

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1924

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



IN A LEGATEE'S SHOES

Some time ago Mr. George was asked by an interviewer: "What is your favorite amusement?" The novelist replied: "Loafing about a great city between midnight and dawn." His reason he gave as follows: "At night, when it is not for some unusual cause, love, purpose of crime, agony of apprehension, or black poverty, lonely under the stars, these people seek company; they willingly confide in you; and even enlist you in their schemes." Thus Mr. W. L. George has wandered hundreds of nights in London, Paris, Barcelona, New York, Chicago, etc. He has participated in several exciting adventures, which he relates here, altering the names and details for the sake of his strange companions of the night. Three of these adventures actually happened to Mr. George; three are slightly amended. They make up the picture of darkness and passion which stands behind the face of every great city, and represents a hidden world into which the daring can penetrate.

I stopped in a dark street, the name of which I did not know, as in the distance I heard a clock strike. It was a single stroke coming from a church near by. Consulting my watch, I found that it was half-past two. I hesitated, for the night was unpleasant; it was rather cold, and a powdery rain fell



AN ELDERLY MAN IN EVENING CLOTHES CAME TOWARD ME steadily, making the pavements shine under the street lamps. On such a night as this, I reflected, it was hardly likely to encounter one of those wanderers from who adventure could be drawn. Those who had money would have found some asylum, while the poor sunk in arches where I would not find them. Somewhat reluctant to lose the value of my long vigil, I turned toward the north, where lay my home. The silence was almost absolute; sometimes, in the distance, an automobile passed. At times a faint rumble was thrown up by a train from the station nearby. But not a human being was about. Only for a while did I neglect to see, her face suddenly followed me whining piteously for company.

My route took me through comfortable streets, where the houses exhibited charming curtains, and where shrubs protected modest respectability from the intrusion of my eyes. There was nothing

a gas lamp, combining my body with its outline, so that I might not be observed. I could see her more clearly now. She was that most symbolic figure in an English household: a respectable, elderly paragon. At least, the light touched her hair and showed it gray, while the well-starched apron stood out in stiff folds. What was she doing? The idea of so respectable a servant standing in the drizzle upon the steps of a house at this hour was preposterous. Evidently she was waiting for somebody. Love? Surely her years and her appearance made that unlikely. So I thought, though I well knew that old age, strange circumstance, and peril, never stand in the way of passions. Still she was watching. I wondered for a moment whether she was the accomplice of thieves, and had grown impatient; but then she would not commit the folly of standing in the full light.

I have learned this much in nocturnal adventure, that ten seconds of conversation is better than an hour of observation. So I carefully released myself from the hump and manifested loudly to draw her attention, went up the square. As soon as she manifested interest, the maid turned toward me. Her attitude, stooping a little forward, was tense. No doubt she was short-sighted, and took me for the person for whom she was waiting. As I came closer, she seemed to hesitate, took a step toward the house, then came back. I was quite close now; I marked her pleasant, thin old face, and the extreme neatness of her clothing. I was determined to know what she was doing here, and prepared to stop, intending to ask her my question. But as I stopped, and before I could speak, she jumped down the steps, and came to me, an air of piteous appeal in her eyes; her hands rising, she cried: "Oh, Mr. Charlie, you've come at last."

Automatically I replied: "Sorry I've been delayed." But as I spoke I knew that she was not mistaking me for another person. I could see the lie in her eyes, the depressing smile upon her lips. She knew I was not Charlie; her intention to hurried speech: "Oh, Mr. Charlie, she's so very bad, and she's been asking for you all night. Please come up my night. You won't have to stay very long. Oh, Mr. Charlie, it's so awful to see her so ill. She's been such a good mistress to me all these years."

While she spoke, I analyzed the situation. Evidently I was to be asked into the house. Evidently I was to be made to believe that I was the missing Charlie. Something strange and sensational must hide behind this, for people do not law traps for casual strangers in Viking Square. In the stony, yes, in the glided centre of the slums, yes; but not in the midst of respectability. Besides, I was not wearing evening clothes, and no doubt, after two hours in the wet, I did not look like a good fellow for a lady's guest. The front door was open. The blackness of the hall drew me irresistibly. I must know what was at last! I did not know what was at last! I did not know what was at last! I did not know what was at last!

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



maid touched a switch which filled with radiance a large and wealthy apartment. The well-dressed servant took my makintosh from my shoulders, and as I, with intentional slowness, withdrew myself from its folds, I was able to observe with surprise the luxury of my surroundings. The walls were covered with tapestry panels let into white and gold frames. The hall was bare, containing only a table and two chairs, but these three were almost priceless Chinese Chipendale pieces, museum pieces, the backs cut out in fantastic scrolls, ribbons and wheels. And my feet perceived the contact of a Persian rug of incredibly fine make and age. Those four articles represented a small fortune.

