replies to questions, under influence of one of the "controls."

IN AUGUST, 1915, Mrs. Piper, who was giving a trance sitting in Greenfield, N. H., received a communication, presumably, through the spirit of Dr. Richard Hodgson, who had died some years before. The message was addressed to Sir Oliver Lodge, and intimated he would receive a severe shock. A month later his son, Raymond, was killed in France. Then began the series of sittings by Sir Oliver with various English mediums, which convinced him of spirit revival, and culminated in his famous book: "Raymond—or Life and Death."

It is indeed evident that Mrs. Piper has proved a truly remarkable woman in her forty years of mediumship, and the most outstanding case of modern psychic phenomena. Yet there are those who doubt the genuineness of her spirit "communications," and who claim that her results are obtained through an unknown phase of mental telepathy, or else through deception.

ONE very significant fact has been brought out; namely, that many mediums have been accepted as genuine, through their trance utterances, only to be proved frauds later on when they attempted to "materialize" different "spirits," or to produce "physical" phenomena—such as slate writings. Now, while no fraud appeared in Mrs. Piper's seances, it is to be remembered that she never produced any phenomena other than trance utterances. Many fraudulent "mediums" would have been glad to pursue a similar course, but circumstances demanded otherwise. Mrs. Piper, however, was continually in demand for her trance seances, and the occasion never arose where further manifestations were necessary.

Dr. James Hyslop in his book, "Science and a Future Life," while favoring the spiritualistic theory in Mrs. Piper's phenomena, does not commit himself entirely to that view. Other investigators have been unimpressed by her psychic powers.

So the case of Mrs. Piper remains to-day a mass of accumulated evidence. Spirit control—telepathy—fraud; no one of the three theories has been universally accepted. And her career will pass down to posterity as an unsolved mystery.

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THE BASKET OF SNAKES

Continued from Page Twenty-four.

again, looking vaguely up and down the long vista.

"Have you seen my—Mr. McAusland lately?" he asked.

Stress again, Mahan thought, as he looked at the other. Probably that drive with Father Sebastian had been hard on rawed young nerves. Electric projects in the Cascades were scarcely an adequate preparation for the peculiar little hells of a complicated society.

"Mr. McAusland was in his study a few moments ago," Mahan answered. "I heard him give orders for Father Sebastian to be called there as soon as he returned."

"Well, I put the dope on his desk," said Hugh. "He'll see it when he comes back."

He lingered, frowning unseeingly at the curiosities, his mind busy with its own private affairs. There was speech dammed up behind his tight lips, and in a moment their barrier gave way.

"I simply can't stand this place," he burst out. "I have had my mind made up ever since that will business last night. I'll stay through this French shindig this morning, of course, but as soon as that is over I'll pack up and just tell the old man that I'm going back west."

"You will probably be more at home there," Mahan agreed.

"It isn't so much that. It is—somehow I can't quite believe all this."

"You mean?"

"Damned if I know what I mean," Hugh answered, as he strode irritatedly away.

MAHAN strolled from case to case, stopping long before each one. A little later Father Sebastian entered the gallery and paused at his side. From the study came the sound of a radio loud speaker dropping stock reports.

"Manganese preferred, hundred seven-eighths—United Textiles, ninety-four a quarter."

Father Sebastian's mouth angled bitterly as he listened.

"The voice of our modern god," he said. "There was a time when the commandments burst through on the thunders of Sinai. Now, all that the lightning seems able to bring is the shibboleths of Mammon."

He passed on, leaving Mahan to the contemplation of the weirdest case of all. A strange contrast, those frank indecencies of barbarism displayed in that house, which was the last word of civilization.

A few moments later Father Sebastian came out again and passed quickly without speaking. A man pursued, he looked, as he flung away down the gallery's length.

Mahan waited a few moments longer, apparently engrossed in the specimens before him. Then, as if he had seen all that he wished of the McAusland curios, he walked away.

The day's event was at hand, and it was time to assume the more formal dress it demanded. As Mahan made himself ready, a knock sounded on his door.

"Mr. Montefiore wished your presence in the private study, sir."

Montefiore, not McAusland — but Mahan betrayed no surprise as he heard it.

Downstairs the huge hall, much like the foyer of a theatre, was filled with flowers, flags and groups of important-looking men. Guests were arriving; out on the terraces were batteries of moving picture cameras, with news reporters vainly trying to look as if they were mere ordinary human beings.

A buzz of talk, Tricolors and Stars and Stripes, all the excitement of a great affair; in a few moments the official envoy of France would be driving up to the doors. But nowhere was there any sign of a host.

IV.

THE entire house party was gathered in the study, Montefiore seated at the desk, with Hobyn beside him. On opposite sides of the room stood Father Sebastian and Hugh, and their positions gave the affair the appearance of a tribunal.

"Shut the door, please, Mr. Mahan," Montefiore croaked. "Are you aware that our host has been taken seriously ill?"

"Not seriously," Hobyn put in. "I got at him in time."

"Legally seriously, since he has been poisoned," Montefiore explained.

"Indeed?" Mahan inquired.

"You hardly seem surprised."

That was practically an accusation, but Mahan merely nodded. Without invitation he pulled forward one of the pink and gold chairs and sat down.

"I am waiting to hear the circumstances."

"Poison taken in mistake—or, as the evidence indicates, actually given to him in place of aspirin," Hobyn expounded. "The original tablets had been emptied from the box and bichloride substituted."

"I tell you I know nothing of it," Hugh burst out. "I put the box on the desk there just as it came from the drug store and——"

Montefiore checked him with an authoritative hand.

"McAusland demands that we send for the police and make an immediate arrest."

"A natural feeling for any one with a stomach full of bichloride," Mahan returned. "And my part in the affair?"

"Any light that you can throw on the matter. Hugh admits buying the box of aspirin. Father Sebastian accompanied him on the errand and was the only one aware of it."

"Except myself," Mahan suggested. "That is what makes you valuable as a witness."

"Exactly," Mahan smiled, as if from some hidden knowledge. "An impartial witness. And both Father Sebastian and Hugh were at different times alone here in the study. Hugh to deliver the package and the other after Hugh had laid it on the desk. I can witness that."

Hugh flung to the window, his fingers shredding again at the curtain whose destruction he had begun the evening before. Standing by the fireplace the Father turned paler at Mahan's words.

"An excellent witness," said Montefiore. "Mr. McAusland suggested that both these gentlemen have had private conversation with you, and that possibly they might have unconsciously revealed their states of mind to you."

"Again the impartial witness, a man to whom men talk," Mahan smiled again. "How fortunate I am here. Last night Hugh came to my room and he did reveal far more than he knew. His state of mind was a bitter one."

From the window Hugh shot him a smouldering glance, but Mahan went quietly on.

"And yesterday Father Sebastian informed me of his conviction that there is no providence guiding the world and that the only thing to do is to confiscate wealth—by violence if necessary—and divert it to the poor."

"I still hold that belief," the Father put in with hollow firmness.

"That's Bolshevism," Hobyn pronounced, as if it were a new disease.

"Ah-ha," Montefiore interjected. "Now let us consider the will, leaving all to Hugh——"

"And I warned him that he'd have to wait several years," Hobyn remembered, with the satisfaction of one who sees things piling blackly up against another.

"Fifteen years, you said, and to a boy of twenty-five that seems a lifetime," Montefiore went on. "Then again there is the clause leaving all to Father Sebastian in case Hugh should die without issue—and a death for murder in the electric chair is about as legal a death as there is."

"You mean to suggest I substituted that poison so that Hugh should be suspected?" the Father groaned. "Good God, can such things be?"

Mahan cheerfully said, "Your case seems complete, Mr. Montefiore. At least you cannot fail to hit one of them if you make the charge broad enough. A hideous attempt by a son against his own father; or a still more hideous conspiracy by an ordained priest against son and father both."

"We have evidence enough to justify an arrest, at least." Montefiore agreed, and his hand went towards the buzzer on the desk.

"One moment though," said Mahan. "There are some things that we have overlooked."

"What things?"

MAHAN rose as if what he were about to say demanded action. Hands in pockets, a half whimsical experssion on his face, he paced slowly about the room. His prevalent, pleasant grayness took on an almost luminous effect. He spoke as though thinking aloud.

"Angles of reflection, for one thing. Also the stresses of a bent rod. And then again, our basket of snakes. The nearest head to the nearest tail, of course, and they always seem to fit so well."

Hobyn's mouth opened, but Montefiore was sharply before him.

"This hardly seems relevant, Mr. Mahan."

"No? And yet it is joining the wrong head to the wrong tail that constitutes the real irrelevancy," Mahan answered. "Can you take an iron rod which is bent sharply in one direction and bend it as sharply in the other? And have you ever known McAusland to bend that iron thing he calls his mind? But if you merely turn the rod around, what then? The same rod, the same bend, but being turned around it seems to be bent in the other direction."

"Really, Mr. Mahan——" Montefiore began, but the other waved him quietly aside.

"Now for the angles of reflection. Permit me to open the door. You see that mirror in the alcove which reflects the curio gallery, and especially the case of South set specimens? A device that of McAusland's for watching men when off their guard."

"If this is actually leading to something definite——" rasped Montefiore, but again his impatience merely slid off Mahan's coolness.

"It is leading to angles of reflection. The laws of them are such that if you see a person reflected in a mirror then that person can also see you reflected in the same glass? Have you ever noticed that? Sitting at the desk there what do you see in that mirror in the passage? A slice of the gallery. And any one standing in that slice of the gallery and looking into the alcove sees the reflection of this study. And I myself spent more than an hour in that particular slice of the gallery this morning."

The atmosphere became vibrant as some tightly stretched string. Hugh and Father Sebastian glanced at each other, each in triumph, that now the truth of the other's action was to be made known.

"Twenty-five years of bitterness," Mahan went on. "A rod which could not change its twist, but decided to turn around and look as if bent the other way. A splendid situation—a doctor, a lawyer, a priest, an heir, a will. Only the undertaker lacking. Add an important occasion and all that machinery of publicity out there. A subtle idea, the benefactor stricken down at the greatest moment of his life by either the son he had just acknowledged, or by the man whom he had once accused of being that boy's father. Whichever way it went it would go far to prove that accusation right and to bring discredit on the woman whom he was convinced had wrecked his life happiness."

"You mean——"

It was doubtful which of the four had spoken those words. All of them, probably, and it seemed as if none had breath to say more.

"It is not for nothing that truth is always shown with a mirror in her hand," Mahan replied. "If you will rake in those ashes in the fireplace, or have them chemically analysed, you will find traces at least of the tablets from that aspirin box."

It was only Montefiore who was able to ask the next question.

"Thrown there by whom?"

"There was only one snake in that basket after all," said Mahan, with added whimsy. "The nearest head really does belong to the nearest tail. Buzz joins up with poison. You will notice how it was arranged that there should be a physician in the house, and no doubt Dr. Hobyn found the proper antidotes conveniently handy in Mr. McAusland's medicine chest. For it was Peter McAusland himself who threw the aspirin into the fire and replaced it with the bichloride tablets, of which he then took two."

Hugh flung himself impulsively towards Mahan. Laying a hand on the young fellow's shoulder, Mahan went on.

"The impartial witness, so carefully provided, has given his evidence. Now, as the representative of your father, unfortunately taken ill, it is your duty to meet the French marshal and carry through the luncheon. After that you can do as you please. You have been acknowledged by your father, and the whole country will know of it.

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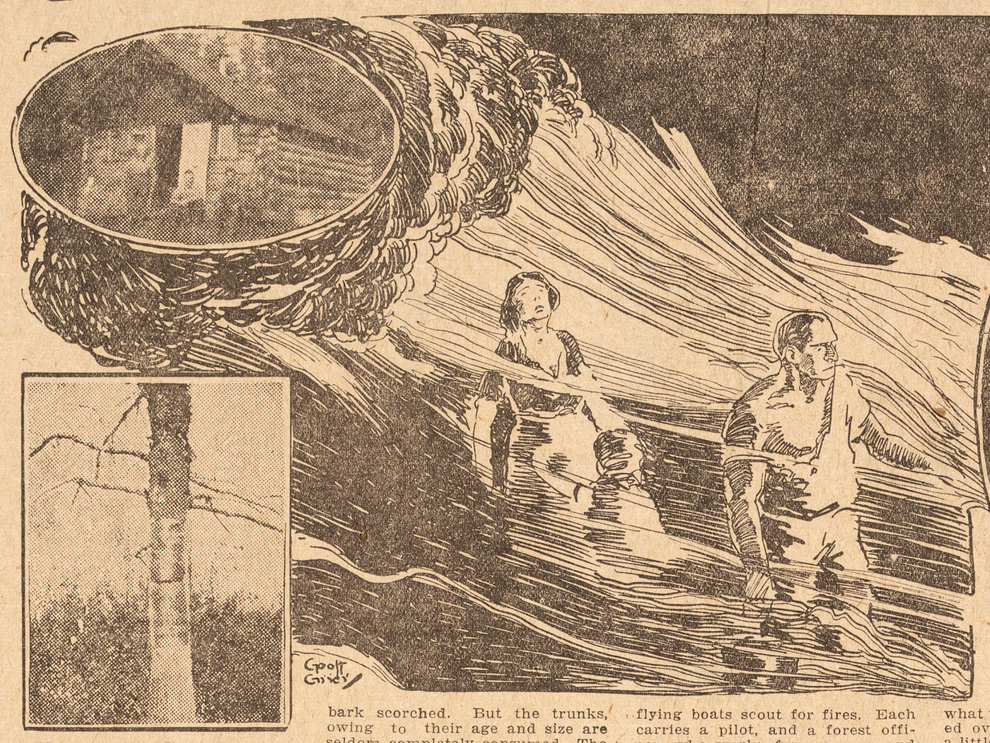
Refreshes Weary Eyes
When your eyes feel dull and heavy, use Murine. It instantly relieves that tired feeling—makes them clear, bright and sparkling. Harmless. Sold and recommended by all druggists.
MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Guarding One Hundred Million Acres From Fire

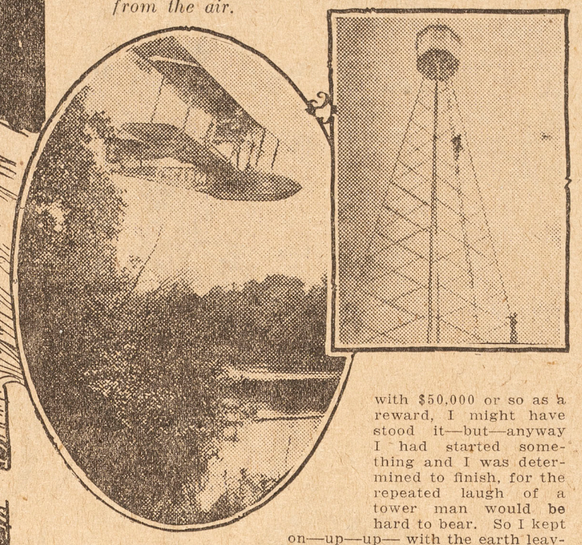
From Watch Towers of the North Directions Go Forth to Firefighters Equipped With Portable Pumps and Trucks for Quick Run to the Scene of Outbreak---Air Patrol Reaches to Provincial Boundary.

By C. P. S.



Below—This flying boat is about to make a landing in the small lake. It is homeward bound after having scouted bush fires from the air.

Below—A "close up" of a steel tower, showing men ascending it by means of the ladder.



This is a sample of the signs that are posted on trees throughout the North Country where fire hazards are specially dangerous. One sees them at intervals, even in the densest bush.

Above—A ranger's log shack which is situated in dense bush in the North Bay district. Similar shacks are provided by the Forestry Branch for rangers who patrol on foot for bush fires in the districts where there is no population.

FOR two days and two nights they had fought the bush fire that swooped and circled about them like some demon maniac bent on complete destruction. A woman, two men and a little girl of six years. Their log shack, log stable and three acres of cleared land threatened to be engulfed at any moment by the fierce flames that crept nearer and nearer, seeming to wait for an opportunity to dart for some small bit of ground that had not been saturated with water.

THEY had poured pails and pails of the sparkling liquid on those three acres of cleared land. For two days these four distraught human beings had made trip after trip to the well that gave up its water unstintingly. At night, while the terrified woman and her weeping child sought rest in the shack, the men continued the work pouring streams of water, one, on the roof of the stable and the other on the roof of the house. And the fire, having now reached the fringe of their clearing, snarled and hissed at the frustration of its onslaught. Maddened, it leapt from tree to tree, encircling the small area, so that for a time, all seemed lost. But man's courage and the cleared land saved the lives of these settlers, who had come a few years before from a country in Europe to find a home in the Promised Land. Now, sixteen years later, they are a happy Canadian family, owning a flourishing farm of 300 acres with half of it cleared lands. City folk seeing their property for the first time might be inclined to think that they still live in the wilds of Ontario, though they are just twenty miles southeast of North Bay in the township of Chisholm.

AT THE time when the bush fire swept this little family's property there was virtually no organized fire fighting system in the province and fires in the dry seasons invaded the forests with unabated fury. Settlers fought for their lives and were lucky if they saved them. Those who did almost invariably returned to rebuild their devastated homes with the incomprehensible courage of people who persist in living near a volcano that threatens constant eruption.

With the development of the North country has come a system of intensive bush-fire fighting. Now the chances are almost one hundred to one in favor of the life of the settler when a fire threatens. Indeed, the headway has been so rapid in the last seven years, that now a bush fire can be extinguished in a couple of hours that a few years ago took days to accomplish.

IF YOU are interested in the subject of the preservation of the timber lands of Ontario and should care to see for yourself what is being done along these lines by the Provincial Government, you would have to travel the length and breadth of the province. You would be compelled to use almost every mode of transportation known to modern civilization. If you wanted to see how a bush fire is scouted from the air, you would have to travel in a flying boat with a pilot and forest officer, leaving the eastern base at Sudbury or the western base at Sault Ste Marie. Should you want to see the locating of a bush fire from the water, it would be necessary for you to ride in a motor launch or paddle a canoe in company with a boatman. If you went searching bush fires from a lookout tower, you would have to jog, with a tower man by motor truck over a lonely bush trail and climb a steel tower that rears itself eighty feet or more into the air from the top of high rocks. If you wanted to see how fires are detected from the railways, you would have to ride on a railway velocipede. Or, if, to completely satisfy your curiosity as to the location of fires in dense bush, you would have your choice of traveling with a canoe, a horse and buggy, by bicycle, or use the most dependable of all transportation—your two feet.

And now to make your tour complete, it would be essential that you take a train to Toronto, board a street car for the Parliament Buildings and there, in his private office, interview the man behind the throne, so to speak, Mr. E. J. Zavitz.

Being a very likable and kindly man, he would receive you courteously, as he did me. When I asked him for a comparison of the number of bush fires in Northern Ontario to-day against the early days, he told me that to ansyer my question directly would be impossible.

"Because, you see" he said, "reports of fires are so complete nowadays, while before 1917, which really marks the era of fire fighting throughout the province, they were very incomplete. Last year's reports show more fires than there were in 1917 but that is chiefly because every little fire—if only an acre of land was burned—was entered, while in 1917 the reports were not so exact. Previous to that year, only the largest fires were tabulated. This comparison however, we can make; that to-day with our modern apparatus, a bush fire can be extinguished in a couple of hours that a few years ago took days to accomplish."

ACTUAL figures in the reports show that from April until the end of October in 1923, there were 1,343 bush fires in Ontario's north country, while in 1917 only 1,110 were reported. This does not indicate that last year there were more fires than in 1917 but that a greater number were located.

Of course the type of season makes a difference too. This summer on account of the wet weather there have been very few bush fires, though the season is not over yet and often a wet summer will mean an exceedingly dry fall when bush fires may be prevalent. In October of 1922 there were 102 fires and in July of the same year there were only 77. So that bush fire hazards are not really over until the ground freezes or the snow flies.

MR. ZAVITZ maintains that the fires to be most concerned about are those in areas where there are large quantities of young growth. "While a fire in virgin bush is serious" he said, "it is not as bad as in young growth. The reason being, that when virgin bush burns, usually only the leaves and branches are completely destroyed and the bark scorched. But the trunks, owing to their age and size are seldom completely consumed. The timber, after such fires is always salvaged and sold to lumber companies. It is not damaged enough to be useless and usually brings good prices. But with young growth it is different. The small trees, growing out of the rock crevices, which are a common sight in northern Ontario, find their source in small quantities of very rich soil. When the bush burns this soil goes too and there is no chance of reforestation for generations as it takes years for the vegetable matter to materialize. However, when it comes to fire fighting" Mr. Zavitz returned to the original subject. "Our first problem is to detect the fire and our next is to extinguish it."

For detection there are, the aircraft; steel and wooden lookout towers; and patrolmen. For fire fighting there are quick communication and rapid transportation in the form of hundreds of miles of telephone wire. Strung from tree to tree throughout the bush; portable fire fighting pumps that carry half a mile of hose; and man's power accompanied by axes, picks and shovels.

THIS intensive fire fighting program extends over 100,000,000 acres of land in northern Ontario! The province is divided into seven inspectorates which are again broken up into thirty-six chief ranger districts with thirty-six chief rangers and deputy chief rangers. Under these men come the fire rangers, car men and boatmen.

For a man to fill successfully the office of chief and deputy chief ranger, he should be an expert woodsman. He ought to have organizing and executive ability, be able to handle men and deal successfully with the public.

Over this area of 100,000,000 acres of forest land, fourteen flying boats scout for fires. Each carries a pilot, and a forest officer, who works from a map and uses a sending outfit, specially designed for planes. After locating the fire he sends his message to the receiving station at Sudbury. It is then relayed out to the district where the fire is burning, from whence prompt action is taken by the district chief ranger and his staff to extinguish it. This aircraft patrol reaches as far north as the boundary line of the province, away beyond all districts. In those far lying regions there is practically no timber of any value to burn, one flying officer declared.

To understand the finer details of fire protection in the north county, it is necessary to visit one of the districts. Then, when one sees one of the thirty-six cogs or districts in the huge wheel of forest protection in operation, he realizes what the other thirty-five are like. For all are similar.

I CHOSE the North Bay district, principally on account of its convenience. After a short conversation with the forester in charge, I made a trip with a tower man to one of the three steel lookout towers in the district situated six miles northeast of North Bay.

In a Ford truck we jogged over ful rocky, woodland country that is so typical of the north. As we neared our destination we could see the tower that was perched on a high rock like a lighthouse on a lonely island. It looked for all the world like one of the steel hydro towers at Sunnyside.

"It's eighty feet high," the tower man announced, "and is about twelve hundred feet above sea level. You'll get a good view of the country from the top. Almost as good as a view from an aeroplane," he went on, as, with a jolt, he brought the truck to a standstill. And before I knew what was happening, he had vaulted over its side and was opening a little box fastened to a telephone post. "Connecting the telephone in the tower," he said, "so I can 'phone into the Bay if we sight a fire."

A short distance further on we came to another abrupt stop in front of a little log shack that seemed to have dropped from the sky, so unexpected was its appearance. Huge rocky hills towered behind and above it, so that I had to look twice to make sure that I had really seen it.

This time we both jumped out of the truck and passing the log shack, climbed over endless rocks and boulders that crowded into our path on purpose, it seemed. Finally, with my breath all but gone, I again sighted the tower perched on the summit of the rock. "Climb that?" I thought, "not while there is good terra firma to stand on!".

LIKE a squirrel the tower man went up the ladder—hand over hand—foot after foot. And in no time he was at the top, where, he seemed from my outlook, like a tiny speck against the top of the tower.

"Come on," he called.

I hesitated. Then, with chin set and head up, I made the first three or four rungs, through the hoops that encircle you at each step as you climb. When I hesitated the tower man urged me on. "There's no need for fear. You can't fall through those hoops. Don't look down and you won't get dizzy."

He might as well have ordered a magnet not to attract a piece of steel as to tell me not to look down. For I did, and kept on doing so, as I crept cautiously up each rung. The earth seemed to whirl under me. The tower was shaking, as it was a windy day. And there was I—half way up! No drowning man could have clung to a sinking ship any tighter than I hung on to those rungs. If I had been a human fly scaling a wall with $50,000 or so as a reward, I might have stood it—but—anyway I had started something and I was determined to finish, for the repeated laugh of a tower man would be hard to bear. So I kept on—up—up— with the earth leaving me at every step.

The top at last! And with the trap door in the tower open to receive me, the tower man almost dragged me onto the floor.

"Take this chair," he commanded, offering me a camp stool.

"No higher just now, thank you. I prefer to wait here," as I crouched on the floor, afraid to move. I can look up though, I don't mind that.

WHAT met my vision, was a circular room about six feet in diameter with a cone-shaped ceiling and walls of glass. In the centre was a pedestal and on it rested a large map of Ontario drawn to a scale of four miles to the inch.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling — "What's that?" I gasped, almost dropping through the open trap door.

"Just the telephone," answered the tower man, "this is a party line."

"Can you sight a fire?" I asked him, for he had taken up the field glasses and was looking out over the country.

"Yes, I see one, but it isn't in our district. It's in Parry Sound."

Now my curiosity was excited and I rose, first to the offered chair and then to my feet, which were wobbly. At last I screwed up enough courage to look out of the windows for I wanted to see the bush fire.

"What beauty!" I exclaimed and my thoughts ran riotiously as I gazed out over the wide stretches of green country that seemed to end dimly in the far away horizon. The lakes and streams for which this district is famous, looked like large puddles of water in the distance.

To the extreme north as far as I could see, stretched the Temagami forest reserve—vast, dense bush that was all virgin pine. The bush directly about us was more or less young growth, where it was not settled, having been burned out several times.

Sure enough, to the southwest was the fire the tower man had scouted—just a curl of smoke rising against the sky and though miles away, was very distinct.

BY MEANS of some complicated technicalities and the map on the pedestal he secured the exact direction of the fire. The location is discovered with the aid of the two other steel towers in the district, one on Island Lake and the other at White Rock on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. If there is a fire the men in each tower—who stay on all day duty in dry weather—sight it, and as the distance between the towers is known to be a certain number of miles, then the location of the fire is practically known. There are also landmarks in the territory of which the tower men know the exact location.

"The largest fire in the North Bay district this summer," the tower man continued, while I looked through the field glasses in the direction he indicated, "was near Smoky River, twenty-three miles northeast of this tower," and on the map he showed me the exact location. "Three hundred and twenty acres were burned, two hundred and forty were young poplar trees and the rest was barren land," and he proceeded to tell the story of the fire.

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon of a day late in June when the fire was sighted from this tower. The telephone immediately went into action and headquarters at North Bay were notified with the direction of the fire from the tower.

"Shortly after that word came from the steel tower fifteen miles further north with the direction of the fire from it. With the two directions and various landmarks as guides, it was not difficult for the locating party, which immediately set out from North Bay by motor, to locate the fire. As they neared it they were met by settlers coming to give the alarm.

"Next morning forty men, who had been secured from the Government Employment Bureau in North Bay over night, arrived on the scene with the rangers and their fire fighting apparatus. Reinforced by some other men from a pulp camp close by, they began the work of extinguishing the fire. In two hours they had it under control and shortly after that, it was out. In the fire fighting equipment were two portable pumps which pumped water from Smoky River through four thousand feet of hose.

"When a fire seems to be gaining rapidly, the men dig a ditch some distance ahead of it in the direction the wind is blowing. This is to prevent the fire spreading under the ground for in a very dry season the moss or muskeg—a decayed vegetable matter—will smoulder for a foot or more below the surface of the earth and before one realizes it, flames are darting up from the ground a long distance from the original fire.

"In attacking a bush fire the rangers never try to put out the flames in the centre. Instead, they work from the fringe inward while others work away from it, saturating the land in the path of the fire."

WHEN it came to descending the tower I found that it was much easier than going up, though it was still somewhat harrowing.

Back in North Bay again by means of the auto truck, I once more sought the forester in charge who gave me more detailed information regarding the activities of the North Bay Forestry Branch.

The district covers thirty-five hundred square miles or fifty miles within a radius of North Bay. This summer there was an approximate average of one patrol man for every seventy square miles. Each has a special territory which he constantly patrols in search of fires. Those patrolling the denser bush are supplied with log shacks where they live during the fire-fighting season and in the more settled areas some of the rangers live in their own houses.

Some traverse their territory on foot where the bush it thick, by horse and buggy where there are trails, by bicycle, canoe, motor car and motor launch. Each carries a shovel, a pail and an axe.

WHEN they come upon a fire it all depends on the size as to how they set about extinguishing it. If it is one man's job, the ranger puts it out alone. If a creek is handy—and it usually is—he fills his pail and puts out the fire with this. If water is not so handy, the ranger digs sand with his spade and so smothers the fire. In a case where a bush fire requires more than one man's work, the ranger gets in touch with the nearest private telephone line and notifies headquarters in North Bay. Response comes as fast as motor cars and trucks can travel.

Every possible preventive measure is taken by the Forestry Department. There are closed seasons for fires in extremely dry weather when no settler is allowed to start fires to clear his land. If he is caught a heavy penalty is imposed.

During the open season a settler who wants to burn his slash must get a permit from the district headquarters. If he is living in a dangerous spot a ranger will be sent out sometime during the burning to see that everything is all right. Or, a settler may only be allowed to burn certain hours of the day—from five o'clock on, after the wind has died down.

One of the important preventive measures is the inspection of fire protective appliances on locomotives, by men of the Forestry Branch, who travel from one roundhouse to another. It is a conceded fact that a large number of fires are started by railway engines. In 1921 locomotives were responsible for the second largest number of fires in the province.

CARELESS campers were responsible for 167 fires in 1923. The largest number were caused by settlers. And it is not because campers are not sufficiently warned, for every mile or so in the bush—even the remotest parts—huge signs are posted to trees warning them to be sure and put out their fires before leaving.

So it is easily seen that the visiting and resident public are responsible for the protection of Ontario's forests. And only those who have witnessed bush fires can have any conception of the tragedies they bring. Such folk, when in the bush, will invariably look twice to see that their camp fire is out and will never toss a lighted match or a cigarette butt. For bitter experience has been their master.

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What Happens to the Elderly Stenographer?

Has She "Cranky Little Ways"? Or is the Business Man Overlooking Qualifications That Might Prove an Asset?

By H. M. R.

THE question of what happens to the elderly teacher has frequently been discussed, but perhaps the elderly stenographer has not been long enough in the field to merit discussion. Nevertheless, she is a vital problem, as employment offices attest.

Any day of the week you may see in these offices the middle-aged and elderly stenographer competing with the young girl in an effort to obtain employment—and the young girl usually wins out. In one of these employment offices the manager frankly states that the middle-aged and elderly woman stenographer is not wanted. It is her theory that stenography should be only a stepping-stone to "higher things." According to her, if by the age of 40 a woman has not advanced beyond the stenographic stage, either by means of matrimony or advancement to an executive position, she has only herself to thank. It is her method either to ignore middle-aged or elderly applicants for positions or to put the case before them in this way:—

"Don't you think, Miss ——— that you have been a stenographer quite long enough? Isn't it time you took up something else?"

"The idea!" exclaimed one of the women, who reported being thus addressed. "Why with my experience I feel that I am far more valuable now than I was, say, ten years ago. The young girl hasn't my powers of concentration or my vocabulary. She is always thinking of a good time, and often makes her business day the tag-end of late hours spent in frivolous amusement."

THERE is much to say for her point of view, but how many employers would see matters as she does? In Canada, especially, nearly all the executive positions are held by men, and if you ask the average business man what kind of a stenographer he prefers, he will nearly always express himself in favor of the young woman rather than the older. Brought down to brass tacks, he will say that the young woman is more amenable to suggestions, and is less touchy about criticism than the older woman.

"We've given up trying out middle-aged stenographers and bookkeepers," said one large employer. "They have little mannerisms, cranky little ways of doing things, that will not go in the business world. We've given up trying to teach them our way. We haven't the time, and so often they're not willing to learn. We can't give them a chance because they won't fit themselves into the modern scheme of things."

But may not the "cranky little ways" be due, in part, to the fact that the middle-aged stenographer feels that she has certain qualifications that, if they were given a fair trial, would prove an asset to her employer Too often the business man regards his stenographer as but an intelligent machine, and he is inclined to regard her efforts to emerge from this status as a manifestation of balkiness. In theory he demands initiative, but in practice the docile stenographer knows that she must not venture beyond a certain limit. It is her business to take down letters from dictation, using the language of her chief, and he is apt to resent it if she interpolates her own language or points out, no matter how tactfully, a grammatical error. She may spend extra time in filing her chief's letters, in dusting his desk, or arranging his writing materials in a convenient way, but if she offers any suggestions in regard to the more serious side of business life, she is apt to be snubbed and told to mind her own business. By initiative the average business man means the tendency on the part of a stenographer to look after his personal comfort and to study his moods.

BUT the middle-aged stenographer would like to be taken more upon her merits. She knows that she has had valuable experience. She is more likely to be a permanent feature in an organization than a young girl who may leave at any time to be married. At 40, let us say, she has 20 good working years ahead of her—20 years to the five or six years that the young girl, who is attractive and sought after, may have before she deserts business life to marry. She often has a good education and could bring to the rather stale routine of business life a new slant or point of view. She would appreciate it if her employer would consult her at times, and treat her, in fact, less as an automaton and more as a working partner—and, above all, give her an opportunity to advance beyond the stage at which the stenographer seems always to halt—the $25 a week limit. Of course, it would be a fine thing if stenography could always be a stepping-stone to higher things, but as things are constituted in Canada, there are very few women working in salaried positions who are given an opportunity to advance. This is a truth so obvious that one is surprised that the manager of an employment bureau should not take it into consideration. The reasons for this state of affairs are another matter and cannot be dealt with here.

"Who would not rather have a pretty young girl to take his dictation and sit opposite him at a desk than a plain, elderly woman?" said a very frank business man when his opinion was asked on the subject of youth versus age in employes.

IT is to be feared that the average man is an incurable romanticist. To a much greater extent than is the case with women, he retains romantic illusions. Youth to him is an important desideratum. That is why, perhaps, so many middle-aged and elderly stenographers make such pathetic attempts to appear young. They bob or shingle their hair, grey though it may be; they wear youthful clothing and use other expedients—still, too often, the fatal age of 40 or over peeps out—and the business man turns a cold shoulder upon one who might be a really valuable asset in his business, if only he could become broad-minded enough to realize that with the loss of youth, a woman may have gained something more valuable—from a purely business point of view—that point of view which the business man, with another touch of romanticism, prides himself on possessing.

In the meantime the plight of the unemployed elderly stenographer remains a serious one. All the days in which she is idle represent days in which she must go without the wherewithal to buy the necessities of life. With deadly persistence, the bank account, saved often at much effort and sacrifice, shrinks; the few hundreds saved dwindle, dwindle—while the landlady (if she rooms) becomes colder and more suspicious in her manner, and at the first symptom of inability to pay, is likely to ask for her room. Many stenographers eke out an existence by doing temporary work during the Summer months, and occasionally during Winter, but there is nothing very profitable about temporary work, for during idle days and weeks, all that has been gained is lost, and it is quite impossible to add to the bank account.

As a general rule, the stenographer has but one specialty—her knowledge of shorthand and typewriting. That she is ill-advised to have but this one string to her bow, is another question. We are facing facts.

What, under present conditions, is to become of the elderly unemployed stenographer.

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A Story of Love and Adventure in the Southland

SANDHILLS

by Hugh McNair Kahler and Donald G. Herring



THE STORY THUS FAR.

WARREN BORDEN of New York goes south in an belated effort to restore the nearly defunct Dundee and Deep Creek railroad. He is accompanied by his orphaned niece,

JANE BORDEN, who owns a large share of the worthless stock of the D. and D. C. R. R. on her first excursion into the sand dunes surrounding her southern property Janes rides into a scrub fire. Her horse, frightened by the flames, throws her and bolts. She is rescued by a native of the sandhill country,

DAVID MacIVOR, who owns the only tract of uncut timber in the district. His refusal to cut his trees angers

SHEPPARD GAIL, whose family had at one time dominated the region. Gail tells Warren Borden that MacIvor's refusal to cut timber is due to an old family feud between the MacIvor's and the Gails.

Jane Borden's second excursion into the dunes is also an adventurous one. She comes upon a cache for moonshine. One of the most notorious moonshiners of the neighborhood,

RUFUS BRECK, comes upon her there. Jane orders him off her land. Breck is about to assault her when MacIvor again appears in the nick of time and, after a hand to hand fight with the moonshiner, orders him off. Breck leaves, but returns in a few moments and, with MacIvor off his guard, shoots him in the back.

INSTALMENT III.

The Second Patient.

JANE BORDEN heard herself scream as from a great distance; the horse shied and swerved under her, carrying her past the still figure on the ground. She caught a crackling sound in the woods behind her, wheeled the horse, and slid to the track. She had seen blood before; once, at a treacherous water jump, she had seen death in as sudden a guise as this, but it needed all her strength of will to approach that figure now. There was a difference, she thought, somewhere in the background of her mind, between those honest accidents of the hunting field, and this unclean taing of human intent.

MacIvor had been shot from behind. She saw that the bullet had struck obliquely above the ear, tearing an ugly wound. She was certain he was dead, and when she stooped and heard his breathing, it seemed an uncanny, affrighting thing. She felt clumsily for a pulse in the outstretched arm, and found it; he was still alive, in spite of that bullet in his brain. For an instant the discovery seemed to add a spiteful complication to her own problem. If he had been killed outright, she could have ridden at once to carry the news. Now, a divided duty confronted her; she must get help as quickly as she could, and yet, by staying, she might perhaps save MacIvor's life. The wound bled freely; he might die from the loss of blood before she could find the camp and bring back aid.

Common sense decided abruptly. She had no skill herself. It was best to ride on and leave the rest to chance. The word caught at her memory. This man did not believe in chance; she accepted an amendment as if he had insisted: let his God look after him then. She flung herself into the saddle and urged the horse along the rough track at the best speed she dared. The twigs of the oaks reached out and whipped her as she fled past them; the great beast stumbled heavily in the sand; she was not even sure of her way, choosing at random and hoping that she might come out on some familiar landmark. Chance again—the thing in which MacIvor had no faith!

She came at last up on the slanting pine which identified the road. The camp was within a thousand yards of that gaunt, inclining trunk, and at the sight of it she dug her heels into the horse's flanks. Chance had served her turn, at least, and MacIvor's, too, perhaps. He would have called it something else. It didn't matter.

Her uncle lounged in his wicker chair on the porch, a book on his knee, the inevitable glass at his elbow. He looked up, as she rode straight toward him, with his familiar air of amused resignation.

"Well, now what? Where did you find that Arab steed? Don't tell me you've been swapping horses."

A kind of anger flamed in her. This man lived on the outer surface of things, refused to take life as anything more than a rather dull joke. The emotion colored her tone and phrase. She wanted to be brutally blunt.

"Mr. MacIvor's shot—I'm afraid he's killed. We'll have to hurry."

It pleased her to see that the words startled him out of his detachment. He got to his feet with a spring, his mouth open, his eyes wide.

"MacIvor! Who shot him—where ——?"

"Call Latham—we'll need the cart to bring him in." She slid to the ground. "Hurry—there's no time to talk now."

He was still too deliberate to suit her mood. She slipped past him to the house and ran to the kitchen wing, where Latham and his sullen wife, Johanna, were at work. Her abrupt command seemed to paralyze the male; he showed yellow eyeballs, lifted unsteady, pink-palmed hands. It was the woman who displayed an adult quality in the emergency. She turned a lean, ominous countenance toward her mate.

"You, Latham! Di'n you hear what Miss Jane say? Stan' like a calf! G'on out to 'uh stable an' git 'at wagon 'fo' I take an'——"

The threat hung in the air. Agitated by Latham's departure, Jane repressed an hysterical impulse to laugh. She was a little afraid of Johanna herself; the woman's silent ill humor contradicted her preconceived ideas of darky good nature. Latham was far more like the negroes of the stage and page on which she had built her opinions of the race.

SHE followed him to the stables and, on impulse, adopted a hint from his wife's manner toward him. He leaped under the flick of her sharp command as if a whip had touched him. She remembered what MacIvor had said: they were like children. He was right, she thought, about Latham at least. Under orders he was effective; left to himself he would have needed half an hour to harness the draft horse to the light cart. As it was he accomplished it swiftly, so that he was backing the wagon from the open shed by the time Warren Borden appeared, leading MacIvor's horse.

Jane kept command instinctively. At her bidding the two men climbed into the cart, and she led the way on the saddle horse. It was queer that she should remember the path so clearly, now. She was never in doubt about it. MacIvor lay as she had left him, the sand below his head darkened by his blood.

Warren Borden needed only a brief inspection to reassure her chief anxiety. Like most men who have dealt long with doctors, he had some little skill at makeshift medicine.

"It's a glancing wound," he announced. "There may be concussion, of course, but I don't think the skull's fractured." He wagged his head. "Half an inch to the left and it would be different. Lucky."

Again the girl thought of MacIvor's hostility toward that word. To him, probably, a divine interference had swerved the bullet just enough; she wondered why it couldn't have been made to miss him altogether, in that case. Of course, he wouldn't follow up any such line of reasoning. People who held fast to set beliefs were careful never to pursue reflections that disagreed with them.

She helped lift the heavy, awkward burden to the bed of the cart, conscious of a reluctant compassion. MacIvor probably wouldn't want anybody to be sorry for him, she thought. It was odd that she should feel responsible for him, as if it were her fault that he had been shot. She had no doubt that it was true the man Breck who had fired at him, but by his own statement he had been on Breck's track when he had rescued her. She wasn't to blame for this, then.

At the camp, when MacIvor had been carried to a bed on the ground floor, she overruled her uncle's suggestion that Latham ride to fetch the doctor from the village at the end of the rails. So much, she felt, she should do herself.

