

Half Million Words in "Don Quixote"

One of the earliest of still popular novels, "Don Quixote," is also one of the longest; it is estimated to contain 461,000 words. It was begun in prison.

AND WITH THE SPRING COMES
A GYPSY CARAVAN TO LONDON

Gaily Garbed Figures Are Seen
For a Brief Time in
London East.

MAKING CANADIANS

Swarthy Leader of the Tribe Is
Bringing Up Her Chil-
dren in Dominion.

Spring wouldn't be spring without a gypsy caravan. So it wasn't a surprise when a great black-covered truck thundered into the city this week and disgorged a motley throng of gaily garbed women, dirty children and brown-faced men—picturesque in their dress still, but very much modernized in their gasoline-driven home.

They scrambled out onto the green boulevard at the corner of Hale and Trafalgar streets, a whole dozen of them, eager to stretch their legs after a long journey. First to alight was the grandmother and leader of the tribe, large and swarthy, with coarse black hair, hanging in two braids like dark old ropes. Bracelets and ear-rings and many necklaces adorned her ample person, which was clothed in red and yellow and a dirty violet.

Native of Portugal, she has been in America for 20 years. The dozen or so men, women and children who travel with her are her children and grandchildren, whom she is "bringing up Canadian, although some of them were born in the United States." Her trade is fortune telling, and her language is the picturesque broken English of the gypsy people.

If we crossed her palm with a dollar and she told us fortunes which were priceless and kissed our brow in grateful benediction. It was a pretty ceremony and perfectly sanitary, for the kiss was wafted from her lips to us through the tips of her long and bony fingers.

A Broken Story.

Our fortune wasn't by any means a consecutive tale. Her prophetic of the future were interspersed with sharp admonitions in the gypsy tongue, as 'naughty members of the family' rolled on the grass below us. A child of about eight was having difficulties with a tiny infant, which she nursed upon her lap and which was so swathed in a grimy brown shawl that it looked like a young pup.

Another infant, about the same age, lay on the breast of its mother; small boys galloped about on sturdy brown legs; while the men heaped luggage from the van, examined great canvas tents, and puttered over black kettles and pans.

This gypsy family has been on the move for two months, having travelled the way from Vancouver, through the United States and across the border at Windsor. Coming by easy stages, stopping here a day and there a day, but no place calling a halt, they have wearied of being always on the road. (Even gypsies become tired of wandering sometimes). And they had made up their minds to find a resting place near London.

Must Move On.

But alas for their plans! The police have found them out. And they have been obliged to move on. Only the people of East London had a glimpse of them. They tried to get into Springbank. But the police again were on their trail.

They must keep moving—only stretching a bit of sleep here and gathering something to eat in the next place. They have spurned the life of the city, with its cares and responsibilities. And so the city spurns them. They must keep to the open places, on the borders of the fragrant woods or out in waste pasture-lands. But the head of the tribe insists that these woods be Canadian woods; the streams, from which her family drinks must be, Canadian streams. She is only a gypsy, but she is making Canadians.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions is made for notices under this heading.

Orders for insertion of engagement notices must bear the name and address of sender, and will not be taken over the telephone.

Children Cry for

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Should a Girl Take Her "First Chance" in Order to Have a Home of Her Own?
The Wonder-Working Wife Whose Husband Yet Complains of the High Cost of Living—Is a Year and a Half Too Long for a Couple To Be Engaged?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I graduated from high school last spring and would like to go into business, but since I am the eldest daughter of a large family, my parents think that I should take my "first chance." Do you believe that a girl who marries for a home only is likely to be happy?

MARGARET.



Answer: I certainly do not. I think she is likely to be most miserable, because sooner or later she will meet up with some man with whom she will fall in love, and then she will be filled with unavailing regret for the happiness she lost and what might have been.

I think that the woman who marries for anything but love has no reason to draw her skirts aside from her sisters of the streets. She has sold herself just as much as they sell themselves. No mockery of a wedding ceremony sanctifies a mercenary marriage.

I think that the girl who marries just for a home—just for shelter, and food, and clothes—sells out too cheaply. Any intelligent, industrious girl can earn those for herself and keep her personal liberty and her free heart beside.

If I were a girl going to marry a man I didn't love, he would have to fend me with palaces and yachts, and as many millions as Mr. Rockefeller has. Giving up the chance of love and romance is worth that any day.

Also, I think that the girl who marries just for a home makes a dishonest bargain with the man, unless she tells him frankly just why she is marrying him. Not many men want a wife who cares for their pocketbooks instead of them.

Your parents evidently hold very old-fashioned ideas if they think it necessary for a girl to get married in order to rid them of her support. In former times fathers and mothers with a household of girls tried to marry them off as soon as possible, and saddle the support upon the first young man who came along. But instead of being liabilities, daughters are assets now, for they not only earn as much money as the boys, but bring it home, which the boys rarely do.

