

## The Turks and some of Our Problems

The "stick man of Europe" is not so much a stick as some of us imagined he was. For a quick come back the Turk has it on most of Europe. It has been so. But at the same time we can scarcely imagine the unappealing Moslem to be a serious menace to Britain unless the other Mohammedan races, and there are more Mohammedans than Christians in the British Empire, take a hand. "Holy wars" are a thing to be dreaded, but Britain has dealt with the followers of the Prophet for a good many years with what might be termed a good deal of success, and this is particularly true of the Turk.

As a fighter the Turk is the best of the bolshies in and about the Balkans. Canadians who were brought in to conquer them during the great war, and those who fought under the Crescent to be square, honest, foemen, with a little sense of humor. Major General Sir Charles Townsend, hero of a hundred fights against Islam in Egypt, India and Arabia, and withal apparently a great admirer of both the Turk and his military leader Mustafa Kemal Pasha, has in a sensational interview published in the London "Times" given the warning that unless Britain gets out of Constantinople and stays out, all her Moslem subjects will start to war against her, that is to say India, Egypt and the mandated countries from Jaffa to Bagdad. In the opinion of the General, the occupation of Constantinople is the biggest political blunder ever made. That it was one thing to have your naval guns trained on the Sultan's palace, but quite another thing to occupy the capital city.

So far back as Turkish history goes it has always been a case of "when the devil was ill the devil a saint would be, but when the devil was well, a devil a saint was he." While it is the seventh century that the Turks emerged from goodness knows where in Asia. It was not until 1360 that they made their first serious assault upon the already tottering Byzantine empire, to be followed nearly a hundred years later by the fall of Constantinople. The sword in hand, and the holding of the Crescent upon the dome of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. From that day to this the Turk has been a European problem. Under Mohammed, the victor at Constantinople, the Turks penetrated Italy, while by the time Soliman the Magnificent was through with his campaigns early in the sixteenth century the Turkish dominion spread into Germany, Hungary and to the gates of Vienna. However, this was the high tide of Turkish domination in Europe, for after the death of Soliman the last of the great soldier Sultans to leave the Empire greater than he found it, the ebb began again toward southern Europe.

From that day to this it has been one treaty and one peace after another. The Turk more often than not being the battering ram between two or more great powers, and very often between several small ones. So far back as history tells us the Governmental administration of Turkey has been corrupt. At least this is true of later centuries. The Turk has no literature to speak of, and what he has is frankly copied from the Persians. Of art in its real sense he knows nothing. The beauties of Constantinople such as St. Sophia are among the memories of the conquered. But they are Bonnie fighters, and ever have been.

As this is being written the cables tell us that an agreement has been reached whereby Turkey will be re-established in Europe on practically the lines held previous to the great war, that is to say the Allies, England, France and Italy, have agreed to hand over to Turkish domination Asia and Thrace, including the ancient capital, Adrianople. The Greek dream of aggression is over, as the loss of Constantinople gained for her at the Peace Conference. Under the circumstances we will shed few tears in respect to the defeat of the Greeks, and if the waterways between Europe and Asia are freed from Turkish domination, as it planned, then Europe may once more settle down to the real business of curing her war-wounds.—Saturday Night, Toronto.

## Railroad Restaurants in Russia.

OFFER FOOD IN PLENTY.

IVERN, Russia.—The old time scenes at American railway junctions, when the brakemen came through the train shouting: "Blank! 30 minutes stop for supper," are being duplicated in Russia as the normal conditions of travel are being restored and railway station restaurants, foodless and closed for four years, are opening again. Passengers during the revolution had nothing to eat on long journeys except what they brought with them. But now practically every station restaurant offers a pre-war bill of fare. As the trains pull in a scramble for food ensues that would rival an American quick lunch counter during the rush hours. Some of the more important trains have dining cars, but they are patronized only by first-class passengers, and even many of these enjoy the view at the station restaurants more than the decorum of the wagon-restaurant.

## Auction Bridge.

SUPREME TEST OF A BAD HAND.

Luck at auction bridge is an uncanny if fascinating lude. Her vagaries are inexhaustible. Two skilled players may sit down against two rabbits and lose rubber after rubber. They hold no cards; their hands will not fit, fustiness will go wrong; all the opposing trumps will be in one hand.

No one will deny that auction bridge is a game of skill, but the element of luck is much heavier than is generally supposed. It has been laid down by some statistical fiend that the percentage of winning chances of a good bridge player as against the average player are very low—something like 5 per cent. Statistics lie no more anywhere than at cards—as all poker players know—but in this, experience seems to agree. The unlucky player may console himself with the reflection that in the long run things will even themselves, although mathematically there is no reason why he should expect a good hand because he has already held fifty bad ones.

The supreme test of a bridge player is in the call to play of bad hands. He bears in mind the saying of the old Persian philosopher: "A wise man sometimes does not know when to begin, but a fool never knows when to stop." He will cut his losses. With the hand of the jinx on his collar he will not hurt himself by useless struggles. He will go quietly, ever alert for an opportunity of escape.