MacIvor's horse, ungainly as it looked, had speed and a sure foot for the uncertain sand of the lanes. She sent the big beast on at the best pace she dared. It seemed a short ride, in spite of her impatience, when she rounded the curve of a low hill and emerged above the straggling settlement, a forlorn huddle of low, graceless buildings flanking both sides of the track. The dominating structure was the station, a long, one story shanty of unpainted pine, stained by the weather, propped on wooden stilts, five feet above the rails, and fringed by a rickety platform beneath which, as she cantered past a few gaunt hounds uncurled themselves to bark distrustfully. A group of tatterdemalion negroes, sunning themselves against the station wall, slept on, in spite of the tumult below them. She drew rein at the doorway of the store and postoffice, meeting the curious, squinting inspection of three lank, sunbitten youths in faded jeans, who slouched and spat in the strip of shadow. She addressed them inclusively.

"Where does the doctor live?"

They exchanged looks, as if to determine which should assume the painful effort of speech, and all three spat again, meditatively, while the issue lay under cogitation. Before they reached a decision the storekeeper presented himself in the doorway. Plainly he was a member of a higher social order, distinguished by collar and sleeve gaiters and suspenders.

"Was you lookin' for Doctor MacLean, ma'am? He shielded his eyes from the sun, "Anybody ailin'?"

"Yes." She sharpened her speech, annoyed at the delay. "Mr. MacIvor's been shot."

The audience received the intelligence with visible interest but with no display of excitement. Simultaneously the three youths spat. The storekeeper lowered his jaw.

"Dave MacIvor? Shot bad, ma'am?"

"I don't know. That's why I'm so anxious to find the doctor—at once. If you'll point out his house——"

HE gestured across the track at one of the two houses, which had known paint. She stirred the horse with her heel, suddenly depressed at a thought of the sort of doctor who would be likely to "live in such a place. But her first sight of Doctor MacLean reassured her. He was small and thin and old and there was about him none of that prosperous assurance which she had come to associate with the expensive specialists of her experience, but she felt at once that he know his work and followed it as much for love as for a living.

She told him briefly what had happened. He rubbed his chin, his fingers making a scratching sound against the white bristles of a short beard.

"I'll ride right over, ma'am. Dave MacIvor's wrong headed, some ways, but we ain't ready to lose him yet awhile, I reckon."

She waited while a lame negro saddled his horse. They rode past the store together and she observed that the three meditative youths had not moved. Somehow they seemed to personify the dreary dejection of the country, sterile and desolate and acquiescent. The old man riding beside her put her thought into words, as if she had spoken it aloud.

"It ain't all their fault, ma'am. They ain't bad boys. It's the way things stand that's to blame. They's no use for a man to work, the way cotton and tobacco been sellin' these two-three years. And the land ain't much good, anyways. It's a right sorry country, now the timber's gone."

She nodded. Why didn't they get away from it, then? If they had a spark of ambition about them they'd emigrate. Again he seemed to follow the thought.

"Right funny how a man hates to move out'n the country where he belongs. I been meanin' to go ever since they stopped cuttin' the pines, and I ain't got round to it yet. It's sorry country, sure enough, but it gits so it don't look sorry till some stranger comes and sees it."

The horses plodded carefully down a slope in the trodden sand. The old man pursued his topic, his voice high and thin and faintly musical.

"One way, it's all Dave MacIvor's fault we're so bad off," he said. "You'll hardly believe how things has changed since he stopped them cuttin' the timber. The town was alive those times, stores and saloons and a bank. It'd be like that again if Dave would sell his woods."

"Perhaps he will, now." She remembered her uncle's suggestion. MacIvor, he declared, had been shrewd to wait his own time, "I understand that the price is much higher than it used to be."

The doctor laughed. "That's so, ma'am, but it don't matter to Dave. Trees—he sets more store by a sorry old pine than by a human, any day. That timber won't be cut till Dave's dead."

She felt the undercurrent of bitterness in his thin, genial voice and could understand it, even share it a little. Her imagination lifted a sudden vision of this countryside in the height of the timber days, the roaring trade of the pineboard towns, the stream of yellow lumber going out and the thinner, yellower stream of gold that flowed back. Tales of lumber camps woke in her memory, providing a background of contrast against which the languid, consenting stupor of the present found a new significance, indicating the man who lay unconscious at the camp as the single cause of all this decay. It lay at his door—the dead desolation of the town, the poverty and emptiness of the countryside, the effect on the dejected natives who had stayed. He was responsible, in a sense, for those three lank, lounging boys at the store; except for him they might have been busy, alert, prosperous.

The thought rode with her. If Gail spoke truly, it was all to gratify some private grudge and whim; if Warren Borden's conjecture was correct, it was to serve a private profit. Either way, MacIvor had starved and broken his country and his neighbors, given them nothing in place of what he had withheld.

IN THIS light, he gained, somehow, in her estimate. At least he was a power, a man strong enough and hard enough to set his wish against the interest of a whole community, to face the consequences unafraid: selfish, no doubt, and narrow and stubborn as well, but owning too, the rugged virtues of those defects.

They found him conscious when they reached the camp, but weak from loss of blood and still showing the effect of shock. Her first opinion of the doctor was confirmed by his deftness at his work. He dressed the wound swiftly.

"Reckon you better stay right here, Dave, till you get over the worst of it. They's no sign of concussion, but you've got a mean wound and you've bled a heap."

"I should go home," said MacIvor slowly. MacLean overruled the protest with an authority that sat strangely on his slight, reedy figure, and Jane observed that his patient yielded the point at once.

"I must get word to my aunt, then." He spoke to her, looking past MacLean. She nodded.

"I'll send Latham over at once. You mustn't think of trying to ride till Doctor MacLean says it's safe."

"I'll be over in the morning," said MacLean. "You stay where you are till then, anyhow."

Meeting her uncle's glance, Jane Borden surprised a gleam of satisfaction in it, and was puzzled. She had expected him to resent the intrusion, as he had resented, of late, everything that involved any personal inconvenience. He was plainly glad that MacIvor could not be moved at once. She wondered why.

The doctor slanted his head and studied Warren Borden as he stood beside his horse, ready to go back. He had declined an offer of refreshment, and his glance moved, now, to the glass and bottle on the porch table.

"You use liquor much, Mr. Borden?"

Borden frowned. It was a point on which Jane had learned to keep silent. Any reference to his steady tippling irritated him at once.

"I never drink except when I can get it," he said shortly.

The doctor did not smile. "You wouldn't get it if you were a patient of mine, sir."

Borden chuckled. "That's one reason I give you fellows plenty of room, doctor. If I'd believe everything they told me, I'd have cashed in long ago."

The old man nodded slowly and climbed to the saddle. As he vanished at the bend in the land, Borden turned to the girl with an abrupt change of manner.

"Jane, this is unholy luck—this whole business! I've been getting a headache trying to figure out a way of putting that sour Scotchman under an obligation, and here he is—right where I wanted him."

She frowned, vaguely displeased at his tone. "I don't see—"

He made an impatient sound in his throat. "O, don't be dense, Jane! Don't you realize that this fellow controls the only money that's left in this hole? If we can manage him, it means getting the road back on its feet, money enough to get out of here and stay out. This is our chance."

Again she was repelled by the tone. It wasn't like him to count eagerly on taking advantage of his own hospitality to extract a profit. She had heard him air views of men who invelgled guests under their week-end roofs with a canny eye cocked on the market.

"We'd better wait till he's well, hadn't we?" She meant it as a gentle rebuke, but he took it as another sign of dulness.

"Nonsense! This is the time to go after him. A man's always easier to handle when he's on his back." He stopped to fill the glass with whisky and water, and drank, his hand visibly tremulous. Her brows drew together. This homemade spirit that Sheppard Gail had brought him must be at the bottom of his altered attitude. But she knew that a protest would only anger him, and held her tongue.

LATHAM was despatched to carry word to Miss Drummond, and Johanna, sullen and clumsy, waited on the lunch table. Warren Borden's spirits mounted steadily during the meal.

"I tell you, Jane, it's the luckiest thing that's happened for years— our coming down here! I just felt in my bones that there was a profit left in that old road! It takes a northerner to see it, that's all. A fellow like Gail would starve to death with a million right under his eye. I'll show them, yet!"

By the time Latham returned with a note from Miss Drummond, whose anxiety had clearly been allayed in advance by Jane's own reassuring letter, Warren Borden had talked himself into a mood of pure optimism. They would manage the sale of the timber for this backwoods plutocrat; there would be room for a substantial profit here. The railroad, earning excellent dividends for a year or two would be salable to investors who looked only at annual reports; they could go back to New York will full pockets.

"I'll go in and amuse him now," he announced, emptying his glass. "There's no time like the present."

She was driven to open protest by this. "Uncle Warren! Don't you realize that he's ill? You can't mean to bother him with business when he's——"

His easy irritation flared at her. "See here, Jane—leave this to me, please! You don't seem to understand that it's no time to quibble——"

"I can understand that Mr. MacIvor's our guest, and in no condition to be troubled by——"

"Pshaw! MacLean said it was nothing. He'll be up and about by tomorrow. You couldn't hurt that fellow's head with a glancing shot! And you don't realize what this means to us, Jane. It's the last chance—if we don't find a way of unloading our Dundee stock, we'll stay right where we are till we die—till I die, I mean. We're living on the annuity my father bought for me, right now. And if anything happens to me, that stops. Don't forget that. I'm not thinking about myself—it's you. You'd be stranded down here with nothing but a piece of bare sand and a waste basket full of worthless paper. We can't afford to waste a chance like this—I've got to talk to that fellow when I can be sure he'll listen."

"I'd much prefer——"

He stopped her with an impatient gesture. "It doesn't matter what you think you'd prefer. It's my business to look out for you and I'm going to do it."

He moved away quickly. A sense of helplessness came on her. The change in him of which, now that she looked back, she should have been aware long ago, revealed itself suddenly, with an effect of shock. He had never been like this in the old days; he wasn't himself, not the Warren Borden she knew, at least. It had been swifter, more visible, this process of degeneration, since they had come to the camp, but she remembered, now, that it had begun long before that—a growing irritability, a relaxation of standards in speech and dress and conduct. She was afraid, not of him, but for him and for herself. His reference to her dependence on his annuity startled her: she saw herself left alone and penniless in this wilderness, if he should die.

She followed him to MacIvor's room, led by an unfamillar need of human contact, to reassure her against this new fear. As she reached the open doorway she heard MacIvor's voice, clear and determined.

"Once for all, sir, I will not talk of cutting. I passed my word to my father that the timber should stand while I stood."

"Very proper attitude, too—very proper." She heard Borden's quick response. "I can understand exactly how you feel about it. But your father would certainly change his mind if he were here to-day. When he died, I take it, there was no real profit in this long leaf pine of yours. Now it will bring——"

"I have no concern with that, sir. It was no greed of money that moved my father. He had seen enough—and I had seen enough. I will not kindle a new flame in the hell that was lighted in our hills in those days. You have not seen the timber towns, the men who fell the trees. I have. I will not bring them back."

SHE came into the room, hoping her presence would end the talk, but her uncle seemed hardly aware that she was there. MacIvor greeted her with a slight motion of his head. She saw that his eyes were hard and bright.

"Oh, that!" Borden waved his hand. "Of course, lumberjacks are apt to be a rough lot, but that surely isn't a reason for refusing to take the profit you've earned! They'll come and go, and there's an end of that."

"Yes. An end of more than that." MacIvor nodded slowly. "We will not agree on this, Mr. Borden. I say again that I will not sell—at any price or on any terms."

Borden's face went suddenly crimson. For an instant Jane thought that he would let his temper go completely, and she touched his arm in warning and reminder. He regained control of his irritation with a visible effort and something of his old manner was in his answer at last.

"Well, it's your affair, of course. I meant only to point out that conditions have changed—that you have a large sum locked up in unproductive timber—but, as I say, it's your own affair and none of my business. I meant it kindly——"

"And I take it so, sir." MacIvor moved his head again. Borden arose.

"I'll let you rest, now. I'm afraid this has tired you."

"Yes." Jane intervened quickly. "I'm sure the doctor wouldn't want Mr. MacIvor to talk business just yet." She produced Miss Allie's note, and forced a diversion by reading it aloud.

"I told her it was just a scratch. I didn't want to frighten her."

"That was kindly thought of."

Borden sauntered out, maintaining his semblance of unconcern. She took the chair by the bedside.

"Would you like me to read or talk or would you rather try to sleep?" She spoke with a warmth prompted by her disapproval of her uncle's course.

"I think I could sleep," he said frankly. "You are kind, Miss Borden. I am sorry that I must trouble you."

"I think I owed you more than this," she interrupted quickly. "It was my quarrel, too, that you were hurt. You must remember that."

"My trouble with Breck is older," he said, wearily. "You must not blame yourself for any part in it."

She left him. Her uncle paced fretfully on the veranda, a deep groove between his brows.

"Did you hear him, Jane? The man's a fanatic! He won't cut his timber because lumbermen don't sing hymns while they work. Actually, that's the reason! And he owns a hundred square miles of virgin pine!"

"He's in pain and weak," she said quietly. "I'm sorry that you spoke to him about it. We can wait, at least, till he's on his feet."

"There's no time to lose," he said. "Somebody else will get in on it if we don't. I've got to think, Jane! There's bound to be a way around this."

SHE watched him prepare to think by filling his glass. Her attitude toward liquor had been always as tolerant as his, but she had, now, a quick sense of anger at the pale liquid in the bottle, almost a personal feeling.

"I don't believe that stuff's good for you, Uncle Warren. And you're drinking a lot of it, too."

He shook his head impatiently. "O, don't begin on that, Jane. It's first-rate whiskey. Gail ages it, you see. Moonshine's just the same as any whiskey except that it's usually sold before it's fit to drink. This is three years old, Gail says, and I believe him."

She knew better than to insist, and his emphasis a little reassured her. After all, he might be right. But her uneasiness continued as she watched him slouch in his chair and scowl above the glass. He was so different from the merry, irresponsible uncle who had been more like a jolly elder brother than a guardian. Again she confronted a displeased amazement that he should greedily insist on talking business with a reluctant and wounded guest. He had been a man without a creed, but, like so many such men, he had been the slave of a code which made no exceptions. This thing he had done was more shocking to her view, than a sin.

It was distinct relief to see Sheppard Gail swing gracefully out of the saddle. He was a member of her own order, in spite of trivial differences of surface; the thing she thought of as a gentleman, with no definite formula behind the term. His presence, in this backwoods, lessened her growing sense of solitude, the feeling that she was alien as well as alone.

"What's this about Dave MacIvor being killed?" She felt a genuine solicitude in his tone. He didn't like MacIvor, perhaps, but he could be sorry to hear he was hurt. She explained quickly, and saw with approval that he was honestly relieved.

"I've been looking for this," he said soberly. "Dave has been hunting trouble mighty hard. Rufe Breck isn't like the boys around here. He's from the hills, and it's risky business to meddle with him."

She related her own experience with the moonshiner. His eyes went black and angry as he listened.

"Laid a hand on you, did he? That fixes him. We been leaving him alone, but he'll go, now. I——"

She opened her eyes wide, pleased that the graver offence was in his sight the less, that he was angrier at the affront to her than at the attack on MacIvor. He seemed to follow the thought, and laughed mildly at himself.

"I reckon that does look funny to you, maybe. You see, down here, we look at things different. A lady ——" he stopped. "A fight's a fight, and Dave went hunting for this one. But mishandling you——" He shook his head. "Breck goes. I'll ride over to Tyre this evening and see the sheriff myself."

Warren Borden looked thoughtful. "Sheriff a friend of yours, Gail?"

Gail smiled, "I wouldn't say just that. But he's apt to listen when I talk. If he didn't, they'd be another sheriff pretty soon, that would."

Borden chuckled. "You mean that, Gail? You pull as much influence as that?"

"You don't want to listen to me brag, do you, Mr. Borden?" Gail's pleasant grin apologized for even so much of a boast." The county most generally goes our way, these times. It ain't a lot to be proud of, any more."

Borden's teeth showed for a moment. "I want to talk business with you, Gail. Jane won't mind. I've got a notion."

JANE liked the quick, deferential glance at her which prefaced Gail's assent. He didn't forget his manners, however Warren Borden might.

"I ought to see if my patient's all right, anyway." she left them on the verandah. Her uncle was filling his glass again. MacIvor was asleep, his face touched with an added grimness below the bandages. He made her think again of the picture; one of Cromwell's Ironsides would have looked so, after Naseby. And her thought would move to the men on the verandah. There was a cavalier, to match this puritan; she smiled a little; Sheppard Gail would have fitted as easily into one of Rupert's regiments. And Jane Borden? She would have been for the king, she decided.

She avoided the porch as the afternoon declined, conscious of the talk there and a little curious that it should last so long. Once or twice she heard Gail's pleasant laugh, touched, now, with a note of excitement. She changed for dinner, although the habit had been dropped when they came here. Gail's presence seemed to restore at once the formalities and the appeal of the usages which had seemed discordant in the woods. She emerged on the porch feeling more like herself than she had felt since her first glimpse of the camp. Gail's instant leap to his feet, his eager, instinctive gallantry pleased her.

"We been wasting too much time on business, Mr. Borden." He had an undeniably appealing smile, and his voice could be boyish and sophisticated at once. "How's old Dave, Miss Borden?"

"Still asleep. You're staying for dinner, of course? Please do."

He hesitated. "I'd like to, thanks."

Borden seconded the invitation with his old cordiality and carried Gail off to his room. Jane noticed that the bottle on the stand was almost empty, and when the two men joined her it was clear that her uncle had consumed more than his share. Gail was entirely at ease and self-sure; Warren Borden, by contrast, seemed almost gross in his good humor. He laughed a little too loudly, his voice was high pitched and over-bearing; he referred mysteriously to a surprise in store for Jane, to his own shrewdness, to Gail's enlistment in some endeavor which he chose not to explain.

"There's a kick in the old horse yet, Janie. You'll see! I knew there was money waiting for us down here. Sixth sense and all that." He wagged his head at Gail. "Shame on you—under your nose all the time, and you never smelled it!"

"The old hound for the cold scent," said Gail smoothly. "Don't rub it in, Mr. Borden." He turned easily to the girl. "I'd sure like for you to ride to our pack, Miss Borden—there's good sport with our native hounds. They want manners, but they have the nose."

She welcomed the change of topic and liked him for perceiving that she had had enough of her uncle's mysterious allusions to money. She observed approvingly that he barely touched his glass, and afterward, before the fatwood fire, declined to join Warren Borden in his attentions to the fresh bottle. He kept the talk close to his fox hounds and his hunters, and she knew enough of the jargon to enjoy it. He knew a great deal about it; she learned, for the first time, that even seemingly absurd trivialities of costume had their origin in common sense—the brilliant color of the huntsman's coat, the shape of the headgear, the pattern of boot, all had a sound reason for existence. She discovered that he knew his Surtees almost by heart, and that he collected editions, in a modest way. The sense that he was a survival from a forgotten age grew on her, with a kindred consciousness that they were of the same order. She liked him, and was glad that he had stayed, sorry that he took his leave so early.

WARREN BORDEN dropped an unsteady arm about her shoulders when they were alone.

"Janie, old girl, I've got it this time! I'm going to show them yet." He changed his tone abruptly. "I'm going to take care of you all right, Janie—you needn't worry any more. You'll be fixed, no matter what happens to me." She detected a warning of coming sentimentality in the voice, and drew away. She had never seen him so plainly affected by his drink.

"You'd better turn in," she said gently. "You—you sound tired, Uncle Warren. I'll see that everything's all right."

He agreed with a startling readiness. "That's right—I am tired—dead tired, Janie. Tell you about it in the morning."

But in the morning he did not appear for breakfast, and after waiting long beyond the usual hour she tapped on his door. He did not answer; she went in, to find him seemingly asleep. She could not rouse him. A sudden panic woke in her. She ran in MacIvor's room, afraid of something she could not identify. He listened grimly.

"You say he finished a bottle of Gail's whiskey yesterday?"

"I'm afraid he did."

"It may be no more than that, then. But MacLean will be here soon. And my aunt, too, if I know her." He met her eyes for a moment. "You need not fear, Miss Borden. This new spirit is more powerful than the liquor your uncle has been used to."

She was a little comforted, in spite of a certain shame. According to the code under which she had lived, there was no disgrace in intoxication, provided a man bore it decently, and yet, under MacIvor's glance, she had a quick, deep sense of humiliation. Even a puritan, she thought, had less respect for a weakling tippler than for a gentleman who carried his drink gayly and well.

(To be continued.)

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The horse shied and swerved under her, carrying her past the still figure on the ground.

Remember the name



The name "Royal Yeast Cakes" is your guarantee of quality. They have been the recognized standard for over 50 years.

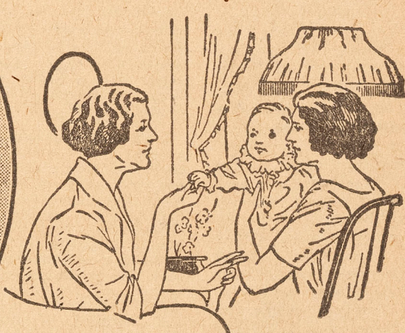
ROYAL YEAST CAKES



Young Married Women Need Mother's Advice—



MRS. PEARL STEELE
HOLDEN, MISSOURI



A GREAT many women after childbirth get up too soon and, too weak to care for the child and perform their household duties, often bring on serious derangements.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a splendid tonic to take at this time; it is an excellent restorative, contains no harmful drugs, and can be taken in safety by nursing mothers. Thousands of mothers advise their daughters to take this grand old root and herb medicine for such conditions because of their own favorable experience with it.

Following We Publish an Interesting Letter from Mrs. Steele of Warrensburg Which Should Interest Every Mother in the Land:

Warrensburg, Mo.—"When my second child was born I got up too soon as my mother wasn't able to do for me. I could not stand on my feet without being dizzy and my back would ache so badly that I would have to lie down at times through the day. My mother had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and had a bottle of it at the time, so she begged me to take it, which I did, and I cannot tell you how much better I felt after taking it. Then a year later my husband got back from overseas and we went to keeping house by ourselves and I got all run down again. I couldn't work long at a time but would have to sit down and rest. My husband kept begging me to take the Vegetable Compound again, so I have done so. I recommend it when I can as I know it is good for women's troubles and I thought you might like to know what it has done for me."—Mrs. Pearl M. Steele, 203 Main Street, Warrensburg, Mo.

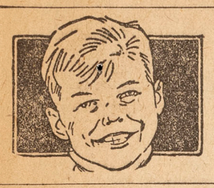
Ontario Woman's Interesting Case

Mount Forest, Ontario.—"I am proud today to think I have a fine big baby boy, as healthy as a trout, and I never felt better myself. Before I took your medicine I felt weak and miserable, and had pains all through me. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to get stronger and those pains all left me. I am glad I found out about this medicine. I think there is none other equal to it for women who have troubles of this kind. I cannot praise the Vegetable Compound too highly for the good it has done me. Whenever I know of a woman suffering I am glad to tell her of it."—Mrs Wm. Ridsdale, R. R, No. 1, Mount Forest, Ontario.

Many such letters prove the reliability of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.



SPORTS GAMES PUZZLES

A PAGE FOR BOYS and GIRLS

JOKES STORIES RIDDLES



COACH HEISMAN DESCRIBES TRICK WHICH MAY BE USED IN TIGHT PLACE

This week John W. Heisman, will answer a football question. He tells about one of the trick plays for the development of which he is famous.

* * *

What is One Good Trick Play and When Should it be Used?

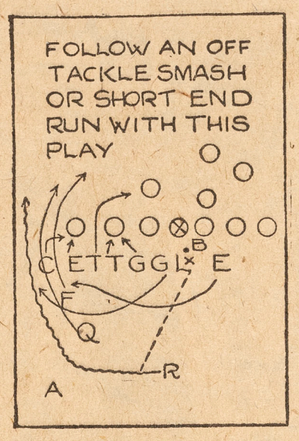
A good trick play which I have drilled my teams in as something to fall back on in a tight game is a series of two plays on one signal.

The first play is an off-tackle smash or short end run to right by the left half, which took the ball, say, from point A to point B. This play is not shown in the diagram.

Use Second Play.

The second play, which is shown in detail in the above diagram, must follow the first rapidly and without any new signal being given. The left half, who carried the ball on the preceding play of the series, lies still over the ball as though hurt. He remains there for two or three counts, with opponents presumably clustered thickly about him and "off guard" because of not yet having heard the offensive team's signal.

Meanwhile, the offensive team has remained spread to the left as shown, all alertly watching for



the ball to be shapped by the left half for the second play. Note the "lead" the left half (snapper) gives the ball in snapping to the right half, who is off for a swinging run around his own left end, with his teammates occupying strategically outflanking positions, as shown.

This trick should be used about the third quarter, between the forty-yard lines with series signal given on a first down.

CHRISTINE'S HAND-ME-DOWNS

"THIS is the nicest dress I ever got," decided Christine.

"It's kind of old-fashioned looking," admitted her cousin, Elfreda, "but then hand-me-downs always are."

Christine just laughed and took another look at herself in the mirror. Sometimes she did get a bit rebellious when she thought of never having any clothes that hadn't been the property of some one else first, but she realized that she shouldn't complain. Her uncle and aunt had been very kind to take her into their already large family, when she became an orphan. Though her cousins were not any too nice to her, her uncle, who was a minister, was always good and kind.

A box had just come from some people in her uncle's former charge, where they were always mindful of his large family and often sent things to him. Her three girl cousins had had their choice first, and Christine was trying to make the most of what was left to her. She was too proud to let them see that her feelings were hurt.

THE new dress, in spite of being a little queer looking as to style, was very becoming. It was a bright blue that matched the brilliant blue of Christine's eyes and made her sunny hair seem all the brighter. She needed to look sunny, for she didn't feel very gay. One of her cousins was ill and the family finances were in a bad way. She got more than one sly hint from her girl cousins, who were jealous of Christine's popularity at school, that hers was an unwanted extra mouth to feed.

One day Christine stayed after school to finish up some drawings she had been making. Every one else had gone home when she started. It was a wonderful fall day and her heavy spirits just couldn't help rising. She began to hum a little tune, and then she found herself running gaily pell mell down the long hill that led from the schoolhouse to the road past her home.

At the foot of the hill she brought herself to a very quick stop, for an automobile was coming. She stood trying to catch her breath, her eyes shining, her hair waving about her flushed cheeks.

The automobile came to a sudden stop. A middle-aged man with a very white face stared up at her. "Margie!" he gasped.

"No, I guess you're mistaken. My name is Christine," she explained, with wondering shyness.

"Yes, of course," he passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed manner. "But—it's so odd—would you mind telling me where you got that dress?"

Christine flushed a little. "It—it came with some clothes in a barrel for my uncle, who's a preacher. It came from Norton, where he used to preach."

THE man's face cleared at that. "That explains it, then. I live in Norton, and I'm making a cross-country trip. I had a little girl who looked just like you. She wore that dress once. After—we lost her, two years ago, we could not bear to touch her things. Then just recently my wife gave them away. I didn't know just what became of them—so you see why I was so startled."

Christine was all sympathy. She found herself soon telling him all about her uncle and her cousins and everything. After that things happened so fast Christine felt like a sleep-walker. She only remembered the outstanding things—the man going home with her and talking a long time to her uncle—a long distance call to Norton—then the envious eyes of her cousins as she was put on the train, shabby suitcase in hand, bound for a wonderful new home, where she'd be the only one, and where she'd even have clothes that hadn't been worn before.

ANSWERS TO WORD PUZZLES:

Care, race, acre.

* * *

Ere, heir, air.
Pan-e.
Fort-h.
Swordfish, sawfish.
Lame, meal.

IN SNOPPYQUOP LAND WHERE NOTHING SEEMS QUEER



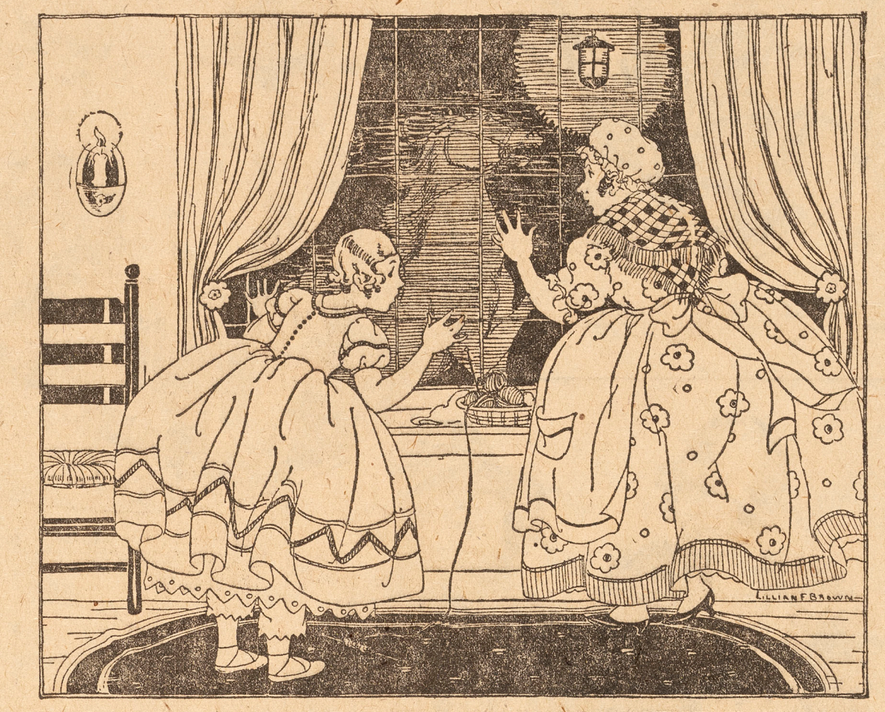
DAFFY RAPHAEL, the Snoppyquop of Spinach Village, was in a bad way. He hadn't eaten for weeks. Walking dejectedly along the great white way, he came suddenly upon a lady Snoppyquop, composed mostly of a tube of paint. Being a believer in the advertisements, Raphael proceeded to take the tube home. "Name, please?" he asked. "Rose, of Washington Square," she replied timidly.

"You're just the type I need for my next painting," he said. But this only made Rose madder than ever. "Here I pose all day long," she whined, "and then when I rest, it's just reposing." "Never mind, my model child, you have a wonderful color, and if I can copy it correctly I'll make as much as a thousand marks."

"You'll get painter's colic," shouted Rosie, "if the marks you make on that canvas don't look more like me than that—you—you solid ivory blackguard. Why—you haven't even any taste for art!"

"I know," admitted Snoppy—"you see, I've lost my palette."

THE MAGIC WHITE HORSE OF THE HAUNTED GLEN



THE wind howled around the house, but Marion and Sidney were too busy to notice it. They were down on the floor by the fireplace tracing paper jack-o-lanterns. Marion believed in getting ready for a party in plenty of time.

"So Hallowe'en is coming around again," mused Grandmother Wright, as she sat watching them. "It's getting to be regular Hallowe'en weather, too, exactly as it ought to be. You could just imagine witches riding on that howling wind, and goblins tapping at the windows, the way folks used to believe they did.

"Every year when we have this kind of weather, all of a sudden there comes back to me the story of the spirit horse and my adventure with him when I was a girl."

MARION and Sidney stretched out on the rug to listen, not saying anything, for fear she might stop.

"We lived at Buttonwoods then. It wasn't as nice as it is now, but even then it it was the biggest country house for miles and miles around. My father loved the place, so much so that he had spent all his money improving it and was badly in debt. I used to think how hard it was for him to have a girl for his only child, instead of a boy who could help him.

"One afternoon in late October father and mother drove into town. They wanted to meet the man whom they owed the most money to, as they wanted to get him to allow them more time to pay. They felt sure they could make things come out right if they had more time. But the man was supposed to be a hard bargainer and their chances were poor.

"I was left all alone with the three servants—an old colored man and his wife, and our superstitious Irish housekeeper, I spent the afternoon knitting, looking uneasily out of the window at the gathering storm. Most of the leaves were gone from the trees, but a few yellow leaves waved, like sad, tattered banners in the autumn wind.

"'IT'S on nights like this,' declared old Mrs. Mahoney, 'that you're apt to see some of the queer things as goes on around here. Everybody knows this glen is haunted, and many's the person won't live hereabouts on that account. It's an eerie place, surely.'

"'That's because it catches so much wind,' I insisted.

"'It's not only wind,' she shook her head. 'I've lived hereabouts all my life and it's many the queer things I've heard of and seen. Don't you know, maybe, the story about the white woman that cries on the cliff? Or about the white spirit horse that always comes before a death? Or about the little old lady with the shawl that stops you on the road and when you're talking to her she goes away in a puff of smoke.'

"'That's all nonsense,' I answered. 'Nobody has really seen those things.' I tried to make my voice sound calm, though my heart was beating fast. 'I won't listen to any more tales.'

"It was growing darker. I lit a couple of lanterns and set them out on the porch, and then another one on the gatepost, so my father and mother could see easier when they rode home. Then I came inside. It was raining by that time, not a heavy rain, but a cold, fine one that the wind hurled against the windowpane with sharp, snake-like hisses.

"SUDDENLY we heard a strange noise in the yard—a sort of steady, rhyming pound on the ground, growing steadily nearer. As it came closer my face brightened. 'One of the horses is loose,' I declared.

"Mrs. Mahoney went to the the window. She gave a kind of sobbing scream. 'No earthly horse that!' she moaned. 'Oh, mercy on us, mercy on us!'

"I rushed to the window. In the glare of the lantern-light trotted a milk-white horse, arching its neck beautifully. It was saddled, but riderless. There was no horse like that, I knew, in all the countryside!

"'The riderless white horse of the glen,' moaned Mrs. Mahoney, nearly stiff with terror. The old colored woman had joined her and was likewise petrified with horror.

"My family had never told me stories like that, and that was why, perhaps, I was not so frightened. At any rate, anything was better than staying there with those terrified old women.

"I seized my cloak and called to the old man, who would follow me anywhere, no matter how frightened he might be. Then we each took a lantern from the porch. The horse had disappeared, but what I wanted to find out was where he came from. It was easy to follow his tracks in the soft ground.

"WE followed the tracks until we came to the narrow road through the woods on the other side of the creek. Suddenly we heard a groaning sound. I wished then I'd never come. My courage left me and I grabbed the old man. At that moment he raised high his lantern, and its rays showed us a figure of a man lying on the road a few feet ahead.

"There was nothing ghostlike about him. He was a human being in trouble. We picked him up and carried him to the house and the old man went through the rain for a doctor.

"Father and mother arrived about the time the doctor did. 'We missed the man,' sighed father. 'He had ridden down from Philadelphia to meet us in town here, but arrived early and so decided to ride on out, so they said at the hotel. He must have come by another road. But where can he be, if—' He was coming into the room taking off his greatcoat as he talked and I had no chance to say anything. Just at that point, however, his eyes lit on the injured man on the couch, and he gave a cry of surprise and——

"Well, that's about all of the story. The man, of course, was the one father owed money to. We took care of him until he was well, and he was so grateful to all of us, he turned and helped father out, and Buttonwoods was soon free of debt."

BUILDING A MODEL AIRPLANE HOW TO ASSEMBLE YOUR PLANE

By TERENCE VINCENT
Director, Miniature Aircraft Fliers.

(This is the fifth of a series of six lessons which tell how any boy or girl can make a model airplane that really flies. In this lesson you will learn how to put together the different parts you have been making.)

* * *

ASSEMBLING the completed parts of the Lehann No. 1 miniature airplane is open to experiment. Once the proper arrangement of parts has been found as demonstrated by the best flights, it is well to mark those points of adjustment so that the best flights may be repeated under similar conditions.

Mounting the Wing.

The wing may be mounted in two positions on the motor base, and shifted front or back, or side to side in either position, in order to obtain a variety of flights.

1. On top of the motor base with the hangers pointing upward, the wing may be fastened on with a thin rubber about two inches long. This may be done in the same manner in which one puts a pencil through the two loop-ends of a rubber and the pencil so held on the fingers. In place, the rubber-band is U-shaped, with tips of the U holding the wing, and the bottom of the U touching the motorbase.

The same arrangement may be observed when the wire hangers (one at each end of the motor base) point down. This puts the center of gravity below the sustaining areas of the wing and elevator and may gain a more stable flight.

2. When the wing is mounted, by a rubber band in the same manner as in No. 1, on the outside of the motor base (with the metal hangers pointing either up or down) good flights may be obtained.

In both 1 and 2, the dihedral angle is like the leter V with the points up.

The rudder or fin is mounted with the 3 inch stick pointing vertically upward, in the same direction as the wing-tips point when ready for flight. Experimenters may find it fascinating to have a number of rudders of varying sizes. The fin which gives the best performances for the flying stunt desired is the one to use. The 1-inch stick must be straight and identical in each fin.

A slight bend in the horizontal bamboo strip of the fin will make the plane fly in circles. If the curve is slight, the flying circle will be large; if a servere curve (perhaps a segment of a three-inch diameter circle), the flying circles will be correspondingly small. Bamboo strips may easily be bent in the heat of one's breath, when gentle preassure is applied at the ends at the same time for about two minutes, when the strip is held in the desired position to cool another two minutes, it generally holds that shape.

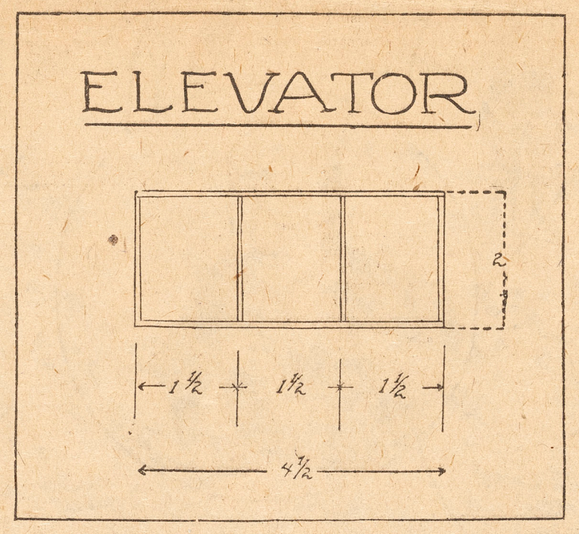
Attach Elevator.

The elevator is attached to the motor base with a thin rubber band in much the same manner in which the wing is attached. Usually the point of the elevator, in a puller type airplane, is near the wing, with the base of that triangle centered against the rear metal hanger, either under or over the motor base.

Rubber fasteners for elevators must be light and strong. One method is first to put a loop of the rubber around the point of the elevator then put the rest of the rubber through the sides of the motor base, thence around the protruding exterior sides of the elevator, thence to the rear end of the motor base before the fin is attached, and there wound twice around the end of the motor base.

The propeller is inserted in the front bearing. Attach the fin, put on the motor (two No. 32 rubber bands), wind it clockwise 100 times, and the Lahann No. 1 monoplane miniature is ready to fly.

The next lesson will explain HOW.



Here are details for making the elevator, designed in a previous lesson. Check the rest of your plane with the drawing before assembling it.

HOW WATER TRAVELS UPWARDS

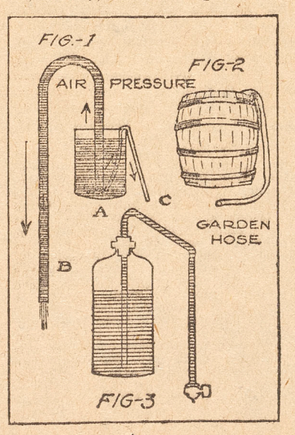
(This is the fifth of a series of science stories which tell all sorts of queer and interesting facts about the everyday world.)

WE have shown in a previous article that air has weight and that it is capable of exerting considerable pressure. We learned, too, that this pressure was great enough to burst a rubber membrane and that it could support a column of water 33 feet high or a column of mercury 30 inches high. The present article will show you how this same pressure can make water travel upward. The experiment is a simple one and may be easily tried at home.

If the tube, B, in Fig. 1 be filled with water so that no bubbles are left and if both sides of the tube is then closed with the fingers of both hands until the shorter end is inserted below the level of the water in the tumbler, this will empty itself through the tube as soon as the fingers are removed from the ends. This experiment is successful only if the outside part of the bent tube is longer than that part in the tumbler.

Forces Liquid Up.

The explanation of this is as follows: The pressure of air on the surface of the water in the tumbler tries to force the liquid up through the tube at A, but the weight of the water already in this part of the tube is such that it exerts a downward pressure. In the case of the longer part of the tube there is a pressure downward also, and for the same reason; namely, that the weight of the water is such as to have a tendency to flow downward. But the atmospheric pressure at the outlet of this tube exerts a force upward. Since the atmospheric pressure at both ends of the tube is equal, there would be no flow of water unless the weight of water in the right-hand side of the tube were greater, thereby overcoming the force of the water on the shorter side. This is the case when the outer length of the tube is greater than the length of the inner one.



May Use Rubber.

Such a glass tube is, however, not necessary. A short piece of rubber tubing, such as shown at C, will do nicely. Fill the tube with water by sucking at its lower end and you will easily start the flow of water from the tumbler. This apparatus is known as a siphon.

The siphon is used very often in order to empty large barrels of a fluid without disturbing any sediment that it may contain. In such cases a faucet at the lower end would be of no avail. The siphon is also used in hospitals, in chemical laboratories, and in other places where liquids are kept in large and unwieldy bottles. See Figures 2 and 3.

(Next week we'll learn how a thermometer works.)

WILL O' THE WISP

WILL O' THE WISP is a mysterious light which people believed they saw floating across moors and other lonely places. In olden days in England there were many stories told of this mystic light. It was supposed to have a strange power of drawing people after it. Sometimes the people beneath its spell were led to the tops of high cliffs, which, as they followed the light, they did not notice, but plunged to death.

In the cottages on the edges of the moors, which were great, bleak stretches of marshy land, the boys and girls used to listen to tales of this mysterious light and its magic spell, shivering at the thought of the lonely moor and the dangerous Will O' the Wisp.

Stories Kept On.

The wise scientists laughed at these stories of wandering clouds of light which danced across the ground and put it all down to imagination. The stories kept on, however, and many very reliable people wrote about seeing these queer lights on the moor. Now the scientists believe that most of the people were telling the truth about seeing the lights, though there is nothing magic about them.