The great emancipation of women was the opening up of the business world to them, so that every girl can earn her own living and be free forever from having to marry for a home. No girl need need sell herself in the matrimonial market place. No girl need enter into an unholy marriage. Every girl who so desires can earn her own board and keep and wait until the right man comes along, instead of having to take any man who looks like a meal ticket. And for that women should thank God for their knees every night of their lives.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have a family of seven, myself and husband included, to care for. I do all my own housework, and try to help all I can to make ends meet by raising chickens, milking cows, working in the garden, canning fruit and vegetables and occasionally keeping boarders. Yet my husband complains of how much it costs us to live. Do you think the budget system would help us to solve our problems and enable us to cut down expenses? We own our own home and my husband is capable of making \$1 a day.

It hurts me beyond words to be made constantly to feel that it is my fault that our expenses are so high, and if you can offer a solution for the above problem it would be greatly appreciated by

AN ANXIOUS HOUSEWIFE.

Answer: It seems to me, dear lady, that any woman who does the housework of seven and then raises chickens, and milks cows, and makes a garden, and cans fruit, and keeps boarders is such a superhuman example of efficiency and thrift that she should be touring the country giving lectures on how to solve the problem of the high cost of living, instead of asking anyone how she can make a nickel go a little farther. Certainly she knows, from actual experience, all that is to be told on the subject, and if her husband fails to appreciate what a paragon of a wife he has I can only make one suggestion to her.

And that is to resign the job of keeper of the purse to him for a little while.

Let him wrestle with the financial problem for a space. Let him ascertain by personal experience just how much seven hungry mouths can eat, and what food costs, and how many shoes and clothes five growing youngsters can wear out. Let him deal with the butcher and baker, and candlestick maker. Let him tramp the streets hunting boarders.

He will find out that he cannot run the family on twice what you do.

But of all the mean little things that a man can do, I think the very meanest is for him to perpetually reproach his wife for the expense of supporting a family. Yet there are plenty of men who do this, and who act as if their wives had eaten every particle of food and absorbed every bit of heat and light for which they have to pay on the first of the month.

If a man is so stingy that he begrudges the money that it takes to support a family, then he should stay single and nurse his dimes in peace. Certainly it is not the fault of the wife that she cannot feed her children on wind pudding and that feathers do not grow on them.

As for the budget system, I doubt if it would save an economist like you any money, but it would do your husband good to see how the experts proportion out an income. Probably, though, it will give him heart failure to find out what they think a wife is entitled to have for house-keeping money!

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am deeply in love with a girl, but will not be in a position to marry her for a year and a half. She is all the world to me and to lose her would break my heart and wreck my future. Is it too soon to ask her to be my wife? Is a year and a half too long for an engagement? I feel as though I cannot wait another day to pop the question.

EDWARD C. B.

Answer: Go to it, and heaven bless you, my children! A year and a half is the ideal length of time for an engagement. It gives you plenty of time for love-making and to really get acquainted with each other, and not enough time to wear out the romance.

DOROTHY DIX.

OPTIMISTIC CLUB. The Y. W. C. A. Optimistic Club provided a happy evening for the patients at the Victoria Home for incurables on Thursday night, taking a concert party and distributing fruit and candy among them. The program, which was voted one of the finest ever heard by those at the Home, included attractive Scotch song and dance numbers by Sam and Dorothy Munroe; song and clog dancing by Agnes Foster, and a violin solo by Billy Bendina. Miss Beatrice Brown, who gave a vocal number, also acted as accompanist during the evening. Recitations were given by Jean Petrie, Christine Sibbald acted as convener of this most successful evening, at the close of which coffee was served by Miss Griffin, matron of the Home.

FEATHERS IN HER HAIR. London, May 17.—Perhaps because of the courts, which require debut-

THE FLORENTINE DAGGER

By BEN HECHT.

INSTALLMENT VI.
THE LEADING CHARACTERS.
JULIEN DE MEDICI, a play-
wright and direct descendant of the famous Italian family of murderers, the De Medicis, the finger of suspicion for the recent murder of her father points to his fiancée.

FLORENCE BALLAU, beautiful and talented daughter of Victor Ballau, the murdered man she finds lying on the floor with the Florentine dagger in his heart and a candlestick in his hand.

JANE, the Ballau housekeeper, who believes the crime to be merely a case of suicide.

NORTON, chief of detectives, who is clutched in the dead man's hand and says that, and the disorderly condition of the room indicate that Ballau wanted to divert attention from his destruction.

At the inquest Norton asks Jane at what time, on the evening of the murder, Florence came home. Norton stresses his theory of suicide by proving that Ballau was bankrupt and desirous of Florence collecting his insurance money if murder could be established, as no money would be paid in case of suicide.

