

GIRL WORKS WAY ROUND WORLD TO WIN \$5,000 BET

Jack London's Wager Taken up For Her by Hilda Gilbert DAUGHTER OF RICH MAN

Has Sung in Paris Cafes and Been Waitress in London Tea-shop, Acted in "The Miracle" and Managed a Fashionable Beauty Parlor

(Times' Special Correspondence)

London, March 27.—It is beginning to look as if that adventurous novelist, Jack London, would be \$5,000 in pocket before many months have passed, by winning an extraordinary bet when he made a little more than two years ago, when he staked the money on the proposal that Mrs. Hilda Gilbert could succeed in working her way



Hilda Gilbert, Who is Working Her Way Round the World to Win a \$5,000 Bet for Jack London

round the world without any money except what she could earn on the way.

Mrs. Hilda Gilbert, who is now on the point of leaving for South Africa, after nearly two years of surprising experiences in this country and on the continent, is a dainty little woman with a profusion of thick red hair, provoking gray eyes, a peach and cream complexion and a trim figure.

She was born in Buffalo, New York, where her father, C. H. Myers, is a wealthy manufacturer, and after marrying in haste at the age of fourteen, she spent at leisure and was divorced four years afterward. At nineteen, she heard the west-a-callin' of one of the great Klippers and, going out to California, she lived in the open. In time she found her way to a house of her own in Graham's Canyon, Glen Ellen, California, which is quite close to the home of the London at Wake Robin Lodge. She was their guest for two months in the summer of 1910, and then was laid the wager which sent this pretty and gritty girl off on such an enterprise as perhaps no woman ever embarked on before.

The Terms "The understanding was," said Mrs. Gilbert, "that I was to start with money enough to take me across the ocean and leave me a few dollars after I got there, and that after that it would be up to me. I was to work my way through Europe, South Africa, Australia, Japan and the Philippines, and if I succeeded in doing so, within three years from the time of starting. Mr. London was to win \$5,000. My reward? Well, it's a wonderful experience, of course, and I may write a book about it after it's all over, and I shouldn't be surprised, either, if, in case I won, Mr. London handed a generous proportion of his winnings over me. Help from my father in case of need? No, there was never any chance of that, for my father disapproves of the whole thing too much to come to my aid, however great a hole I might get in, and I have been in some fairly deep ones since I started on my trip.

So off Mrs. Gilbert sailed on the Lusitania on January 5, 1911, and since that time she has done many strange things for the sake of bread and butter. She has sung, masked, accompanying herself on the mandolin, in the Paris cafes; she has been

a waitress in a London city tea-shop; she has been a nun in "The Miracle" and the manageress of a beauty parlor in Bond street, motored through Denmark, Germany and Austria as companion to a wealthy Englishwoman, lived "on the land" in a communist colony, told funny stories before a royal prince, posed for artists, studied Persian manuscripts at the British Museum, written short stories and incidentally found time to perpetrate a novel and get it accepted by an English publisher who already has paid a substantial advance royalty.

More than once, however, as you may imagine, she has had to deal with "uncle," more than one wrathful landlady has held up her luggage in lieu of payment that was not forthcoming, and more than once she has had no more than a vague idea where her next meal was coming from, yet when I talked with her, the other day, she was very as cocky as a sparrow, though she is not exactly rolling in wealth, and has several more continents to conquer before she can claim to have won Jack London's wager for him.

When she landed in the British metropolis on January 18, 1911, she had \$20 in her possession, so she told her baby to drive to the Hotel Cecil and there received him with half a crown, thus reducing her available capital to about \$1.50, a sum which would scarcely cover the rent of her room at the "Cecil" for one day. This hostility, as so doubt you know, is one of the best in London, and Mrs. Gilbert's action in putting up there on a cash capital of less than \$2 is a typical piece of audacity on her part, which she explained, to some extent, in telling about it, by the fact that she was counting on getting a music-hall engagement here just as soon as she applied for one. That fond delusion vanished, however, before many hours had passed.