One cause of such a light is a peculiar light given off sometimes by decaying wood and other vegetable matter. Then, too, ball lightning sometimes acts in the way the country people described the magic fire as acting. Gas rising from marshes and stagnant pools sometimes takes fire and may burn for a while with a bright light which would mystify anybody who did not know what caused it. Naptha springs also burn sometimes in the same way. Then there is a flame known as St. Elmo's fire which is seen, though rarely, at the tops of trees or steeples in stormy weather. It is a queer discharge of electricity which takes the form of a little flame which may be seen very clearly.

May Have Been Fireflies.

Of course some of the Will O' the Wisps reported may have been large fireflies or glowworms, or even the lights of moving lanterns or lights in the windows of distant houses. However, it is pretty certain that people actually did see lights which were mysterious to them and which they therefore believed to be magic.

The people in different localities called Will O' the Wisp by many other queer names. Some of these were aw-puck, corpse-candle, dank Will, dead-candle, death-fire, Dick-a-Tuesday, fen-fire, friar's lantern, lantern-Jack, night-fire, wildfire, and witch-light.

MUST BE NEIGHBORS.

Homes: "Burglars broke into my house last night."

Jones: "Did they steal anything valuable?"

Homes: "No, only my boy's new saxaphone."

COULD BE DONE.

"Even a policeman can't arrest the flight of time," said the funny man.

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined the matter-of-fact person. "Only the other day I saw a cop enter a side door and stop a few minutes."

ALL ABOUT PAPER

PAPER was first made by the Chinese in the second century B. C. The crude process was later adopted by the Arabs, and by the twelfth century paper was manufactured all over Europe.

In tracing the history of the various kinds of papers it is found that each decade had characteristic water-marks, Some of them were animals, birds, fishes, flowers, domestic and war-like implements, or armorial bearings. In the fourteenth century the water-marks were very simple, and the paper was of firm texture. In the fifteenth century the water-marks became more elaborate in design and the paper was finer. In the sixteenth century it was fashionable for the manufacturer to insert his full name in the water-mark.

Changed Method.

THE tedious, labored manufacture of paper before the nineteenth century contrasts with the speedy, efficient process now used.

Rags are torn into small strips and used for pulp. Wast paper, old magazines, old newspapers, and torn cardboard are all sorted very carefully. After being separated for fine or coarse paper they are thoroughly washed.

The material is then put through several very strenuous processes to reduce it to shreds. The papers are cut by scissors, torn, pulled by machines with steel claws, and crushed under huge, heavy wheels. They are then vigorously ground by millstones. After they are powdered they are mixed with water into a sort of soup.

Pulp is Gray.

IT is not surprising that by now the pulp is quite gray, so the next process is to whiten it. It is mixed with several very strong chemicals and in a surprisingly short time is transformed into a white mass.

When machines spread it in thin layers in sieves, water is allowed to drip through it, forming the rag soup into felt. This is passed through cylinders, which act like clothes wringers, pressing out the water. Other cylinders dry it, and when it is polished, the paper is finished.

The Fun Box

"Somehow, I never seem to be able to find things where I lay them," remarked the hen in the next yard.

* * *

"Walk this way," said the bow-legged floor-walker to the knock-kneed man. And then the fun began.

* * *

PETER PUZZLE SAYS—

Fill the three blanks below with the same four letters arranged in different orders: "When they were young children, without a ———, they used to ——— to the ——— of corn each morning."

* * *

BROUGHT UP WRONG.

Teacher: "Why, Willie! Such dirty hands! Who brought you up?"

Willie: "De coal man, in his wagon, ma'am."

* * *

STRINGING HIM.

Tenderfoot (to fiddler): "Do you make a living playing the violin?"

Fiddler: "Wall, young feller, I manage to scrape along!"

* * *

PETER PUZZLE SAYS—

Fill the blanks below with three different words pronounced the same: "———the folks retired, the young———stole out into the black night———."

Curtail something transparent and get a cooking container.

Curtail a direction and get a barricade.

What are these two fish? One is worn by military men, the other is a carpenter's tool.

In the blanks below fill in two words of four letters, arranged in different orders: "Jimmy found a poor cat who was———and badly in need of a ———."

ADVENTURES OF RADIO RAYMOND



Toronto Sunday World

is published by The Mail Printing Company, the publishers and proprietors, at King and Bay Streets, Toronto, Ont.

THE MAIL PRINTING COMPANY,
J. S. Douglas, General Manager.

All manuscript, drawings and photographs submitted to the editor must be accompanied by return postage. The name and address of the sender should be written plainly in the upper right-hand corner of the first page of the manuscript, and on the back of each photograph and drawing. Manuscript will be considered when written on one side of the paper only. Sufficient room should be left between lines to permit editing.

One Trail-Blazer to Another.

THE romance of the air is just beginning to be written. Perhaps the time will come when the air will be as rich in story as the sea. Certainly one little chapter in its romance was written when Ezra Meeker, ninety, one of the trail-blazers of another day, retraced the long route which he once traveled by ox team, as the guest of an air pilot, speeding back in a few days over the ground which he had first covered in many weary months.

Years ago, when the caravans were moving westward across the plains of America, Ezra Meeker was one of the men who helped to break the trail.

The other day he came back with a trail-breaker of the air, enjoying the trip every mile of the way, so he said.

The great thing about Mr. Meeker's picturesque trip back across the continent was surely not that a man of ninety could stand the rigors of air travel, though that was a noteworthy feat in itself. It was rather that Mr. Meeker at ninety was still a trail-blazer, still open-minded enough to accept the next thing.

For it must be remembered that Mr. Meeker has lived to see the snorting iron horse take the place of the lumbering ox-team, the horseless carriage supercede the horse-driven vehicle, and now the winged creatures of the air leave far behind the earth-bound motor car, and that he has apparently accepted them all.

For no man who, at ninety would undertake such a trip by air, could ever have belonged to that inevitable chorus of "can't-be-doners," cling to the old for conscience sake.

A Chance For Us.

ARE you only a middle-grader, only a little better than a dumb-bell? Have you looked longingly at genius all your life, yearned to be brilliant, only to find that mediocrity is your middle name?

Cheer up. Here's good news for you.

A veteran art teacher, a man who has trained hundreds of successful, even brilliant artists, said the other day that he preferred students without too much talent. "I'm afraid of these geniuses," he said. "I know them. I have had lots of them in my classes. But I am usually disappointed in them. Give me a man with just medium ability, but with a willingness to work, and we will go much farther."

The genius knows he can get by without working. It is all so easy for him. He dawdles and slaps down a few clever strokes and the thing is done. That is all well enough if you only wish to travel a little way. But that kind of ability does not take you far. It helps you to do the superficial things in art cleverly. When it comes to fundamentals, a man who is less of a genius, but who has the habit of work, will go much farther.

Most of us belong in the class with the middling bright, with the near dumb-bells, in fact, rather than with the near-geniuses. Most of us don't hope to rival the Paderewskis and the Sir William Orpens, and the Bernard Shaws of the age. But we do want to count. We want a fair, even a full, measure of success. And that, says this veteran and teacher, belongs to the middling bright as readily as to the brilliant, because it carries with it common sense and a willingness to work.

Lawless.

A NEW YORK judge has called the United States the most lawless nation on earth. A good many rash statements of that kind are made but this judge brings appalling figures to bear.

For instance, there were over fifteen times as many robberies in New York City in a single year as there were in all England and Wales. That is only one example. The number of murders in the United States is equally appalling.

What's the trouble?

No one can answer that question in a sentence. The matter is unfortunately not so simple. But an illuminating side-light on the problem is the fact that the judge who makes the charge says that most of the desperate criminals are mere boys.

They are not middle-aged men who deliberately turn to crime after a long, hard life of wrong doing. They are mere boys who have apparently never had the slightest regard for law and order.

That puts the problem pretty squarely up to the mothers and fathers, whose sons, yes, and even in some cases, whose daughters, are entering the criminal class before they are fairly beyond the age of parental influence.

The learned psychologists are racking their brains to find a remedy to the state of affairs that sends boys of nineteen into the criminal class. They are psycho-analyzing and laboratory testing and probing into the inner consciousness and evolving plausible theories of defective emotional responses.

Perhaps it is much more simple than any of this. Perhaps it is mostly a case of more old-fashioned home discipline, more regard for law at home to prepare children to meet the laws of society.

It is more than probable that the remedy is just as simple as that—that it is not more and better criminal codes, more and better court psychiatrists, more and better probation officers, but better, very much better, mothers and fathers.

THE MILL RUN

HONOR THE PIGEON KEEPER.

Oh, that humanity might know
The troubles, trials, pains
That thoughts of pigeons overthrow
And thus man comfort gains.

For keeping pigeons has a joy
That offsets mental pain;
And even he who breeds a Toy
Will nature knowledge gain.

While he who masters well this art
Gains wisdom, wealth and skill;
To in the world to do his part
And to do it with a will.

Though pigeons of the common kind
Increase almost at will,
The high-class ones, you will find,
Call for care and patient skill.

Let's into breeding mysteries go
And nature's worlds explore.
Amazement asks: Why thus and so?
Of a thousand things or more.

Why the shapes, long and short,
With symmetry guiding all?
And why the sizes, large and small,
From a similar white egg-ball?

Why the colors of various hues,
In contrast mixed with white?
And why some tumble when they fly,
And others, home through battles fight?

Here are problems for head and heart,
With variations on every hand;
So he who masters well this art
Should with the greatest stand.

—E. J. W. D., in American Pigeon Keeper.

We publish the lines in honor of pigeon keepers, of whom we have the honor to be one, not with any sneaking desire to share in the praise showered upon the fraternity in general but for the delectation of our readers. In some respects we regard this poem as the most interesting we have come across in a long time. For one thing let us call attention to the approximate perfection of the end rhymes. There is but a single exception to the flawlessness and that occurs in the sixth verse in which the author could not find a handy rhyme for "short". The difficulty but revealed his resourcefulness, for he had the inspiration to leave "short" without a rhyme and made amends by giving "all" and "ball" another rhyme, in the form of "small" It is not to be denied that "small' is a perfect rhyme for either of them, as the sensitive ear will give witness if the words are murmured over slowly. We admit that the rythm is not perhaps as fine as the rhyme, but one must master one thing at a time, and maybe another poem will show an improvement in the rythm and a compensating weakness in the rhyme. However, we like the poem and concur in the sentiments it expresses.

* * *

SPEAKING ILL OF THE DEAD.

There was an affecting scene in a local courtroom recently when a witness refused to give testimony that might blacken the name of a dead man, and was sympathetically sustained by the judge. What the lawyer wished to get out of the reluctant and highly conscientious witness was, apparently, the witness' opinion that deceased was occasionally too much under the influence of liquor to attend to business. It is a grievous imputation, no doubt, but since the dead man appears to have been an active figure in wrecking a bank and bringing ruin to hundreds, and perhaps terms of imprisonment to others, we do not find ourself quivering with indignation lest it should be suggested that he took an occasional drink too much.

It has often seemed to us, too, that the old Latin maxim that one should speak no ill of the dead verged on what has been described by Virgil as the apple-sauce. If we cannot speak ill of the dead, of whom can we speak ill? Or, in other words, who or whom can we speak ill of? If we speak ill of the living they can have the law of us, or can, circumstances favoring, bust us, in a manner of speaking, in the snoot. In any event they can retaliate by speaking ill of us, and certainly this is not the object sought.

These imperfections do not arise when one speaks ill of the dead, and the human race has generally followed this course, disregarding the Latin maxim. Perhaps nobody has been spoken of more harshly than Judas Iscariot, and nobody could be deader than Judas. Even when he comes to life on the Last Day, it will only be to wish that he were dead again. Ananias and Sapphira have also been denounced for many generations and aspersions have been cast on Cain without knowledge of the inside history of his fatal brawl with Abel. In fact until 1914, when the Kaiser attracted attention, those people who were most fervently abused and slandered and denounced were all dead; and even to-day there is more criticism of the dead than of the living. We thoroughly approve of this, since the dead cannot be injured no matter how much evil may be spoken of them. Moreover, when one speaks slightingly of the dead the judgment seems to take on an air of historical authority and finality. When one speaks ill of the living he is, in nine cases out of ten, broadcasting no news of importance and is exposing himself to unpleasant consequences.

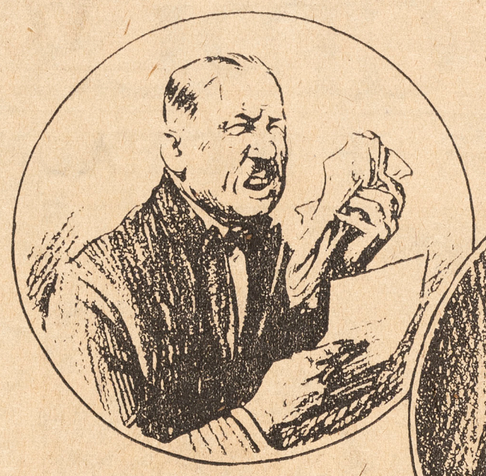
* * *

We question if Lardner's "Jack Keefe," wih all his extraordinary faculty for butchering figures of speech surpassed a writer in an English periodical which we read the other day, and who spoke of a single performance of merit in a career of mediocrity as a mere "splash in the pan."

J. V. M.

AMONG US MORTALS By Richard Vincent Culter

"Goodbye, Summer, Goodbye!"



"Yours of the sigteedth received ad codded doted, id reply would say—awgishoo-oo! Close thad dab door subbody"———The opening of the winter season in the office—the Boss gets his first head cold.





The Golf ball under the leaf.



And no sooner do the husbands calm down after the annual family squabble over paying fifty-five dollars for one velvet hat (with hardly any trimming) than out come the really dressy women along the evenue sporting next spring's chic straws.



The head of the family trying to dope out a way to pay the coal man the balance on last spring's coal so that he can order some more.

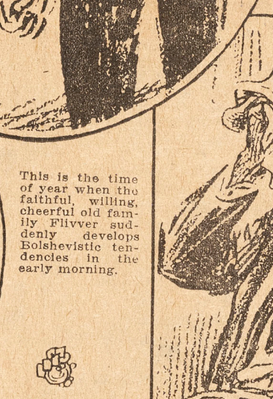


The change of season along the highway—The Proprietor of the Restawhile booth gets ready to unload the season's stock of Toasted Barkers, Hot Muts, Singed Canines and Kooked Kurs on an eager public.

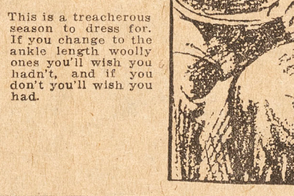


The Cider booth in the country—Optimist from the city is not so particular about the preservative as he really ought to be—in fact, he wouldn't object if the stuff were a bit "hard." Old man Slatterlee will go back of the partition, get another demi-john (from the same barrel) and everybody will be satisfied.

And Theatrical Critics have to give up trying to fill a straight and settle down to work.



This is the time of year when the faithful, willing, cheerful old family Flivver suddenly develops Bolshevistic tendencies in the early morning.



This is a treacherous season to dress for. If you change to the ankle length woolly ones you'll wish you hadn't, and if you don't you'll wish you had.



HOW BIG IS A DOG? - By Albert Payson Terhune

"I'VE been reading a book," said Old Man Negley, as he and Colonel Prowse sat on the back steps of the Prowse bungalow, watching the Colonel's beautiful collie, Bruce, scientifically cleaning up the big plate of table-scraps which formed his only daily meal. "I've been reading a book—a dog story by a famous author of exciting stories. Gee, but it was silly!"

The old man smiled tolerantly at the memory of what he had been reading; and then in response to Prowse's look of inquiry he explained more fully:

"This book is like a lot of others. For the most part, folks who know about dogs don't know how to write. And folks who know how to write don't know anything about dogs. There's only three men in America to-day so far as I can find out, who can write dog stories and who also know dogs. Funny, isn't it?

"This book I am telling you about describes a half-wild dog that was set up by a 'dozen eighty-pound Airedales' that got him down. He has quite a fight with those 'eighty-pound Airedales,' but by and by he shakes them off and escapes. By the way, if anything smaller than an elephant or less tough than a rhinoceros was ever tackled by a dozen husky Airedales who got him down—well, he'd never shake them off and escape. Ounce for ounce, the Airedale is perhaps the gamest and most efficient fighter in dogdom. A 'dozen' of them would be more formidable than a cannon.

"BUT here's the point I'm getting at; the book speaks of a dozen 'eighty-pound Airedales.' Why, Colonel, there ain't no sech animile! An Airedale that weighs fifty-six pounds is a mighty big Airedale. An eighty-pound Airedale would be bigger than a shepherd dog. He would be a freak. The author of that book ought to have taken the trouble to find out just one or two simple things about dogs before he sailed in to write a dog story.

"But I can't blame him. Lots of dog owners don't have the slightest idea how big their own dogs ought to be. Weight, in a dog or in any other animal, is a hard thing for an outsider to size up. Take a fox, for that matter. Strip him of his enormous pelt and he isn't any bigger than an ordinary cat. I've seen lots of foxes skinned. I never found one of them that weighed over eleven pounds. Most of them weigh less. Yet, the average man would tell you a fox weighs from twenty to thirty pounds.

"James Watson was one of the best dog men of his day. He had a table of weights for dogs—the weights that each breed is supposed to tip the scale at. I took the trouble to study up that schedule of Watson's once; and he was in the right as he had a way of being. He took the 'Standard of Breeds' and the weights it called for. Here are one or two instances that may interest you.

"Scotch terriers, 18 to 20 pounds for males and 16 to 18 for females. Irish terriers, about 24 pounds for males and 22 for females. Airedales, males 40 to 45 pounds and females slightly less; though a 55 pound Airedale did a lot of winning a few years ago. Fox terriers are variable in weight, but shouldn't go above about 20 pounds.

"MALE collies are supposed to weigh from 45 to 60 pounds, and females from 40 to 50. Male collies are supposed to stand from 22 to 24 inches at the shoulders and females 20 to 22 inches. The shaggy Chesapeake Bay dog goes to about 60 pounds. The Dalmatian (coach dog) 55 pounds for males and 50 for females.

"Cocker spaniels should weigh not under 18 or over 24 pounds. Toy spaniels, from 8 to 12 pounds. French bulldogs, males under 22 pounds, females under 20. Great Danes, minimum height and weight for males, minimum of 30 inches at shoulder and 120 pounds; females 28 inches and 100 pounds.

"And so on, with the rest of the breeds. No use to bore you with the whole list. But I thought you might be interested in those few statistics. Of course, there are a lot of exceptions to all sorts of rules. There are great dogs of all breeds that don't stick exactly to the weights the Standard calls for.

"Then there are judges that like best a very big dog and judges that like best a very small dog of their special breed. For instance, I had a collie once that was a giant. He wasn't coarse or thick. In fact, he was as clean cut, for his size, as any show dog of the lot. Well, one judge would be delighted with his size and would give him a blue ribbon for the various points of which his size was one. Then some other judge would give him one look of disgust at the next show and not give him any sort of ribbon at all.

"You see, in horseraces or in tennis or boxing and the like, anyone can usually tell which contestant is ahead. But in dog shows, the decision is in the brain of the judge. And many judges don't think alike about dogs. Some like one kind and some like another kind. That is why the American Kennel Club made its wise rule that no dog can win its championship, until he has been awarded 'Winners' by not fewer than three different judges. Most judges are competent and most are honest. But they differ, often in their idea of what constitutes a good dog.

"AFTER all, it doesn't matter whether your dog is big or little, whether or not he has a single show-point or whether his blood is sky blue or mixed. If he is your pal, nothing else matters.

"Of course it is nice to have a wonderful thoroughbred dog that can win cups and cash and ribbons at a show. But shows only come on a few days in the year. And your dog is your pal for 365 days of the year.

"So it is better, if you can have only one, to have a dog that is a wise and loyal chum than to have one that looks as if a sculptor had made him. Luckily, a good many dogs unite both pal and show qualities. But if you can only have one kind, pick him out for his brain and disposition. Not for a lot of arbitrary show points."

(Copyright 1924).

EYES EXAMINED

AND GLASSES GROUND TO FIT
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692 DANFORTH (North Side at Pape)
Glasses $2.50 up. Examination No Charge.

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Constipation is one of the most common ailments of childhood and the child suffering from it positively cannot thrive. To keep the little one well the bowels must be kept regular and the stomach sweet. To do this nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative; are pleasant to take and can be given to the newborn babe with perfect safety. Thousands of mothers use no other medicine for their little ones but Baby's Own Tablets. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Merry-Go-Round

By R. K. M.

STILL MORE SLOGANS.

For the drys:

After a bout or two with gin,
A man looks like something the cat dragged in.

* * *

Let the baby do without new shoes;
Poor old daddy has to have his booze.

* * *

Often the man who kills a thirst
Has to be toted home, feet first.

* * *

Three schooners of beer, a shot of rum—
Here are the makings of a first-class bum.

* * *

For the wets:

Don't look so blue, little corkscrew—
Everybody soon will be looking for you.

* * *

Breathes there a man so dry that he
Won't welcome back the old-time spree?

* * *

Give the meanest little runt just a snifter or a drop,
And he'll lick anything short of an over-size cop.

* * *

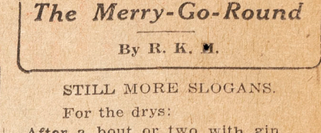
Nothing makes a man so frisky
As a jolt of real Scotch whiskey.

* * *

With a population of 50,000, Windsor has mustered the voting strength of a place of 75,000. Is it possible that even the anticipation of a vote favorable to Government control is already making the people down there see double?

* * *

Those local devotees of canned heat as an intoxicant ought to revive and revise that old popular song to read "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Tum to-night."



* * *

Using palm oil and castor oil, French chemists have succeeded in producing synthetic motor spirit. Every small boy will gladly sacrifice his share of the castor oil supply in order that the motor car may not thirst.

* * *

A despatch from Lingwha says that the Kiangsu troops around Sungkiang are in a bad way because Wu-Pei-Fu had ordered munitions from Danyang (Hupeh Province) to go north. It would simplify things a great deal if the Chinese would consent to fight this war in English.

* * *

Because October 23 has been set aside for the plebiscite vote, pheasant hunting, which was to have been allowed on that day in Ontario, has been declared taboo by the Hon. Charles McCrea, Minister of Mines and Fisheries. Hunting for your proper polling booth will be a popular sport, however, and quite legal.

* * *

At the end of September, Toronto's school popultaion showed an increase of 1,000 over that of September, 1923. The youngsters seem to have the jump on the reckless motorists.

* * *

Speaking about the proposed appointment of a Canadian representative at Washington, Hon. P. C. Larkin, Canadian High Commissioner in London, said, "The right man there would be worth millions in a year." Now, no pushing there, applicants, no pushing!

* * *

A railway official has notified Chief Inspector Cowley that train movements are being endangered by schoolboys who shoot insulators from telegraph poles with small-calibre rifles. That is what comes of teaching the young idea how to shoot.

* * *

The Government has been stocking Lake Ontario with sockeye salmon, and already fully matured specimens have been caught. Perhaps that explains the peculiar taste of our drinking water lately.

* * *

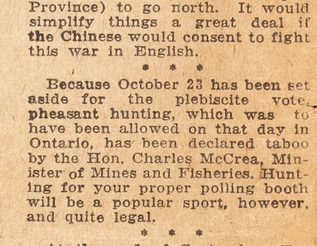
Considered from another viewpoint, it might be a paying business to have the plumber come around and install larger water pipes on the off chance that an occasional inquisitive salmon might poke his head out of the tap.

* * *

There are now living, in the United States, 346,962 Indians—more, it is said, than existed at the time Columbus discovered America. Canada must have more, too. Look at the large number of men who were put on the Indian list not so many years ago.

* * *

The Toronto Bureau of Municipal Research believes the city could be governed better by a council of at most, eight members. But shucks! Eight men couldn't provide the ding-dong scraps that the present ward representatives throw in with their services.



* * *

At the end of the month Toronto teachers are going to Windsor and Detroit for their annual convention. They could go to Tierra del Fuego without eliciting any noticeable signs of grief from thirty or forty thousand small boys.

* * *

The war is costing China $20,000,000 per month. Well, the mah jongg trade with Canada alone ought to be good for more than that!

* * *

At Prescott, hundreds of bottles of confiscated ale were thrown against a stone wall from which the liquid ran down into the St. Lawrence. Probably in a day or two despatches will tell of frolicsome fish trying to bite holes in the Montreal liners.

FEATURES

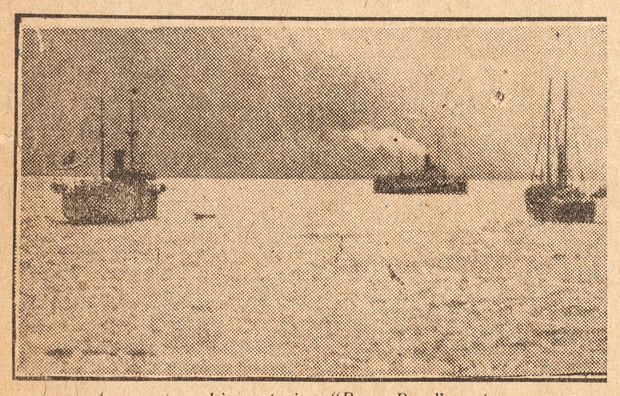
Music ~ Theatrical ~ Automotive

The Toronto Sunday World

FEATURES

34TH YEAR—ISSUE NO. 14,944. TORONTO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1924. 10 CENTS PER COPY— PAGES 33 TO 44.

"Codfish ~ With a Cork In It"



A revenue ship entering "Rum Row" waters.

Canadian Naturalist, Touring in Caravan, Studies Buccaneers of the Booze Trade Off Nova Scotia Coast---Armor Plate and Quick Firers on Ships of Both Wet and Dry Navies---Half of Fishing Fleet Running Rum Instead of Hooking Cod.

By BONNYCASTLE DALE.

Photographs by Laddie.

"DON'T go nosing in among the spruces any more for animals or birds, you may find more than you are looking for," I told my assistant as we "put-putted" along in the caravan.

Take a map and look at this ocean-fretted shore of Nova Scotia, cut up into harbor and inlet and bay, and quit blaming the few—the very few—officials who should, and do, try to catch the booze-peddling boats and steamers and schooners.

With "Labels Well Stuck."

THERE was as nice a wee Rum Row off Sydney, Cape Breton, as ever existed, until the hurricane of August 26 swept it away. It varied from six to ten, sail and steam, and it was as well known off that shore as any light or headland. With St. Pierre of the Gulf under French dominion and only a day's sail away—St. Pierre, with its wharves and fish stores smelling as no fish ever smelled on this smelly coast—all, all, of it for sale, too!

Rum from the fleet at five dollars a gallon of sufficient voltage to burn you all the way down, too. Brands of well known Scotch at $18 a case, a dozen in case, 12 bottles. Yes! its bargain day on the Rum Row and on the wharves. That same dozen would cost you $42 at the vendors and it would be filled with new, nipping stuff. If it went to St. Pierre first, then to the port of Nassau, W.E.I., back to "Rum Row", New York, and then here, it may be just that old if you buy from a bootlegger.

"It's got its labels well stuck," as they say here.

The captain asks the new man: "Been to the islands lately?" If he has he knows that every booze ship, from Nassau to the Canadian line at least, is arming. Yes, is actually having armor plate put in somewhere to permit the men to get out of the range of small, high-powered guns. And they have guns themselves that will fit in a puncheon.

Trickery in the Trade.

ACCORDING to sailors I meet the body of many a man is afloat on the Atlantic to-day while home folks vainly wait for news of him from his ship. Some ships change names as often as they put a painter over on a sling. Others are painted so that no living man can read the language. There are men in our province to-day, sea captians who have sailed all these western continental shores, who would not take out a rum runner if you paid them their weight in gold; there would be some trick to get it away from them.

One Nova Scotian came to a bank with a fifty dollar bill and shoved it under the teller's nose with a finger and thumb on the end of it still.

"Counterfeit!" snapped the teller.

"I had just one hundred of them fifties in my canvas belt and all they was good for was to light pipes with."

Now just what do you think will happen when that ship-master meets the formerly reliable ship-master who fooled him? I spell the word murder.

Fishing Craft Deserted.

ONE sailor told me that he doesn't see how some bottoms will ever get into port again. One of them is manned by men who stole her from a crew that, it is believed, murdered the owner-sailing-crew aboard and took a full load of liquor, worth anywhere from a quarter to a half million dollars.

"They are making it right on board now, sir," said a sailor sitting near me. "Some of it is so raw it'd burn the throat out of a smokestack. They make a feller sign on and swear not to drink a drop of liquor while on board. I'm through."

I never saw such a dearth of fishing sailing vessels in these harbors. We make the coast roads in our motor caravan, going to every nook and corner along shore, and I know half the old fleet is running rum instead of hooking cod, nearly all under new United States owners, however.

Head Rub for a Teacher.

AND it's not all adults who engage in booze hunts, by any means. A teacher told me the following. She is touring here from the United States:

"Acting on hints I received I questioned one of the boys, a bright lad of about fourteen. He had been wandering along the shore as boys will, and saw some shiny tins in the tide. These he rescued, and, unscrewing the mouth of one, he got a hint of some strange liquor. Wise enough never to taste any such unlawful stuff he sought a chum and taking a small sample of the colorless stuff to a friendly druggist, he soon found out that he had 100 per cent. alcohol.

'Would you like a flask of it—/ great for a bath?" he exclaimed as his bright eyes twinkled. "Chummy an me took one. Say! you tingle all over, ain't it nice?"

"Some one will find the tins and then you will be out of your bathing fluid," I said.

"'Don't you believe it. Why! they walk right over the stuff all day long. We've got twenty-five gallons hidden down thar,' laughed the schoolboy."

Sure enough the next day's recess brought the bright-eyed boy and the bottle of alcohol to the teacher and she enjoyed a hair treatment of pure stuff.

In Nova Scotia there are fever of the "Jazz Boys" with flasks than in some other places. I know of one place, seemingly respectable place, too, in an adjoining Atlantic state, where a conservative young chap, when asked: "How many of the boys at the dance were jagged?" answered, "Sixty per cent. and most of them had a flask on the hip.

Beach bathing parties use a little to keep the cold out. Dancers use a nip to freshen them up—Say! there are more excuses now for taking a drink than there were when I was a young man in Chicago—goodness knows it was bad enough. To-day that great sprawling city by the lake averages a murder a day. Booze—bad booze does it all.

"We are astounded at the number of former fishing schooners that now are booze ships under many changing names. I know of little passenger vessels that have been seized so many times that we have finally lost track of them. Take my good advice. Drink not of any of these strange brews if you wish to live.

Frenchman Runs Amuck.

"WE passed the B———. She is loaded with just plain rum from the islands. Good stuff, but it wants thinnin' down a bit." She was selling this at five dollars a gallon all along Nova Scotia, he told me.

I knew he was right, for, all unknown to him, the B——— had run against a snag. She ran in near one of our ports and had the nerve to unload a few barrels in plain sight—guess she thought the officers would think it was lobster bait. Not a bit of it—a Customs man came out and gobbled her; now she is tied up.

IT is strange for us to go about in our caravan with the bit of knowledge we have under our caps and to see these innocent-looking sailing craft, usually with a kicker in the stern, running up and down off our harbors (they have certain entrance and port registry rights only) loaded to the rails with booze. Of course they flee from any steam or smoke or sail. A good twenty-five knot revenue craft could make a fine bag along this indented coast.

The results of sailing along the coasts with these rum cargoes leads to some dire happenings. There is a little coaster that lugs cargoes of booze from the "French Islands" in the Gulf. She often drops a mud hook off Prince Edward Island, but usually goes on down past Cape Sable to the United States "thirsty coast". This last trip she never got as far as our waters. One of the crew evidently sampled everything there was on board, for he ran amuck.

Have you ever seen a man run amuck? The last one I saw was on Wabash Avenue in Chicago. He came, a dark figure running down the street, in the dark night. Ahead of me man after man leaped upon the pavement. Up and down rose and fell his arm, a man stabbed at every fall. The man ahead of me caught him fair on the chin with an upper-cut that laid him out like one dead.

Imagine such a man on a schooner! He broke loose on the trip from St. Pierre to our outer Port Sydney. The crew had the time of their lives. The liquor-crazed Frenchman got the axe and no buccaneer of the Captain Kidd era ever paraded a deck in better pirate fashion. The captain barricaded himself stoutly, and then the maniac tried what fire would do. They finally quenched this and with a flag of distress out made Sydney. The crazed man was not too tired to put up a good fight, but the land police were too much for him. He rests in a narrow cell now—wondering why he ever broached that cargo.

Uncle Sam's Dry Navy.

OUR men tell me they will soon not dare go along the United States rum rows. Uncle Sam is putting out a navy worth just about an even dozen million dollars that can slip through the water faster than any booze runner afloat. There will be a coast guard "Dry Navy" of twenty of these "rum destroyers" with about one hundred seventy-foot speed launches for close-in, shallow-water work. One man told me that the big destroyers patrol along and around the rum row fleet off New York incessantly. No sooner has the smoke of one vanished than another is coming along. They do not molest the anchored ships, but they do try to intercept every motor boat that runs out.

"They can't get the 'sky boys,' however!" He meant the aircraft that ply between "rum row" and shore. "Yes, and it ain't booze only. Thar's boats comin' in now that's going to everlastingly put us out of business—full of Greeks an' Italians, all hopin' to get ashore in the land of gold. Booze and emigrants, an' that's not all. The dope ship is the last an' worst, an' a sky boy can take a load half way across the continent and drop it off some spot where a car is a-waiting', an' that's all thar is to it."

From passenger vessels that ply between here and Boston you can get a glimpse of some rum-runners and of the new United States "Dry Fleet". These big passenger steamers are of course in no way involved in any notes I have taken relative to the rum trade. But they have carried many of our migrating citizens over to the New England States. I am glad to say the new charge, ten dollars a head over and above the eight dollars head tax, seems to have stopped to some extent at least, our "Exodus"; but it was tremendous while it lasted. For two years the fishermen have been leaving Nova Scotia and going to Boston and "Gloster" to ship on the United States fishing fleet and booze fleet, or get any job along shore, until our coast fishing villages are cut in half in population.

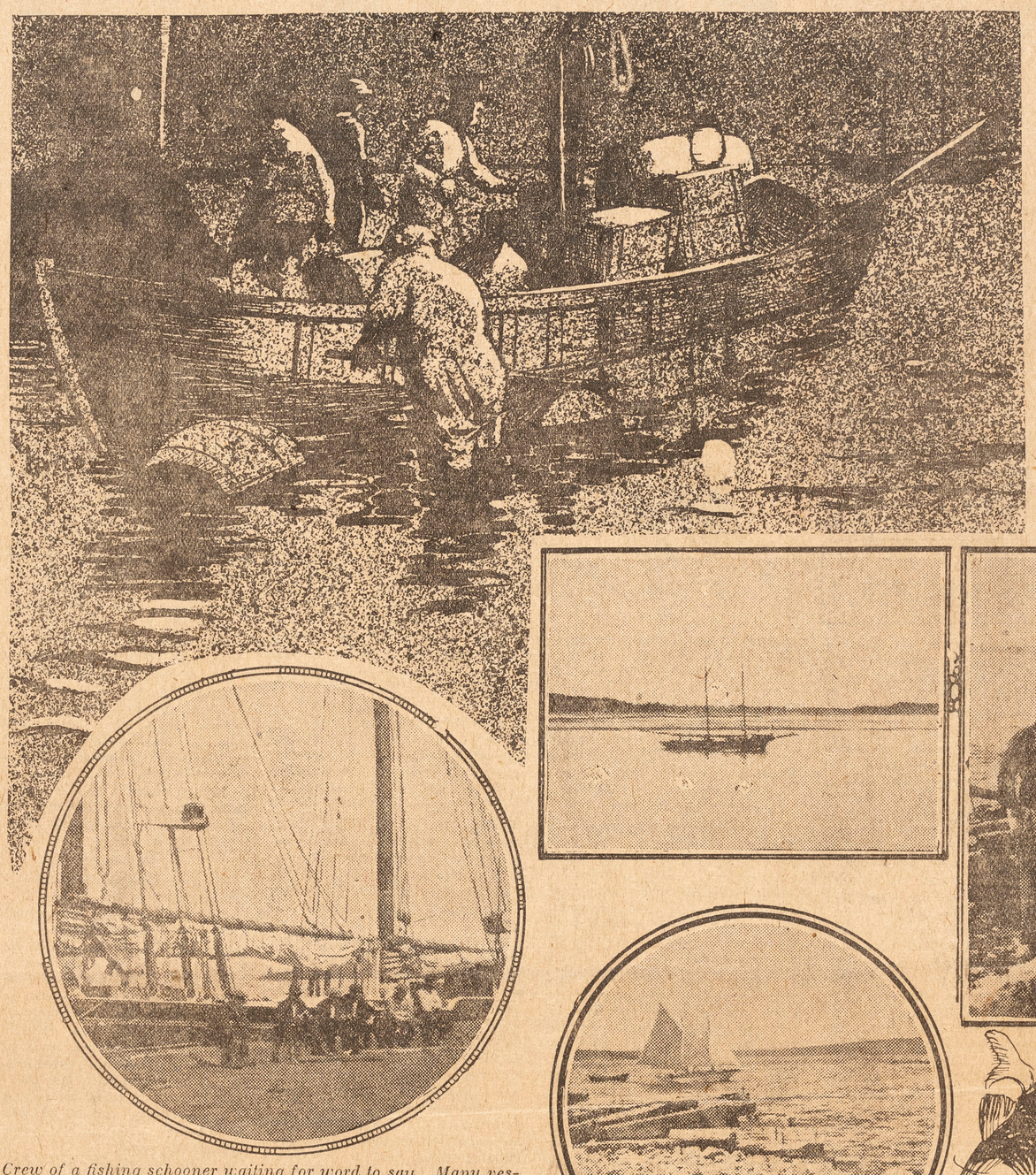
Looked Into Gun Barrel.

"YOU ought to see 'em board us!" said a sailor on the shore to me. "We was at anchor a good sixteen to twenty miles off any port. I had hired on for the trip with a bonus—big if we cleared the cases off before a certain date and smaller after that (I seen one of the vessels that raided us when I was in Boston port last.) We had Scotch an' some wines aboard. They are cute—them fellers is—one chap came alongside three times and bought 20 cases each time. We were on high prices then, $20 a case of 12 bottles. Last trip we cleared her out at fifteen, an' the last hundred cases at fourteen, and the vendors want about four dollars a bottle and the druggist six dollars for new red licker that would cut your throat. This was case goods—good old Scotch brands, too. Well! that rum-buyin' feller came three times an' every time he buys them twenty cases! The last time I was hoistin' cases I looked right into the barrel of a sawed-off double-barrelled shotgun. Say! thar was a pirate at every ropes' end. We was all hustled down into the cabin and they win'd them cases up for two days an' fill'd three fishing schooners. We never got a chance to see any names, for when we had to help they kept us below. Then, when they had skinned us as clean as a sucked egg they left us to untie ourselves. They was half hull down when I got on deck.

"Say, we got an awful fright one day. We was off Cuba with a full load an' was nippin' in on a breeze so as to keep off the land as well we could, clear it more'n three miles, when along came the little United States Patrick with her guns shinin'. Up went some signal flags. We answered it; it was just a port courtesy after all, but the Old Man was asweatin' fair. We had cleared from 'Glasge' and our papers were all right, at that, but I guess we should have been off the Magdalens instead of away down south here."

"How many pirate ships do you think there are?" I asked this sailor.

"Well! I don't rightly know. I counted sixteen sellers when we slid into Rum Row, off Sandy Hook—all laden deep with booze. Them was rum-runners, and I think thar is a pirate for every one of them anyhow. Yes, most of us had one gun for'ard an' I heard that some of the runners were steel-plated and had quick-firers. We used to joke about submarine rum-runners, an' I guess it will be no joke soon."



Crew of a fishing schooner waiting for word to sail. Many vessels of this type are used in the rum-running trade. In this craft the captain and cook were shot down in cold blood by a pirate.

Booze Row From a Caravan

In this article, Bonnycastle Dale, the widely known Canadian naturalist and writer, gives a survey of Nova Scotia's "Booze Row" from an unusual viewpoint.

Touring in his Nature Study Caravan, he peers into all sorts of holes and corners along the eastern shore.

In this exclusive article for The Sunday World, he writes about some of the things he saw and some of the men he met.

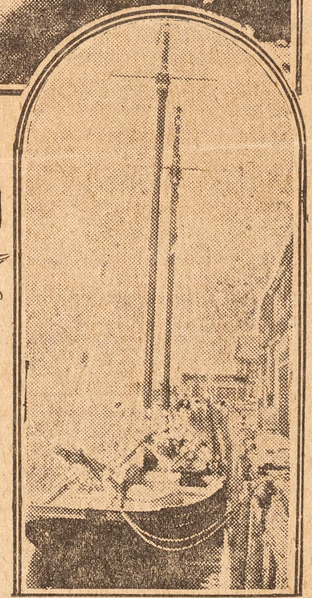


HERE IS THE CARAVAN.
Traveling in this unique vehicle, Bonnycastle Dale obtained the information for the article herewith. The motor caravan makes possible the carrying on of Natural History work with thoroughness and despatch.



A little fishing schooner putting out to sea. How can the revenue officer tell what she will bring in at night—Codfish or booze?

Above—Coming into harbor with the "kicker" on. Such little craft are in lively demand—but they are too profitable to sell.



Here is the kind of vessel much in demand by the rum-runners — a two-masted fishing schooner — a regular "banker." They sell readily.

To Deal With Piracy Case.

"IN broad daylight a rum-runner had the nerve to sail right into Wood's Harbor. I am glad to say an officer seized him, schooner and booze and all and his case is being tried before my one-time neighbor at Barrington. He is a stipendiary magistrate who was used to trying cases of petty theft and misdemeanor. I wonder just where he will find laws to fit this new modern piracy of the high seas."