Florence again neglects to mention the mysterious phone call, but De Medici, whose inherited morbid love of murder still exults over his fiancée's visit, realizes that Norton, too, must know something, and is only playing a crafty game. Julien is called to the stand. De Medici offers his support to Florence, but is rebuffed, she disclaims any intimate knowledge of the murder. Dr. Lytton, a scientist of note, realizes that Julien is under the impression that the murder of Ballau while under the sinister influence of his family's memory. After receiving a special delivery letter, De Medici suffers a sudden shock.

CHAPTER XI.

FLORIA—Florence

"She . . . she!" De Medici cried. "From the thing with the dagger . . . The doctor stooped and picked up the paper that had dropped from his hands. Holding it quickly under the rays of the candles he read:

Prince Julien De Medici: I write to let you know that my meddlesome interest in my affairs is at an end. You will allow the matter to drop or incur the anger of one who knows how to deal with a De Medici. I am, Your humble servant, FLORIA.

Under the signature was a crude drawing in ink of a dagger. "Floria," muttered Dr. Lytton. De Medici's face grew gray in the candle light, was regarding him. "What was the postmark?" the doctor asked quietly.

"Rollo, Maine," De Medici answered. Dr. Lytton examined the torn envelope. "Rollo, Maine," he repeated; "mailed yesterday morning, Julien."

"Yes." "The thing is complete. It fits in. Hm, what a curious handwriting. You recognize it?"

"Hers," he answered. "Almost," the scientist murmured. "Have you a letter of hers?"

"Yes." "A similarity," Dr. Lytton finally announced, after taking a letter from Julien. "The letter from Rollo, Maine, could have been written by the same hand that wrote this letter to you. Yet they are not identical. The difference is a difference of tempo. Floria, the lady of the dagger, writes with a certain jerky stiffness. Yet it was written in fierce haste. . . . Hysteria. I perceived it from the beginning." The scientist continued. "Everything pointed to it. A dual personality."

"Floria and Floria," murmured De Medici. "But I was in doubt at first," said Lytton. "You seemed too clever at the inquest. A curious balance of sincerity and evasion. And the two hours between 8 o'clock and 10 o'clock that night he was killed. Where had you spent them? Yes, a walk in Broadway. But you never walk, my dear Julien. Do I remember correctly? The nurse gave me my first definite conviction, however."

"And now your theory is?" De Medici prompted him quietly. "The letter had been typed," Dr. Lytton replied. "Floria Ballau and not Julien De Medici."

"But I may have written it myself," De Medici murmured. "Written it, sent it from Rollo, Maine, to myself—evidence to exonerate me."

"I thought of that," smiled Dr. Lytton. "Excellent, you couldn't have known I would be here tonight. The letter is authentic. And the rest unravels itself."

He beamed at the masked eyes of his. "Dual personality, as we know it," he continued. "is a dramatic disease. Yes, the phenomenon of dissociation with dual personalities is the most neurotic of cases. Ordinarily

they acquire them. In pathology, dual personality cases belong to the ill-defined border-land between sanity and insanity. It is for that reason that I have been inclined to ridicule your own obsessions, Julien. Dual personalities are not inherited. Bad blood may breed disorders. But the charming Jekyll and Hyde pose you have been trying to put on your self is, scientifically, absurd."

De Medici nodded. "Now we come to Florence Ballau. A high-strung, vivid temperament," continued Dr. Lytton. "The letter signed Floria and decorated with the dagger reveals one thing. Its writer is suffering from the delusions of persecution. Persuasive delusions are a common form of mental disorder. We all have them more or less. Floria is the terrified and persecuted thing that dwells in the soul of Florence Ballau. At times this terrified thing usurps the body of Miss Ballau and lives its own mysterious life. It was induced by shock of some sort. Florence may be dimly aware of the change after she returns to herself. More likely, however, she is merely distracted, depressed, and suffers from a sense of bewilderment."

De Medici nodded again. "I remember something," he said slowly. "I thought you would," smiled Dr. Lytton.

"I had called at her apartment unexpectedly. It was last year. I rang the bell a half-dozen times before anyone answered. Finally the door was opened by Florence. I hardly recognized her. She stood before me white-faced and eyes staring. I had a feeling for the moment that something terrible had happened, was happening. I tried to push it over, such things always confuse me violently—by inviting myself in for a cup of tea. She stood looking at me almost as if she feared to recognize me. Then she said: 'Father isn't home,' and closed the door in my face."

"Excellent," murmured the doctor. "The perfect corroboration. And did you ever ask her what had been wrong?"

"She called me up," De Medici answered. "The next morning, and apologized for the incident. She said she suffered from periodic headaches, the pain of which almost drove her beside herself. I tried to come on her during one of the spells."