Then, all of a sudden she found herself in Easy street. A friend in America who had owed her \$50 forwarded a money order for that amount, which paid her hotel bill, and by the merest accident—a tumble downstairs—she made the acquaintance of a well-to-do Englishwoman who was also staying at the hotel and who, on being told the story of Jack London's wager, promptly engaged her as her companion on a motor tour on the continent. The salary of \$25 a week and expenses commended itself highly to Mrs. Gilbert and the two set off forthwith, travelling in the Englishwoman's car and visiting Stockholm, Berlin, Vienna and Brussels, where they parted company.

In Paris Cafes The Englishwoman's social engagements obliged her to return to England and she invited her "companion" to come with her, but Mrs. Gilbert's contract called for some real work on the continent and she did not feel that she had done any so far. Paris struck her as a likely field for a scheme she had in mind, so to the gay city she went. She knows how to coax some highly agreeable music out of a mandolin, so she conceived the idea of warbling and playing to the patrons of some of the fashionable Paris cafes. To make a thing more piquant she wore a mask, "not one of those ugly black dominoes," she explained candidly, "but one of the silk one," and she hid her gorgeous tawny hair "very brain-storm," to use her own expression. For the first night she wore an ordinary evening dress and had a little page-boy, dressed as an East Indian, to take any money that might be forthcoming.

Less conservative than the London restaurant proprietors proved later, the Parisians once raised no objection to her scheme, and she sang first at Maxim's then at the Cafe de Paris, and afterward at the Bal Tabarin and other resorts of the great and the half-world. She came and went in a taxi, had only one disagreeable adventure in the three weeks she kept the thing up and made quite a lot of money. The not wholly agreeable adventure occurred when, one night at the Bal Tabarin, a man tried to tear off her mask, but the attendants at the place fell upon him, and the sympathetic spectators patronized her little "East Indian's" tambourine gallantly by way of making it up to her, so she drove home in triumph.

On another evening, like Cinderella, she left one of her slippers behind her, a Russian baron, who was entertaining a choice company at the Cafe de Paris, having expressed a desire to possess it. Having gratified his wish, he sweetened the collection to the extent of a thousand franc note, which is quite a fair price for one slipper. At that rate they would be \$400 a pair.

Forgetful of her previous experience with British conservatism, and flushed with her Paris triumphs, she thought she could conquer the smart restaurants of London as effectively as she had those of Paris, so back she came to London. She had an idea that she could do well, if not by playing and singing, then by selling the flowers of the metropolis as a fearsome lot, but the brilliant scheme proved as complete a fiasco as her former one, she appearing at the London halls had done.

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A GREAT BELIEVER IN "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Well Known Ontario Merchant Has Faith Because "Fruit-a-tives" Cured Him



MR. JAMES DOBSON

Broms, Ont., March 1st, 1912. "Fruit-a-tives has made a complete cure in my case of Rheumatism, that had at least five years standing, before I commenced the treatment. The trouble was principally in my right hip and shoulder, the pain from it was almost unendurable. Not being able to sleep on that side, if I chanced to turn on my right side while asleep, the pain would immediately awaken me. This kept up until I started taking "Fruit-a-tives." I started by taking one or two tablets with a large glass of water, in the morning before breakfast and experienced pronounced relief very shortly. After a continued treatment for about six months, I was cured and am now in first class health. This, I attribute to my persistent use of "Fruit-a-tives" and I heartily recommend your remedy to any Rheumatic sufferers."

JAMES DOBSON. Do. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

position uncomfortably near her portage. The next few months, (it was now August, 1911), proved the toughest time she has encountered since she set out to beat her way round the world. Once, just when things seemed to be getting impossible, and then her landlady, already was in possession of her trunk, she saved the situation by writing and selling three short stories for her in advance, which is a feat in itself, and she made several attempts to be a newspaper woman without landing a job. Meanwhile she prevented the wolf from getting in for a while by posing for a poster article, (one of the runs of the "three sheets" in the tube, which advertised a compound used in every household, immortals her figure, and to some extent, her lieutenants) and about this time, when Dostok advertised for a girl to learn lion taming, Hilda Gilbert answered the advertisement, but never received any reply.

"Would you really have tamed lions?" I demanded when she told about this. "I would have tried," was the matter-of-fact reply.