Listen to this—a friend of mine speaking:

"I went down to the races. A chap said: 'Do you ever take a nip?' I smiled and off we walked towards a small house not far from the track, in which were several tough-looking men—two of them drinking. A sullen-looking chap brought some stuff in a glass—fifty cents' worth. I tasted it. It was dark brown and would take the paint off a dory. We paid our good money and left. Do you think, even if we dared, that we could have had that man arrested? No, and again no! He broke no law. That was cold tea he sold us. His plan is to boil a pound of black tea in a half gallon of water and then soak the pepper into it, bottle it, label it and try to get five dollars a bottle for it. He's as safe as a church. He broke no law—although he nearly broke my tubes as I tried to swallow the bit that slipped down. Can you beat it!"

Don't Blame Authorities.

NOW, again, I wish to say DO NOT BLAME THE AUTHORITIES; they are hitting hard when they catch them—fines, confiscations, imprisonments—but look at the map and notice that 2,000-mile Nova Scotia shoreline.

As I write, there is a heavy fog. A few suspicious sails have been seen along the coast. To-night it is as thick as peasoup. In this one big bay there is easily a hundred miles of shoreline. You can sit on the steps of the Caravan and hear the rattle of oars. Try to locate the sound. It may be due south or a bit west of south. There one more rattle—seems due east. Now, again, remember the men at the oars may be peaceable fishermen bringing in their day's catch of codfish—no, I do not mean the codfish with the corks in them—there's cod enough in them, goodness knows. There are fully a dozen roads that reach this big bay and numbers of lanes to the fishing "stores." The men who sail the booze ships sailed their bottoms in pursuit of cod all over these bays and can smell them out in any weather. Now just tell me what chance a customs officer has? There is not one on this long, wild bay, nor is there a town or a village—just a struggling fishing community.

I am sorry to say they view our Natural History Motor Caravan with sad suspicion. The other night we were parked where no other car had any reason to come—the road was a blind end of an unused farm road entrance. Still, no sooner had we eaten our evening meal and retired into the car than "Put-Put" came a Ford. It pounded and bumped along past us—up the lane—turned and bumped its way back. Dash barked. Then a bit later two men came past. Dash again saluted and they disappeared. The boys ahead of the oars were a perfect network of islands and sandbars and lagoons — uninhabited. A booze ship could come in there every night in the year and cache her unlawful wares and no man would be a bit the wiser.

We slept in comfort, even if the rattle of oars did come over the sleeping waters. We were after stories, not after codfish with corks in them.

The PLAYHOUSE and the MOVIE THEATRE

Conducted by Fred Jacob

LONG DISTANCE GLIMPSES OF THE BROADWAY STAGES

By PERCY HAMMOND.

FREDERICK LONSDALE'S "The Fake", boasts one of the proudest murders in all the history of assassination. Its setting is lowly—the living room of a hotel in rural England—but its manner is distinguished if not magnificent. Geoffrey Sands (Mr. Godfrey Tearle) is the perpetrator of this lofty crime. A sane, masterful, outdoor Englishman, he knows that he is superior to some of the practices of a backward civilization. For instance, he feels sure that the earth would be improved were it to be rid of so bad a man as Gerrard Pilloch.

Mr. Pilloch, though the son of an earl, is a complete dastard. He drinks heavily, he is fond of morphia and is cruel to his wife. That patient woman (Miss Frieda Inescort) evokes the paternal sympathies of Geoffrey Sands. Why, he asks himself, should the villain be allowed to live and persecute the loveliest lady this side of heaven? Since there appears to be no legal way to exterminate the fellow, Mr. Sands decides to lure him to the suburbs and kill him.

A Restful Murder.

He does so in a most deliberate and impersonal fashion. It is after dinner in the forlorn tavern, and the executioner, in evening dress, sits by the fireside, calmly reading a book. The night is moonlit, and the hollow moan of breakers is to be heard in the distance. No atmosphere of homicide can be detected, however. As Mr. Sands smokes his pipe and peruses his volume serenely, his victim quarrels with the maid servant. While she is absent fetching another bottle of Scotch, Mr. Sands suggests that Mr. Pilloch frighten the menial by telling her that he is going to do away with himself. Which he does, thereby establishing what is known as the alibi.

So the vial of poison is emptied into the whiskey glass with no risk whatever to him who thus empties it. Mr. Pilloch gulps it down and dies; and his princely assassin, after placidly removing the finger prints with a herchief, lights his pipe, puts his book under his arm and saunters off to notify the coroner. It is a restful murder, containing justice, dignity and repose. The author's recommendation that it is a good deed, well done, is disputed by none who witness it. Perhaps it is a hopeful omen that a large gathering of New York's most law abiding first-nighters approved of it vehemently as a dramatic plea for more and better murders.

"The Fake" is one of Mr. Lonsdale's expert and gentle thrillers, and it has been a prosperous entertainment in London. Mr. Tearle, whose last visit to the U.S.A. was unhappy, is well disposed on this occasion—a quiet, handsome, superior player with a good sense of the theatre. It should be reported that the Fake of Mr. Lonsdale's title is neither the murderer nor his victim. The Fake is a pompous and snobbish M.P., who, for counterfeit reasons, sacrifices his daughter in marriage to the drunkard son of a nobleman.

"The Far Cry."

In "The Far Cry" Mr. Arthur Richman makes us familiar with the bad habits of a certain class of Americans, resident in foreign parts. They are the type of rich and overbred bourgeoisie who, hampered by the annoying social conventions of New York City, board the Mauretania and seek the broader life of Paris and other European capitals. Unleashed in those voluptuous pastures they go to the devil. Drink, adultery, idleness and kindred turpitudes beset them until they become an abashment to their God-fearing and well-behaved countrymen. While the honest father of the family remains at home and makes the money, the handsome wife lolls among the faubourgs with Basil, the amorous Englishman; and his pretty daughter (Miss Margalo Gillmore) does even worse. After picking up and discarding a butterfly husband, she absconds to Florence with an American student of painting and lives with him there in shame and a villa. The play is an eloquent warning to wicked excursionists—though, indeed, the saddest people in it are those who do not sin. The naughty young girl and her dissipated artist bid fair at the end to become respectable and happy through marriage.

Great Music.

You are not interested in rich young New Yorkers whose ambition to write great symphonies is thwarted by their vulgar parents? You will be even lese so after seeing what happens to the aspiring composer in Martin Brown's large and hysterical circus, "Great Music." He (Tom Powers) was disowned by his family, he eloped from Rome to Paris with a sinful married lady, he took to drugs, he murdered a sailor in a Port Said bagnio, he drifted to the South Sea Islands, he married a Polynesian ingenue and he was seized by leprosy just before the curtain fell. "Great Music" seemed to teach us that rich New York boys should not commit symphonies against their parents' wishes.

"Great Music" is a gloomy gymkhana, all excited and hysterical over nothing at all. It occurs to me, however, that I am not equipped by experience with life to pass upon the contents and significance of "Great Music." The only dignified composer I know is the celebrated John Alden Carpenter, who is a prosperous and domestic rope merchant of Chicago. The first scene of "Great Music" is a suite in the Piazzi Pollazzi, in Rome. I have never been there. The next is "Le Cocon," a fashionable restaurant in Paris. Like most Americans, I have visited such resorts, but retain only a vague memory of them. The dissipated district of Port Said, where the murder in the third act occurs, is but hearsay to me; as are the insanitary conditions of the South Sea Islands in the fourth act. I know as little about leprosy as I do of Great Music; so, in the circumstances, it is perhaps better that you consult other reviewers more versed in the peculiarities of dramatic travel, art, and disease.

ENGLISH ACTOR MAKES A HIT.



Godfrey Tearle is one of the most popular of the London stars. Some years ago he appeared in New York in an indifferent drama, and went home unnoticed. He has now appeared on Broadway in Lonsdale's drama, "The Fake", and seems to have found a hit. New York critics are delighted with Tearle's acting, and say that at last a man has been found to play Caesar in the revival of Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" without wobbling in Forbes Robertson's shoes. Meanwhile, "The Fake" promises to stay for some time in New York. It will interest Torontonians to know that Frank Conroy, leading man with the Metropolitan Players, has an important role with the English company.

WEEK-END THOUGHTS OF A MONDAY NIGHTER

DRUNKENNESS has always seemed to us to be one of the easiest and most worthless expedients in the hands of a dramatist. Any superficial observer will have noted that a drunk man is apt to be funny until he becomes disgusting just as an insane man is frequently ridiculous until one realizes the tragedy of it. Persons who are sufficiently coarse-grained may never notice the disgusting or tragic stages, and for that reason the arrival of a drunk or a crazy man upon the stage has always irritated us more than a little. There was a time when half the low comedians on the continent counterfeited intoxication when they could get laughs no other way. And the dramatists were not guiltless. If they feared that their comedies were going a trifle flat, a little wine was given, not for the stomach's sake, but to stimulate things in the neighborhood of the box office. At last, the drunk began to be regarded as a bore in the varieties, and the staggering comedian is not as much with us as of yore. The drunken scene in a play is less frequent, too, than it used to be.

A Notable Exception.

These remarks are not intended to affect the coming popularity contest either one way or the other. They are merely an introduction to a confession. We used to say that we had never seen a drunken episode that impressed us as a vital part of a worth-while play. Of course, we have seen intoxication in some of our best dramas, just as it may be found in our best families, but it is so seldom part of the greatness of either. Quite recently, however, we did see a notable and impressive one-act play, in which everything, including the peculiarly gripping power of the piece, depended upon a drunk man. This piece, "With the Sentries", was presented locally by the Arts and Letters Players.

"With the Sentries" may be found by the reading public in Wilfranc Hubbard's set of dialogues entitled "Shadows on the Palatine", and it is in many ways a remarkable piece of dramatic writing. Here you have an intensely gripping drama in which the entire story is told by suggestion. From the gossip of the soldiers on the battlements of the Emperor's palace, especially the talkative Silanus who has partaken too freely of wine, the listener gathers a long tale of horror, which culminates in a tragedy, only indicated to the sentries by the wails of the mourners.

Hubbard has taken a scrap of actual Roman history as the basis for this play. The action occurs in the troubled period which began near the end of the second century and lasted for about a hundred years, when about a score of Emperors mounted the Roman throne, some of them set up and killed by the caprice of the soldiers, while others were assassinated to satisfy private vengeance or ambition. The atmosphere of "With the Sentries" is intense and charged from beginning to end with the feeling of impending calamity. The scrappy utterances of the drunken Silanus suggest a horrible picture of the cruelties and degenerate excesses of the autocratic ruler. That the cup of his crimes is nearly filled, one gathers from the mysterious comings and goings. While the sentries guard the doors, treachery, perhaps justifiable treachery, works its purpose within.

A Fine Performance.

The literary quality of "With the Sentries" would alone be sufficient to give it distinction. But the manner in which the story is told makes the play unique. In "A Night in an Inn", Lord Dunsany has been credited with getting horror by suggestion; in "Trifles", Susan Glaspell has managed to indicate a wealth of pathetic motive for a crime by suggestion; but in "With the Sentries", Wilfranc gets heroic drama by sugtion. That is no small achievement, especially when he has done it by redeeming the time-honored comic device of a drunken man.

The presentation of "With the Sentries" owed a great deal to the superb performance of Ivor Lewis as Silanus. If that role had not been done with exactly the right amount of restraint, the rich beauty of the play would have suffered. Every bit of value, not only of drama, but of narrative, was secured by Mr. Lewis. This brilliant impersonation set a very high mark for the local non-professional actors to shoot at this season. If we get many more as good, then our local little theatre groups are going to have a great year of fine work done.

The men who unearthed "With the Sentries", which so far as we know has not yet found its way into the popular offerings of the little theatre groups, deserve a great deal of credit. You do not often find pieces of modern dramatic writing that have so much of the feeling and power of the classics.

FIRST THEATRE FIRE IN HISTORY OF STAGE

THE notation on each program; "This theatre, with every seat filled, can be emptied within three minutes. In case of fire WALK, do not run to the nearest entrance"—signed by the current Fire Commissioner, was unknown to London, on the 29th of June, 1613.

On that day in the Globe Theatre, home of Richard Burbage's company, the Lord Chamberlain's Men were performing "Henry VIII," or "All Is True," a play which Shakespeare is supposed to have begun in 1611, and which was finished by Fletcher two years later.

The company at the Globe was making a great showing that day. The royal drama was being mounted with all the disregard for expense that well became its distinguished position in the theatre.

According to Karl Mantzius, who chronicled the occasion in his "History of the Theatrical Art" it was produced "with much pomp and splendor. The Knights of the Garter appeared in their magnificent robes, and the Knights of St. George in theirs; the Royal Guard were refulgent in their embroidered surcoats; even the stage—contrary to custom—was covered with mats, while for ordinary use it was only strewn with rushes."

The play rolled along until the fourth scene of the first act was reached. In that the King, as one of a company of maskers, was supposed to visit the house of Cardinal Wolsey. His entrance, as was customary, was greeted by a volley of cannon shots.

The wad of one of these cannon hit the thatched roof, and the sixteen-year-old theatre, built of wood, burst into flames. In spite of the fact that the house was packed, and that there were only two narrow wooden exits, there were no fatalities.

In fact, according to contemporary reports of the disaster, there was only one casualty. Sir Henry Wotton, later writing of the occasion, mentions hat this luckless person "had his breeches set on fire, and would, perhaps, have broyled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."

But if no fatalities resulted, the theatre with all its scenery and costumes, as well as the house next door, was a total loss. In little more than an hour from the time the fire was discovered, the Globe Theatre was a heap of ashes.

This fire was considered by Puritans to have been a judgment of God. One of the popular songs of the day commented on it directly, and as late as twenty years after Prynne in his "Histriomastix" asserts that the burning of this theatre, and later the destruction of the Fortune Theatre, was a direct proof that plays were the work of the devil.

But that did not prevent the owners of the playhouse from rebuilding bigger and better than ever early in the following Spring. The reporter of that day who covered its reopening for Stowe's Chronicle of the year 1613 wrote:

"It was new builded in far fairer manner than before."

The New Globe had a tiled roof to prevent the recurrence of the holocaust. It stood until the Puritans, who had never liked it, pulled it down in 1644.

The burning of the Globe was not, unfortunately, the last theatre fire, but it was the first on the English-speaking stage—a distinction that cannot be taken away by other later and more costly fires.

PROMISING BUD HAS NOT BLOOMED.



One of the favorite games of the Broadway critics is to find the future Margaret Anglins and Mrs. Fiskes among the young actresses. They picked Margalo Gillmore as one of them when she played the flapper in "The Famous Mrs. Fair". Since that time Miss Gillmore has been marking time as one of the younger stars, without doing anything more of note or promise. She is now starring in "The Far Cry", a drama that our own Percy Hammond does not greatly care about.

PLAYING IN NEW YORK.

It will interest many local playgoers to hear that Catherine Willard, who was seen here with the Cameron Matthews English players—a bright spot artistically if not financially in last year's theatrical season—is now appearing in the production of "The Mask and the Face" in New York. William Faversham is the star of the production. Among the players in the cast are Frederic Monti, also with the English Players, and Horace Braham, who made many friends while serving here during the war.

"The Mask and the Face" is from the Italian of Luigi Chiarelli and two productions of it have been promised on Broadway this season, rather an unprecented happening. Brock Pemberton made the first one, an adaptation by Chester Bailey Fernald. It did not prove a great success, which means that it will probably clear out of the way so that Gilbert Miller can use his version by Somerset Maugham, if he wants to.

OUR OWN SPECIAL FAN GOES TO THE MOVIES

IT begins to look as though the moving pictures cannot be used as a medium for satire. Twice inside of the past month I have seen screen versions of broadly satiric novels, and in both instances the author's points were not merely dulled, but absolutely broken off. It could not be that the satire of either "Merton of the Movies" or "Babbitt" was too subtle. In both books the authors made no mistake about being understood. It was the broadest sort of lampooning that could be only missed by the dullest intelligences. Even a Babbitt must have realized that Sinclair Lewis was making game of all Babbitts, and of course you know the weekly paper to which Harry Leon Wilson has elected to write down. He is not like the timid poet who never dared to be as funny as he could. Sometimes he has even failed to be as funny as he intended. But no one ever thought of accusing the author of "Merton of the Movies" of undue subtlety when ridiculing the makers of silent dramas. It seemed to me that there was material in either one of these novels to provide the movies with an excellent opportunity to show what they could do with satire. After seeing the complete failure made in both cases, I can only wonder what a movie producer would do if he undertook to screen the subtle satiric flights of an Anatole France or a Bernard Shaw. Mind you, I am not saying that "Merton of the Movies" is a poor picture. It is excellent entertainment, well acted and amusing. But if the producer tried to catch the intention of Harry Leon Wilson in writing the book, he failed utterly. I must conclude that not even the broadest satire can be transferred adequately to the screen.

"Babbitt."

When Sinclair Lewis was writing his satire of the modern American business man, he adopted a simple but effective method. He gave a faithful photograph of the type, not burlesqued or hammered out of shape. The author did not ridicule the Babbitts who exist in every city on this continent, but he permitted them to ridicule themselves, by showing them in all their complacent, expansive, successful ignorance. He overlooked none of their social and domestic habits, and he showed his artistic restraint by never caricaturing them.

A great satiric picture might have been made by adopting exactly the same method. If the producer had picked out his typical episodes and done them as faithfully as the author, I believe that a screen classic would have resulted. The material was ready to hand, but the producer preferred to get his types elsewhere. He went to the movies and found the sort of small-town business men and their friends that the pictures have been showing us for years. Puppets, cartoons, whatever you like to call them—they do make us laugh to see their flamboyant vulgarity at a dinner table. But in "Babbitt" we expected something more truly drawn and clearly etched than that. The best that I can say about the man who made "Babbitt" is that he knows the whole bag of tricks by which laughs are secured in domestic comedy-drama on the screen, and he used most of them. He made a heavy-footed comedy which should be popular enough, but we did not walk with him up Main Street and meet Mr. Babbitt.

Very early in the picture I felt that it was going to be all wrong. The producer soon made it apparent that he intended to concern himself entirely with the adventures of Babbitt as a philanderer. That was his idea of the dramatic centre of the novel. Now you will realize how entirely he missed the spirit of Sinclair Lewis.

I only fear that some cynic will say, "How like the movies!"

"The Wine of Youth."

Just as the producer of "Babbitt" fixed his attention upon the sex motif and magnified it out of all proportion to its proper place in the tale, so did the man who made "The Wine of Youth" warp his picture by trying to put plenty of emphasis on what he considered to be wonderful sex interest.

"The Wine of Youth" came very near to being an excellent silent drama. With one section of it left out, it would have been much above the average. Rachel Crother's play, "Mary the Third," which it picturized, was evidently splendid movie material. The sex scenes almost destroyed the apparent meaning of the original.

Here is the story as I imagine the author intended it. First you saw the story of how Mary the First became engaged, told like an anecdote. She and her fiancee believed that there had never been a love like theirs. Next came the engagement of Mary the Second, who was her daughter. They also believed that there had never been a love like theirs. Mary the Third was the granddaughter, a sophisticated modern girl. She believed that her parents were just old-fashioned, romantic lovers. She intended to select her husband intelligently, by the application of her worldly wisdom. Then one day, as a result of a reckless escapade, she precipitated everything. Through the years, her mother and father had drifted a little apart, and in the crisis, they quarreled bitterly over their responsibility for the mess in their home. Both of them said things that they did not mean, bitter, ugly things. The daughter, who overheard them, was disillusioned regarding romantic love. Although this scene was decidedly overdone, there was a great deal of truth in the idea behind it, as applied to many hum-drum but happy married couples. After the quarrel, when the husband feared that he was going to lose his wife, he realized how necessary she was to him. Habit and time had made them one, and each one would have been lost if he or she attempted to go on alone.

Perhaps you will say that the story is an argument in favor of Babbittry, founded on the contention that it works satisfactorily. Rachel Crothers said sentimentally what Sinclair Lewis said cynically.

Anyway, Mary the Third began to realize that in most cases, love is a purely unreasonable thing. She did more weighing and measuring, but grabbed the nice boy to whom she had natural leanings. Both of them were convinced that there had never been a love like theirs.

You will note that it is a good theme for comedy. Without the Hollywood punch, it would have been better still.

The Hollywood Punch.

The producer thought that Mary the Third's reckless escapades were the important thing in the picture that the public wanted to know about. He evidently believed that you must make a flapper flap. So you are shown the modern flapper, assisted by the he-flappers, indulging in their supposed exercises on the dance floor and in other places. The climax came when two boys and three girls went off together, without a chaperon, to spend a night in a camp. Three of them—not Mary, of course, or the nice boy she married—started to bathe at midnight, just sufficiently clad to pass the movie censors. One boy, spurred on by the contents of his flask—where did he get it?—went to Mary's tent. She had to pretend serious illness in order to get the party home safely.

All that rotten suggestiveness had nothing to do with the main theme of the story, as you will see for yourself. It was worked in for the sake of leers. You get the same sort of thing in Babbitt, the episode of Babbitt, Jr., and his bride in their bedroom on their wedding night, being ended with a similar Hollywood twist.

I am quite convinced that the public does not want the picturization of that sort of Chatham Beach stuff. But there are producers who seek for incidents in a scenario that they can draw out until they are as ugly and nasty and festering as a boil. Sex is one of the most important forces in the world, and can be utilized dramaticaly in the movies, as in drama and in fiction. But in the movies there are too many producers who do not know any way of treating it except pruriently, with laces and perfumes and innuendoes and suggestions, and when sex is treated pruriently it becomes simply disgusting.

ARLISS COMING BACK.

George Arliss will soon return to America again after acting "The Green Goddess" for just a year in London. His final London performance in the play marked his 2,247th appearance in the part. Probably no one outside the theatre can realize the enormity of this achievement—and there is to be added the fact, privately reported from London, that Mr. Arliss's final performance was in every detail equal to his first. Mr. Arliss, as it happens, is one of those rare players who never vary from night to night; were he to act a role for a decade his performance would still be the same.

It may be that he will again tour in the play over here for at least part of the season. In the Spring or the Fall he will have a new play.

PUTTING A MORAL INTO "OTHELLO"

ONE hundred and sixty-odd years ago, David Douglass, who had fallen heir to a troupe of English players in the island of Jamaica, conveyed them to Newport in Rhode Island. There, so far as records go, they gave the first professional performances in New England of stage-plays, even though they had no more than "the large room of an inn" for theatre. They were not, however, received with undivided admiration. There were burghers of Newport, who would have no traffic with such pleasures. They compelled Mr. Douglass to announce his plays as "moral dialogues in five parts." Under this prescription he prepared a bill for Shakespeare's "Othello" which is a marvel of edification—and evasion. Handed from one actor to another, it was first reprinted in 1850. Now Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton re-submits it in a chapter on Douglass in his new book about our earlier and elder theatre—"The Actor's Heritage," lately published by the Atlantic Month'y Press. As no original copy has ever been found, some collectors believe it an invention. Even so it is amusingly devised.

The purpose of the impending "dialogues" was "to depict the evil effects of jealousy and other bad passions" and "to prove" that "happiness can only spring from the pursuit of virtue." More particularly:

"Mr. Douglas—Will represent a noble and magnanimous Moor called Othello, who loves a young lady named Desdemona, and after he has married her, harbours (as in too many cases) the dreadful passion of jealousy.

Of jealousy, our being's bane,
Mark the small cause and the most dreadful pain.

"Mr. Allyn—Will depict the character of a specious villain, in the regiment of Othello, who is so base as to hate his commander on mere suspicion, and to impose on his best friend. Of such characters, it is to be feared, there are thousands in the world, and the one in question may present to us a salutary warning.

The man that wrongs his master and his friend,
What can he come to but a shameful end?

"Mr. Hallam—Will delineate a young and thoughtless officer who is traduced by situation and his general's esteem. All young men whatsoever, take example from Cassio.

The ill effects of drinking would you see,
Be warned, and fly from evil company.

"Mr. Morris—Will represent an old gentleman, the father of Desdemona, who is not cruel or covetous, but is foolish enough to dislike the noble Moor, his son-in-law, because his face is not white, forgetting that we all spring from one root. Such prejudices are very numerous and very wrong.

Fathers beware what sense and love ye lack,
'Tis crime, not color, makes the being black.

"Mr. Quelch—Will depict a fool who wishes to become a knave, and trusting to one, gets killed by him. Such is the friendship of rogues. Take heed.

When fools, would knaves become, how often you'll
Perceive the knave not wiser than the fool.

"Mrs. Norris—Will represent a young and virtuous wife, who, being wrongfully suspected, gets smothered (in an adjoining room) by her husband.

Reader, attend, and 'ere thou goest hence,
Let fall a tear to hapless innocence.

"Mrs. Douglass—Will be her faithful attendant, who will hold out a good example to all servants, male and female, and to all people in subjection.

Obedience and gratitude,
Are things as rare as they are good.

At the end of the "dialogues," set for half past ten, "every spectator" might "go home at a sober hour and reflect upon what he has seen before he retires to rest." Incidentally, he might also have laid his tongue in his cheek.

MORGAN THE RAIDER.

Arthur Hopkins will put into rehearsal shortly a new play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. The plot was suggested by certain incidents in the career of the nefarious pirate Henry Morgan, whose prowess was such that the British Government was forced to appoint him Governor of Jamaica. William Farnum will return to the stage to take the pirate part. The play is a comedy. No title has been found. Robert Edmund Jones is doing the settings and John Barrymore will design the costumes.

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

Gloria Swanson In "Her Love Story"

Popular Star in the Picture for Syncopation Week Bill.

On the same program Monday, which starts Syncopation Week at the Hippodrome Theatre, will be seen as the feature screen attraction one of the silent dramas different of the season, "Her Love Story," With Gloria Swanson in the role of a princess.

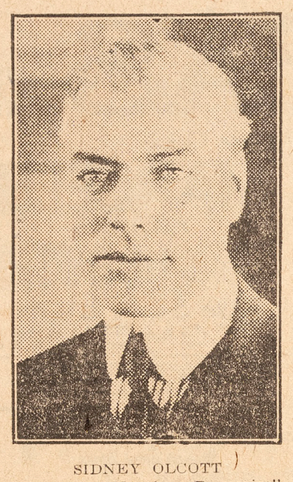
"Her Love Story" is based on "Her Majesty, the Queen," the widely read story which appeared in "The Cosmopolitan," from the pen of the author of "The Bat," Mary Roberts Rinehart, one of the leading writers of this continent, whose stories are read wherever the English language is spoken.

Allan Dwan, the man who made "Robin Hood," "Zaza," "Manhandled," is the man who translated "Her Love Story" to the screen. Just imagine a combination of artistry, Dwan, the director; Mary Roberts Rinehart, the author, and Gloria Swanson, the star.

And that is not all. Just look at the names of the supporting cast. It includes Ian Keith, George Fawcett, Echlin Gayer, Mario Majeroni, Sidney Herbert, Donald Hall, Baroness de Hedemann, Jane Auburn, Bert Wales, General Lodijensky, and many others.

GETS A MILNE COMEDY.

The Selwyns are negotiating for "To Have the Honor," by A. A. Milne, which is currently a prominent success on the London stage, with Gerald Du Maurier and Madge Titheradge in the leads. The lead in America will probably be played by A. E. Matthews after he completes the tour of "Spring Cleaning."



SIDNEY OLCOTT
who made "Monsieur Beaucaire", the feature picture now on view at the Regent Theatre. He is a former Toronto boy.

"BIRTH OF A NATION" WILL BE SEEN AGAIN

The masterful silent drama of all times, D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," is the distinguished feature attraction at the Bloor Theatre all this week, starting to-morrow. It's the picture you'll never forget. It will start at 2.30 p.m., 7 p.m. and 9.20

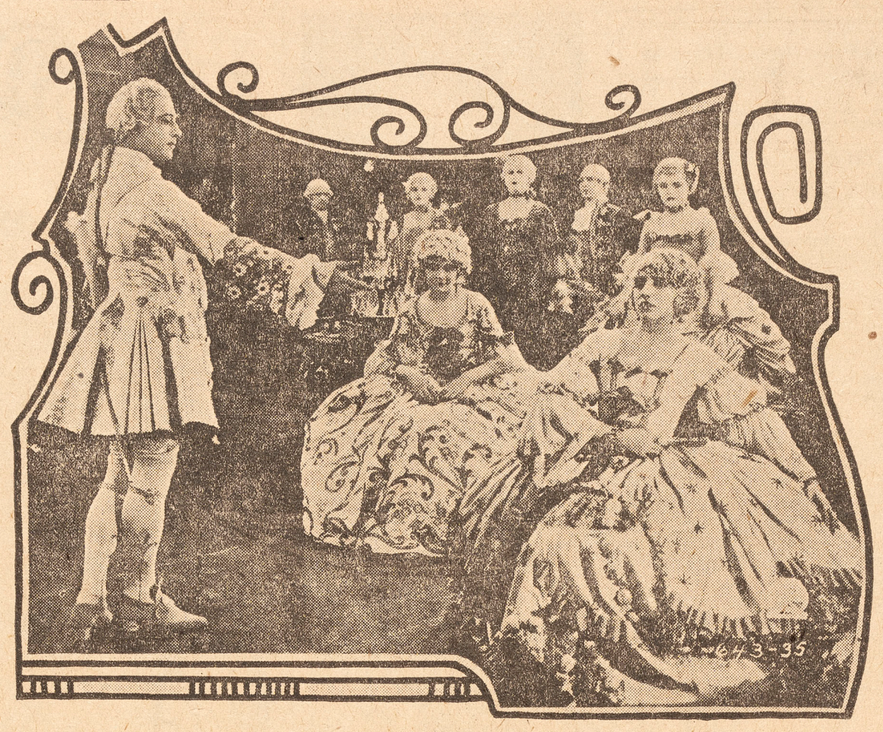
Buster Keaton Has Another Comedy

"The Navigator" is the Attraction This Week at Loew's.

Buston Keaton has gone down to the sea in ships.

Yup, he's way out in the briny open spaces where ships are ships and water is wet. His latest Metro-Goldwyn feature comedy is called "The Navigator," and it is coming to Loew's Theatre week of Oct. 20. To make the picture Buster hired an ocean liner and sailed to Catalina Island, where most of the scenes were made at anchor. The star had the liveliest time of his life doing "The Navigator," and from advance reports the picture is the liveliest of his career. "The Navigator" tells the story of a rich spoiled youth who one day decides to get married. He calls on the lady of his dreams, but to his great surprise is refused. Buster then decides to go on the honeymoon trip alone, since he has already bought the steamship tickets. He arrives on the liner, finds the stateroom himself and goes to sleep. The trouble is, he's on the wrong ship—it is a liner his girl's father has sold to a foreign Government. Secret agents of a revolting party in that country have contrived to set the ship adrift to prevent ammunition from being sent. Betsy, his girl, and her father go down to the dock for some papers that are on the boat. The father is waylaid by the foreigners and bound and gagged, but not before he has called for help. Betsy hears him and runs to the Navigator. She is no sooner on board than the agents cut the ropes and the big ship floats out to sea with she and Buster the only occupants.

Then follows a series of adventures that are side-splitting. "Six reels of pure joy" is what they say of "The Navigator."



RUDOLPH VALENTINO, LOIS WILSON AND BEBE DANIELS
in a scene from "Monsieur Beaucaire", which opens to-morrow at the Regent Theatre.

ELSIE FERGUSON'S PLAY.

It has been settled definitely that Elsie Ferguson will play Molnar's "Carnival" for the Charles Frohman company, a production due this fall. As a result Robert Milton will probably postpone for some time production of "The Dark Angel," by H. B. Trevelyan, which Miss Ferguson was considering. Of all the stars suitable for the difficult leading part none is now at liberty.

ABOUT SCENARIO WRITERS.

"Fools in the Dark," the story of which deals with a scenario writer who has strange and thrilling adventures, is being presented this week at the Cameo.

Rudolph Valentino Here in New Movie

"Monsieur Beaucaire" Will Be Attraction This Week at the Regent.

Toronto will have the opportunity of welcoming the handsome Rudolph Valentino in one of the greatest roles of his careers at the Regent Theatre tomorrow, when the Sheik of the screen will appear as the Duke de Chartres, and later disguised as a barber, for reasons best known to the amorous Duke, in "Monsieur Beaucaire," by one of the outstanding authors of this continent, Booth Tarkington.

Thousands and thousands the world over have read this fine story! Even greater thousands will see the screen version! For it is claimed to be one of the finest examples of its kind ever to grace the silver sheet.

This city is proud to know that the man responsible for such a magnificent production is one of its own sons, Sidney Olcott, who, as a young man attended our Harbord Street Collegiate. This is not the first time that Olcott has proven to his native city that he has carried its name to the topmost pinnacles of success. Who of us is there who cannot remember his excellent production, "The Green Goddess" with that sterling English actor, George Arliss? "Little Old New York" and "The Humming Bird" are two others which go to the credit of this directorial genius.

With Valentino will be seen one of the most brilliant casts yet assembled to portray the various roles in any single silent drama. It includes such well known and established artists as Bebe Daniels, who will be seen as the beautiful and innocent Princess Henriette just from a convent, but who falls in love with the gay Duke de Chartres. Lois Wilson, as the Queen Marie of France—Miss Wilson will be remembered for her magnificent work in "The Covered Wagon"—beautiful Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman, Paulette Du Val, John Davidson, Oswald Yorke, Flora French, Lewis Waller, Ian MacLaren, Frank Shannon, Templar Powell, H. Cooper Cliffe, Downing Clarke, Yvonne Hughes, Harry Lee, Florence O'Denishawn, and a long list of others.

There is not one feminine heart in the audiences who greet the handsome Valentino, from flapper to grandmother, which will not be absolutely lost to the brave, merry dashing prince of France, who left the magnificent court of Louis the Fifteenth of France and went to England disguised as a barber. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is one of the greatest love stories ever put on the silver sheet.

WIFE AS LEADING LADY.

Richard Barthelmess has prevailed upon his wife, Mary Hay, to play the leading feminine role in his next picture. The production is called "New Toys." This will mark Miss Hay's return to the screen. She was last seen in David W. Griffith's "Way Down East," and it was during the filming of that production that Mr. Barthelmess and Mary Hay were married. "New Toys" is a comedy of domestic life, by Oscar Hammerstein 2d, and Milton Herbert Gropper. It was presented on the stage last season with Ernest Truex as the star. This is one of the few occasions in which a screen star has chosen his wife to be his leading woman.

BLOOR
529 BLOOR WEST
STARTS MONDAY — ALL WEEK
If you haven't seen it this may be your last chance. If you have seen it you will want to see it again.
D. W. Griffith's
IMMORTAL MASTERPIECE
"The Birth of a Nation"
THREE TIMES DAILY:
2.30 — 7 p.m. — 9.20 p.m.

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Archaeology, Geology, Mineralogy, Palaeontology, Zoology.
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Valentino is Back in His Greatest Romance!

You've Waited Two Long Years--

For the return of the screen's perfect lover, but you will never see another such gorgeous romance if you wait a life-time.

A Glittering, Thrilling Love Story of Old England and the Dissolute Court of King Louis XV. of France by - - - - BOOTH TARKINGTON

A Paramount Picture



Rudolph VALENTINO in "Monsieur Beaucaire"



WITH
Bebe Daniels
Lois Wilson
Doris Kenyon
Lowell Sherman

Special Musical Score By
Hugo Reisenfeld

PRODUCED BY
Sidney Olcott
TORONTO'S OWN DIRECTOR

Presented With An Elaborate Prologue

"The Red Rose"

The Singers
Marie Hancock *Arnold Becker*

The Dancers
Phyllis Strathy *Vera Roberts*
Audrey Crawford *Aileen Parker*

The Pages
Dorothy Tennant *Dorothy Forrest*
Court ladies, gentlemen, attendants, etc.

Staged and Produced by **John Arthur**



TWICE DAILY
2.30 and 8.30 p.m.
All Seats Reserved
Reservations can be made a week in advance.

Regent Entertainment

PRICES:

Daily Matinee	Orchestra and Balcony 50c
Evenings	Balcony 50c, 75c; Orchestra 75c, $1.00
Saturday Matinee	Balcony 50c; Orchestra 75c
Holiday Matinees	Night prices prevail

NOTE—This picture never will be shown in any other downtown theatre, nor will it ever be seen again with the spectacular prologue and orchestral accompaniment.

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

"Dawn" at Princess New Comedy-Drama

Emma Dunn Has Leading Role of the Mother in Play.

"Dawn," a new play by Tom Barry, comes to the Princess next week, and from all accounts theatregoers are promised a dramatic entertainment out of the ordinary. The author in his treatment of the plot has stacked the New England conscience and Puritanism up against modernism from jazz and cocktails to a summing up of just what chastity ought to mean when there are extenuating circumstances for its transgression. He has drawn a rock-ribbed religious fanatic; a wife who has not found herself spiritually, and a daughter who is caught up in the modern whirlpool and nearly submerged. The father can see only black and white; and the daughter wins happiness through a purgatory of intolerance.

Such is a hint of Barry's plot. A gay plot at the start, with a riot of young folk dancing jazz and drinking from flasks in a secate New England colonial parlor. Excellent comedy in the contrasting of the stiff and old-fashioned aunt with the slangy irreverent, whirl-mad youngsters. The dark cloud of Matthew Slayton, the New England father, comes along with tragedy to one of the young girls; a tragedy born of jazz and too much freedom. From this point "Dawn" becomes as poignantly affecting a play as will come along in a season.

Utter frankness runs through its lines, and its second act climax is won at the expense of a suggestion that may make you wince when a mother applies it to herself. But it is all honestly done and beautifully played.

Speaking of the company, an Albany critic says: "The Mary Slayton of Emma Dunn is the understanding mother, a rarely fine and beautiful performance, with moments of fine dramatic fibre; the bigoted father of Howard Lang grimly real, and the Judith of Zita Johann charming and well bred and filled with fire when the time comes. Helen Strickland's aunt, William Williams' Billy and Hartley Powers' Carter are just three more fine characterizations in a flawless cast. The settings and the staging by Clifford Brooke put the final touch to a play that is memorable."

Tuneful Operetta Comes to Alexandra

Strong Cast of Singers Will Appear in "Blossom Time."

"Blossom Time," which opens at the Alexandra Theatre on Monday, possesses all the elements that go to make up the ideal musical play. Familiar as it may be to many (and delightfully so) there may be yet some few persons hereabout, who, for one reason or another, have missed hearing and seeing this fragrant romance based on the life of Franz Schubert, the great composer, and the one love which came into his lonely, genius-driven existence. Next to this utilization of Franz Schubert "himself," as the hero of the story of action; the outstanding thing about "Blossom Time" is, of course, the use of Schubert's own matchless music as ground plot, super-structure, and ultimate embellishment of this operetta's score.



EDITH THAYER
who sings the leading feminine role in "Blossom Time" at the Alexandra Theatre.

Whoever first thought out the idea of doing that it was probably one of those Viennese gentlemen who collaborated on the work as it was first produced over there under the title of "Dreimaedlhaus", was no mean shake of a genius himself, in its transplanting to America shortly after the war, it lost nothing of its fascinating story nor anything of its indescribable grace and beauty. Indeed we can readily believe that Dorothy Donnelly, who did the American book and Sigmund Romberg, who adapted the music, fairly enhanced the merits of the German original.

But most interesting, of course, is the presenting company. This cast will be found, it is promised, the most satisfying one we have yet heard here. It is made up from chosen artists drawn from one or the other of the two first Broadway companies; and blended—as to its individuals, with the special object of vocal as well as personal harmony. Several of these artists have been heard in their roles before, while others are quite new to us. The list of principals includes the Messrs. Bertram Peacock, William Danforth, Ralph Soule, Yvan Servais, David Andrada, Paul Ker, Townsend Ahearn, George Hackett, George Abby, Clement Taylor, Frank Noyes, Philip Kelman, and the Misses Edith Thayer, Halina Bruzovna, Ferne Newell, Mary Stockwell, Anna Keller, Virginia Danforth, Erbe Robeson, Polly Gray and Peggy O'Donnell, the dancer.

AN ENGLISH COMEDY.

A play entitled "Love in Pawn," written by Roy Horniman and acted in London by Arthur Wontner a year and a half ago, is about to be produced by Sam H. Harris. In the interim Arthur Hopkins has controlled the American rights, but, apparently, he has now turned them over to Mr. Harris. The play will be produced under the title of "The Money Lender."

Spanish Comedy Opens Hart House

"The Romantic Young Lady" Will Be Presented This Week.

The season at Hart House will commence on Monday, October 20th, when "The Romantic Young Lady" will be given and will be played for the remainder of the week. The author of this delightful comedy is Martinez Sierra, a very prolific author, who has written numerous plays, books and poems, though he is barely forty years old. Helen and Harley Granville-Barker, are responsible for the English version of the play, which is sufficient in itself to prove that it will be invested with a literary charm. Sierra's play has been given many productions in Europe. In London it was produced under the management of Dennis Eadie, Granville-Barker directing. The critics were unanimous in their praise of it, calling it the most charming play seen in a decade. A strong cast has been assembled for the presentation at Hart [illegible] with settings and costumes have been designed by Jocelyn Taylor, as in the past. Monday night will be a popular night, the price of tickets being 50 cents.



EMMA DUNN
who plays the mother in "Dawn" at the Princess Theatre this week.

Eminent Critic Gives View of Morris Gest

IN the New York Evening Sun, Mr. Alexander Woollcott now flourishes as reviewer of plays and players. Within recent memory he did like good service to the defunct New York Herald; while not so long ago the New York Times pleasurably employed his powers. From the second of these fields, he has gathered a sheaf of papers about the theatre and all that therein is. Under the binder he has also slipped a few essays in little upon unrelated themes. The collection makes a sizeable volume, "Enchanted Aisles", now published in the grand style by Messrs. Putnam. When such a variegated, contemporary and amusing book appears in Paris, it is the amiable practice of the newspapers there to print a "primeur" for potential readers. At table, as everyone knows, a "primeur" whets appetite for the repast to come. So may a single short essay from Mr. Woollcott's store open the way to other and ampler entertainment. With a bow, then, to him, his publishers and the perennial subject of the little paper hereunder, The Sunday World ventures to present Mr. Woollcott on Morris Gest.