"Did she use the word 'spells'?" Dr. Lytton asked. "Think she did," De Medici answered.

The two men became silent. The candles had burned down. One of them sputtered excitedly for a moment and the other, Dr. De Medici's eyes watched the growing flicker of the three lights. Darkness would come . . . His heart chilled. Florence, crazed and trembling dagger in hand before her father's death, Victor Ballau staring aghast at the horrible-eyed woman who wore the body of his daughter, but in whose soul leaped the awful desire for a demoniacal stranger . . . the lady of the dagger.

"Nothing is explained," he nuzzled as the third candle drifted away. The darkness stepped closer to the two men. "The beard . . . the thing he clutched."

"I follow your thoughts," murmured Dr. Lytton from behind his hand. "The false Vandike."

"Yes," De Medici said. The two remaining candles were dying. A terror swept his darkness. He felt it would grow black. There were candles in the table drawer. His hands crept slowly forward and stopped. An intuition heared them. He sat riveted, unable to stir. Terror exploded a Roman candle in his head.

CHAPTER XII.
The Arrest.

"Ah," he breathed, a sweat covering him. He plunged to his feet, beating at the darkness. "Lights . . . lights!" came in a scream from his throat. The doctor's voice roared a command. "Stand still!"

The figure of De Medici spun crazily in the darkness and crashed into the velvet-covered wall. It sank without a sound to the floor. The doctor groped toward the table. "Julien!" he cried. His thick fingers were fumbling with a match box. He held a quickly lighted candle aloft. The telephone was ringing. He stepped forward and lifted the receiver from his hook. "Is this Mr. De Medici?" a voice asked.

"Yes," the doctor answered. "This is Dr. Norton on the wire. Mr. De Medici. Can you come over to my office at once?"

"What is it?"

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The cab rolled through the dark streets. Dr. Lytton's hand rested on the knee of his companion. "All right now," he asked.

De Medici nodded.

"Dizziness," he answered laconically.

"A rather interesting case," the doctor looked at him speculatively. "Fear, eh? Morbid and illogical fear. Hm. Nothing simpler. Phobias are easy to trace. You fainted. Fainting is an escape from overwhelming impulses that are repugnant to the conscious mind. You had an impulse."

De Medici smiled.

"He prowls around like a blind weasel," he mused as the scientist talked.

"Yes. Obvious. Why not discuss it?" Dr. Lytton was saying. "Such things must be considered impersonally. Your impulse was to murder me, Julien."

De Medici shrugged his shoulders.

"Here we are," he spoke as the cab stopped before a lighted building. They entered the police station arm in arm. The lieutenant rose to greet them.

"Well, come right in," cried the detective exuberantly. "Glad to see you, Mr. De Medici."

He nodded somewhat less enthusiastically at the stock figure of Dr. Lytton.

De Medici sat down beside the lieutenant's desk.

"So you've found the murderer?" he asked quietly.

Dr. Lytton, regarding the red-faced detective, mused silently.

"He's stumbled on something. An

Takes Nine Years to Make Table.

A clever woodcarver has made a table of 113,540 different pieces of wood, taking nine years to complete it.

SCOTCH CANADIAN CLUB
PLANS SOCIAL IN MAY

Hears Address on Canada by
Mrs. B. C. McCann in
St. Peter's Hall.

Mrs. B. C. McCann gave an interesting address on Canada at the regular meeting of the Scotch Canadian Club held Thursday evening at St. Peter's Parish Hall. Over forty members were present, and plans were made for a social to be held in the hall Thursday evening, May 29.

Miss Kate McCaffery was appointed convener, with a committee including Miss Nan Gordon, Miss Nellie Morgan, Miss Elsie Goldin and Miss Mary Dunlop. This affair will close the season for the club.

Next Thursday evening plans will be made to organize a tennis club among the girls. The meeting was presided over by the president, Mrs. Ellen Brennan.

Intelligent man, but clumsy and superficial," he was thinking. "Well, gentlemen," Norton said, "I was absolutely convinced it was a murder on the night we found the body. I adopted the suicide theory as a ruse, and instructed my force to take a similar attitude. We harped on this theory at the inquest. You see, it was my purpose to throw the criminal off the track, and make the capture a bit easier."

"Marvelous," mused De Medici. The lieutenant's naive had suddenly amused him. "A bewildering deception. And you got him."

Norton grinned at the man's banter. "Her," he corrected. "Miss Florence Ballau."

Dr. Lytton nodded. "Where is she?" he inquired. "Under lock and key," said Norton. "We arrested her yesterday morning."

"Where?" whispered De Medici. "In New York," Norton answered. De Medici's eyes closed happily. In New York yesterday morning . . . De Medici's face grew gray in the candle light, was regarding him. "What was the postmark?" the doctor asked quietly.

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