A Chorus Girl It was in December of last year that she tried for a part in the chorus of Reinhardt's "Miracle," then being staged at the London "Olympic," and secured it. That colorful production, which played to empty benches for the first few weeks, eventually sought on and ran until March, so for twelve weeks this plucky little woman was a demure little nun at a salary of \$2.50 a week. Incidentally she made a friend of one of the men concerned in the production, and that is how she came to be, next, a waitress at \$3.25 a week in a London tea-shop. During the run of the "Miracle," by the way, an idea for a novel music hall dance, with Persian effects had occurred to this quick-witted little lady, and immediately she was free she commenced unwinding the many yards of red tape which have to be loosened before one can gain admission to the oriental room of the British Museum, and, once ensconced there, began a lengthy study of Persian illuminated manuscripts in connection with her idea.

She got through 150 of them before she could conquer the smart restaurants of London as effectively as she had those of Paris, so back she came to London. She had an idea that she could do well, if not by playing and singing, then by selling the flowers of the metropolis as a fearsome lot, but the brilliant scheme proved as complete a fiasco as her former one, she appearing at the London halls had done.

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don street, under the management of Madame August Strindberg, the widow of a Swedish novelist, and attractive "turns" were in demand there. Mrs. Gilbert's friend suggested that she might tell stories for the delectation of the aristocratic and bohemian patrons of the Golden Call. At her first appearance she had an exalted auditor in the person of Prince Arthur of Connaught. I asked Mrs. Gilbert how the prince seemed to enjoy her stories. "He looked extremely bored all the time," was her naive reply. On another evening, the Balkan peace delegates formed a part of the audience at the cabaret.

It was immediately at the close of her engagement at "The Cave of the Golden Call" that she adopted yet another role, and "glad handed" prospective customers for a Bond street beauty artist. A bit later, after a short period of posing for Sig-ahow, a Norwegian artist, and still another period when the wolf got unpleasantly neighborly, she went down to Gloucestershire and lived "on the land" with a queer colony of Tolstoyans who have been there for thirteen years, living according to the creed of the Russian teacher, under the high priestship of a leonine student of Hegel, who declares that all the recognized theories of astronomy are without foundation and is writing a big book to prove it.

As present it looks as if Mrs. Gilbert really were going to succeed with her music-hall act and she is rather dependent on it to take her to South Africa, if all else fails, she may pocket her pride again, become a "seamstress" pro tem and apply for what is known as an "assisted passage" to the Cape, for she is going to get there and to Australia, Japan and the Philippines, too.

ANOTHER ADVANCE IN PLAYGROUNDS WORK Executive Decides to Equip Neighborhood Playgrounds on Both Sides of Harbor

At a meeting of the executive of the Playgrounds Association last evening it was decided to equip neighborhood playgrounds at the Alexanders and Bentley street schools for the coming summer holidays and to equip a playground in Carleton if a suitable site can be secured. A committee will ask the city council to grant a portion of the money. Walter C. Allison reported that he had had an eminent engineer over the Rockwood field and progress was being made in the matter of a report on drainage of that field. An offer of the Star theatre in Main street to give a benefit for the North End playgrounds was accepted. The details to be worked out with J. N. Golding. Mr. Allison reported a donation of \$50 from R. Ernest Smith. The matter of equipping the North End playgrounds was placed in the hands of Walter C. Allison, Geo. E. Day, R. J. Walsh, F. delo, Clemens and the secretary. Those present at the meeting were these five and M. E. Agar, Walter H. Golding, Mrs. E. A. Jackson Smith, Miss Grace Leavitt and Miss Murray, the playground instructor. The latter submitted the following program for the summer in the High school assembly hall: Monday afternoon—Teacher training (Theory of playground work and of stories, organized play and folk games). Monday evening—Employed girls. Tuesday afternoon—Class of children, in playground games, folk dances and stories. Tuesday evening—High school girls. Wednesday afternoon—Teacher training.

BLESSINGS NEVER COME SINGLY Herpicide and Beautiful Hair

Having a head of nice hair is a blessing within the reach of anyone who will use Newbro's Herpicide before the dandruff germ has denuded the scalp and left a condition of chronic baldness. Herpicide imparts that snap and luster to the hair which are so attractive. Having a subtle fragrance Herpicide appeals directly to persons of refinement. It has been sold for years, and boasts of more satisfied users than all other hair dressings combined.