IT was in 1898 that Constantin Stanislavsky opened the Moscow Art Theatre. In all the depiction of emotion his players have undertaken since then we doubt if any have equalled the amused incredulity that would have flashed from the face of that lofty and zealous amateur had some prophet come to him on the first night and told him that twenty-five years later his troupe would be summoned to America and sponsored there by one who was then a half-starved fifteen-year-old waif in Boston, a runaway Jew from Russia, who had given up the unexciting business of selling newspapers along Pi Alley and gone as handy man around a Yiddish theatre which had drifted up from New York.

Judging from the prospecting that certain editors and publishers have been up to lately, it seems reasonably certain that a biography of Morris Gest will look down from the shelf before long. If it tells half the truth it will be a lively and entertaining and, in some ways, an exhilarating tale. Such a book would probably have a chapter about a turbulent childhood in Russia. It would show an undisciplined, hobbledehoy boy so frequently larruped and cast into a rat-ridden cellar by a stern and distrustful father that both of them were relieved when the son decided he would rather try his luck in the remote and fabulous land called America. It will sketch in the great-grandfather a bearded, crinkle-faced patriarch, who, in bidding the young emigrant farewell, held forth for the purpose a skinny hand, of which all but two fingers had been paralyzed, but of which the force in those two was so great that Gest can still feel the pressure of them as they were laid on his head in a gloomy benediction.

The book will have a record of the first haphazard adventures as a showman, the first ingenious essays in the buisness of hornswoggling the public. A boy taking tickets at a burlesque house and then going back stage to lie on his back under the ground-cloth and kick in a maritime manner for the shipwreck-scene. A boy making his contribution to his new country's war against Spain by organizing the first Hobson Kiss Ball—quaintly enough at Puritan Hall in Boston. A boy adrift among the county fairs down Buzzard's Bay and Old Orchard and Portland way, now cleaning the monkey cage in Bostock's circus, now helping a dilapidated medicine-man sell soap, now busy catching sparrows and painting them yellow for the canary trade. Surely a hint of the future lay in the great day when he enlisted as aid to a forlorn fellow who had one of these new fangled phonographs with rubber tubes and earpieces by which the passing bumpkins on paying each a penny, could hear the raucous tunes. To whip up trade the young assistant announced "The Ravings of John McCullough," after first, with much shrieking and horrible moaning, having made the record himself.

Gest in New York.

It was Sam H. Harris, as manager for Terry McGovern in "The Road to Ruin," who first brought Gest to New York, but the chapter of that period will have to be devoted rather to Oscar Hammerstein, who sold to the newcomer the ticket-speculator privilege of the lobby in the then wobbly and impecunious Victoria, a shoddy variety theatre where they were less happy in booking the best clown of the day than in engaging for one week or one fortnight the girl who had committed the most gaudy murder then occupying the front pages of the newspapers. It was Gest who was sent to Europe to buy up "attractions" for the Victoria and who came back proudly with a German household, a stolid Berliner with his wife, sister-in-law and daughter, whom Gest bedecked in Moslem costumes, instructed to pray ostentatiously to the East every day at sunset on the boat coming over, and covered with fleeting fame by having them rejected at a Broadway hotel, where they had tried to register as Abdul Kaffir and wives. That delighted German still has land at Atlantic City which he bought with the profits of that little tour. Probably the chapter on Hammerstein will close with the glory of the first night at the new Manhattan. It will tell how, on the very afternoon of the day in which the defiant impresario was to open his rival to the nervous Metropolitan, the new opera house had not yet been cleaned out, and how Gest, getting hold of fifty brooms, went out on the streets and organized from the home-going schoolboys a troupe of cleaners who would help him sweep it out. So the old legend is true that Gest himself swept out the opera house which he was one day to buy, and it is probable that the grime of that exploit was still on him that night, when, after the falling of the final curtain, he and Hammerstein trotted off alone to Childs' in Thirty-fourth street and sat for hours together planning the future of opera in America.

With Belasco.

There will, of course, be a chapter on Gest's hero—David Belasco. The story will begin with the riotous success of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry" at the Republic Theatre; of how Gest, by spending all his days in the ticket-line, used to accumulate enough stray seats to make a neat profit on the sidewalk, and of how Belasco himself gradually became aware that this wild but distinctly reverent-looking young Russian was always sitting on the doorstep of the theatre when, even at four or five o'clock in the morning, he himself would be starting home. Just as Gest always managed to turn up last winter in any town where Shalyapin happened to be singing, so you would always see him in Syracuse or Baltimore if by any chance a new Belasco production was being tried there. It happened one night that a supper party was in progress at Child's restaurant in New Haven to the company of "The Grand Army Man." Warfield's play which had opened there that evening. Just as the party was sitting down it was discovered in a panic that it numbered thirteen, and Acton Davies went scurrying around to find an eleventh-hour guest to take the curse off. Inevitably his eyes lighted on the wistful Gest, who was sitting in a corner letting a campanile of wheat cakes grow cold upon his plate. It was at that supper that the young Russian met Belasco's daughter, who is now Mrs. Gest.

The story will tell of Gest's passion for mere color, which intoxicates him and which he craves as other men crave whiskey. We saw him once at the Savoy in London on the night when Liberty's agents had delivered to him a hamper of old robes, prayer rugs and the like specially garnered for him from among the bazaars in India. We have an unforgettable picture of him trying with scant success at three in the morning to infuse into Heifetz (who wanted to eat) and Herbert Kauffman (who wanted to talk about the international oil situation) something of his own Levantine enthusiasm for the glories in blue and green and crimson that had come to him out of the magical East. For himself he was a cat with catnip. That picture is the necessary key to his grandiose productions of "Chu Chin Chow," "Aphrodite" and "Mecca," adventures in the theatre, now profitable, now disastrous, which the book must cover. But the book will have missed the point if it does not suggest how, in the long run, the theatre can care for itself, taking that young man who painted the sparrows yellow years ago in Maine and doing something to him, which would make him more eager and proud to have his name on the programme of Stanislavsky's company, on the playbills of Reinhardt's first venture in America and on those of Duse's farewell tour, than to own outright the most successful piece of ordinary, undistinguished hokum now raking in the profits anywhere in the world.

RUSSIAN ACTRESS FOUGHT IN WAR

The outbreak of the war upset the delicate machinery of the art world in Europe with a fearful vengeance, and distributed the artists, the students and the devotees of art by convulsive processes all over America, and mainly in New York. It was at this time that Halina Bruzovna, leading woman of the State Theatre at Moscow — one of the finest producing centres in the world, and since the ascendancy of the Russian art one of the most important, as well—found herself without a home in Petrograd, from which she came, and without the means with which to sustain life in the city of her work. There she had a hard time making ends meet, and, though she had literally armies of friends, she was too much a woman to lean on anyone, but it was a struggle with each and every man to keep his feet in the mad rush of Russian events in those wild days.

As Mme. Bruzovna herself says: "I did everything that was honorable to keep body and soul together, even to fighting in the trenches, which I did for three months with the "Battalion of Death" near Smolesk. At length, with jewels that were worth many thousands at a normal time, I was able to live, to make my way to Antwerp, and eventually to England, and finally to America, where I met with men whom I had known in happier times in Russia—Max Robinoff, the grand opera impressario, and Richard Ordynski, under whose direction I played my first leading roles in Warsaw, gave me introductions, and soon Messrs. Shubert engaged me for a new play, which was tried out in Boston and other cities. This play failed, but I was able to make a hit in its effective leading part, and then Messrs. Shubert trusted me with the beautiful role of Bella Bruna in "Blossom Time."

WHY DITRICHSTEIN?

Hassard Short is proceeding with his second production—an operetta from the French, entitled "Ciboulette." An earlier report had it that Leo Ditrichstein would be of the cast, but that now seems unlikely. Just what Mr. Ditrichstein would be doing in an operetta was a point that was never explained.

THEATRICAL NOTES HERE AND THERE

WROTE OPERA FOR WIFE.

Following the example of Fritz Kreisler and Efram Zimbalist, another violin virtuoso seeks the honors and emoluments of operatic composition. This time it is Eddy Brown, who has frequently been heard as a soloist with the leading American Symphony Orchestras. His opera, to be done in Vienna, shortly after the Christmas holidays, is entitled "Nino" and Halina Bruzovna, the beautiful vampire in "Blossom Time", is to sing the name-part. In fact the opera is being written for her and around an episode of actual occurrence in her life. In private life Mme. Bruzovna is Mrs. Eddy Brown, which further explains matters. The librettist is Egon Shubert—a Viennese newspaper man and author. He is not related in any way to the Shubert Brothers of New York, who, it is said, have first option on "Ninon" for America,—nor to Franz Schubert, the immortal composer who has done so much for "Blossom Time" (and for Halina Bruzovna) who, as "Ninon" will portray a Parisian apache. Madame Halina Bruzovna, who sings the splendid role of Bellabruna in "Blossom Time," the Franz Schubert musical gem, is a niece of the great Modjeska and was trained for the stage under Modjeska's teaching. For six years she was leading woman of the Polish State Theatre of Warsaw. A convulsion of the war brought her to America, after three months of fighting in the trenches in that famous regiment of Russian women that was called the "Battalion of Death."

HAS ENGLISH HIT.

Teddie Gerrard has reached New York with the rights to "The Rat," a melodrama which Ivor Novello is playing with great success in London. Sydney Blackmer was selected for the lead, but satisfactory arrangements could not be completed. Otto Kruger, Ernest Glendenning, Henry Whitteemore and Henry Hull are under discussion for the part.

A FRANKLIN PLAY.

Louis Evan Shipman's Benjamin Franklin play, "Poor Richard," will be produced this Fall. It was first announced a year ago or more, and now, as then, Maclyn Arbuckle is mentioned for the role of Franklin. Norman Belgeddes will be the scene designer.

MISS CHATTERTON'S COMPANY.

Ralph Forbes will have the lead opposite Ruth Chatterton in the musical version of "Come Out of the Kitchen." He is an English actor who opened recently in "Havoc" and created excitement here and there because of an alleged resemblance to the Prince of Wales. Skeets Gallagher will be comedian in chief.

PRINCESS NEXT WEEK

WILMER AND VINCENT PRESENT

A NEW COMEDY DRAMA

By TOM BARRY

"DAWN"

WITH

EMMA DUNN

And a Cast of Unusual Excellence

INCLUDING

Howard Lang	Zita Johann	William Morgan
Helen Strickland	William Williams	Hartley Power
Richard Carlyle	Raymond Van Sickle	Laura Lee
R. R. Benton	Lee Smith	Camelia Campbell
Josephine Dunne	Eric Francis	Roger Hooker

"Dawn" will be the most discussed play of the New York season, where it goes from Toronto.

"An uncommonly skilful and fascinating performance."—Albany Journal.

"'Dawn' is a big play; frank in its lines, but always honest. It cannot fail to hold any audience that is looking for the best in the theatre."—Albany News.

"It bound a grip on its audience so tight at times that reaction came in nervous laughter that told of the play's impact on its hearers' sensibilities. A flawless cast and stage setting put a final touch on a play that is memorable."—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

Evenings - - $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 50c
Pop. Mats., Wed. & Sat. - $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c

STARTING MONDAY EVENING NOV. 3rd TWICE DAILY THEREAFTER

Douglas Fairbanks

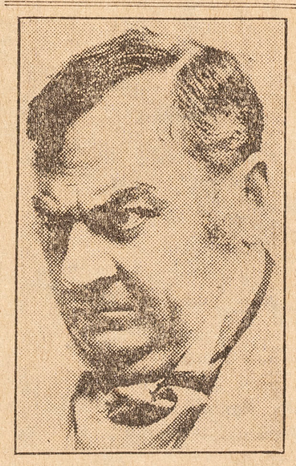
In The THIEF of BAGDAD

The Glorious Arabian Nights Fantasy of Magic! Mirth! Mystery! Romance! Adventure!

—With—

A specially organized company of Arabian musicians, mechanicians and equipment—a replica of the presentation at the Liberty Theatre, New York—with the same colorful atmospheric effects. Symphony Orchestra of twenty. Original score. Mohammedan chanter and full scenic investiture. Positively will not be shown elsewhere in Toronto this year.

PRICES:
Nights—Lower Floor, $1.50, $1.00. Balcony, $1.50, $1.00, 50c.
Matinees—Lower Floor, $1.00. Balcony, $1.00, 75c, 50c.
Seat Sale Opens Thursday, Oct. 30. Mail Orders Now.



WILLIAM DANFORTH
who supplies the comedy in "Blossom Time" at the Alexandra Theatre this week.

MATINEES ORCHESTRA 25¢ & 50¢

SHEA'S

EVENINGS 25¢ 50¢ 75¢ and $1.00

Beginning Monday Matinee Oct. 20th.

JACK MUNDY in KEYHOLE KAMEOS with LEDA ERROL

MARCELLE AND HIS UNIQUE PARTNER The SEA LION COMEDIAN..

HAZEL CROSBY OPERA A LA SYNCOPATION

TUSCANO BROTHERS WEILDERS OF ROMAN AXES

BILLY HALLEN "ITS ALL APPLESAUCE"

The VARIOS PREMIERE ATHLETES

SHEA'S PICTORIAL REVIEW

GRACE DEAGON & JACK MACK IN AN ORIGINAL SMART COMEDY OFFERING

DORA & ED FORD REVUE PREMIER DANCERS with LOTTIE FORD & BOB ADAMS

OCT 27 THE CANSINOS

LOEW'S WEEK OCT. 20



Positively the Best Comedy of the Year!

BUSTER KEATON

IN

"THE NAVIGATOR"

HURRAY FOR A VOYAGE ON THE SEA OF HILARITY! PULL ALONG WITH BUSTER ON THE TIDAL WAVES OF JOY!

Laughs Come Up

every time Buster goes down under the ocean. You'll explode with laughter at his adventures in a submarine and in deep sea diving.

A METRO-GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

The SECOND SCREEN TEST will be shown at every performance of the SIX selected from last week's ENTRANTS, to decide the cast for a SPECIAL PICTURE, which will be shown at this theatre.
ONE will be SELECTED by VOTE from this test as this week's winner.

THE STAR OF FASHION JEAN BARRIOS Features

6--Superb VAUDEVILLE Acts--6

The Moving Pictures

Announcements Regarding the Silent Dramas Now in the City

"Yolanda" Coming to the Hippodrome

Marion Davies Will Be Seen Here Shortly in Costly Movie.

"Yolanda," the thrilling love story of a beauty who defied the powers of the mighty for the kisses of her lover, with no less a star than beautiful Marion Davies, who will be remembered for her magnificent characterization in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," is coming soon to the Hippodrome Theatre.

Those who have had the privilege of seeing previews of this fine example of screen art say that in it Miss Marion Davies has given us another "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Those who saw that memorable picture well know what that means.

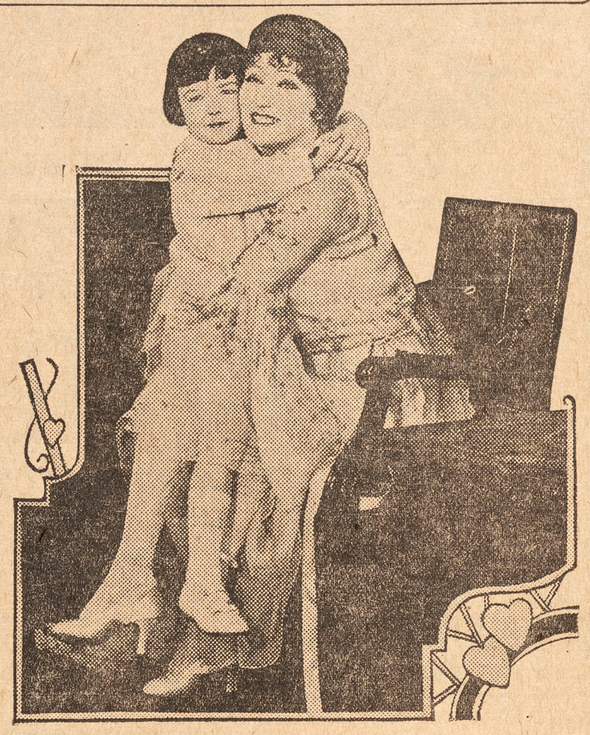
Some of the most famous personalities of both stage and screen are included in the brilliant cast, which numbers Lyn Harding, Holbrook Blinn, Maclyn Arbuckle, John Dooley, Ralph Graves, Ian MacLaren, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Theresa Maxwell Conover, Paul McAllister, Leon Errol, and a long list of others.

"Yolanda" is from the novel by Charles Major with which thousands are well acquainted.

"The Fire Patrol" Comes to Tivoli

Exciting Melodrama Has Been Given a Lavish Production.

A lavish production has come to mean one with more than one bathroom set to the majority of producers. Hunt Stromberg in his new production "The Fire Patrol" which will be given its premiere Canadian opening at the Tivoli Theatre, Richmond and Victoria Streets, starting Monday, has achieved a new ideal in lavishness, the entire production is enacted by a cast of stars, each one a leading light in their own particular line. Thousands of dollars were expended in salaries alone. A background of storm and lightning which has never before been presented so extensively on the screen. One of the most interesting shots of a fire at sea ever obtained adds its effectiveness to this wonderful spectacle. "The Fire Patrol" will be shown at the Tivoli for one week only after which it leaves to fill first run showings in other large Canadian cities. Continuous performances will be given commencing at 10 a.m. each day and patrons are advised to take advantage of the matinee performances if at all possible.



GLORIA SWANSON
in a scene from "Her Love Story", based on Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Her Majesty the Queen", the picture at the Hippodrome this week.

Syncopation Week at the Hippodrome

Five Composers of Popular Songs Will Take Part in Program.

"Syncopation Week!" And at the Hippodrome all this week! John Arthur is presenting Toronto with one of the most outstanding musicales he has yet put on of its kind at the spacious Bay Street cinema house, "A Trip to Hitland."

No less than seven of the best known composers of popular music on this continent including Billy Baskett, Hal Burton, Sam Coslow, Dan Doughtery, Bernie Grossman, Joe Morris and Jack Stanley, will appear personally on the Hippodrome stage, playing five pianos at the same time and will render their own compositions.

With them will also appear the Stephen Sisters, Eccentric Dancers, and Margaret Grant, Blues Singer.

The compositions of these noted popular music writers include so many that space will permit mentioning only a few. Recall "Bebe" and "Buddy," and "Hawaiian Butterfly," and "I Certainly" and "Jerry" and "Little Grey Mother?" Do you remember singing these popular hits: "Tell Her at Twilight," "Two Little Wooden Shoes," "Wanita," "We're Going Over," "Wonder If She's Lonely," "Say, Say Sadie."

And what about "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," and "Sitting on the Inside, Waiting for the Evening Mail." You certainly haven't forgotten, "They Needed a Song-Bird in Heaven," "When I Look in Your Wonderful Eyes," "When I Lost You Mother of Mine," "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," "You Didn't Want Me, When You Had Me."

Let's not forget, too, the musical comedy hits which made such an impression when you heard them, and still do so when they are either sung or played. "Merry Mary Brown," and "Linger, Longer Letty."

Again it may be asked, "Is anyone going to stay away from the Hippodrome to-morrow or anytime this week?

There will also be a Wurlitzer musicale by Ernest Dainty.

"Thief of Bagdad" at the Princess

Douglas Fairbanks' Picture Will Open There on Nov. 3rd.

Douglas Fairbanks' amazingly romantic and dramatic story, heretofore thought impossible of achievement on the screen, "The Thief of Bagdad," will be the attraction at the Princess, commencing Monday, Nov. 3rd. There is said to be in this story a wonderful love tale to set your pulses going; a wealth of adventurous incidents that stirs audiences to a rousing pitch of excitement. It will be a new experience to you to see a Magic Rug soar above the housetops and off into the sky, bearing the Thief and the beautiful Princess of Bagdad. Another new and strange experience will be to witness a winged horse fly up to and through the clouds, bearing the Thief of Bagdad, of whom all nations for hundreds of years, have been reading about in the tales of the Arabian Nights. You may have read about the invisible cloak, but you surely have not seen it unless you have viewed Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad." Born of a poet's dream in Araby, this remarkable story was developed by Douglas Fairbanks into a beautiful reality. Nothing like it has ever been attempted; nothing like it has ever been seen; nothing like it has ever been accomplished. These statements may seem exaggerations, but when compared with the criticisms of this picture wherever it has been presented, cause them to appear to lack in justifiable enthusiasm. The critic of the New York Times summed up the matter when he said that "The Thief of Bagdad" is a "feat of moving picture art which has never been equalled or even approached." So also the Evening Telegram: "It is the greatest picture we have seen or ever expect to see." There is a specially organized company of musicians, mechanicians and equipment—a replica of the presentation at the Liberty Theatre in New York—with the same colorful atmospheric effects, symphony orchestra, original score, Mohammedan chanter, and full scenic investiture.

SIDNEY OLCOTT HAILED FROM TORONTO

Sidney Olcott, director of Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," which opens for an indefinite engagement the coming Monday at the Regent Theatre, following the close of "The Sea Hawk," is one of Toronto's own sons, and naturally one in whom we have had, and now have even more reason to take pride.

Sidney Olcott will be well remembered by students of Harbord Collegiate of former days, for Sidney, as a young man attended there, and can recall more than one "quiet little interview with the teachers," for reasons we will not state here. Nevertheless, he retains many pleasant and happy memories of his old school. They must certainly be proud over at Harbord to know that one of their number directed Rudolph Valentino in a picture after that artist has been absent from the screen over two years.

Toronto knows that the man who directed George Arliss in "The Green Goddess" was also Olcott, to whose credit, too, goes "Little Old New York" and "The Humming Bird."

"Wine" Being Shown Now at Pantages

Here is a Picture With a Great Deal of Timely Interest.

A picture remarkably in keeping with current events is showing at the Pantages Theatre. It is the film version of William MacHarg's startling story, "Wine," published in the Cosmopolitan magazine.

It is the story of an American family, wealthy, well established in society, respected for position and standard of living, and the melting of its social status and weakening of its principles of living. The story is that of a big business man on the verge of ruin, who cast discretion and principles to the winds by allying himself with illicit liquor distribution to save the family home and his own financial position. His wife forgets her pride of social position; and their pretty debutante daughter falls into the giddy whirl of a younger set that travels too fast a pace for her welfare.

There may be skeptics who will doubt the veracity of the theme of the film play, but the lads "in the know," including newspaper reporters and federal liquor sleuths will vouch for its credulity. It reflects a condition prevalent in many parts of the United States since the enactment of the national prohibition law.

The moral tone of the film is good and it should be valuable as a pictorial legend of conditions in regard to illicit liquor handling and the breadth of its effects as they now exist.

It is well cast, the leading players doing exceptional work, and the direction by Louis Gasnier is adequate. The cast is headed by Clara Bow, Forrest Stanley, Huntley Gordon, Myrtle Stedman, Robert Agnew and Walter Long.

MOVING PICTURES SHOWN IN ORIENT

NO matter what the political differences in other lands may be, there is one thing upon which all nations agree, and that is the popularity of screen actors and actresses. Horace T. Clarke, representative in the Orient for First National Pictures, Inc., has just returned from an interesting tour, during which he had the opportunity to refresh his knowledge of several countries. He found that the film favorites in Japan and other countries were Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Chaplin, Thomas Meighan, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Barbara La Marr, Jackie Coogan, Milton Sills, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Richard Barthelmess.

"But, despite American productions and stars, the Japanese are finding that it is profitable to produce photo-plays in their own studios featuring native players in their own stories, both legendary and modern," said Mr. Clarke.

"Japan's recovery from the earthquake is remarkable," he added. "Between 80 and 90 per cent. of the theatres destroyed have been rebuilt. These houses are temporary affairs constructed of wood; the reason for this is that the devastated area is being resurveyed, as Tokio and Yokohama are to be reconstructed along modern lines.

"On entering a motion picture theatre, and any other for that matter, the Japanese are obliged to check their shoes and wear slippers supplied by the management. The stairs and floors of the theatres are carpeted, and sometimes the spectators squat on cushions. The upstairs part of the theatre is similar in structure to our houses. When foreigners enter these cinemas, the Japanese, to enforce their notions of cleanliness, insist on the visitors placing cloth coverings over their shoes.

"In India, Japan and China, pictures are shown with English titles. In Java prints are supplied with Anglo-Dutch titles, and in the Philippines they want Spanish-English titles.

The Title Translator.

"Naturally few persons in Japan can read the English subtitles, and therefore a Benshi or speech man is employed. This Benshi translates the titles as they appear on the screen, and if the story seems to him to be involved he gives his own interpretation of the action. In fact, the success of a production not infrequently depends upon the ability of the Benshi. Should his interpretation or translation of the titles be hazy, or he is suffering with a cold, the spectators immediately show their disapproval by standing on their chairs oron the floor and hissing.

"As a method of advertising, large bamboo poles with banners are sunk into slots in the street immediately in front of the theatre. These banners give the name of the picture, the principal player, and a few terse details regarding the production. On Sunday morning many of the managements stage a parade, and these banners are lugged through the streets with the orchestra blazing away.

"An oddity in connection with films in Japan is the method there of abbreviating the names of well-known American stars which are considered too long for presentation in Japanese. For instance, Norma Talmadge is known from end to end of Japan as Norma Tal, and her sister Constance as Con Tal; Charlie Chaplin is billed merely as Charlie, and William S. Hart as Bill Hart.

"In India the Hindoo women seldom patronize the movies. When they do go they arrive at the theatre carefully veiled and are escorted to specially prepared compartments screened with mosquito netting to conceal them from the view of the audience. When the lights are dimmed and the show commences the nettings are drawn apart, but only during the progress of the performance. These women are, of course, attired in native costumes and bedecked with countless jewels. Their noses are sometimes studded with precious stones, and bracelets adorn their ankles. At the close of the performance the women, properly escorted and heavily veiled, return to their harems.

"Much progress has been made in India in the production of local films in which the old legendary stories of India are used with a Hindoo cast. In producing these pictures, instead of building sets they make use of painted backgrounds. Quite a number of these theatres cater solely to natives, but where American pictures are exhibited a special section of the house is set apart for the natives. Foreigners pay much more than the natives. Musical accompaniments, except in the native theatres, are similar to the American idea.

"In Java there are theatres built in two sections. The front part of the building is patronized by foreigners while the natives sit behind the screen and view the production from that angle, and naturally it is impossible for them to get any idea of the subtitles; but this does not matter much, as most of the natives do not understand either English or Dutch. The native pays the equivalent of 3 cents, his earnings being about 40 cents a day. Open-air theatres are one of the attractive features of amusement life in Java.

"Strict censorship exists throughout all Oriental countries. Pictures depicting the white race in a degrading way, attempts at robbery, the undermining of governmental authority, brutality in any form and revolutionary or objectionable religious themes are for the most part excluded.

"Recent developments in China are most interesting. The ratio of Chinese attending foreign theatres in which American pictures are exhibited has increased from 25 to 60 per cent. in the last two years. This shows the popularity of American productions with the educated Chinese. However, it is quite different with the lower classes."



Scene from the spectacle "The Fire Patrol", with Madge Bellamy and many other stars, which will be seen this week at the Tivoli.

"The Red Rose" is Ambitous Prologue

Interesting Offering at the Regent Theatre With "Monsieur Beaucaire."

For Booth Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire," which opens to-morrow at the Regent Theatre, which Toronto's own son, Sidney Olcott, so faithfully translated to the silver sheet, Jack Arthur has prepared an unusually elaborate and beautiful prologue. The setting is a garden in the palace of Louis the Fifteenth.

"The Red Rose", as the prologue is to be known, has a most distinguished cast, including the two well known singers Marie Hancock, and Arnold Becker, of the San Carlo Opera Company, the four dancers of note, Phyllis Strathy, Audrey Crawford, Vera Roberts, and Eileen Parker, two pages, Dorothy Tennant and Dorothy Forrest, and a large number of court ladies and gentlemen, attendants and others.

"The Red Rose" is one of the most charmingly set prologues that the Regent Theatre has ever had presented on its stage. The music for it is by Frederick Rosse Mel Shauer, the dances by Leon Leonidoff, costumes by Mallabar, Toronto; electrical effects by William Dineen.

The whole has been arranged and produced under the personal direction of John Arthur.

"The Red Rose" will appear with each performance of "Monsieur Beaucaire," twice daily, at 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. All seats are reserved. Both silent drama and prologue will not again be shown at any downtown theatre in Toronto.

AN ENGLISH FILM.

Marshall Neilan is directing "The Sporting Venus" in England. His wife, Blanche Sweet, has the principal feminine role, while Lew Cody officiates as the villain.

PANTAGES NOW PLAYING

Always the Greatest Show Value in Toronto

The Most Sensational Picture Ever Produced!

—A vital drama of to-day that every member of every family should see!

THE PICTURE OF THE HOUR

Wine



"You must leave your gay friends whether you want to or not," he insisted.

The Great Cast—
CLARA BOW
Forrest Stanley
Myrtle Stedman
Huntly Gordon
Robert Agnew
Walter Long

Note: Returns of Ontario Plebiscite to be announced from stage Thursday Night, Oct. 23rd.

LIFE! LOVE! SUSPENSE!
Truly, you've never seen a picture like this!

EXCELLENT VAUDEVILLE BILL
HEADED BY
Direct from the New York Hippodrome
MADAME TENKATSU & CO.
17—Performers from Cherry Blossom Land—17
INCLUDING
THE TEN GEISHA GIRLS
In a Series of Their Native Dances
ONLY ACT OF ITS KIND EVER BROUGHT TO AMERICA

Starting Next Saturday TOM MIX in "The Last of the Duanes"

HIPPODROME
CITY HALL SQUARE
Direction Famous Players Canadian Corporation, Limited.

Syncopation Week!

Starts Monday, and long after it is over Toronto will be whistling and dancing to the melodies of—

7—Famous Syncopation Song Writers—7

Billy Baskett-Hal Burton-Sea Coslow
Dan Doughtery - Bernie Grossman
Joe Morris and Jack Stanley

You know them all, and the song hits which have made them famous—

Appearing in person in the biggest act of its kind on the stage

"A TRIP TO HITLAND"

5-Pianos-5
7-Pianists-7
AND—
THE STEPHEN SISTERS
Eccentric Dancers
MARGARET GRANT
"Blues" Singer.
PRESENTED BY— JOHN ARTHUR

ALSO—

Gloria SWANSON
in
"HER LOVE STORY"
A Paramount Picture



Directed By
ALLAN DWAN

Gloria
As a charming Princess in the sweetest love story ever told. Founded on Mary Roberts Rinehart's action romance "Her Majesty, the Queen."

The Cast Includes
IAN KEITH and GEORGE FAWCETT

HIPPODROME COMEDY
"THE FIGHT"
Based on a Story by Richard Harding Davis

Daily 12 Noon to 11 p.m.

Coming—Marion Davies in "Yolanda"

With the Vaudevillians

Attractions on Programmes of the Variety Theatres

"Keyhole Kameos" On Bill at Shea's

Maddock and His Sea Lion Will Be Another Performer.

"Keyhole Kameos," on the latest of the C. B. Maddock musical comedy offerings, and Marcelle and His Sea Lion Comedian share headline honors at Shea's this week. "Keyhole Kameos" presents ten complete episodes. Each has its own setting; its own story, comedy numbers, with a kaleidoscope of color, songs, music, dances and comedy. The cast is headed by Jack Mundy, assisted by Leda Errol and a supporting company of twenty comedians, singers and dancers.

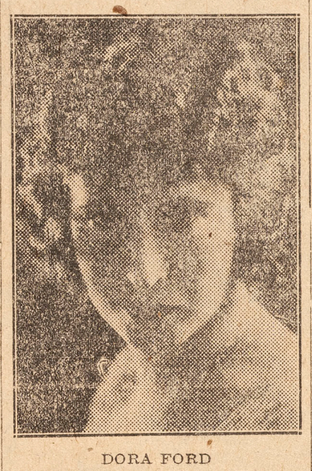
Marcelle and His Seal will be seen for the first time at Shea's. This act was for several seasons one of the sensations of the New York Hippodrome. Marcelle is himself a clever showman and the seal romps through a series of clever stunts with almost human intelligence.

Gracie Deagon and Jack Mack are favorites in their smart comedy offering.

Dora and Edwin Ford, of the well-known "Four Fords," have just staged a new dancing routine, which they offer with the assistance of Lottie Ford and Bob Adams. There are eight numbers, ballet dancing, descriptive dancing, eccentric dancing, jazz dancing and buck and wing dancing, and a piano solo by Al Barton.

Billie Hallen has a monologue, "It's All Apple Sauce." Hazel Crosby has "Opera a la Syncopation." She has a lovely, well-trained voice and a good selection of songs. The Tuscano Brothers, Athletes and Jugglers, and others complete the bill.

On October 27th the Cansinos—Elisa, Eduardo, Angel and Pace—Spain's wonder dancers, will head the bill with their new "Fantasia Espanola." Neville Fleeson, popular song-writer, and Ann Greenway, musical comedy favorite, will present "Samples." Others on the bill are Harry Kahne, in a mental novelty; Kismet Sisters and Co., athletes; Ferry Corwey, the Famous Musical Clown; Walter Brower, the Jolly Jester and Stanelli and Douglas, Fiddle Fanatics.



DORA FORD

who is coming to Shea's Theatre this week with her brother, Ed Ford, in a dancing act.

Madame Tenkatsu and Geisha Girls

Unique Offering on the Variety Bill This Week at Pantages.

One of the most unique and interesting acts ever presented in vaudeville is featuring an excellent program at the Pantages Theatre this week. It is Madame Tenkatsu and her troupe of Giesha Girls, direct from the Hippodrome Theatre, New York City, the only Cherry Blossom dancers ever brought to this country, in a series of their own famous dances. Madame Tenkatsu also introduces a wonderful program of illusion and magic, featuring the greatest mystery of all, the disappearing water fountains. Cliff Nazarro, the popular young favorite assisted by Jerry Benson has a splendid offering of special numbers mingled with a breezy line of original comedy and some extra good dancing. Maurice Golden and Company present "Movie Masque," a spectacular singing and dancing novelty with a Broadway cast featuring Maurice Goldcraft late star of the Boston Grand Opera Company. This beautiful production of terpsichorean nevelties mingled with song is the last word in artistic effort. Colvin and Wood have a new season's hit entitled "The Author," by the well known writer Paul Gerard Smith, a program of sure-fire comedy dialogue with a few songs and some nifty dancing. The well known rural comics The McBanns present their latest comedy cut-up called "Fun in a Barnyard," in which they offer a very fast routine of comedy juggling without a doubt one of the best juggling acts in vaudeville.

Plenty of Life In "Fast Steppers"

I. N. Weber Brings New Show to the Empire Theatre.

There is a new producer on the Columbia wheel who brings an all-new scenic and costume offering to the Empire Theatre this week, with "new broom" effect. I. N. Weber is stepping out this season as the responsible promoter of "Fast Steppers," and there comes advance promise that the entertainment and its individuals will qualify in the speed class the title of the show implies. Two comedians new to Columbia burlesque will formulate the merry-making—Dan Evans and Irving Selig, who will appear as doubles in tramp comedy, with an eccentric comedian to mix into the situations. There will also be Jules Howard and Gordon Bennett to assist in the scenes and take individual prominence in entertaining. Carrying featured honors is Mae Dix, the dazzling blonde soubrette, who has scintillated to popularity through her "shiver" dances and projection of "blues" selections. Others of prominence in the cast are Jules Howard, Dutch delineator; Fay Tunis, who has the role of a French "vamp"; Gordon Bennett, singing juvenile; Dotty Allen, piquant ingenue, and Lou Denny, leading man.

HOLLYWOOD RUMORS.

The latest report from Hollywood, which just now is beginning to harvest its fall crop of rumors, is that Joseph M. Schenck is liable to amalgamate with Cosmopolitan, and Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd are already having their fair names drawn into the affair. It is darkly suspected in corners, where some of Hollywood's darkest suspecting is done, that they may appear in the new alignment. But no matter what shift in distributing arrangements is made, the fans can rest assured that they will get their pictures just the same, and regardless of who is hand in glove with whom.

WHO WILL PLAY CHRIST?

More than a thousand letters have been received by Earl Hudson offering some suggestions concerning the translating to the screen of Papini's "Life of Christ." Among those named to play the part are Milton Sills, James Kirkwood and Ronald Colman, who have all appeared in serious roles. Sills was in "The Faith Healer," Kirkwood made an astounding success in "The Fool" on the stage, and Colman was the hero of "The White Sister." According to Mr. Hudson, a man may be selected who is quite unknown in screen circles.

Spaniard Makes Charming Woman

Jean Barrios is Female Impersonator Appearing at Loew's.

Transforming a dark blue, bearded twicela-day shaved countenance into a gorgeous peaches and cream complexion is the task that daily confronts Jean Barrios, the young female impersonator appearing at Loew's Theatre this week.

Mr. Barrios, a Spaniard, has the dark, swarthy complexion of his race, yet when the curtains part and disclose a ravishing, dark-eyed, fair-skinned debutante, every man in the audience murmurs "A Peach!" And every girl feels envious.

The real laugh of Jean Barrios and to those backstage is to see him walk about in his girl trappings, cigarette in hand, waiting for his cue to go on. Suddenly he shifts his "he-man" thoughts back into the far recesses of his brain, out goes the cigarette and presto! Chango! a lovely lady walks upon the stage.

"Let's Dance," one of Lew Cantor's presentations is an added attraction on next week's program. The company consists of Eddie Franklyn McGushion Twins, Dubow and Ross and John Stanley. Other acts on the bill include Oballa and Adrienne in Twists, turns and tumbling; Flo Sherlock and Howard Clinton in "Breezes from Musical Comedy"; Murray Stutz and Octavia Bingham in "Who is He?" a laugh riot.

The vaudeville program is an exceptionally big one and is made up of six high-class acts.



MAE DIX

soubrette with "The Fast Steppers" at the Empire Theatre this week.

When Dramatic Critics Really Had Their Say

"EVERY now and again," says Herbert Farjeon in "The London Daily Telegraph," "the dramatic critic, who sits in judgment on the work of others, pronouncing it to be good, bad or indifferent, according to his taste, finds that he has himself become the subject of criticism, and that the goodness, badness or indifference of his own work is being called publicly into question. Not very long ago Mr. C. B. Cochran inveighed against the critical profession for its treatment of his revue, 'Mayfair and Montmartre,' to which he felt scant justice had been done. About a year later Mr. A. A. Milne, in the preface to a volume of his plays, took the critics to task for some of the things they had said about 'Success.' While only the other day Mr. Alfred Sutro, whose 'Far Above Rubies' has just been withdrawn from the Comedy Theatre, animadverted on the reception given to that comedy by the press.

"It is of course, only equitable that the critic should take his turn in the dock, and if there be any who resent being 'answered back' they may comfort themselves with the reflection that they are let down very lightly compared with their predecessors, who were pilloried in pretty nearly every prologue or epilogue to pretty nearly every play. An example of this may be heard any night at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where Miss Edith Evans' delivering the epilogue to Congreve's Way of the World,' refers to—

critics so with spleen diseased
They scarcely come inclining to be pleased.

"But if modern playwrights are less bitter than ancient playwrights about critics it is because modern critics are less bitter than ancient critics about playwrights. Generally speaking, modern plays are treated with a lenience that seems sometimes to amount almost to timidity; while modern actors and actresses are accorded a tolerance even more marked. In the old days the most analytical critics were not afraid to purge themselves by full-flowing streams of indignation—an indignation they visited on the players no less than on the plays. No one in the history of dramatic criticism holds a higher or more respected position than William Hazlitt. Yet if Hazlitt came back to life and got a post on the staff of a contemporary daily he would either have to amend his methods or, after a week or two, apply for a post on the staff of some other paper. No modern editor, for example, would dream of passing the outburst evoked from him by the performance of 'Romeo and Juliet' at Covent Garden on October 16, 1814:

"'Of Mr. Conway's Romeo' (he wrote in 'The Examiner') 'we cannot speak with patience. His acting is a nuisance to the stage. The tolerating such a performer in principal parts is a disgrace to the national character. We saw several foreigners laughing with mischievous delight at this monstrous burlesque of the character of Romeo. He bestrides the stage like a colossus, throws his arms into the air like the sails of a windmill, and his motion is as unwieldy as that of a young elephant. His voice breaks in thunder on the ear like Gargantua's, but when he pleases to be soft he is "the very beadle to the amorous sigh." A contemporary critic has said, "What a pity that the thing can speak!" We should add, "What a pity that it is seen!" Mr. Coate's absurdities are tame and trifling in comparison. There is, we suppose, no reason why this preposterous phenomenon should not be at once discarded from the stage but for the suppressed titter of secret satisfaction wh'ch circulates through the dress boxes whenever he appears. Why does he not marry?'

"Not only did the very best critics deliver themselves of these tirades—the very best actors were subject to them. If Mr. Ainley, or Mr. Quartermaine, or Mr. McKinnell were to be accused in print of 'impudence and incompetency' an action for libel would probably be instituted forthwith. Yet Edmund Kean had to stand more than this. On March 1, 1813, he appeared in Guernsey in Hamlet. This is what the local critic said about him next day:

"'Last night a young man, whose name the bills said was Kean, made his first appearance as Hamlet, and truly his performance of the character made us wish that we had been indulged with the country system of excluding it and playing all the other characters. This person has, we understand, a high character in several parts of England, and his vanity has repeatedly prompted him to endeavor to procure an engagement at one of the theatres in the metropolis. The difficulties he has met with have, however, proved insurmountable and the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden have saved themselves the disgrace to which they would be subjected by countenancing such impudence and incompetency. Even his performance of the inferior characters of the drama would be objectionable if there was nothing to render him ridiculous by one of the vilest figures that has ever been seen on or off the stage, and if his mind was half so qualified for the representation of Richard III., which he is shortly to appear in, as his person is suited to the deformities with which that tyrant is supposed to have been distinguished from his fellows, his success would be most unequivocal. As to his Hamlet, it was one of the most terrible misrepresentations to which Shakespeare has ever been subjected. Without grace or dignity he comes forward; he shows an unconsciousness that anybody is before him, and is often so forgetful of the respect due to an audience that he turns his back upon them in some of those scenes in which contemplation is to be indulged, as if for the purpose of showing his abstractedness from all ordinary subjects. His voice is harsh and monotonous, but, as it is deep, answers well enough the idea he entertains of impressing terror by a tone which seems to proceed from a charnel-house.'