"Will you wait a moment, Mr. Charlie," said the maid. She tapped at the door of the dining room, went in. The apartment was lit up. At once an elderly man in evening clothes came toward me. "Oh, Charlie," he cried. "Thank heavens you've come at last!" I did not reply for a moment. I saw that the maid was using upstairs. I watched my man carefully.

"I suppose you got my wire?" he went on vaguely. He looked nervous. "Oh, yes," I said. I had had time to survey him. He was tall, thin, per-

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

WATCH FOR ANAEMIA.

If your boy or girl is listless or has a loss of appetite, or seems to find trouble in doing the every-day things of life, watch out. Anaemia spells a lack of rich, red blood to carry out the bodily process of metabolism (body growth and repair). There is a diminished number of red corpuscles in the blood. If this condition exists, and you know it, by all means try to remedy it at once.

You must understand that there is a cause for this trouble. If some poison is sapping the vitality of your boy's life blood, have a health examination at once.

Perhaps the cause may be a "silent," or blind abscess, that is, the result of a pus formation at the roots of the teeth, or in diseased tonsils. Out into the bloodstream goes the infection, starts the destruction of the blood cells, and the anaemia condition grows. It is a time that incorrect, or restricted diet sometimes cause a shortage in the iron ration of the blood; some iron tonic or iron medicine is helpful at such times. A change or gain in right food is preferred, but it is possible to receive a direct benefit from an iron compound.

The causes of anaemic conditions in boys and girls, other than improper diet, are tubercular conditions, forms of syphilis, either congenital or inherited, adenoid enlargements and nephritis. Tea and coffee given young children, or too many sweets, often serve to destroy real appetite for more substantial food. This, of course, gives an opening for anaemic conditions.

Be careful that your children have a proper amount of sweets. Sugar is a good food if properly used. The active, normal child needs it for muscular action. Give such sweets at only the proper time. The natural appetite must be satisfied at the meal first.

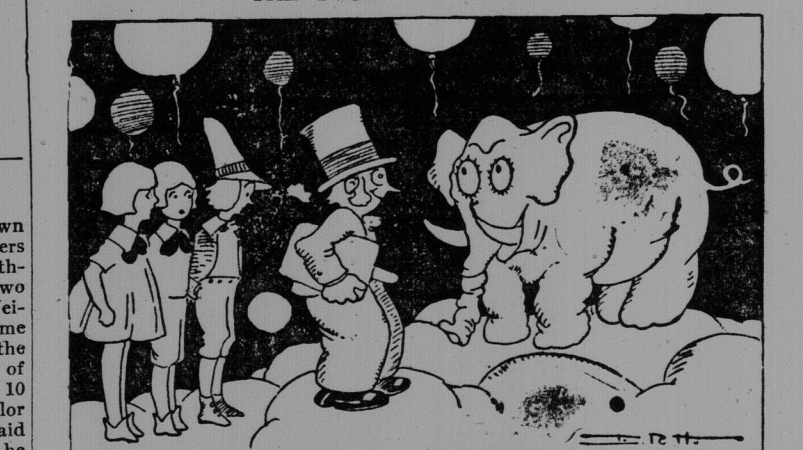
Exercise and fresh air will do wonders. Too much inside work, or attention to those tasks which require concentration, are to be carefully guarded against.

See your physician. Don't use a blood medicine to build up the child's depleted supply. It is almost useless and in some cases harmful.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Oliver Roberts Barton

THE TWEEDEES GET HOME



When the travelers landed in Balloon Land the magic dustpan dumped them off right beside the forest where the baby balloons were growing.

"How do you do?" said a voice, and there stood a large paper elephant balloon that had floated up to Balloon Land on the Fourth of July.

"How d'you do?" answered Daddy Gander. "Did you see two little fellows come this way, Mister Elephant? Each of them was holding onto a big bunch of circus balloons and they blew away with them. I mean the balloons blew away with the little boys. The boys didn't blow away with the balloons."

The balloon elephant was just about to answer, when they heard Mother Goose's voice say, "Here, Mister Man! Take that yellow balloon, and that silver balloon, and the red one with a white cat painted on it, and the green one that looks like a watermelon, and that pretty blue one, and those two white ones. My! Your balloon crop is a fine one this year. I never saw them grow so large before. Cut them all off the tree for me at once as I'm in a hurry. I must go back to Mother Goose Land because it's circus day. I want these extra fine balloons for some of my little friends."