Send 10c. in postage or silver for sample to Dept. R., Detroit, Mich. Newbro's Herpicide in 50c. and \$1.00 sizes is sold by all dealers who guarantee it to do all that is claimed. If you are not satisfied your money will be refunded. E. Clinton Brown, special agent, corner Waterloo and Union streets.

VALUABLE FRESCOS BROUGHT TO LIGHT

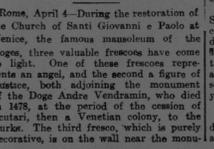
Rome, April 4.—During the restoration of the Church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo at Venice, the famous mausoleum of the Doge, three valuable frescoes have come to light. One of these frescoes represents an angel, and the second a figure of Justice, both adjoining the monument of the Doge Andre Vendramin, who died in 1473, at the period of the cession of Scutari, then a Venetian colony, to the Turks. The third fresco, which is purely decorative, is on the wall near the monument of the Doge Barro Corner, who died in 1388.

A similar discovery of frescoes, attributed to Fra Angelico, has been made during the alterations in the chapel of Pope Nicholas V. in the Vatican, a chapel decorated by that artist.

In Salonika in the historic church of St. Demetrius, the patron-saint of that city has been found a fresco of a saint, dating from the fifteenth century. The Turks captured Salonika from the Venetians in 1430. There are also inscriptions arranged in twenty-one squares. These inscriptions record the movable feasts of the years 1471 to 1492.

Nature knows no pause in progress and development, and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.

Worn Out by Housework



Housework is monotonous and tiresome, the more tiresome because it is so monotonous. Doing the same thing over and over again day in and day out is what breaks down the nervous system.

And housework is hard work. Let any man do a Monday's wash or a Friday's sweeping, in addition to the other duties which crowd themselves into every day, and then ask him if he is tired.

But most women work away without murmur or complaint, so long as health is good. It is only when the system breaks down under constant and monotonous strain that life becomes well-nigh unbearable.

With the blood thin and watery, the nerves become feeble and starved, and cry out with terrible neuralgic headaches, or sciatic rheumatism, or weakness which almost equals helplessness.

With the delicate nerves jangled out of tune, little things annoy and irritate one; slight overexertion or excitement brings sleepless nights, with dark forebodings for the future. In some cases irritability reaches such a pitch as to make one think of insanity.

What is to be done? A trip abroad or a long rest in a sanitarium! For the rich this is possible, but the great majority of mothers must fight it out in their own homes, and for

them there is nothing like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Gentle and natural in its upbuilding influence on the system, this great food seems to be admirably suited to the delicate nervous system of women.

Each dose goes to form a certain amount of pure, rich blood. This in turn nourishes the feeble, wasted nerve cells back to health and vigor, and instills new energy and strength into every part of the body.

It is wonderful the way new hope and courage come back when the building-up process is set in motion. You cannot get strong and well in a day, but progress is such as to warrant you in keeping up the use of the Nerve Food until the cure is complete.

Mrs. Rena McNulty, St. Theodore, Que., writes: "I had almost constant pains in the chest and headache. I was tired and worn out nearly all the time. Four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did me more good than all the medicines I ever took. My system seemed to be all run down, and I was so weak I could scarcely do anything. The Nerve Food did wonders for me, and I want other women suffering as I did to benefit by my experience. I feel like a different person since using this great restorative."

Why not start to get well to-day by beginning the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food at once? The benefits of this treatment are high thorough and lasting.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Fifty cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

SKINNER'S Carpet Rooms SPRING STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. 100 designs in Tapestry Squares. 500 designs in Axminster and Wilton Squares. 200 designs in Brussell's Squares. Axminster Carpets in Hall designs with 3-4 and 4-4 Stairs to match. INLAID LINOLEUM, all new designs, from 90c. to \$1.40 PRINTED LINOLEUMS, in all qualities, from 40c. to 85c. As Squares are so extensively used I have imported an immense stock and can supply any size or color desired. Strangers in the city are invited to look through my stock. A. O. SKINNER, 58 KING STREET