"The ladies appear to have received no more indulgence than the gentlemen. Discussing a performance of 'The Belle's Strategem' at Covent Garden at the end of 1825, the critic of the 'Mirror of the Times' wrote that: 'By the assistance of Kemble and Jones it is likely to have a run, but the wit of anc'ent days sounds to me now very dike vulgarity, and goes down no better for the bold presumption of Mrs. Gibbs, even if she got rid of her eternal lisp.' A month later we find him writing that 'Miss Kelly, who attempted to perform the character of Lady Teazle, has foolishly presented a letter to the papers intended to defend her personation of the part. We pardon her conceit, but Nature has set a barrier between her and ladylike characters she can never surmount; let her stick to "Betty Finn kins," for in such parts she has no rival.'

"Perhaps, however, the most violent outburst of all came from Jens Baggesen, who, during his stay in Paris in 1789, saw the younger Mlle. Sainval in Voltaire's 'Tancrede,' and on his return to Copenhagen contributed a paper to the 'Labyrinth in which he worked off his passion thus:

"'In all my life I have never suffered more weariness, annoyance and disgust than during the sickening eternity of time this piece lasted. I had the satisfaction of seeing the most intolerable, ugliest, basest, most loathsome sight I have ever seen, or could possibly ever see, on this earth.' . . .

"Modern players may complain at times that the strictures they receive are 'not criticism but abuse.' (They never complain, by the way, that they have received 'not criticism but praise.' They may occasionally feel that they have been treated unjustly, and that it is outrageous for critics to write that 'Miss So-and-So might, perhaps, with advantage . . .' or that 'Mr. Such-and-Such will, no doubt, once he has got into his stride, repair the defects which, owing to first-night nervousness, were, in spite of his otherwise admirable performance, not quite what we should expect of such an excellent performer as he has shown.'

"But they, like the critics, may comfort themselves with the afflictions of their predecessors. After all, from their point of view, there is something to be said for the good old twentieth century."

WAGNER IN MOVIES.

Much ado is now being made by travelers returned from abroad over a German picture called "Siegfried," which is soon to be projected at American audiences. It is part of a series called "The Nibelungen Ring," which, as more than one person will instantly exclaim, obviously deals with the Wagnerian cycle. One person to whom we spoke ranked it as the greatest picture he had ever seen, comparable in its artistic effects to "The Cabinet of Caligari," and was tremendously impressed with it in spite of having seen it in a dingy little Italian movie house.

"HE WHO GETS SLAPPED."

"He Who Gets Slapped," which was so admirably done by the Theatre Guild, Richard Bennett and Margallo Gilmore several seasons ago, is being filmed by Metro-Goldwyn. There is an interesting actress in the picture, Paulette Duval, who speaks hardly any English, which makes the directing rather hard for Victor Seastrom. In between "shots" the French dancer studies her English, and Seastrom has to be careful what he says under his breath while she is around.

BEVERLEY BAYNE BACK.

Beverley Bayne, who of yore did set all hearts aflutter back in the days when Francis X. Bushman was more than a bush leaguer on the screen, is once more appearing before the camera in Warner Brothers' adaptation of Harriett T. Comstock's novel, "The Tenth Woman," now using up one woman after another at the Warner studio in California.

PHOTOPLAYS AND STARS

AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WEEK OCTOBER 20

BLUE BELL, Parliament at Dundas East
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Bert Lytell in "The Meanest Man in the World." Ruth Roland in "Ruth of the Range." Comedy, "The Dare Devil." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Corinne Griffith in "Single Wives." 2 great comedies. Matinee Sat.

CLASSIC, 1300 Gerrard St. E. At Redwood
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Maytime", also Harold Lloyd in "Get Out and Get Under." Jack Dempsey in "Fight and Win." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Colleen Moore in "Painted People." Billy Sullivan the "Fast-Steppers." Mat. Sat. Oct. 27—"Birth of a Nation."

COLONIAL, Queen at Bay, Opp. City Hall
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Blanche Sweet in "ANNIE CHRISTIE." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Claire Windsor in "FOR SALE." Continuous 9 a.m. to 11 p.m. Coming Oct. 27: "The Covered Wagon."

DUCHESS, Dundas St. W. & Markham
Mon., Tues.—Betty Compson in "The Enemy Sex." Wed., Thurs.—Elaine Hammerstein in "Drums of Jeopardy." Fri., Sat.—Gloria Swanson in "Manhandled". Sat. Mat. Extra 2 Serials and 2 Comedies.

MADISON, Bloor at Bathurst
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"THE UNKNOWN PURPLE", with Henry B. Walthall, Alice Lake, Stuart Holmes. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"THE KING OF WILD HORSES", and Professional Vaudeville. Daily Matinee.

PARK Lansdowne & Bloor
Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Revelation", "The Rose Bush of a Thousand Years", with Viola Dana. Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Irene Rich, Charles Post in "Behold This Woman". Billy Sullivan in "Fast-Steppers." Vaudeville. Entire Change Mon. & Thurs. Daily Matinee.

PRINCE OF WALES DANFORTH AT WOODBINE
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Irene Rich in
"BEHOLD THIS WOMAN"
Thurs., Fri., Sat.—Dorothy MacKail in
"WHAT SHALL I DO?"
Vaudeville every evening. Daily matinee

RED MILL, 183 Yonge St., Opp. Eaton
First Showing in Toronto—Mon. Tues., Wed.—Madge Bellamy in "NO MORE WOMEN." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"SECOND YOUTH". A great cast. Continuous 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

REVUE, Roncesvalles and Howard Park Avenue
Mon., Tues., Wed.—Reginald Denny in "The Reckless Age." Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"The Mail Man." Sat. Matinee Extra, Charlie Chaplin in "Pay Day." Coming Oct. 27 Ramon Novarro, Alice Terry in "The Arab."

ROYAL
ALEXANDRA BEG. MON. EVE.

Farewell Engagement Of
The World-Famous Franz Schubert Operetta

WE ARE SELLING YOU THE ORIGINAL N. Y. CAST AT $2.50

MESSRS. LEE AND J. J. SHUBERT PRESENT
The Outstanding Musical Hit of the Age
FRAGRANT, FASCINATING
UNFORGETTABLE
BLOSSOM TIME

WITH THE GREAT BROADWAY CAST
(For First Time in Toronto)

The Notable Ambassador Theatre Production in Entirety
A Special Symphony Orchestra
Exquisite Costumes from Paris and Vienna.
A ROSEBUD GARDEN of GIRLS

Evenings: 50c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50, plus Tax
GALA POP. MAT. WED. 50c to $1.50 BEST SEATS
Sat. Mat. - 50c, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, plus Tax

WEEK OF OCTOBER 20 TWICE DAILY 2.10 AND 8.10
EMPIRE THEATRE
COLUMBIA BURLESQUE

WEBER and DODY Offer
BURLESQUE'S NEWEST SENSATION
"THE FAST STEPPERS"
PRESENTING AN ALL-STAR CAST OF ENTERTAINERS
FEATURING
MAE DIX FAY TUNIS IRVING SELIG
OLLIE DEBROW JULES HOWARD LEW DENNY
GRACE WALLACE and GORDON BENNETT
FAMOUS CHORUS OF
Twenty-Four Young and Pretty "Fast Steppers"
Gorgeously Dressed
LADIES' BARGAIN WEEK-DAY MATINEES

MATINEES 10 A.M. TO 5 P.M. ANY SEAT 25c

TIVOLI RICHMOND AND VICTORIA ST. OPENS 10 A.M. DAILY

EVENINGS GENERAL ADMISSION 25c RESERVED SEATS 35c

DESTINED TO BE A SMASHING SUCCESS
"THE FIRE PATROL"
a mighty Spectacle
STORY
SENSATIONAL SEA

A MARVELOUS DRAMA OF LOVE ADVENTURE AND COURAGE OF THE MEN WHO GO DOWN TO THE SEA AND THE WOMEN WHO WAIT.
THRILLS, LAUGHTER AND TEARS INTERMINGLE IN THIS GREAT PICTURE.

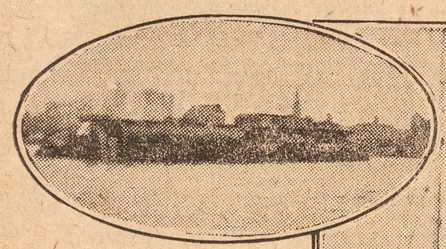


Oh! What a derful Cast!
ANNA Q. NILSSON, MADGE BELLAMY, HELEN JEROME EDDY, GALE HENRY, JOHNNY HARRON, CHAS. MURRAY, HANK MANN, SPOTTISWOODE AIKEN, BULL MONTANA A OTHER STARS.

DO YOU THINK YOU ARE THRILL PROOF?
HOURS OF PRESENTATION
10 a.m., 12.40, 2.30, 5.20, 7.45, 9.20 p.m.
ONE WEEK ONLY
COMMENCING MON., OCT. 20

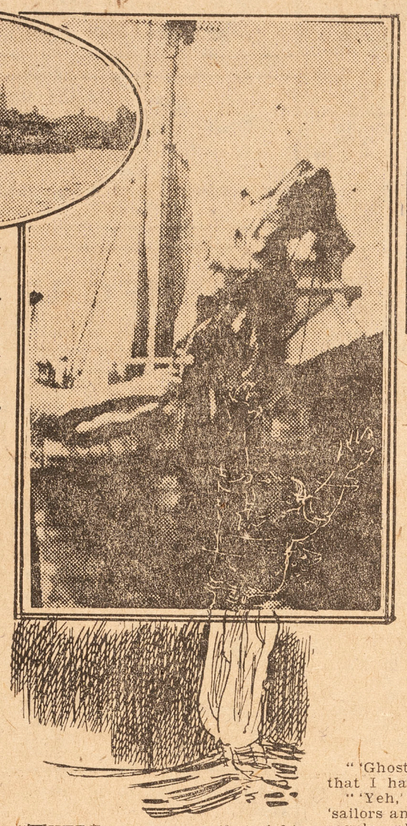
Homeless Ghosts and St. Elmo's Fire

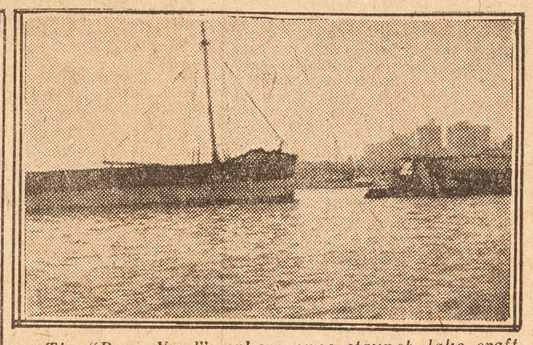
Shades of Roving Lake Sailors Haunt Derelicts Along Toronto's Harbor Front.



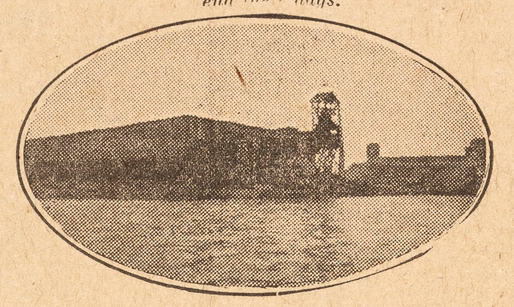
The famous "Knapp's" rotter boat, an inventor's dream, which materialized at a cost of $35,000, but proved incapable of overcoming a simple physical law.

Right — Schooner "Newsboy," one of the last survivors of the "Mosquito Fleet." A vessel with a history most unique.





The "Bone Yard"—where once staunch lake craft end their days.



Abandoned docks which were once hives of activity, and now reputed to be the habitat of ghosts of drowned sailors and dockmen.

DURING his sojourn in Toronto a visitor at the Canadian National Exhibition, Robert L. Polnquist saw and heard that which never has been advertised as a part of the city's attractions.

"After three days at the Exhibition," Mr. Polnquist states, "I decided to have a look around the city itself.

"Rather late one evening I drifted down to the Turning Basin at the east end, and from there to Fisherman's Island. I walked westward along the lake shore supposing that I could eventually get back to the city that way. I arrived at the east side of what I've been told is the Eastern Channel and from there I walked northward until I came to the south wall of the ship channel which connects the bay with the turning basin.

"A man came along, sculling a boat with one oar over the stern, and I hailed him as a possible good Samaritan. He was going across the harbor to the city, he said, following an evening's fishing, and readily agreed to take me over with him. Evidently he was a sailor. His face was tanned and wrinkled, and his hair grizzly.

"THERE was no moon that night and not a breath of wind. The surface of the bay was glassy smooth. Perhaps the stars gave a little light, but certainly not very much.

As we left the ship channel and started out across the bay, I distinctly heard a voice calling—a weird, melancholy, troubled voice which moaned, 'Ro-o-oll—roll—oh, roll.'

"'What's that?' I cried.

"'Ghosts,' my boatman answered indifferently, and kept on at his sculling with the precision and seeming tirelessness of a well-regulated machine.

"'There's a bunch of 'em around the old waterfront,' he informed me after a minute of silence. 'All harmless. They never bother nobody.'

"'Ghosts?' I asked, believing that I had misunderstood him.

"'Yeh,' he replied with a yawn, 'sailors and fellers that hadn't any regular place to stay when they was alive and got drowned, and their ghosts has to keep on driftin' around same as they done themselves.'

"I was decidedly uncomfortable and—yes, I was scared. Evidently I was afloat with a lunatic.

"'Look off there to port of us,' the boatman directed.

"A few feet above the water and not over a hundred yards away a dimly luminous spot faintly tinged with red seemed to float in the air. Twenty feet away from it there floated another spot of faint luminance of a pale, ghastly green tint.

"'A ghost vessel's side lights,' the old fellow explained. 'She's prob'ly just leavin' port. Some people claim that them's St. Elmo's fires, but that just shows their ignorance. St. Elmo's lights is sort of blue, like phosphorus Them lights is green an' red, plain enough, Starb'rd and port signal lights. The ghosts can hide themselves and their ship, but if they was to hide their runnin' lights they'd maybe foul some other ghost craft.'

"'Ro-o-oll—roll—oh, roll,' the weird voice wailed again.

"'That's Knapp,' the boatman told me.

"The twin spots of dim light came abeam of us and vanished.

"'Knapp,' I repeated stupidly.

"'Feller that invented the roller boat 'bout thirty years ago,' the old man said. 'It's a big steel cylinder with engines and cabins inside of it. It was meant to roll along on the water with the cylinder revolving around the engines and cabins, Figured it'd make forty or fifty miles an hour but when they got it built and tried it out it only went a mile in two hours and a half. They started to tow it to Brockville an' it went ashore at Bowmanville. They did finally get it down to Brockville, and afterwards brung it back here. It lies on the bottom off the old Polson Iron Works dock, dismantled and half full of water. A lot of the plates has been ripped off it. Knapp broke down an' died. His ghost stays around the roller boat tryin' to get it to roll.

"'CAP'N DOLPH CORSON'S ghost stays on the old 'Lake Michigan' lyin' right alongside the roller boat. Dolph had her when she was a steamer. Later on they turned her into a barge. He got her to sail after he lost the schooner, T. R. Merritt. That was in the same big blow that swamped Galveston, Texas, about twenty-five years ago—a sou' wester that came up from the Gulf of Mexico an' blowed hard here on the lakes.

"'The T. R. Merritt and the old Albacore left Hamilton together, bound down the lake. Albacore missed the piers at Oswego and took the ground to the east of the harbor. Went on so hard and there was such a wild sea runnin' that after it run down there was places where you could easily walk right under her keel—and her a vesssel of seven hundred an' fifty tons.

"'The Merritt an' her was what we used to call "full canal size." Them kind of vessels steered bad and was very hard to handle an' li'ble to broach to any time because they drawed about the same water for'ard as they did aft, and was kind of flat on the bottom and hadn't the right kind of hold on the water.

"'Dolph Corson was runnin' the Merritt down the lake under bare poles. She broached to, twelve miles off shore, an' he let go both his anchors and all the chain he had, but she dragged ashore and went on stern first before the gale blowed out.

"'Dolph got the Arabian after he got out of the Lake Michigan. Another steamer, she was, but he didn't like steam very good so he got out of her and got another schooner, the 'Sir G. T. Van Straubenzie.' She was run down and sunk in Lake Erie, and Dolph was drowned in her. A case of cold-blood murder, I'd call it. A passenger steamer went into them slam-bang on a perfeckly clear night and the Straubenzie had all her lights burnin' right. Passenger boat makin' a fast trip and wouldn't give way an inch for 'em. Never even tried to pick up the crew.

"'What with the Merritt and the Straubenzie being gone altogether, and the Arabian having a French-Canadian crew, there ain't no place for Dolph's ghost to stay except on the old Lake Michigan. It's been seen there by sev'ral, walkin' back an' forth on the quarter, same as Dolph used to do on the Merritt and the Van Straubenzie. He never did get used to pacing athwart ship on a steamer's bridge. Always wanted to walk fore and aft on the windward side.

"LIVERPOOL ANDY'S ghost hangs around most any of the old hulks that's lying in the boneyard. It used to always stay at the foot of Jarvis Street until Jarvis Street slip was filled in. Then it went up to Port Credit and stayed on the old Olympia. It was on the Sophia Minch and the J. P. Dobbins for a while, and now it's liable to be seen most anywhere.

"'Andy was an English boy that sailed when he could get a ship, and did odd jobs around the docks to keep himself alive. Just a kid, he was, without any folks or a home of any kind. Billie-the-carpenter, a dock-walloper, used to look after him as well as he could—fed him when he had anything to eat himself, and kept the other bums from crowding Andy out of the best places to sleep on the docks.

"'Billie and Andy kept themselves all one Winter by skimming grease off the sewers that used to empty into the Bay in them days, and selling the stinking stuff for spar slush.

"'Billie fell into Jarvis Street slip and was drowned. Andy didn't hear about it until next morning when he was on his way up-town. He only had a nickle and was going to Tim O'Rourke's place, where he could get a beer and all the free lunch he had a mind to eat. Tim was a very decent head, that way.

"'Andy was all cut up when he heard that Billie was drowned. Instead of gettin' a beer and a bite to eat, he went to a stall in St. Lawrence Market, and bought a little tiny red geranium and took it down an' planted it in the hollow top of a rotten old spile right where Billie fell in.

"'He sat on the dock all day, sort of humped over, and thinking. He wouldn't say a word to nobody nor eat the grub that fellers brought to him.

"'Late that night, Jack Hunter saw him get up and take a couple of steps like he didn't know what he was doing. Then he toppled off the dock into the slip.

"'Jack yelled for help and dove in after him. Andy never came to the surface. Jack dove down five times before he got hold of him. He was dead when they finally got him out.'

"'RO-O-OLL—ROLL-OH, roll,' the eerie voice moaned again.

"We were close to the wharves, and the sound was muffled and less distinct.

"'There's a whole raft of ghosts around the waterfront,' my ferryman stated unemotionally, 'but as I said before, they're perfectly harmless.'

"He brought his bluff-bowed boat alongside a dilapidated wharf. 'Go up the dock and across the railroad and straight on up to King Street,' he directed me. 'You can get a street car there.'

"He declined any payment for the trip across the Bay.

"I have ascertained that he is a well-known waterside character, perfectly sane, and a perfectly reputable citizen. Other denizens of the waterfront have corroborated the stories he told me.

"What do you think of Knapp's voice and those ghostly signal lights?"

THANKED JUDGE FOR HANGING HIS FATHER

HERE is a story of Lord Darling in the days when he was Mr. Justice Darling:—

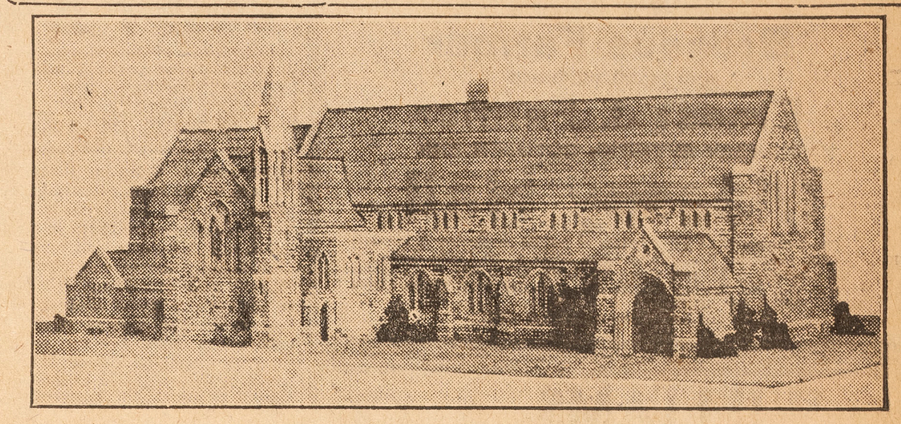
The famous judge was in a train which had halted at a wayside station. A man came up to the carriage door and asked if he were addressing Mr. Justice Darling. On being told that he was, he said: "Oh, we have a kind of connection with you. You sentenced my father to death not long ago." The judge murmured some words of regret. "Not at all," said the man. "Father was a dreadful man. He murdered our mother." "Dear me!" said the judge; "a terrible tragedy for you all." "Not at all," said the other again. "Mother treated us all shamefully. In fact, wrong as it was, it solved a great many problems for us."

PROFESSOR FAILED WITH THIS AUDITOR

PROFESSOR J. A. FLEMING, the famous British scientist, was giving a lecture on electricity, and showed the familiar experiment of sprinkling with iron filings a glass plate held over an electro-magnet. The movements of the filings under the influence of the magnet were shown on a screen.

An old lady was asked afterwards what the lecture was about. "Oh," she said, "it wsa very interesting. He told us about maggots, and showed creeping things on a sheet."

Proposed New St. Clement's Church



Photograph shows the model for the new St. Clement's Anglican Church, of North Toronto. The members of St. Clement's parish are busily at work raising $60,000 to build this new structure, which will be of stone in the early English Gothic style. The Clerestory walls and roofs of nave will be carried on stone columns and arches. The church will have a length over all of 152 feet with a width of 38 feet, and will accommodate 600 people. There will be a small morning chapel to accommodate 40 worshippers. The choir stalls will have capacity for 53 choristers.

St. Clement's is one of the oldest churches in Toronto, and was founded by Canon Osler, incumbent of the Church of England at York Mills, in 1844.

Rev. Canon A. J. Fidler M. A. is the rector of the church, and Rev. F. H. Cosgrave B. D. (late professor at Trinity College Toronto) is the curate. The architects of the new structure are Page and Warrington and C. M. Willmot.

A miniature time-table, measuring 1 in. by 7-12 in. has been made by the L.M.S. Railway for the Queen's Dolls' House. It is an exact copy of the 550-page original which measures 11 1-2 ins. by 7 1-2 ins.

Canadian Pacific

As the greatest transportation company in the world, this company operates a transcontinental service that appeals to the discriminating traveller.

The Vancouver Express leaves Toronto Union Station every night for Vancouver at 10.10 p.m.

Tourist, standard and compartment-observation sleepers, dining car and a parlor car from Revelstoke to Vancouver.

A high standard service plus comfort and scenery second to none in the world.

Rock-Ballasted Comfort

The entire Lake Shore Line between Toronto and Montreal has been rock-ballasted with crushed rock and relaid with 100-pound rails insuring smooth-riding, dustless comfort for the night travellers, who are also given the unequalled facilities in Windsor Station, Montreal, of a ladies' rest room, lunch room and barber shop

Leave Toronto Union Station at 9.00 a.m. and 11.00 p.m. daily and 10.00 p.m. daily except Saturdays.

Yonge Street Station, Toronto

Every night at 9.45 p.m., except Saturdays, a train carrying a through sleeper to Ottawa, leaves for Montreal, a convenience for persons in Northern Toronto that has received most favorable comment.

Saturday Night Special to Montreal leaves Toronto Union Station at 12.30 a.m., arriving in Windsor Station at 9.40 a.m.

To Chicago, a train leaves Toronto Union Station at 8.00 a.m. and the Canadian at 6.25 p.m. daily.

The Canadian Pacific also operates a chain of magnificent hotels across the Dominion, as well as Trans-Atlantic, Trans-Pacific and Lake steamships.

Winter Resorts

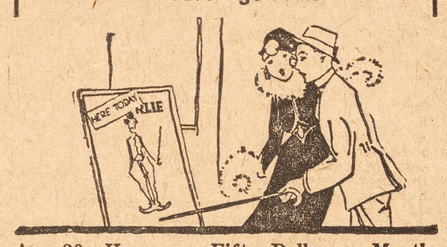
For those desiring to spend part of the winter in Florida, California or other Southern points, Canadian Pacific agents will supply full information. Victoria, B.C., is famed for its temperate winter climate and delightful drives, hunting, fishing, boating, etc. Ask any agent concerning Canada's winter Mecca and also for information about the Around the World, to the Mediterranean and West Indies cruises this coming season.



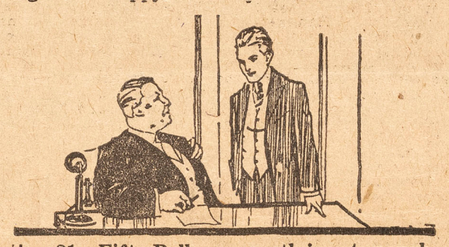
Fifty Dollars a Month

(Guaranteed to you by the Canada Life)

How Fifty Dollars a Month looks to the Average Man



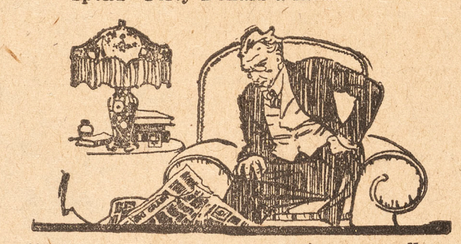
Age 20—Happy on Fifty Dollars a Month.



Age 21—Fifty Dollars a month is not enough.



Age 35—Thinks he can easily afford to "spend" Fifty Dollars a month



Age 50—Things are not going as well as they were.



Age 55—Strange how these assets have depreciated! Fifty Dollars a month is good interest on $10,000, and not to be despised.



Age 60—He finds Fifty Dollars a month pension, added to what income is left, brings happiness.

You know of men well up in years who are still "drudging along." They cannot stop if they would, but must go on to the end of their days working for a living. You can avoid that.

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Why not "take stock" of your present financial position—to size up your personal affairs and decide on a plan for the future?

Our New Pension Plan

guarantees that upon reaching a certain age in life you will receive a *monthly* cheque for $50.00, $100, $200, $250—as you may now decide—and this monthly payment cannot cease as long as you live.

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Think what it may mean to you to be certain of an income right up to the end of life, when you consider that 97% of people in their later years are partially or wholly dependent upon others for support.

When they were younger they did not have the chance now offered you. It was not then possible to secure such a convenient and certain provision as this Monthly Pension Plan.

And This is Not All

Suppose some day before you reach age sixty you meet with a mishap and become totally and permanently disabled through accident, illness or any cause. (Such a thing has happened soon after men have secured this new policy of the Canada Life.) Immediately, the payment of further premiums would be cancelled. The Canada Life would become responsible for sending you $50.00, $100, $200, $250, a month, as arranged, for the rest of your life.

There are many other benefits.

An average deposit of only a few dollars a month will return you $50.00 a month later on.

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Canada Life Assurance Company
"Seventy Seven Years Old"
Head Office
Toronto
Canada

FILL UP — CUT OFF — MAIL TODAY.

Canada Life Assurance Company, Toronto:

Dear Sirs—Without obligation on my part, you may send me particulars of your Pension Plan.

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MUSIC

GERALDINE RELIES ON MORE THAN ART

THE case of Geraldine Farrar is one of the most peculiar in the history of music. Her vogue in New York was tremendous, both with the public and the critics, and with the Gerryflappers she became almost a religion. Four seasons ago, it looked as though she would hold a position at the Metropolitan that no other prima donna had ever enjoyed. Then came the sudden flattening of La Geraldine, and already she appears to have gone into something resembling eclipse.

It was always difficult to say how much there was of art, how much of patriotism and how much of personality in Miss Farrar's enormous success with her countrymen. She had attracted attention in Germany before making her hit at the Metropolitan, but her personality is more mentioned by the critics of that country who remember her than her art. That fact is significant in itself.

The last visit of Geraldine Farrar to Toronto in a tabloid version of "Carmen" has left one more befuddled about her than ever. Her performance was a little like champagne. You felt an extraordinary exhilarating effect while partaking of it, and next morning you wondered if it could be as pleasant in the taking as you felt at the time. Our own impression is that artistic achievements grow in retrospect, reaching their full richness in the memory. One did not remember the tabloid "Carmen" in that manner. It seemed to have been sensational and a little cheap in its appeal. Could that be art?

There can be no doubt about the vitality of La Geraldine. As long as she is on the stage, you have to watch her. She is her own spot-light, and the other players might just as well have been sitting in the shadow. The American critics may have mistaken that magnetism for genius, and that is why their enthusiasm appears to have chilled so completely the morning after the drinking of the champagne.

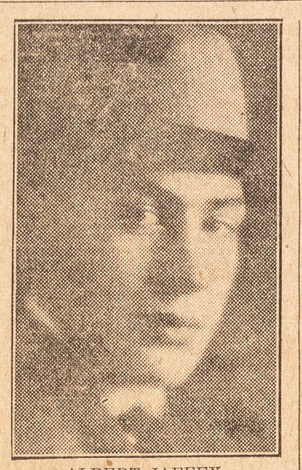
Also she has remarkable ability as an actress. She knows how to listen as well as speak, and that is something which many prominent actresses on the legitimate stage have never learned to do. When Jose was singing the Flower Song in the second act, the acting of Carmen was an object lesson in indicating reactions. In the performance at Massey Hall, the silent person was much more interesting than the singer. Her histrionic skill is as potent as her dynamic force.

But no artist would have mangled "Carmen" as Miss Farrar did in order to give herself a chariot for her royal progress. We said as much to one admirer of the prima donna, who replied. "But the show was Geraldine, not Carmen." Then she over-dressed the role of the gypsy gorgeously but ridiculously. A Spanish princess dressed for a coronation might have worn such garments, but never Prosper Merimee's heroine. Another Gerryflapper assured us that La Geraldine always over-dressed her parts at the Metropolitan in that manner, and that her admirers just loved to have her do it. They preferred to have her dressed as queen of the Tiger women rather than as Carmen. Personally, we feel that the greatest actress that ever lived could not make us enjoy her playing of the role of Juliet if pretty Miss Capulet was dressed like the Queen of Sheba. One has an instinctive sense of the things that are appropriate in drama, musical or legitimate.

These facts about the success of La Geraldine seem to us to be significant. Everything about the tabloid "Carmen" made one feel that she was not a great artist at heart. No great artist commits unreasonable excesses, not even in the Group of Seven. She appears to be more of a brilliant sensationalist, a woman of brain and fire who refuses to be ignored. A remarkable individuality rather than a great artist.

It may seem odd to discuss a prima donna without mentioning her voice, but that would hardly be fair, seeing that her vocal powers have so evidently gone over the peak and well down the other side. Long before she left the Metropolitan, the critics, even those who were exalted Gerryflappers hinted that her voice was not what it used to be. They said so with regret, while refusing to diminish their admiration of La Geraldine. Miss Farrar still has bits of tone left that suggest beauty, but some of her notes are peculiarly open and lacking in lustre for so experienced a singer. Her higher register has become pinched as dramatic voices often do when forced. How different from the perfection of Calve's vocalism! But the actress comes into the performance again when tonal coloring is required. It is not so much beautiful lyric singing as it is thrilling dramatic vocalization.

After seeing the way in which Geraldine Farrar puts over a performance, one can only conclude that her fame is not so much due to her art as to the electrical qualities of Geraldine. No matter what walk in life she had chosen for her own, La Geraldine would have become a personage.



ALBERT JAFFEY
brilliant young pianist, who recently returned from studying in Germany. He has joined the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

LOCAL MUSICAL NOTES

On saturday Oct. 11th, the Toronto members of the Canadian College of Organists met at the Arts and Letters Club. There was a large attendance, and the enthusiasm displayed augers well for the coming season.

The Executive Council, which consists of Dr. Albert Ham, Dr. Healy Willan, Dr. H. A. Fricker, Dr. Ernest MacMillan, Messrs. Harvey Bobb, T. J. Crawford, F.R.C.O., and Richard Tattersal, have carried on the activities of the Toronto members in the past, but owing to the rapid growth of the College, and the attendant increased duties, it was suggested that the Toronto members form a local centre.

To this end the members met and formed the Toronto Centre, which will be under the jurisdiction of the General Council of the College During the course of the evening, the following officers were elected. Mr. Harvey Robb, Chairman; Mr. Peter Kennedy, Vive-Chairman; Mr. J. Harold Corner A.C.C.O., Secretary-Treasurer an an executive committee consisting of these three officers and Mr. Cyril Moss F.C.C.O., Mr. Otto James A.R.C.O., Mr. S. A. Merriam A.R.C.O. and Mr. Thos. Sargeant.

The Executive Committee will shortly meet and draw up a programme of meetings to which the public will be invited. Announcement of these meetings will be made later. It is intended that these meetings will take the form of Organ Recitals by outstanding organists, lectures on Church Music by various men who are authorities on the subject, Choral Services by amalgamated choirs, such as was held in the Westminister Presbyterian Church last May, and other subjects of interest to the music lover in particular, and the public in general.

The members decided to attend in a body, the recital which will be given by Mr. Charles Courboin, the distinguished Belgian Organist at the Centenary Methodist Church Hamilton Ont. on Tuesday, October 21st. Mr. Courboin was formerly Organist at Antwerp Cathedral, and is on this occasion presenting a programme of unusual interest.

The first annual service in connection with St. Luke's Day will be held at the University this afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Convocation Hall. These St. Luke Day services are to be held every year in future under the direction of the Academy of Medicine. As arranged for this afternoon, it will consist of the Vespers of St. Luke, the office to be sung by the ritual choir of St. Mary Magdalene's, with the University Choir assisting. The music will be under the direction of Dr. Healy Willan, and the sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. Seager, Provost of Trinity College.

Considerable interest attached to the recital of Albert Jaffey given in the Conservatory of Music Hall a week ago. This young man has just returned from studying the piano in Europe. At the age of twelve, Albert Jaffey won the Paul Wells Scholarship, open to all, and until he left for Germany he studied with that well-known local teacher in Berlin, he studied with the famous Prof. Egon Petri of the Hochschule. Since his return to Toronto, Mr. Jaffey has joined the teaching staff of the Conservatory of Music.

For his initial recital, he presented a most exacting programme that showed his deftness and breadth of style. The general opinion of those who heard him seems to have been that he excelled as an interpreter of Liszt. His last group consisted of Liszt's "Funerailles" and his Legend, "St. Francis' Sermon to the Birds", also his transcription of Verdi's "Rigoletto". His performance was brilliant. He played the "Funerailles" with solemnity and reverence, and roused the audience to great enthusiasm in the showy fantasie. His other numbers were "Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor" (Bach-Liszt); "Etude Symphoniques" (Schumann) and a Chopin and Debussy group.

Mme. Fern Goltre Fillion, the gifted soprano will be heard in recital on October 31st at the Conservatory Music Hall. Mme. Fillion will have the assistance of Mr. Alfred Fenboque, flautist, and Mr. Horace Lapp, pianist.

At the Toronto Conservatory of Music last Monday night, Mr. George Veary, A.C.A.M., pupil of Otto James gave his first piano recital. Miss Laura Duches, pupil of Dr. Ham was the assisting artist and her songs were well done and pleasing. The program included Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, Op. 31; a group of Chopin, and novelties by Debussy, Friedman, Godowsky, Mr. Veary played brilliantly. A very large audience was present and both Mr. Veary and Miss Duches were several times recalled.

An interesting recital will be given in Massey Hall to-morrow evening when violin and piano pupils of Broadus Farmer and Ernest Farmer are to appear. These young musicians have won 24 medals in public contests, which gives more than the usual amount of interest to the concert.

Mr. S. Gourlay Bowie has reopened his classes for Highland, National Dancing in Hillcrest Hall, 801 Yonge Street. After a very successful season competing in all the principal Caledonian games in Toronto, Hamilton, Rochester and Detroit. Having a record of six first, two second and two third prizes for Highland, hornpipe and Irish jig dancing to his credit in the four meetings, Mr. Bowie is acclaimed to be most expert in national dancing.

Eileen Law, contralto, has just been appointed soloist at the Eaton Memorial Church, at which Dr. Ernest MacMillan is the organist and choirmaster. Miss Law, a singer who is much sought after for concert and church work, is one of the many students in the class conducted by Jenny Taggart, the well-known Marchesi exponent at the Hambourg Conservatory.

Miss L. May Barber, A.T.C.M., has been appointed soprano soloist at Westmoreland Methodist Church, Miss Barber is a pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight.

MUSIC ELSEWHERE

It is written that Giordano's opera to Benelli's—and Barrymore's—play, "The Jest," will be produced at La Scala next Winter; that the Italian dictator, Mussolini, has decorated Puccini with the title of Senator, and that Mme. Morena, retired singing-actress of Munich, is to be heard anew at the Metropolitan when she revisits America. Ten years and more ago she was hardly admired there.

Mr. Toscanini is to bear Boito's "Nero," as produced at La Scala last Spring, to Rome, Turin and other Italian cities; while the music-drama will be repeated through the season at Milan. By report, Mr. Gatti is unlikely to attempt it at the Metropolitan. He fears it as cumbrous and costly on the stage and none too engrossing to audiences that have made no cult of the composer.

The German liking for Handel's operas, reproduced in semi-modern and semi-ancient fashion, is unabated. "Xerxes," the opera of the hackneyed Largo, is in rehearsal at Dresden; while at Gottingen, where the experiment was first tried, "Radamisto" is now in preparation. Outside Germany, there are as yet no echoes.

By report of the Russian newspaper, Pravda, "in view of the imperative need to bring all operas and ballets up to date, the Administration of the Soviet State Theatres has instructed the chief of the theatrical section of the Commissariat for Education to revise and rewrite the librettos of 'Tosca,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Rienzi,' and of Stravinsky's ballet 'The Nightingale,' using as basis for each a revolutionary theme or story." No! a reviser's lot is not a happy one.

Siegfried Wagner announces from Baireuth that the financial success of this year's Wagner Festival has encouraged him to decide upon another one next Summer. Although by no means disposed to favor any excesses in the way of modern staging and setting, he approves of new scenery in cases where the old proved inadequate, at the same time defending himself from the onslaughts of the critics, who were particularly cruel in their attacks upon the first and the third acts of "Parsifal." The money made this season will be used for the technical equipment found necessary to satisfy modern requirements in the way of scene-shifting and illumination.

The adamant attitude of the Wagner family at Baireuth towards settings other than those of Richard Wagner's day has been much criticized since the festival in the German press. It is not too much to say that Siegfried Wagner himself is the most attacked personality of music in this country of abusive personal attacks. The present handsome concession to public opinion has not been wrung from him without much difficulty, but he has risen in esteem by his change of view.—Berlin Correspondence of the London Observer.

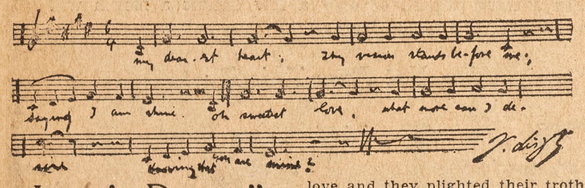
Permission for Turkish women to appear on the stage, for the first time in the history of their country, is granted by the Government, according to a copyright dispatch to the New York Times from Constantinople, via Paris. The Conservatory of Music and Drama of Constantinople is advertising for pupils, the dispatch says. "Hitherto," this message reads, "the Moslem religion strictly forbads women showing themselves to any man except members of their family, a fact which naturally debarred them from appearing behin' the footlights."

LOVE IMMORTALIZED IN SONG



COUNTESS SOPHIE D'AGOULT

THE GREAT AMOURS BEHIND GREAT MUSIC



"Love's Dream"
By Franz Liszt

My dearest heart,
Thy vision stands before me;
Saying I am thine.
Oh, sweetest love,
What more can I desire,
Knowing that you are mine?

FRANZ LISZT presents a picture of constancy that, by precedents his brother artists have set, is extraordinary. He was faithful to the main love of his life for no less than fifty-seven years and this must remain as a record for past and present.

At the age of twenty-three the pianist met the Comtesse Catherine Sophie D'Agoult and they became mutually infatuated. Later the feeling developed into sincere love and they plighted their troth without expecting to call on the benefit of the clergy. The Comtesse is better known to historical record as "Daniel Sterne", under which name she engaged in literary work. There were three children born of this union, one of whom, Cosima, became the wife of Richard Wagner.

Before Liszt met the Comtesse D'Agoult he fell into the meshes of one Mme. Dudevant, a mannish female, who, as "George Sand", became the most celebrated woman novelist in France. In her amours, George Sand specialized almost exclusively in young men inclined to literature and music, and the number among whom she distributed her favors could probably have made a miniature "Who's Who" of the talented Frenchmen of her time.

The affair with George Sand did not last long, which was an advantage Liszt's colleagues on George Sand's list did not enjoy.

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Peter Rabbit

OL' MISTER BEAR—HE THOUGHT HE WAS IN FOR A MEAL OF NICE FAT RABBIT BUT WHOOP! HE WAS HANDED A HOT BATH INSTEAD.

By HARRISON CADY

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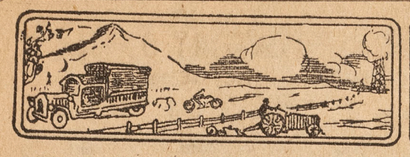
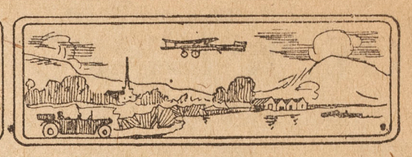


AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Edited by Warren B. Hastings
Member Society of Automotive Engineers.