"Dear me! Oh, dear me!" gasped Daddy Gander. "It's Mother Goose herself! She mustn't see us for she'd never understand anything."

But no sooner had he spoken than Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee appeared, still holding onto their balloons, or rather the balloons still holding onto them, for by this time the strings were so tangled they couldn't have let go if they'd wanted to.

"How on earth did you two ever get up here?" cried Mother Goose breathlessly.

Then the Tweedles told her the whole story. How they had been down watching the circus come in and how the balloon-man had asked them to hold his balloons for a minute. And how a wind had come along and carried them up to the sky before they could let go.

"Well, I'll take you both home on my broom," said Mother Goose, but suddenly she thought of something. "My goodness! I forgot! I'll have to jump on my broom at once and go up to Bluster Gust Land and tell Mister Sprinkle Blow to send nice weather for the circus. I don't know how to get you home."

At that Daddy Gander stepped out, and so did Nancy and Nick and the circus man, who had come along. "Hello, mother!" said Daddy Gander heartily. "I will take them home. I brought my magic dustpan along and it's big enough to hold everybody."

Mother Goose wasn't a bit cross. "All right, Daddy," she said. "And be careful that nobody falls off."

So everybody was happy and Miss Tweedle got her boys home safely.

(To Be Continued)

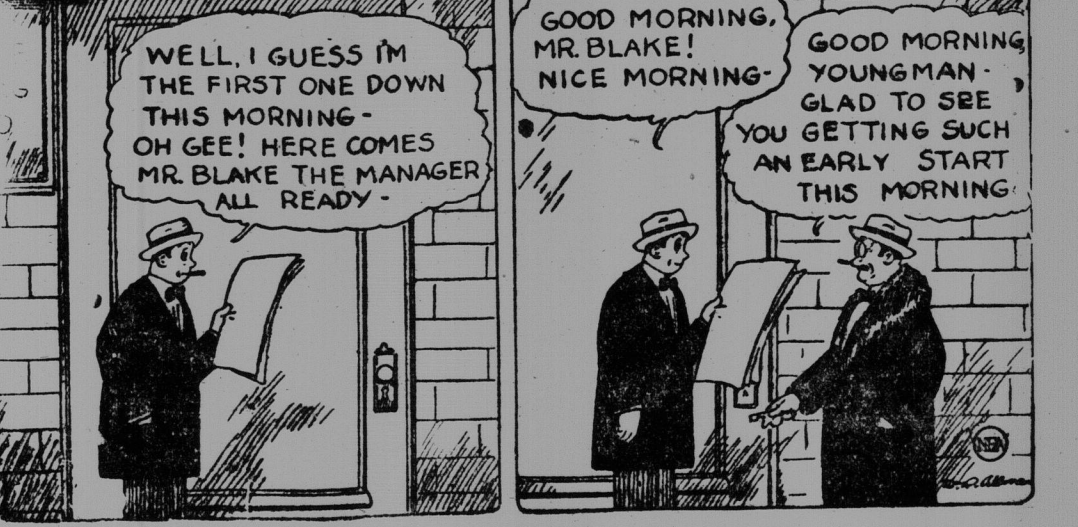
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—JAY'S RIGHT



ADAM AND EVA—NO LIKENESS



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—WILBUR PICKS THE RIGHT MORNING



COWLEY FATHER IS HEARD HERE

By CAP HIGGINS

Advances Self-denial as Means of Growing in Grace

Father A. E. Tovey of the Society of Mission Priests of St. John the Evangelist, known as the Cowley Fathers, was the preacher at both services in the Mission church yesterday and gave memorable addresses. Father Tovey is a veteran of the order and has served for two periods of nine years in missions at Bombay and Puna, India, and for six years at Boston. Ill health compelled him to give up his work in India in 1921 and he has been stationed at the headquarters of the order, the monastery at Oxford, England, since then. He crossed to the United States about three months ago to conduct missions in Boston, where he was first stationed seventeen years ago. Having concluded his mission work in the United States he is on his way back to England and will sail on the Marburn on Wednesday. He said last night that he expected that he would not leave England again.

WILL MAKE A BID FOR MORE CADETS

The cadets in St. John district now number between 700 and 800 and Capt. D. V. Paine, the local organizer, fully expects to have about 1,000 enrolled by June 1. A public meeting in the interest of the cadet movement is to be held in the Albert school auditorium on evening this week when Captain Paine will be given the honor of the night by the local organizers. The meeting will be given by the Board of School Trustees, will present addresses will be given by H. A. McAvity and Col. A. B. Snow. A meeting also the cadets will give an athletic exhibition as well as a programme of music. The meeting has been arranged for the benefit of the cadets in West St. John and the extension of the movement in that locality.