Major International Motor Tour Problem To Be Solved

Motor League Introduces International Problem of Ensuring Indemnification of Those Suffering Loss or Injury Through Accident Caused By Cars of Motor Tourists Into Forum of Deliberation and Discussion in States and Canada at Automobile Association Convention at Little Falls, N. Y.

The problem of ensuring the indemnification, where due, of those who have suffered loss or injury through the instrumentality of cars owned and operated by citizens of another country with reasonable facility is one of the first magnitude and one that has been simmering more or less latently for some time in international motoring and legislative circles on this continent.

It remained for W. G. Robertson, secretary of the Ontario Motor League to unveil it and place it fairly and squarely before the motoring associations of Canada and the United States as a problem that should engage their best attentions in order that an equitable solution be evolved.

It was at the annual convention of the New York State Association at Little Falls, N.Y., to which Mr. Oliver Hezzlewood, past president of the Ontario Motor League with Mr. Robertson were delegates, that Mr. Robertson, in an address introduced the problem into the form of public discussion and deliberation. It became the feature of the convention. As it developed that it was a very serious interstate as well as international problem it was decided, finally, that the problem be referred to the national motoring organization of the United States, the American Automobile Association with the urgent recommendation that it do all in its power in co-operation with the Ontario Motor League and the Canadian Automobile Association to provide a solution.

Compulsory insurance was suggested, tentatively, as a solution but it was pointed out that many tourists from remote parts place their insurance with local companies from whom the obtaining of redress for damages in case of accident might prove as difficult and tedious as from the motorist involved.

That the Ontario Government should be considering the advisibility of requiring every motor tourist on entering the province to take out a bond or make a substantial cash deposit to ensure the indemnification of anyone in Ontario who might suffer loss or injury through fault of theirs, evoked many expressions of surprise from his auditors who pointed out that U.S. tourists spend tens of millions of dollars in Ontario annually and that such a prerequisite to touring Ontario as that under consideration would greatly curtail international touring. It is manifest that this would cost the people of the province dearly for motor tourist traffic is one of our most lucrative sources of revenue from natural resources. It is now in third place and bids fair, at the present rapid annual rate of increase to achieve the premier position. Obviously then such a move as that mentioned would be cutting off ones face to spite ones nose. Needless to say if Ontario forced the issue as indicated the States of the Union and the other provinces of the Dominion would retaliate. It is not to be thought of that for the sake of one individual, serious deprivation will be imposed on ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety nine citizens, especially when other measures not detrimental to the interests of the people of the province as a whole will be evolved to protect the interests of the individual.

A proposal made by Mr. Robertson is receiving favorable consideration. It is that in case of accident the tourist be required by law to proceed to the nearest magistrate and be permitted to depart only after having satisfied the magistrate, of his guiltlessness, or a guarantee of indemnifying the injured or those sustaining loss as a result of the accident, by means of a bond, acceptable insurance or other satisfactory certificate.

The following letter from the head legislative office of the Three A in Washington, doubtless will prove illuminating to many readers:

Mr. W. G. Robertson, Secy.-Treas.,
Ontario Motor League,
Toronto, Canada.

Dear Mr. Robertson:

The law in the United States on recovery of damages is, that suit must be filed by the plaintiff at the place of permanent or principal residence of the defendant. In other words, the City of Washington Motorist would have to file suit against the Calo ornian in the State of California.

The only other means available is for the plaintiff to obtain a mechanics lien on the car of the defendant. This is a fairly complicated process and necessitates filing a bond equivalent to the full value of the car to be attached.

It has been a surprise to me that something has not been done in this connection long ago as the existing method is the cause of very great loss owing to the great difficulties confronting the damaged party.

You doubtless know that this question is overcome in European inter-national travel by the filing of a cash bond. Such a plan on Canada's part, however would keep out a vast amount of good tourist business the proceeds of which, from three million cars, which means nine million people at least, are very great.

As a more or less civic organization, I would say that the Ontario Motor League will have to think of the value of these unbonded tourists as well as to think of your own members. It seems to me that with the growth and spread of motor clubs it ought to be possible for them, the clubs, to work out some kind of legal reciprocity where members suffer damages. For instance, in your California, Washington case if the Washington man was a member he could file suit through the California club's attorney.

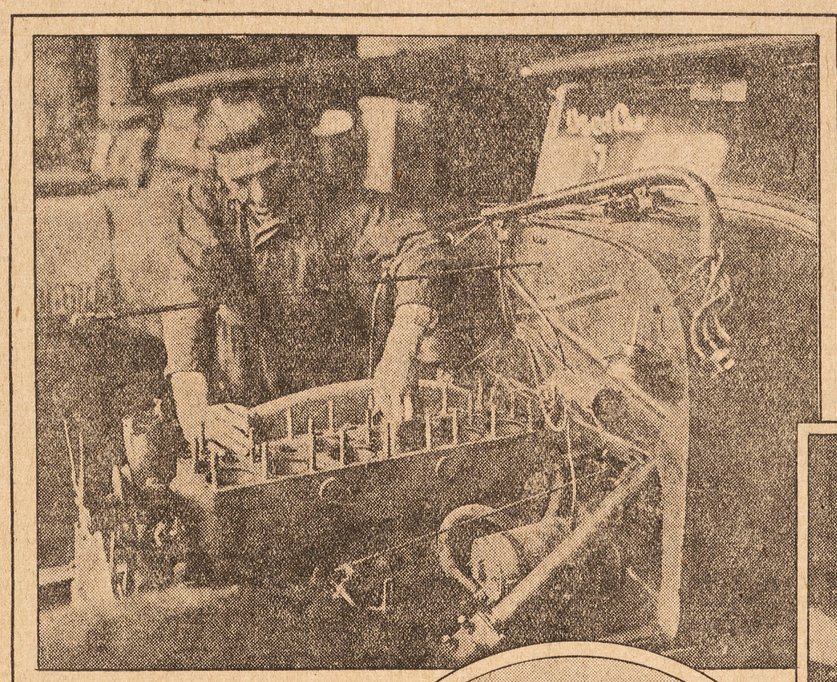
Please keep me informed on this matter.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) JOHN R. HOPE,
Assistant General Manager,
American Automobile Association.

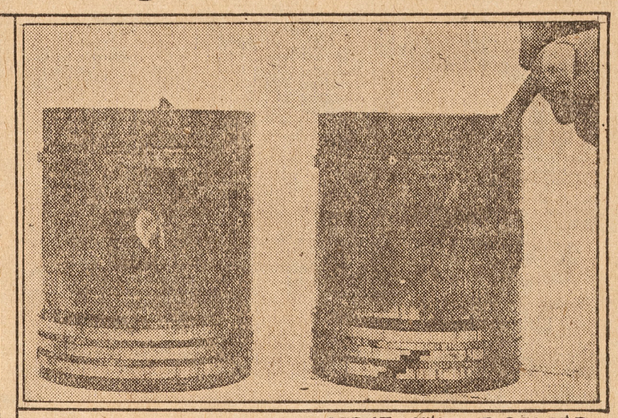
THE WISE YOUNG LADY.

Oh, this is the tale
Of the pretty young frail
Who used to go riding with a guy
now in jail;
He always took pains
To race with the trains.
So she finally married a guy with
some brains.
—The Crow's Nest.

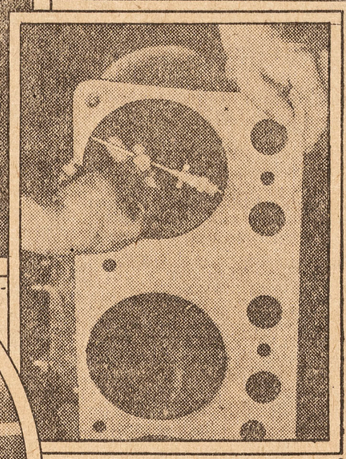
Most Engine Wear Occurs When Engine Is Started Cold



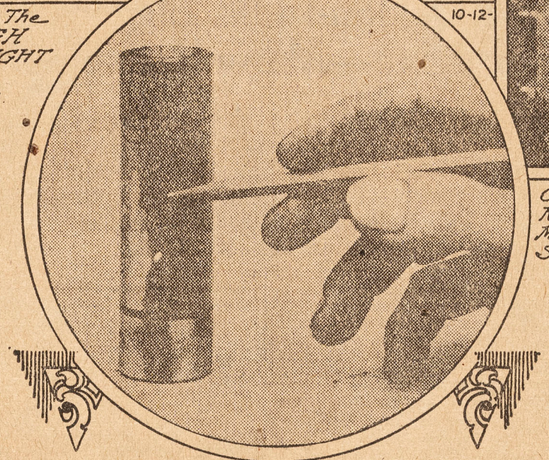
FITTING NEW PISTONS. The PISTON SLIDES THROUGH SLOWLY OF ITS OWN WEIGHT IF IT IS NEITHER TOO TIGHT NOR TOO LOOSE



SCRATCHED OR SCORED PISTONS CAUSED BY INADEQUATE LUBRICATION.



CYLINDER WEAR IS ACCURATELY MEASURED BY MEANS of the MICROMETER SHOWN HERE



BADLY WORN WRISTPIN DUE TO INADEQUATE CYLINDER LUBRICATION.

Wear During Warming Up Periods Estimated at 75 Per Cent. of Total—All Cars Should Have Radiator Shutters.

Offhand you wouldn't think that there was any important relation between pressure lubrication and aluminum pistons, but there is, and it is of interest to every automobile owner. During the past few years so many automobile manufacturers have adopted aluminum pistons because they are lighter and thus reduce engine vibration, as well as strain on wristpin, connecting-rod and main bearings and crankshaft. It had already been proved through years of use that aluminum pistons were practical; every circumstance affecting them seemed to be thoroughly understood.

Imagine, then, the surprise when it was discovered that these new aluminum piston engines were giving trouble due to excessive piston wear. On a percentage basis the cases of trouble were relatively small, yet the total number was sufficient to set these makers on edge to find where the fault was. Finally someone discovered that more piston trouble occurred, paradoxically, among motorists who took the best of care of their machines, while those who never changed engine oil or did any of the other things that a motorist ought to do had the least trouble. This, of course, was not as it should be—but, curiously, it did provide a clue. If aluminum pistons gave less trouble on old, thin oil, something was wrong with the lubrication system.

Then it was realized that aluminum piston trouble was confined to cars with pressure lubrication to main and connecting-rod bearings, and it should be added that in several cases aluminum pistons and pressure lubrication were adopted at the same time. But why should pressure lubrication have an adverse effect on aluminum pistons? The answer was not easy, but eventually engineers agreed the trouble was due to the fact that with pressure lubrication the pistons may receive practically no oil for the first five minutes of running—especially in cold weather. Cast iron pistons, it so happens, are capable of running without lubricant for this period without noticeable damage, whereas aluminum pistons were prone to cut and score. This explains why cast iron pistons gave no trouble with pressure oiling.

With the splash system the pistons receive oil the instant the engine starts, since the spoons on the connecting-rods dip into the oil troughs and splash the lubricant in all directions, whereas with the pressure system oiling of the pistons and cylinders is dependent on the oil which leaks out of main and connecting-rod bearings. When the engine is very cold the oil is so thick that it flows very slowly, with the result that the pressure relief valve (safety valve) on the oiling system opens before hardly any oil reaches the bearings, and, of course, if very little oil is supplied to the bearings, practically none at all will leak out to lubricate the pistons.

Fortunately there is a fairly satisfactory remedy, and that is to use a lighter oil in cold weather—although in selecting a Winter oil it is advisable to write to your oil company for specific advice. The lighter oil flows more easily, so that pistons and cylinder walls are lubricated practically from the start.

It should be added that about three-quarters of cylinder, piston and ring wear are caused by the starting period, when lubrication is inadequate, and this statement is an average for all engines regardless of piston material or engine lubricating system. Wear during this period, even when the cylinder walls are well lubricated, is caused by condensation of water from the burned gases and fuel, thus preventing the formation of an oil film. The colder the engine the worse this condition is, although it disappears as soon as the engine warms up. Consequently wear may be considerably reduced by assisting the engine to warm up as quickly as possible, and the most logical way to do this is to fit a hand-operated radiator shutter, leaving the shutter closed tightly until the radiator thermometer registers normal working temperature.—Copyright, 1924, by I.F.S.I.

Buffalo Co-operates In Special Service

Sixty Clubs in N. Y. State Now Provide O.M.L. Members With Emergency Road Service Free.

The details have been perfected and the tentative agreement made a permanent one whereby special service members of the Ontario Motor League are provided with emergency road service by the Buffalo Motor Club and the 60 other motor clubs in the New York Automobile Association that have inaugurated the service. Hereafter special service members of the Ontario Motor League who have trouble with their cars, say, for instance, within twenty miles of the centre of Buffalo, merely have to call Jefferson 3000 in that city, state their location, with the fact that they are special service members of the Ontario Motor League in need of assistance; give the number of their membership card and a service truck of the club will be immediately dispatched to their rescue. If their trouble has occurred between Buffalo and Niagara Falls their cars will be towed to whichever city they prefer. They must present their membership cards to the service truck driver on his arrival. This is to preclude imposters from obaining service under false pretence.

The service is, of course, on a reciprocal basis, members of co-operating clubs being provided with special service by the Ontario Motor League on application when their cars are within the service zones of the O.M.L. headquarters and of its clubs that have inaugurated special service for their members.

So far the Buffalo Club provides only a towing and wrecking service. However, roadside service will be added the first of December. As pointed out in these columns recently the emergency road service of the Ontario Motor League is much more comprehensive and generous than that provided by most of the automobile associations in the States. In addition to towing and wrecking service the O.M.L. special service includes care of any motor or chassis trouble that can be quickly repaired or adjusted on the road, such as ignition, carbureter, gas line or battery trouble, starter stuck or binding brakes; delivery of gasoline or oil, starting cold or frozen motors where possible, changing tires for lady if unaccompanied by a man; getting a car out of mud, sand, snow or ditch; delivery of new tire or tube; testing and adjusting of headlights, testing of brakes and issuing of certificates, etc., free. Cars disabled beyond ready roadside repair are towed in, or, if necessary, lifted entirely on service trucks and thus carried in without cost to the subscribing special service members. Special service members of the Motor League are provided with free legal defence as well—a service very few of the motor associations have inaugurated as yet.

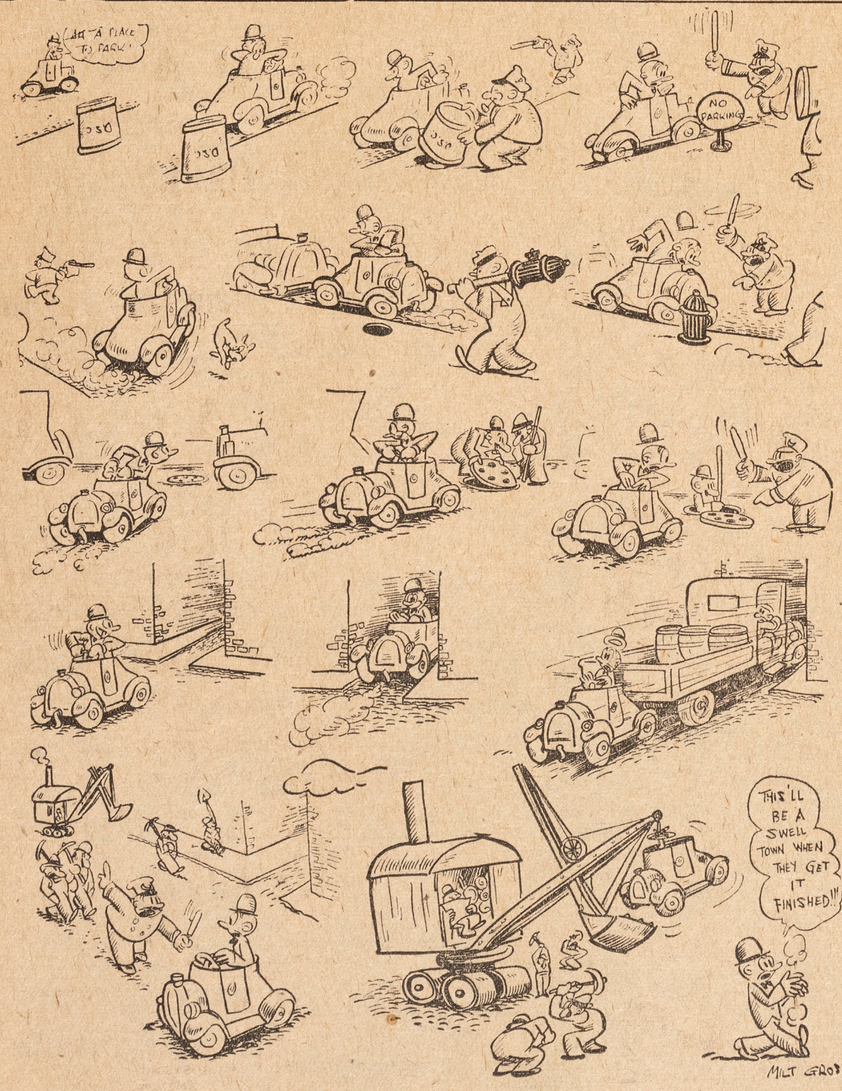
TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY SUPERIOR TO LINCOLN HIGHWAY

Dr. P. E. Doolittle, president of the Canadian Automobile Association on his return from his inspection tour of the Lincoln Highway declared that the gumbo section of the Trans-Canada Highway is neither worse nor more extensive than that of the Lincoln Highway; that the Lincoln Highway has the added disadvantage of traversing twelve hundred dreary miles of hot, arid desert and bad lands that here and there are dotted with irrigation oases and that in scenic investiture and climatic conditions during the touring season the Trans-Canada Highway is "infinitely superior to any of the U. S. transcontinentjal roads" and that when completed it will be the de luxe and most popular summer ocean to ocean highway.

IS PRODUCING CLOSED CARS EXCLUSIVELY NOW.

For the first time in 16 years of manufacturing automobiles, the production of the Velie Motors Corporation, Moline, Illinois, is on a basis of 100 per cent. closed cars. For the last four weeks this company has been turning out nothing but closed models. Sales have increased to such a point that the factory is behind orders on hand for the first time since the war boom era.

Park! Park! The Cops Do Bark!



—Courtesy Judge.

Investigates Functioning Of Licensing of Drivers Law

Million Drivers Licensed in New York State at Initial Cost of One Dollar and Annual Renewal Cost of Fifty Cents —Five Hundred Applications Rejected, in Most Cases Because of "Records," Though in Some Because of Physical or Mental Disability—No Examination as Yet —Motor League Confers With State Motor Vehicle Commissioner on Operation and Provisions of Act.

W. G. Robertson, secretary of the Ontario Motor League, has recently returned from an investigation of the functioning of compulsory licensing of drivers inaugurated recently in New York State.

Hon. Geo. S. Henry, Minister of Public Highways, on several recent occasions has intimated that it is the Provincial Government's intention to require the licensing of all drivers and to that end it will introduce an empowering bill in the coming session of the Ontario legislature. For a decade the Ontario Motor League has advocated the licensing of all drivers with a view to providing a ready means of eliminating reckless drivers and those who from physical or mental disability are unfit to drive.

According to Mr. Robertson a million drivers' licenses have been issued in New York State. Chas. A. Hartwell, State Motor Vehicle Commissioner, advised him that five hundred applications had been refused—largely owing to past "records." It is noteworthy that to date it has not been found necessary to deny a license to a single woman applicant. So far no examination of applicants is being made. Here is a copy of the Act:

The New Motor Vehicle Law of The State of New York.

Driver's License Required After October 1, 1924.

After October 1st, 1924, no person will be permitted to operate a motor-cycle or automobile without a license to do so and such license will be issued only to persons of 18 years of age or over. (The present chauffeurs' law stands as it is). The fee for an operator's license is $1.00 to be renewed annually for 50 cents. Operators must pass such examination as commissioner may require.

Licenses and Certificates Must be Carried.

Licenses and certificates of registration must be carried by operators and displayed to any policeman, State trooper or Peace officer upon demand and must give all necessary information for identification of motor vehicle and its owner.

Licenses, Badges, Plates, etc. To be Surrendered.

Operators and owners required to surrender licenses, badges, certificate or plates to suspending or revoking officer and neither revoked nor suspended licenses can be restored under six months.

Penalties for Failure to Report Changing Motor Numbers, Etc.

Licenses and certificates may be suspended or revoked upon failure of operators and participants in accidents to report circumstances to commissioner. Police authorities and coroners must investigate and report promptly to commissioner. The law also contains very drastic provisions for sale of cars with changed motor numbers or defaced or destroyed original marks.

Licenses and Certificates May be Suspended or Revoked.

Licenses and certificates of registra-

Continued on Page Forty-two.

ONTARIO HAS OVER THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MOTOR VEHICLES

There are now over three hundred thousand motor vehicles in Ontario, as the most recent official returns total 299,800, according to a report of the Ontario Motor League. The official figures reveal a net increase of 21,048 motor vehicles so far this year—a net increase of 19,185 passenger cars, 2,388 commercial cars and trucks, and a decrease of 525 motor cycles.

Interesting, Judge, If True?



The morning after the traffic officer had read the book of etiquette.

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Moulding and Aluminum Matting for Running Boards	Specials	
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Stop Lights	2.25	1.45
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Spark Plugs (all sizes)	1.50	.99
Porcelains for Champion Plugs	.40	.15
Luggage Carriers	5.00	1.55
Combined Stop and Parking Lamps	6.00	2.95
Lenses (non-glare), per pair	2.75	1.00
Windshield Cleaners	1.00	.55
Jiffy Brake Gripper (makes old brakes new)		.60
Rubber Floor Mats	Sale Prices	
Porcupine Blow-out Boots	2.00	1.50
Waycross Automatic Windshield Cleaner (cleans whole windshield automatically)		12.00
Automatic Cleaners	7.50	4.00
Heaters for Ford	1.50	.75
Tire Covers	2.50	1.50
Electric Horns	10.00	5.50
Hub Caps (heavy)	.25	.15
Radiator Caps	.35	.25
Socket Wrench Sets (6 sockets and handle)	1.50	.75
Drum Headlamps (all cars)	Half Price	
Visors	5.00	2.55

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Florio With Steyr Wins Madonie Race

Fiat, Steyr and Alfa-Romeo Finish in That Order in Points Contest.

Sicily, reputed for its scenery, its climate and its bad roads, forms an ideal place for a motor reliability trial, and the fifth annual event of this nature, organized by the Automobile Club of Sicily, proved full of interest and value. Starting from Palermo, the competitors ran over the atrocious coast road to Termini and Cerda, then made a round of the hilly Madonie circuit and returned to Palermo, after covering a distance of 162 miles. Regularity of running was the basis of awards over the ordinary roads and speed decided the winner on the mountainous circuit.

The speed test over the Madonie circuit, which is well known as the scene of the annual Targa Florio race, was won by Florio on a Steyr in the racing division, which made the round in 2 hours 9 minutes. It was followed at an interval of ten seconds by a standard type Fiat 501 torpedo very cleverly handled by Airoldi.

In the racing car class Candilli on a 501 Fiat secured the highest number of points with Vincenzo Florio on a Steyr second, followed by Dagniano on an Alfa-Romeo. In the touring division Ravetto on a Fiat was first, followed by Celestre on a Lancia and Airoldi on a 10-15 h.p. Fiat. The other cars in order of merit were a Fiat, an Itala and a Minerva.

Get Out and Under Days Gone Forever

Cars Much Improved From Standpoint of Running Care.

Remember the old song about the man who "Got Out and Got Under"? It related the normal trials and tribulations of the motorist of years gone by, when lying on one's back under a balky car was an inevitable part of the day's program.

The song was a hit, but it would not go at all to-day. Times—and automobiles—have changed. Manufacturers, in short, have so perfected the automobile that owner-drivers may tour for days without even touching the car except to take care of the water, oil and gasoline.

Nevertheless, there comes a time in the life of every motorist when he must get out and get busy. Of course, getting under the car is almost entirely a thing of the past. The chassis of the modern automobile has been so developed that every operation of maintenance and upkeep can be performed without exploring beneath the body.

The good driver of former days very nearly had to qualify as an expert mechanic. To-day, even a woman—one of those who has not sufficient mechanical knowledge to be able to lubricate her sewing machine—may start off on long trips with perfect confidence of reaching her destination without trouble.

"Designers of the Chandler have recognized the fact that the more they reduce the difficulties of ordinary upkeep and maintenance, the better satisfaction the car will give. The 1925 Chandler chassis, therefore, is a good example of the trend toward simplicity and ease of upkeep," says an official of Metropolitan Motors, Ltd., distributors.

"Facility of motor lubrication is well provided for, the oil filler, the oil gauge and the crankcase draining valve being close together under the hood. A single turn of the valve permits the crankcase to be drained, doing away with one of the meanest jobs of the old-fashioned car—crawling underneath to unscrew a plug in the crankcase to permit the oil to run out.

"The carburetor used to be the one unit of the car that few motorists were qualified to adjust, and the one that few motorists did not tinker with. The carburetor on the Chandler of to-day is set before it leaves the factory, and needs no adjustment thereafter, regardless of the range of temperature or elevation.

"Another thing the owner need not bother with is the spring shackles. Careful motorists always watched them closely; others allowed them to go without attention, preferring the noise and side-slap caused by worn shackles to the trouble necessary to correct these annoyances. The spring shackles on the Chandler are self-adjusting, a heavy spring in a dustproof cap keeping them tight automatically.

"Similar attention has been given to the location of the battery, to the adjustment arrangement for the timing chain, and to the regulating of the fan belt tension and replacing the belt, as well as to other units that may need the attention of the owner."

Puts "Balloons" To Gruelling Test

With Full Balloon Tires Car Lowers Train Time From Toledo To Montreal.

The ability of a car equipped with full size balloon tires to hold a high sustained speed was recently demonstrated when a Wills St. Claire shod with Firestone full-size balloons beat the time of the fastest mail train between Toledo, Ohio and Montreal, Quebec, despite the loss of one hour and 28 minutes between Buffalo and Watertown because of traffic and detours.

The regular mail schedule between Toledo and Montreal is 21 hours, and the trip was made to demonstrate the ability of the car and equipment to travel at high speed hour after hour, and to be handled with such ease that the ordinary driver could cover almost unheard of distances in one day.

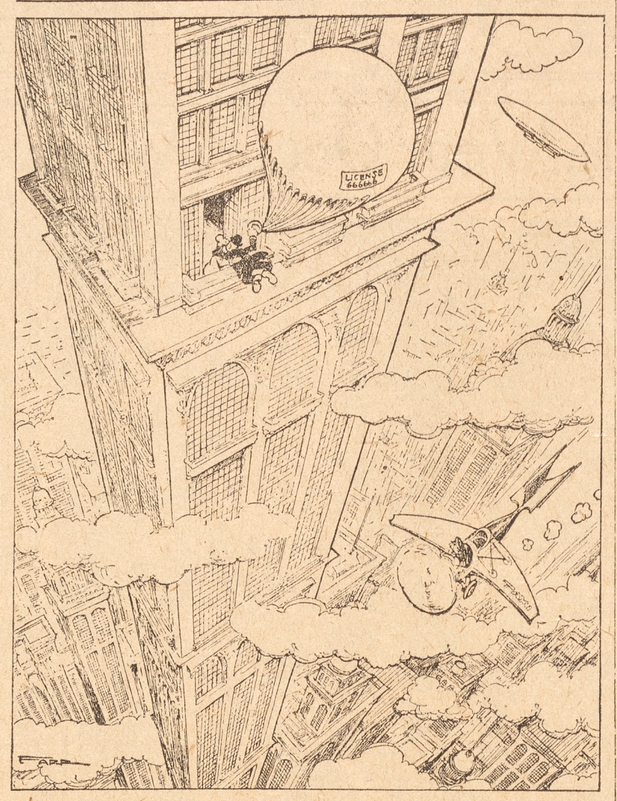
The car left Toledo at one minute after 12 a.m. Thursday, and arrived in Montreal, 760 miles away, at 8 p.m. the same evening. The average speed for the trip on elapsed time was 38.1 miles per hour. Actual driving time gave an average of 41.1 miles.

Buffalo was reached on schedule time with a road average of 44.3 miles per hour. Because of traffic and bad detours an hour and 28 minutes was lost between Buffalo and Watertown, N.Y. This time was regained before the Wills St. Claire arrived in Montreal. To recover one hour and twenty-eight minutes in the last two hundred and thirty-five miles necessitated driving at a terrific rate of speed over roads that were high-crowned and full of curves, and the driver reports that with the full-size balloon tires he was able to cling to the edge of the road at high speed with uncanny ability, and was able to ride curves in some instances at a speed of about 65 miles an hour. During the entire trip and return a total of 1,624 miles, the air in the tires was never checked, and the same four tires rolled into Toledo Sunday night that left there Thursday morning.

IT SURE DO

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand—
In the gas—make drivers
Cuss to beat the band.
—By Curt Bradner, in the Crow's Nest.

What's the World Coming To?



"Good by m' love—I'll be back in a week. I'm going down to street level to have a smoke." In the year 2000 according to Judge.

New Oakland Has Bigger Engine---Many Refinements

Piston Displacement Raised to 185 Cubic Inches and First Gear Ratio to Five to One—Steering Has Been improved and Low Pressure Tires Are Standard Equipment—Driving Compartment Enlarged and Radiator Lengthened — Landau Added to List of Models.

For immediate release the Oakland Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited, is continuing its 6-54 line with a larger engine, improvements in chassis and bodies, and the addition of a new body model called the landau sedan. All models have 31 by 4.95 low pressure tires as regular equipment and the closed bodies have the new Fisher VV one-piece sliding windshield.

The piston displacement of the engine has been raised to 185 cu. in. by increasing the cylinder bore from 2 13-16 to 2⅞ in. and this change in conjunction with an increase in the rear axle reduction from 4.7 to 5 to 1 has greatly improved acceleration. The pistons are now of semi-steel with three plain ⅛ in. rings all above the pin.

The transmission has been strengthened by increasing the face width of the constant mesh and intermediate gears from 11-16 to ¾ in. and the ten spline 1¼ in. mainshaft used formerly has been replaced with a six spline 1 7-16 in. shaft.

An oil retainer has been added to the inside of the rear wheel roller bearing to prevent leakage at this point. The construction at the rear brakes has been simplified by increasing the length of the brake band lever and curving it backward which change eliminates two links formerly used at this point.

In the front axle, ball thrust bearings on the king pins have replaced the washers used previously. On the open models, the number of plates in the front springs has been increased and front snubbers are provided on the closed models to improve the riding qualities. The driving compartment has been enlarged to give increased leg room. The appearance of the car from the front has been slightly changed by an increase in the length of the radiator shell.

The new landau sedan is beautifully finished in dark blue duco, nickle trimmings and black fenders. It has oval windows in the rear quarters and carriage irons. The upholstery is best grade plush to match the exterior finish. Accessory equipment includes double bar bumper in front, rear fender guards, nickel plated head and cowl lamps, dash gasoline gage, walnut mouldings, motometer with nickeled wing cap, kick plates, rubber running board mats, nickeled door handles, silk roller shades, dome light, heater and door locks.

The closed models all have a new design of visor and an automatic windshield cleaner with control on the dash. The springing in the back and seat cushions of those models have also been improved. Standard bodies are finished in Holland Blue with white striping on body wheels.

Barton Sinclair turned nomad author for a time and took to the road as a social tramp with his family and typewriter, "'neverything else." Mr. Sinclair, whose home is in Germantown, Pa., found the trip one of pleasure and work, for he spun 40 cans of yarns en route. He talked them into a dictaphone, his wife transcribed them, and the two boys did house work.

CANADA TO HAVE CHAIN ACCESSORY STORES.

The Dominion Auto Accessories Stores, Limited, have been incorporated with a Dominion charter to establish and conduct a chain of retail accessory automotive equipment and radio stores throughout Canada, with headquarters in Toronto. Stores are now operating in Hamilton and Toronto. A third will be opened in London in the near future.

Chev., Buick Class Firsts In Riga Races

Fiat and Alfa-Romeo Other Victors in Baltic Speed Trials.

A sure indication of the development of the motor movement along the Baltic seaboard is to be found in the successful motor races and trials held near Riga, the results of which have only just been published. The leading events comprised speed tests over the kilometre with standing and flying start for various types of machines classified according to piston displacement. For the flying kilometre the winner in the classes up to 3,000 c.c., was Lassmans on a Fiat 501. Grube on an Alfa-Romeo was first in the 4,000 c.c. division and Niklas on a six-cylinder Fiat 519 won in the class for cars of more than 4,000 c.c.

For the standing kilometre Lassmans' Fiat repeated its win in the 2,000 c.c. division; Kepke was first on a Chevrolet in the 3,000 c.c. class and Johannson on a Buick won in the 4,000 c.c. division. In the class above 4,000 c.c. Niklas on a six-cylinder 519 Fiat made the fastest time of the day.

Running in the unlimited class the six-cylinder Fiat driven by Niklas won the silver cup for the best performance over the flying and the standing kilometre. A Buick won the standing kilometre and an Alfa-Romeo the flying kilometre.

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Sets New Thousand Mile Speed Record

De Palma Driving a Stock Chrysler Averages 68.331 m. p. h. in Record Breaking Run.

Shattering all previous distance endurance records, Ralph de Palma, driving a stock Chrysler Six phaeton covered 1,000 miles in 1,007 minutes elasped time, at Fresno, Cal. Deducting the time consumed for necessary stops, such as for gasoline, oil, tire changes and food for the driver, the net running time was 878 minutes 10.8 seconds, an average speed of 68.331 miles an hour.

The distance, 22 miles longer than the New York Central Railroad's route from New York to Chicago, was made in 5 hours and 21 minutes less running time than the famous Twentieth Century Limited's scheduled time between America's two largest cities. It was made in an hour and 20 minutes less than the famous train has ever completed its shorter run.

Certification of the Chrysler used for this amazing demonstration as a strictly stock car was made by the Los Angeles Times, which recently offered a trophy for such a feat, which the Chrysler won. The time was clocked and certified by three associated members of the American Automobile Association.

The car was driven by Ralph de Palma, noted automobile race driver. It was the second record-breaking feat he has hung up with Chrysler stock cars within three months. It will be recalled that driving another stock Chrysler, De Palma tore up Mount Wilson, near Los Angeles, in 25 minutes 48.85 seconds, breaking the former stock car record by more than two minutes, and the non-stock record as well.

This latest test which rolled two Indianapolis races into one, was made on the Fresno race track. Traffic conditions naturally prevent such a test on highways. But Chrysler enthusiasts, who saw the gruelling run, point out that a race track is no better than any ordinary highway, and in spots the Fresno track is actually not as good.

"Speed was not the prime purpose of the demonstration," is the word received by J. E. Fields, vice-president of the Maxwell and Chrysler Motor Corporations, from the Greer-Robbins Co., and George Campe, Inc., Maxwell-Chrysler distributors in Los Angeles and San Francisco, respectively, who entered the car. "The Chrysler Six was already known as a car that will deliver better than 70 miles an hour, if anyone cares to go that fast."

Endurance in high speed work was the real test. And the combination of 1,000 miles at a running average of 68.231 miles an hour is a speed that tells a story of amazing endurance.

"Compare this performance with cars you know. It is one thing to show a burst of speed for a mile or so. It is quite another to hold that speed for a thousand miles. The first takes power alone—the second power plus unprecedented endurance. Chrysler showed its power at Mt. Wilson. The performance of another Chrysler at Fresno demonstrates with equal force the surpassing endurance it likewise possesses.

Many Take Advantage Of Free Car Test

Wasson Motor Check a Revelation to Many Local Motorists.

Cars are being tested gratis for horsepower delivered at the wheels by the famous Wasson Motor Check at the Toronto Brake Service Company's station on the north side of Richmond St., just west of York St. The tests are attracting a great deal of attention and are a revelation to many not familiar with Col. R. B. Wasson's ingenious testing device and its revelations as to the conditions and defects in cars tested. It, in effect, takes the temperature, respiration, pulse and blood pressure of the car, gauges its energy and strength, analyzes its blood and determines the efficiency of its assimilation and metabolism in a very brief space of time.

In addition to giving the horsepower delivered at the wheels at different engine speeds, it measures crank case dilution and reveals maladjustments in timing and carburetion, wheel misalignment, exhaust back pressure, binding brakes and many other faults to which a car is a prey. In short it is a truly remarkable diagnostician.

Among other surprising things to the uninitiated that the various tests revealed was the importance of using the right grade of oil. A car that on a light oil delivered, at its peak torque, 10 brake horsepower at the wheels on heavy oil (correct grade for that make) delivered 31 at peak torque. It also raised the speed at which the peak developed from 25 m.p.h., to approximately forty. Another test showed that with old oil considerable seepage of gas past the pistons was occurring. New oil stopped this. Yet another revealed crankcase dilution with one oil which was eliminated by a better quality of oil.

The horsepower delivered at the wheels surprises many. The average of a popular cheap make of car in good running condition is from ten to twelve horsepower. One tested delivered at peak one decimal eight h.p.

The tests are being conducted by the Havoline oil people to demonstrate the quality of their oil and establish their contention that their oil is more than a first quality lubricant it also "is power."

Investigates Law Functioning in N. Y.

Continued from Page Forty-one.

tion may be suspended or revoked by the commissioner or his deputy, any magistrate, city judge, Supreme Court Justice, county judge or police commissioner of New York City for the following violations: (a) Operating motor vehicle while intoxicated; (b) conviction of homicide or assault while operating motor vehicle; (c) Going away after accident without stopping and making self known; (d) Third or subsequent conviction for reckless driving or unnecessarily interfering with free and proper use of public highways, or endangering users of public highways or violation of speed regulations; (e) Physical or mental disability or use of drugs; (f) Conviction of a felony; (g) Persistent violations of Highway Traffic Law or lawful ordinance, rule or regulation of local authorities relating to traffic; (h) Gross negligence in operation of motor vehicle; (i) Permitting motor vehicle to be used in commission of crime; (j) Preventing lawful identification of motor vehicle or evading lawful arrest or prosecution in this or another state for offences against motor vehicle or traffic laws. All suspensions and revocations of licenses or certificates of registration to be reported to local authorities where convicted party resides.

Other Penalties.

In addition to suspension and revocation of licenses and certificates of registration, second offence for operating while intoxicated calls for imprisonment from 60 days to 2 years and fine from $200 to $2,000 or both. For false statement of endorsement on certificate upon sale or transfer, fine from $100 to $5,000, or imprisonment from 1 to 5 years, or both.

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Improvement in Motor Car Sales in U.S. Continues

But "Election Depression" Is Manifested By Spotty Demand—Farmers Again Relatively Prosperous, Will Buy More and Better Cars—September Production Up — Third Consecutive Month to Have Increase — Record Demand in 1925 Anticipated—General Automotive Industry and Trade News From United States

By F. ED. SPOONER.

Special to The Sunday World.

Detroit, Oct. 18.—When people are disposed to worry overmuch about the current condition of the automotive industry it has been the custom of the writer to relate the comparison of Ed. Jordan to the roller coaster in business, the ups with the sun shining and all merry, and the downs with everything gone wrong, and fear in the heart for safety. But there have been found some poetical lines that are as good an answer as any to those who will be pessimistic and who will predict all sorts of disasters for the future. A Lord of England, Lord Leverhulme to be exact, is very fond of reciting the squib when he has to deal with his stockholders in big enterprises at a time when they are not in the best of spirits. It fits the automotive situation to-day, and is given so anyone may cut it out and take it to heart and pass it on.

"The rain it poured,
The wind, it roared,
The sky was draped in black,
The good ship rolled
And tossed and bowled
And lost the charted track.

"'Oh dear, oh dear,
Say, will it clear?'
An old dame wailed on deck,
As they swung the lead,
The skipper said,
'It ailus has, by heck'."

The situation in automotives is showing decided signs of improvement, yet it is probable that production for September by the automotive manufacturers will hardly show improvement of a decided character. One prominent manufacturer, who left New York for Europe some days ago, said that his plant was on a 60 per cent. production schedule. That figure is high, according to parts and equipment men who supply him with materials from which to make cars. Like others, this manufacturer is turning out cars to meet actual sales demand, and not for storage. He, like other makers, will not plunge into big production and store cars, nor will he force dealers to take cars beyond their immediate needs.

The trade is cautious all through the country, but feels that there is unusual prosperity ahead unless the radicals upset the generally orderly procedure. Business, to be plain, is marking time against the result of the election and readjustments in material and labor costs. Automobile manufacturers, steel manufacturers and many other business leaders are coming forward to declare for Coolidge, believing that there should be no change in administration at this time.

Weekly reviews by bankers generally, and this relates to the entire country, indicate slight improvements over a month ago. These indicate recovery in the production of automobiles, of iron and steel, cotton goods, woolens and other lines. Railroads are showing improvement and are ordering new cars by thousands.

Business in the farming districts has been slow in developing, but the Fall saw it growing brisk. Purchases are reported to be running ahead of last year at this time. Delay in the farm trade has been due to the desire of the customers and merchants to liquidate their past indebtednesses before making new purchases. This policy was encouraged by banks and other creditors. Purchases, therefore, at this time, are, for the most part, being made on a clean slate. As farmers were the buyers of more than one half the automobiles sold in past years, this is important. Last year the farmer buying was held up, due to the situation which included low crop prices and the record-breaking production of automobiles was absorbed by the larger centres of population. As the result of that procedure there has been created a congestion of cars in cities bringing legislation against parking and other things which may hold back business this year. The farmers must be the big buyers of the coming year if the motor car manufacturing business is to be maintained at peak level. So it is that every move in the rural districts is being watched with the closest interest. The soaring price of wheat is a promise of better things ahead.

By 1926 there will be many changes in the larger cities for in all parts of the country the city officials are discussing underground or subway garages in business districts, streets are being widened and, in fact, city rebuilding is going on to take care of the congestion of motor cars. Restrictive measures against parking in the downtown districts are being enacted and are bringing storms of protests. The great majority of people to-day drive their own cars and do not employ chauffeurs, and parking restrictions have placed a restriction on the use of the car for business. The subway garages and the construction of buildings with ramps, allowing office people to drive direct to their office door and store their cars, will serve to relieve the pressure. But such developments will take time. So production of the automobile makers will be marketed, in the larger part, in rural districts and smaller municipalities for a year.

Many reports state that farmers are buying the better grade of goods in other lines, and presumably they will be in the market for a better grade of motor cars in 1925. The prices of wheat and of corn and other farm commodities are up, and will remain up. Farmers are going to be relatively prosperous, according to all indications.

The automobile business is spotty as the result of many of these conditions. The increase in the business, although slight, is reported seasonal. The situation is stated to be mixed. It is called improvement because there has been little retrogression.

There is encouragement in the report of the railroads that traffic for September exceeded last year. In fact September business was the largest of the year for the railroads, according to their reports.

Demand for steel remains moderate. Steel is a barometer. The steel trade does not look for any decided improvement until next year. Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, sees prosperity as the real issue of the Presidential campaign, and says: "If unworthy politicians have their way business will not be so good and idleness will be increased. Mr. Gary says that there are always people who cry calamity and who seem to thrive and glory in adversity, and whose principal occupation seems to be to stir up trouble, depression, inactivity in business and despondency with the evident view of bringing everyone down to the level of poverty and unhappiness. He believes the present administration should stay at Washington.

The trade position to-day, as summed up by the Philadelphia Federal Reserve Bank report, showed a slight improvement that was encouraging.

September final reports on motor vehicle production will undoubtedly show a larger production than August, although the larger makers say that sales volume has not increased in accordance with expectations. Studebaker prices have been reduced. There were curtailments of production by some of the makers. Parts and equipment men state that there were cancellations of releases or decreases in demands upon which releases had been given. On the other hand, some producers, whose sales methods are superior, are going strong. A private view of a report made by the makers to the National Association, showed this to be a fact, and proved a revelation. Sales conditions must be steady in all sections to keep the car-makers going strong on real big production. The business in the United States between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains is said to be particularly good. This is the farming district. Business is said by some to be in check through economical conditions or purely local conditions. The latter vary according to locality. The Pacific Coast has shown gains, and as it is a barometer, many smile at that fact. The dealers are said to have low stocks all over the country, and a revival will bring business down on the makers and force them once more into top production, when everyone will be happy.

DON'T PARK ON A ROADWAY; ON CURVE; AT OR NEAR HILL TOP

"If motorists would avoid doing those things which, when done by other motorists, cause them inconvenience or danger," says H. H. Franklin, president of the Franklin Automobile Company, "there would soon be an elimination of many of the dangerous practices now in vogue.

"For instance, the matter of stopping or parking along the highways without getting "out of the road," or the very dangerous practice of parking near a curve or at the top of or near the top of a hill.

Old-time cyclists who became prominent in the automotive field are thinking more and more of the good old days. Reunions are being held, and one at Hartford recently brought together many men of prominence to-day. L. H. Elmer, who is a distributor for Ford in Hartford, got together a nice party, who reviewed the old days. The event was most enjoyable. Boston has an annual gathering, and as the years go by these events will come more frequently.

Misinformation was contained in a despatch which emanated from Saginaw, Mich., to the effect that the Ruggles Motor Truck Co., of that city, had been purchased and would be consolidated with the Ruggles Motor Truck Co., Ltd., formerly of London, Ont., and now of Toronto. The despatch stated that John Bridges would be prominent in the consolidation and removal. The Ruggles Motor Truck Company, in reply to a query, said there would be no consolidation of the Saginaw company with the Canadian company, and so no removal.

Charles E. Miller, veteran of the automotive industry, was married to Alfreda Georgiana Thannum, of Lenox, Mass. Mr. Miller established in New York City in 1896 the first store handling automotive equipment. He had long been in the cycling equipment field. Mr. Miller disposed of his effects some years ago, and retired from the trade to enjoy a well-earned vacation.

Three new directors have been elected to the board of the General Motors Corporation, George Whitney, of J. P. Morgan and Company, Charles R. Fisher and Lawrence P. Fisher, of the Fisher Body Corporation. The finance committee was increased by addition of George Whitney and Fred J. Fisher. There were added to the executive committee H. H. Bassett, president of the Buick Motor Company; Donaldson Brown, vice-president in charge of finances; John L. Pratt, Chas. T. Fisher and Lawrence Fisher.

Producton of airplanes in the United States increased 95 per cent. in two years. This growth is not quite in accord with the rapid increase of automobile manufacturing. There were 505 planes produced in 1923 by 33 establishments, of which 12 are in New York, four each in California and Ohio, and three in Illinois. The makers in Detroit are working to establish that city in the airplane manufacturing industry on a basis with automobiles, and Packard and Hudson are working as is also William B. Stout, who is liberally backed in preparations to make an all metal plane. The fact that Edsel Ford has contributed a field for experimental work on all metal planes makes it evident that the Fords, father and son, are at last interested. The time is not considered ripe to turn the age toward the Flivvers in the air, but that such a time will come is evident to those who are posted. It will come when airplanes are made safer, and Detroit is getting ready.

Miss Thelma Irene Chrysler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler recently sailed from New York for Paris to select her trousseau preparatory to her marriage to Byron E. Foy of Los Angeles, well known manager of the Reo interests in that city. Mrs. Chrysler accompanied Miss Chrysler on the trip, and Mr. Foy came on from Los Angeles to bid his financee good-bye.

Opportune, or a Hit In Time Saves Nine



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You Were Inquiring About Condition of the Road to ---?

Considerable Construction Work Still Under Way on the Provincial Highway System Necessitating Local Detours in Most Sections—Department of Public Highways Issues Bi-monthly Report on the Condition of the Main Travelled Highways of Ontario.

Toronto to Quebec Boundary (302 miles)—Toronto to Oshawa—excellent paved road. Oshawa to west boundary of Durham—road closed from Oshawa to Bowmanville. Detour north two miles to 5th Concession, Darlington Township, east to Hepburn, thence south to Bowmanville. Good road to Port Hope. Detour at road between Lots 24 and 25, Hamilton Township. Concession "A," south to Lake Shore Road, thence east to Cobourg. Good road east of Cobourg to Bayside side road, east of Trenton thence east to Belleville. Good macadam road to Shannonville. Good gravel road to one mile south of Marysville. Road under construction in Deseronto. Detour in town only. Macadam to east boundary of Lennox and Addington. Boundary of Frontenac to Kingston—good macadam. Kingston to Brockville—good macadam. Brockville to Prescott—good macadam and gravel. Detour at east limits of Brockville northerly to Concession 3 of Township of Elizabethtown, thence easterly to Maitland side road, thence southerly to Highway. Detour plainly marked by signs and lanterns. Prescott to Cornwall—fair macadam, except for canal bank roads at Cardinal, Iroquois and Morrisburg. Paving proceeding in town of Cornwall, with detours plainly marked. Cornwall to Lancaster—fair macadam. Construction proceeding near Lancaster. No detours. Lancaster to Quebec boundary rough, macadam construction proceeding for five miles east of Lancaster. No detours. Traffic to Montreal, proceed via Coteau Landing.

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

Port Hope to Peterboro (29 miles)—Good gravel road throughout to Peterboro.

Picton to Foxboro (30 miles)—One and a half miles rough. Road south of Crofton under construction. Drive slowly. No detours.

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

Prescott to Ottawa (60 miles)—Prescott to Beckett's Landing—good gravel and concrete road.

Ottawa to Point Fortune (74 miles)—Ottawa to Green's Creek—asphalt road, good. Green's Creek to Orleans, macadam road, fair. Orleans to Clarence—macadam road, good. Clarence to Wendover—macadam penetration, good, Wendover to four miles west of L'Orignal—clay road, impassible in wet weather. Four miles west of L'Orignal to Hawkesbury — macadam road, good. Hawkesbury to Point Fortune—good gravel road.

Ottawa to Pembroke (105 miles)—Fair gravel road.

Toronto to Severn—Paved to six miles north of Bradford. Balance gravel road, in good condition.

Port Credit to Owen Sound (103 miles)—Port Credit to Cooksville—paved. Road closed north of Cooksville; detour first line east. Culvert construction at Caledon. Culvert and grading operations Orangeville, south to Melville Hill. Grading and gravelling five miles south of Fresherton. Grading operations six miles south of Chatsworth. Grading operations six miles north of Markdale. Gravelling three miles south of Flesherton.

Toronto to Hamilton (43 miles)—Via Lake Shore Road—concrete pavement. Via Dundas Street—paved throughout, and in excellent condition.

Brampton to Sarnia—Brampton to Guelph—gravelling east of Acton. Road not closed; drive carefully. Construction work west of Rockwood. Detour—follow town line south of Rockwood to Eden Mills. Guelph to Waterloo line—road good. Waterloo County boundary to Sarnia, from east boundary Waterloo County to Kitchener—good gravel road. Paving in progress from Petersburg easterly 2.5 miles; detour south 1¾ miles to Bleems Road through Mannheim. Paving from 2½ miles west of New Hamburg to road 2½ miles west of Shakespeare. Detour at end of pavement east of Stratford and 2½ miles west of New Hamburg to road 1¼ miles south and paralleling highway for distance of six miles. Paving from Stratford south 3¾ miles; first 2½ miles open to traffic; then detour west 1¼ miles and south paralleling highway for 2½ miles, thence east to highway. Remainder good gravel road, two miles paved. Gravelling in progress throughout.

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

Hamilton to Owen Sound (113 miles)—Hamilton to Guelph—road good. Guelph to Owen Sound—macadam construction six miles south of Arthur Village to Arthur Village. Culvert construction south of Arthur Village. Concrete paving construction four miles north of Chatsworth. Traffic going north, detour to east for one mile at one mile north of Chatsworth. Traffic going south detour to west for two miles at one mile south of Owen Sound. The detours are in fair condition. One-way traffic is used, as the roads are narrow. Detours are plainly marked. The western detour demands cautious driving. Bridge construction in town of Fergus. No detours here.

Arthur to Kincardine (67 miles)—Culvert construction on Mildmay Diversion. Grading and gravelling operations on Mildmay Diversion in municipality of Carrick.

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

Hamilton to Windsor (203 miles via London and Chatham)—Hamilton to Brant County line—road good. Wentworth County boundary to Paris paved. Highway under construction from Paris to Woodstock—through traffic from Brantford to London—follow Burford Road from Brantford to within four miles of Woodstock, thence along road paralleling Hydro towers to Woodstock. Eastbound through traffic follow same route from Woodstock to Brantford. Local traffic between Paris and Woodstock can follow highway between Paris and Falkland, thence south on Brantford-Burford boundary ¼ mile, thence west along 2nd Concession Burford Township 1½ miles, and south to 3rd Concession and west on 3rd Concession to Burford Road; thence north-west on Burford Road to Hydro line and west to Woodstock. Eastbound local traffic from Woodstock to Paris to follow same route. This detour narrow in places, and motorists should exercise great care, particularly at night. All heavy traffic should follow Burford Road between Woodstock and Brantford. Highway under construction from Ingersoll to a point five miles east of London. Local detours between Ingersoll and Thamesford, and also between Thamesford and the end of pavement east of London. Through east and westbound traffic between London and Ingersoll is advised to follow Hamilton Road through Dorchester. River Road between Dorchester and Ingersoll is narrow, and motorists should exercise great care, particularly at night. Heavy traffic to follow Hamilton Road. Highway under construction between Lambeth and Delaware; detours clearly marked with signs and lanterns. Kent-Middlesex County line to six miles west of Chatham—gravel road and concrete pavement, in good condition. Gravel surfacing in progress; drive carefully. Six miles west of Chatham to Tilbury, road closed owing to paving operations. Through traffic should detour at Chatham and Tilbury, via Charing Cross and Merlin. The detour is a county road in good condition, Tilbury to Woodslee, gravel and clay surface. This section is closed to traffic owing to paving operations. Through traffic should detour from Windsor and Woodslee via Belle River, as per detour signs. Detour is good gravel road to Belle River and concrete pavement from Belle River to Windsor.

Hamilton to Jarvis (28 miles)—Road good to Caledonia; from there to Jarvis local detour. This road is fair.

Hamilton to Niagara Falls (48 miles)—Hamilton to Queenston and the Falls—road good. Local construction one mile west of Beamsville. Bad in wet weather.

Niagara Falls to Windsor (206 miles)—Niagara Falls to Allenburg—road under construction. Traffic will use local detour, which is fairly good. Alanburg to Welland—good road. From Chambers' Corner to Haldimand line—road under construction; detour from Chambers' Corner on the Wellandport Road for a distance of five miles. This is fair. Jarvis to east boundary of Kent County—gravel road, in fair condition throughout. Grading operations under way at Orwell and New Sarum, traffic advised to proceed carefully. Road under construction for 1 mile west of New Sarum, local detour clearly marked. Elgin-Kent line to the Division Road 1 mile east of Cottam. Essex County, gravel road in fair condition. West of Blenheim, motorists should drive carefully, gravelling throughout. Division Road to Windsor, concrete pavement. Drive slowly through Cottam on account of paving.

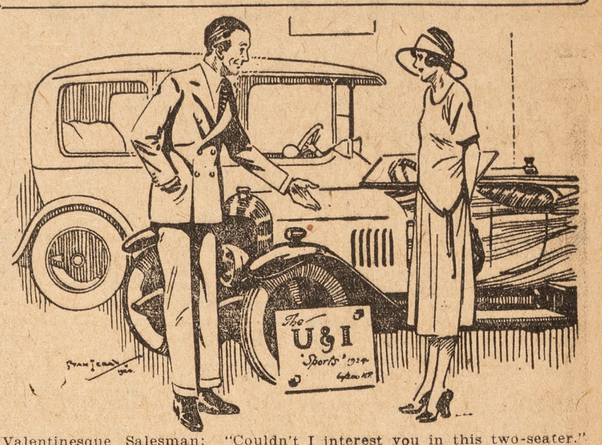
London to Sarnia—Paving construction 2 miles north of London. Road closed. Remainder of gravel road in good condition.

St. Thomas to London—Pavement in good condition throughout.

ANOTHER TWO YEAR TOUR.

James M. Herbert of Syracuse in a Reo speed wagon with an elaborate motor bungalow recently entered New York with his six year daughter and two friends on a two year tour of every state of the Union. The body equipment consists of beds, a table to seat four, electric lights, running water, lavatory, stove, ice box, radio etc. The party will continue having found the Social Tramp life most enjoyable and profitable in health.

An Acceptable Setting



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The Sweet Thing: "Well, yes, you might come round in it some time."



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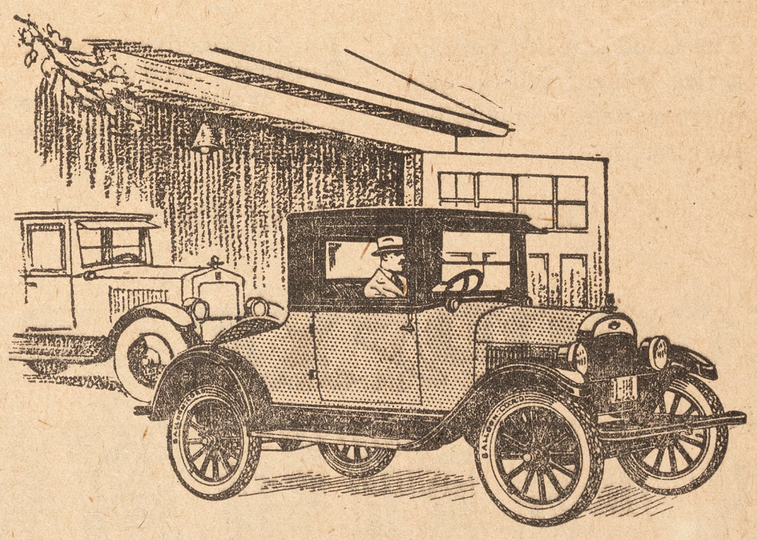

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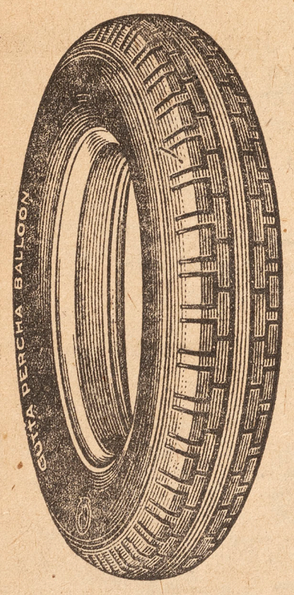

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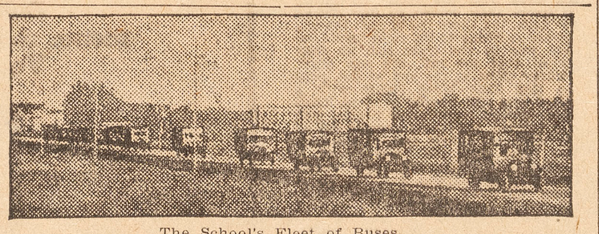
Consolidated School Has a Dozen Buses

Three Hundred and Eighty Rural Pupils Transported to and From School by Speed Wagons.



The School's Fleet of Buses.

It remained for the village of Holcomb, in Finney county, Kansas, to show what could be accomplished by the modern school consolidation plan when the taxpayers took active pride in their community.

This town, barely more than a hamlet, has what is said to be the largest and finest consolidated grade and high school in all Kansas. It serves a school district area of 125 square miles, with an enrolment this year of 500 pupils.

Holcomb is six miles west of Garden City, its nearest "metropolis," which has a population of less than 4,000. The country lies near the Arkansas River, and is fertile soil for sugar beets, melons, potatoes and onions. Despite the inherent productiveness of the soil, growth has been retarded by roads that were impassable at certain seasons.

But now Holcomb is claiming the attention of western educators because of its eminently efficient school system. A concrete road recently completed through Finney county has been an important factor.

Of the 500 pupils enrolled, 380 are taken to and from school in Speed Wagons. Eleven are in use daily, and a twelfth is held in reserve. The buses travel about 300 miles a day, making an average of a little over 27 miles a day for each one, or less than 14 miles for the morning and 14 miles for the afternoon trips. Thus the children are carried quickly, comfortable and safely.

Two of the Speed Wagons are driven by older high school boys and the other nine are driven by the women teachers. In this way the expense for drivers is held to about $20 a month.

Holcomb claims the honor of originating this system of insuring satisfactory service at minimum cost. Last year only thirteen days were lost during the entire school term because of road conditions. This year, with improved highways, it seems probably that still less time will be lost.

The Speed Wagon fleet of Reos has been in service since August, 1920, with such records of dependability and economy that school boards elsewhere in that vicinity have been influenced favorably toward the consolidation plan. Its success obviously depends largely upon the utter reliability and constant low cost factors so unfailingly delivered.

ELAINE AT THE GATES

AND time, with its immense interminable to-days and its small insignificant yesterdays, made up weeks and more weeks until nearly a year of them had gone by her. Mark Awdrey came to see her now sometimes; once he had asked her to go for a walk with him, and again and again he wrote to her. She was not happy and yet she felt almost contented. She knew, whenever she looked into her heart, that she was infinitely less unhappy than she would have been if Mark had accepted her offer. She could see, looking back at it, that every word he had said in refusal was entirely true, entirely noble; for, so far as he was concerned, her feeling had been pity, an intense pity, a pity so complete in its quality that a hundred years would not have led it to ordinary love, and in regard to herself her impulse had formed itself in a blind desire for sacrifice as an escape from the state of weariness and semi-despair to which she had then drifted. His refusal had not humiliated her; but it had lifted him to heights so far above her that she thought of him as more than human, an embodiment of all that is grand and fine. She reverenced him, almost worshipped him; but, again if she analyzed her thought, she knew that between them the normal of man and woman was, at least on her side, as impossible as it had always been. In giving what she had brought herself to think of as little she would have lost all—beyond and above all, she would have made him lose, too, lose that essence of his strength which made him what he was.

NATURE itself seemed to be sending her messages of hope; the exultant joy of the Easter festival was brightening the faces of all her pious companions; the wind that blew to her from the river had a sting of glorious health in it, a flavor of the wide sea, a warmth that it had carried from warm sunlit lands. There were days in early April when she had almost a child's illusion of some wonderful fantastic bliss that was coming, if not to the whole world, at least to her, Elaine. Something must happen. These premonitions or fancies were too strong, too frequent, to be altogether meaningless.

Moreover, Mark in his letters said strangely enigmatical but exciting, stimulating things; such things as one says to a child on a long journey, but only when the journey is nearly done.

"Keep up your courage, dear Elaine, and be prepared for anything. You have been brave, and your steadfastness shall not be wasted."

Then he sent her a telegram.

"Come at six o'clock this evening."

It was the summons of which he had spoken so often.

The little garden was already full of shadow as she crossed the gravel to the porch; but it was still daylight, and she could see that this spring no gardener had been here to clean the poor starved flower border, or even to weed the sooty gravel itself. She saw, too, that in the rank neglected tangle beneath the wall two or three daffodils had somehow survived and bloomed once more. Against the ugly black brickwork they looked like stars reflected in dark water. The front door was open, and as she passed through the porch she thought, "Now I am to learn my fate. He means to tell me what he has decided; and whatever it is, I shall obey, I shall comply. He may tell me that my work is far away and that I am to pack my things and start at once. Perhaps I may never see this place again, after to-day."

The sitting room door was open also, and he called to her cheerily.

"Is that you, Elaine? Faithful as always. You have come to the sound of the striking clocks. Shall we have the light, or can we go on with the blind man's holiday for a little while?"

She said she liked the twilight best.

"Very well. Then let us sit here near the window, and have what there is of brightness."

She sat facing him and folded her hands on her lap; in her attitude, in her whole air of close attention and complete submission, there was something so childlike as to be almost pathetic.

"I have nothing to tell you that is not good news, that you won't wish to hear. Prepare your mind for pleasant, not for grievous tidings"; and he looked at her closely and smiled. "You have been so brave in adversity, Elaine, that you wouldn't let a little bit of good luck upset—knock you over—would you, dear? Of course, not. But clearly understand that to-night I am not the bogey or demon—but quite another character—say the fairy. Yes, think of me as the good fairy of the piece."

SHE understood that all this talk had little meaning, except as a preparation for something that was to startle her, to shake her. She divined that what he had to say was of unestimated, of tremendous importance, and that he was afraid of the shock with which it might strike her.

He smiled at her, but looked at her anxiously.

"Well, what could a fairy give you—what boon, what gift big enough to make all the past seem nothing at all and your time of waiting but a minute of distress? Think of the biggest thing you could ask for. It's going to be yours, Elaine. Now shall I tell you what it is?"

"Yes," she said faintly. "Tell me, Mark."

"The man you love. He is to be yours at last."

"Arnold Thorne!"

"Yes, Arnold—of course. Who else? Silly girl, how many men do you love? Has there ever been more than one?" She was trembling violently, and he leaned forward and grasped both her hands. With infinite gentleness and yet with calming strength he held them. "Elaine, don't be afraid of happiness. Face it boldly. Happiness never hurts."

"But I don't understand—I can't believe it."

"Believe it—believe it. Don't be afraid. You are free—you know you're free."

"But he—Arnold? How can I? How can he?"

"He is free, too."

"His wife? Pearl? Is she dead?"

"No, she left him—of her own accord. You never knew that."

She shook her head negatively; she could not speak.

"I hated not letting you know, but I was certain it was best. There were too many risks and chances in it. And the one risk we couldn't dare run was the chance of giving you definite hope and then a bitterly cruel disappointment. But now it's all right—safe, finished. His decree nisi was made absolute yesterday. He is as free as you are yourself. I am going to put your hand in his—here—in this room. Silly girl! What's the matter? Elaine."

She had slid from the chair to the floor and she lay her head upon his knees and wept.

"O, Mark—O, Mark—how good you are to me—how good—how good!"

"Nonsense. But it makes me very glad—very happy. I said reparation—didn't I? And he is worthy of you, Elaine. There's my great happiness. He is a noble good fellow. Elaine, on my honor it does not hurt—there is no pain for me—because of that."

AND while she lay there clinging to him and before he could persuade her to get up, he told her how, when he went to France, it was to look for Arnold; and how he had found him ill and broken hearted, and most terribly in need of a nurse and a friend.

"Now pull yourself together. How silly to cry. Why don't you dance—dance for joy? I tell you it is all joy. More and still more of it. You are to have your other wish, too. You are going with him to the city of dreams—you know, the wonder town, the place of liberty and hope. Arnold will take you there at once. You are to be married by special license, because time is short and your berths are booked. Ellis Kaye is waiting out there impatiently. And some day it will come to see you. Some day perhaps, when I am old and there is no more work left in me, I may come out there and settle in your town. Yes, your town, Elaine. For you will have made it your own by then, and every heart in it—as you always do, as you always do. At any rate, I shan't stay here—and you are sure to see me again sooner or later. I was always a rolling stone.

"There, that's better. Quick, dry your eyes. And wait quietly and happily, Elaine, he is coming to you—your Arnold is coming here now. Listen and you will hear his footstep."

They sat then, for a few minutes scarcely talking at all, until Mark again told her to listen.

"Do you hear?"

Yes, she heard it, and even in that moment of overpowering emotion thought of the poet's line, "My dust would hear it and beat had I lain for a century dead." It was his footstep—quick, firm, strong.

"Now, as steady as you can be, Elaine. Will you have the lamps or meet your lover in this kindly dusk?"

"The light," she murmured tremulously. "Give me the light, Mark—as it was in my dream. And I want to see his face—yes, I want to see his face."

"Here she is, Arnold."

When presently they looked round and spoke to him, Mark did not answer. He was not in the room. And when, a little while after that, they went to look for him he was not in the next room or upstairs either. He was not in the house.

BUT on the following Saturday he came to see them off at Southampton, whence their ship sailed for New York.

It was a very different departure from the one years ago when he himself left this same port starting the unfinished journey to Buenos Ayres. On this vast boat there seemed to be no hurry, no confusion, or excitement, not even the ordinary emotions of leave taking; it absorbed its crowds of passengers as easily and quickly as any great town with ample hotel accommodation absorbs the train load of people that come into it from the surrounding country; indeed, as soon as one got on board one had difficulty in remembering it was a ship at all.

They all three of them were together for an hour in the comfortable stateroom that had been reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Thorne; Mark and Arnold, seated on the sofa beneath the two windows or portholes, talking in the quietest and most commonplace manner; and Elaine, now sitting, now moving about busy with the trifling pleasant cares of their installation. The steward came and asked for their voyage tickets, promising to save them all trouble. The stewardess came, solid and sedate, like an old fashioned lady's maid in a well conducted house, asking for Mrs. Thorne's keys, telling her about bathrooms, hairdresser's shops, making her understand she should not be troubled in the slightest degree. Trouble—the whole ship was devised and constructed to save people from trouble. Page boys came asking if there were letters for the post, if they wanted stamps, or books from the library.

"Thank you so much. Thank you so much." Elaine kept saying this, and "Not at all. Not at all," said every one else.

It was wonderful. Life was wonderful. Everything was strange, overwhelming, but full of delight. This was not like a cabin on a ship; it was a room, with the round table there and the vase of flowers, and behind the table those two men on the sofa, talking and smiling. The beds were real beds, not berths. There was a clock over the door. The two wardrobes had mirrored doors that reflected vistas of endless comforts, unceasing convenience.

"Well, it has been a rush for you," said Mark, "but you've got through all right."

"Yes," said Arnold, "it has been a rush, but I don't think we have forgotten anything."

Elaine sat in an armchair, and looked here and there with restless eyes. She was restless only because of the whirlwind of events through which she had passed; the incredible waking dream, in which she and Arnold had been bustling hither and thither, surmounting impossible obstacles all the time—difficulties of securing their passports, difficulties made by wicked, disappointing tradesmen, difficulties of every sort, big and small. Yes, it had been a rush.

"By the way," Arnold was saying, "you have a letter for me to take to Ellis Kaye."

"No. I meant to write one, but I haven't done it. I'll send it after you. Give him my best regards."

Elaine listened, yet scarcely heard what they said—those two men sitting there, talking in such a calm, prosaic fashion. The sunburnt one in the blue suit and the brown shoes was her husband. He belonged to her. He was hers. And already it seemed that this gigantic possession had always been held by her. She knew the look of those brown shoes standing in their trees, waiting to be pushed outside the door, and the queer aspect of the blue suit after it had been brushed and folded, and put upon a chair in a corridor by some invisible nocturnal working assistant. They were man and wife. They were the married couple who had been living for three days in rooms Nos. 375-6 on the fourth floor of a London hotel. "Mr. Thorne has gone out, ma'am. Mr. Thorne asked me to say that he has gone down to the reading room, and will wait for you there." That was how people had been talking to her about her husband for three days—for three days—for the whole of her life—the whole of her real life—as it seemed. Wonderful, impossible, but true.

Always he had been hers—always. Only things, chances, queer tricks of fate, had been keeping them apart, trying hard to keep them from each other. But fate couldn't—life couldn't—death couldn't do it. Always they had been meant for each other; and she thought, with a sudden throbbing in which a little pain mingled with the joy, that they two possessed the greatest gift, the surest promise of happiness that any husband and wife can hold, and that was a common past. That past, which they owned and shared, needed them to keep it alive and save it from fading utterly. But for them and their joint care of it, it would go, it must have gone no one else could guard and cherish it.

AND as she thought in this manner it was as if all the gentle ghosts of the past grew bright and strong, stretched their hands towards her, and asked her for kindness and remembrance. Aunt Edith, Arnold's mother, her old governess, Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, servants, gardeners, their poor and humble friends—all these had known them both; while both remembered them they could not fade. Then she thought, with warm compassion, of the less fortunate wives, who had to be contented with husbands that they had never met except as grown-up men, for whom behind a certain year, a fixed date, there was mere blankness or conjecture; who had never seen the man they loved when he was young and innocent, who had never felt with him a child's unsullied joy, a child's undaunted hope. How small their wealth compared with hers.

Mark and Arnold went on talking; but for her, during a moment or two, their voices ceased to sound, and they themselves had vanished. She had gone back to the time before Arnold had any existence in her mind, long, long before she had ever seen Mark Awdrey's dark stern face. At this moment she was again a little child. She was standing outside high gates, and looking through their iron bars at happiness. She was near to it yet cut off from it, longing for it, but not daring, not even thinking of an attempt to reach it. Then with a jerk of the head she looked around, her eyes shining, and saw again those two on the sofa. The gates were down, the bars were broken. She had entered her sunlit realm; her kingdom of delight stretched out before her, with no boundaries to hope, no limit to anticipation except the limits of a human future.

The steward had come to the door, not fussily or disturbingly, rather grave, deprecating, apologetic, announcing that those great covered gangways, the gangways that protruded from the quay, would be withdrawn in a minute or two.

"Yes, ma'am, we're just off."

"That means good-by," said Awdrey, rising from the sofa and coming round the table. And while she held his hand, he stood smiling at her gravely.

"No," she said, "not good-by, for you're coming out there to see us."

"Yes. Elaine, count on me one of these days——" and he spoke over his shoulder to Arnold, "I tell your wife I'm a rolling stone. I can never keep in one place for very long . . . Well, good-by old chap. . . Good luck."

THE steward was leading him along the corridor, and they were following. Elaine made her way through the groups of people in the broad vestibule on the great staircase, and leaned over the balustrade. Mark Awdrey had gone down the next flight, and was by the beds of flowers and the great mirrors on the broad landing of the deck immediately below theirs. Next moment he passed out of sight on the flight of stairs below that. When she and Arnold came out on one of the promenade decks presently, the gangways had gone. It was wonderful here, too. The side of the ship as she looked down was like a cliff. They were so high above everything, that as she looked out across the great shed in which the railway trains were waiting, she saw the whole town spread at her feet, and diminished to toylike insignificance. The roofs of the two churches in the high street were completely visible as a bird might see them, but apparently close to the ship and farther than the town one saw sloping uplands of open country smoothed to a maplike level. The river seemed absurdly narrow, with a pretty woodland shore and meagre distances that melted into haze long before they met the skyline. The sky itself, towards the west, was golden and cloudless, and all about them the light grew soft and weak. The sun was already down, the day would soon be gone.

Immediately below her, all the people on the quay blackened and grew vague, and suddenly she became aware of the widening gap of steel-gray water between the dockside and the ship. The enormous vessel was moving, it was beginning to glide. There was no vibration, no sense of movement, it was as though an enormous piece of the land itself had broken away and gone adrift. Invisible tugs were busy pulling and pushing the vast bulk, and slowly, almost imperceptibly as it moved, it yet seemed already to be moving fast. The entrance to the big shed, with the peep of galleries, platforms, railway coaches, had slipped far behind. All those people had dropped back, too, the quay opposite the shed was empty as swiftly it crept away. Then they saw Mark Awdrey all alone in that empty space, hurrying running, keeping pace with the ship. He waved to them, they waved to him. Then the deck, the shore the church towers, seemed to swing to the right hand; the ship was in the river and as they leaned over the rail, the saw Mark Awdrey alone at the end of the quay—a thin little black figure with a raised arm still waving to them. Then next moment many other people, who had hurried, too, came surging out of the shed the whole end of the pier was filled with the black crowd.

They could distinguish him no longer among the throng, but they stood there watching till all grew faint, till the wall of the shed, the wall of the quay, darkened and darkened, absorbing those little black people, making them vanish. Then the docks, and the town, with its roofs and churches, the narrow river, and the gentle sloping shore, grew faint, too, seemed to sink, to fade, and there was nothing there but a long low ridge and the dying light of the yellow sky. Those busy tugs were dragging and pushing the ship down the river, pulling her round the sharp corners of the impossibly difficult channel. Soon they would get her into better water, soon they would let her shake them off, and then in a little while she would be free in the open sea.

(THE END.)

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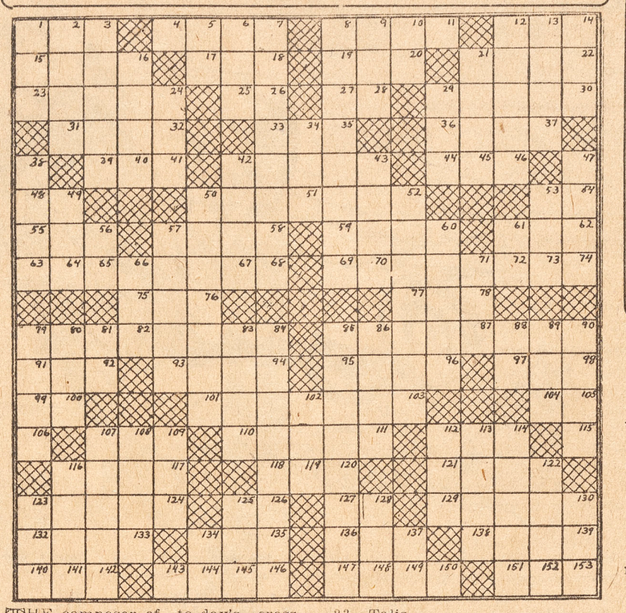
JERRY KING'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



THE composer of to-day's crossword puzzle, who asks that her name be not printed, has worked out an interesting combination of words, though it would be better if the four independent corner sections were connected with the rest. As a starter, the horizontal word starting at square 23 is "Talis," You will observe that the discovery of any word gives you some letters of other words. Thus, with the help of the definitions, you can work from one word to another. The correct solution will appear next Sunday.

CLUES AND DEFINITIONS.

Horizontal Words.

1—A buzzing sound.
4—A small bundle.
8—A goat.
12—A Greek letter.
15—A gem.
17—Also.
19—A wordless greeting.
21—Part of a cat.
23—Talis.
25—Unit of dry measure.
27—One of the United States.
29—A waterway.
31—Similar.
33—A county in Alabama.
36—A country of Asia.
39—An evergreen tree.
42—Endure.
44—Compensation.
48—A conjunction.
50—Rope used to fasten a boat.
53—Behold.
55—Enter suit against.
57—Mineral used in toilet powders.
59—Noted Persian poet.
61—A vegetable.
63—A group of six.
69—Recovered.
75—Form of verb "be."
77—Adjective suffix meaning "like."
79—Counsellors.
85—American freshwater fish.
91—A convulsion.
93—A lake.
95—An inland sea of Asia.
97—Test.
99—A college degree.
101—In name only.
104—Unit of printing type measure.
107—Inferior or spoiled.
110—Moving like a great wave.
112—Obstruct.
116—One of the sons of Jacob (Bible).
118—Tangle.
121—Object of worship.
123—Part of the British Isles.
125—Primeval chaos (Egyptian mythology).
127—A preposition.
129—To treat with nitric acid.
132—A stomach disorder.
134—Place.
136—A solemn pledge.
138—Quality of sound.
140—River in West Virginia.
143—Repetition.
147—To supervise newspaper writing.
151—Common small animal.

Vertical Words.

1—Having high temperature.
2—Poisonous tree of Java.
3—Native of the East Indies.
5—Pronoun.
6—Weep.
7—Dressing for inflamed part of the body.
8—A mechanical discoverer.
9—A snake.
10—A man's name, short form.
12—Island of the Philippines.
13—An Asiatic country.
14—One of the United States.
16—Building material.
21—A river of Africa.
24—Join with thread.
29—Covering.
34—Beget young.
38—Cast.
42—A condiment.
43—Small political unit of ancient Attica.
47—An amphibian.
49—Regret.
50—A design or model.
52—Affecting fundamentals.
53—Great American general.
56—Out of.
57—Brief.
60—Pertaining to a vital organ.
61—Part of a day.
66—A language stock of Indo-China.
71—A slender fish.
79—Distant.
80—Indistinct.
81—A New England state.
83—Disorder.
84—Almost dumb.
85—Healing.
86—An Asiatic lake.
88—In the direction of.
89—Uncontrollable anger.
90—A small English river.
102—Mountain near site of ancient Troy.
107—Inferior to.
108—State.
109—Prefix denoting separation.
112—Confusion.
113—A mine entrance.
114—A kind of engine.
116—To fasten, as shoes.
122—River of northern Asia.
123—Pale or sickly.
125—Fruit of some trees.
128—Incline the head.
130—To decay from moisture.
134—A river of Italy.
137—Group of islands in America

BE A CROSSWORD PUZZLE FAN

TO-DAY we print the first of a series of crossword puzzles, a kind of game and test of one's knowledge that has become very popular. So enthralling has this pastime become that many famous writers, statesmen and professional men are known to be "puzzle fans". It is estimated that more than 100,000 persons in New York City give the weekly puzzle their first attention when the Sunday paper arrives.

A crossword puzzle is made up of words so interwoven in a symmetrical design that the letters of the horizontal words also form other words reading down, and vice versa. There is first published the diagram of blank squares, the letters being missing. This diagram is made up of rows of small squares, one square for each letter, which are to be filled in with the missing words. To do this is a fascinating and instructive pastime. Helpful clues and definitions are given to aid in the discovery of the words, with numbers referring to the small squares on which the required words begin, horizontal or vertical, as the case may be. The word in each case has as many letters as there are small open squares in the row. See if you can supply the words missing from to-day's puzzle and save the result for comparison with the correct key, which will be printed next Sunday, with a new puzzle.

Goodyear Makes The Tire You Want

NO need to compromise with either price or quality.

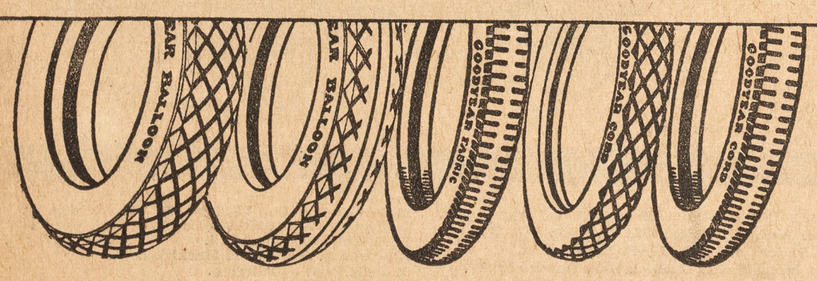
The Goodyear line contains a tire which will fit your purse as neatly as it will fit the rim.

And you can bank on its quality—genuine Goodyear through and through.

Tell the Goodyear Selected Dealer the type of tire you want or the price you want to pay—he'll fit your needs with a Goodyear.

Goodyear means Good Wear

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA



The Moderation League of Ontario

President, I. F. Hellmuth, K.C.

Government Control is People's Control

THE people of Ontario—not any narrow or isolated section of them—but the people of Ontario as a whole—have certain ideals of public and private life. British traditions have given us these.

These ideals are well understood.

Lawlessness, disrespect for law, lack of self-restraint, and excesses of all kind find no approbation in Ontario.

Government Control, in the present plebiscite, is simply a mandate by the people to the Government to proceed with legislation which, while dealing with, and as far as possible eliminating, excesses in drinking, will restore respect for law, and recognize the right of the citizen to regulate his private life in accordance with the principles of moderation and sanity.

Prohibition is a denial of such a mandate. It consists of an absolute order of "MUST NOT".

That it undermined private and public life—that it made lawlessness profitable—that it took revenues which should be used for the public good—that it created evils harder to subdue than those it pretended to abolish—was the verdict of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba within the last year. They had tried Prohibition for seven years and found that period quite long enough.

Of course, the verdict was not rendered without a fight. Just as here, the people were told of the wonders of prohibition. They were told how rich they had become, how sober they were, how crime had vanished, how low taxes were and how happy and prosperous everybody was. "Impartial" writers wrote articles in the newspapers, "unbiased" speakers made speeches.

But the people were not moved. They knew better.

Then they acted. Just as soon as the opportunity arose they voted for Government Control. The Prohibitionists tried to prevent the people from expressing their views. Everywhere they said that a vote was unnecessary and sought to avoid one. Just as here.

But the people prevailed. They decided that, through their Governments, they would take control themselves.

Vote for Government Control as follows:

1	Are you in favour of the continuance of The Ontario Temperance Act?	
2	Are you in favour of the sale as a beverage of beer and spirituous liquor in sealed packages under Government control?	X

MARK YOUR BALLOT HERE

Provincial Headquarters, 9 Richmond Street East, Toronto
Telephone: Main 8387 and Main 1193

F. Gordon Osler, Treasurer — C. D. Boyce, Secretary

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