A freak distribution of the cards is a frequent cause of disaster. But if the calling is sound and closely watched, an astute player will often smelt danger. It is he who is hypnotized solely by his own cards to forget partner and opponents, who most often falls into this trouble. More often irretrievable downfall or smashing victory depends on the location of one card. If it is in the wrong place there is no hope of salvation unless an opponent be mad enough to revoke.

Talking of revokes there is something to be said in favour of the bitter endians—those people who will have a hand played out even after it is laid on the table. The odds against a player—even a good player—making a mistake in such circumstances are not so heavy as may be imagined. At all events there is nothing but time lost in having the game played out. I have seen one of the best players I know with only two cards left in his hand and a grand slam seemingly inevitable, revoke in a fit of Carelessness—Luck—yes, but if the game had been conceded it could not have happened.

Of course, without the element of luck, exasperating though it can be at times, bridge would no longer be a game; it would be a science like chess. Nevertheless, the person who tries to play it as a game of luck pure and simple is taking a ticket straight for perdition. He will feel himself very clever when he has bid no trumps on a couple of kings and finds his partner with a varied array of good cards. He will flatter himself when some mad gambling lead comes off, but he will find it expensive. Bridge as a gamble may be amusing; it is not profitable.

Take advantage of luck when it comes your way by all means, but if you want to win more rubbers than you lose, cultivate the proper way to call and play your cards. And, incidentally, if you play often with the same people, try to get a line on their card psychology. To have an idea of your opponents', or your partner's, possessions of thought and habits at the table will serve you in countless ways.

## Mrs. Harding's Humanity.

When President Harding appealed for the life of a devoted dog condemned to death under a disgraceful Pennsylvania law which prevents an alien from owning one, he acknowledged that he was acting as Mrs. Harding's suggestion. His kindly interference in behalf of a faithful dog commanded the widest approbation. Another evidence or expression of the true-born humanity of Mrs. Harding was made manifest with the presentation of her check for \$100 to "Clover," the fifty-one-year-old horse of Catawissa, Pa., an account of whom was published in the September Our Dumb Animals. In her letter to "Clover's" owner, the Rev. Dr. Myers, she expressed herself deeply moved by the sense of justice and gratitude and faithfulness which compels you to sacrifice your comfort rather than kill a splendid horse which has given you a long life of willing service.

It seems a strange ingratitude, the letter continues, "that demands such a sacrifice because your failure to attain wealth has not made a cruel and inconsiderate master of you." "For example's sake I hope Clover will long continue to be the oldest horse in the world, and that somehow there will grow up an impression that the loving God never intended either dumb friends or self-sacrificing men to be consigned to mother earth merely because the most and best of their strength has been exhausted in human service.—Our Dumb Animals.

## An Arab Editor.

One afternoon we set out to take tea with an Arab Sheriff. It seemed that not only was this man a direct descendant of the Prophet, and thus of great religious prestige and influence among his own people, but he was also an exceedingly shrewd manipulator of politics. In the early days, after the establishment of Anglo-Egyptian control over the Sudan, he had shown evidence of being a potential enemy. But some one had conceived the brilliant idea of making him editor of a subsidized Arabic newspaper, and the Sheriff had responded with surprising elasticity to the new conditions.

He had made one memorable journey to London to take part in the great procession held in honor of Armistice Day, and he was a man of practical knowledge. He understood, he said, that I was a fellow-editor, and that the Journal I represented concerned itself exclusively with the East. It had occurred to him that it would be a good thing if we should exchange publications. Each of us might then reprint excerpts from the other's paper. I assured him it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to arrange for such an exchange, but since he did not know any more English than I, or the rest of the staff of Asia, knew of Arabic, I feared the exchange would be unfortunately of little mutual benefit. Ah, the Sheriff replied triumphantly, he had a son! And this son was studying English, so that, as soon as he became a little more proficient, he could edit an English edition which his father planned to add to the paper. The son was now in the third grade. He would have him called in, so that I might talk with him a little and see how well he already spoke the English tongue. As for Asia, surely in the great and enlightened country of the United States, it would not be difficult to find some one who could translate Arabic for us! But there was one other point to be taken into consideration, I put forward tentatively. My paper was a monthly with only twelve copies in the whole year, whereas his was a daily. As I was about to point out the difficulty of using in Asia many clippings dealing with the Sudan, my fellow-editor interrupted me to assure me that, in spite of the apparent discrepancy in value of our respective journals, he was really asking me for no money whatever. He might suggest, however, that we be good enough to advertise his paper and push its sale as much as possible in America.—From "An African Interlude."

## American's Gift.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER GIVES MEDICAL SCHOOL TO LONDON.

LONDON.—Through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, London is soon to have one of the finest medical schools in the world. Work has already begun on the first part of the building programme, on which more than \$1,000,000 is to be spent. This includes provision for a new nurses' home for the University College Hospital, an obstetric building of six stories, and an enlargement of the medical school. Houses in University Street and Huntley Street are shortly to be pulled down in order to make room for this large scheme. Later an open-air ward for septic cases and further research laboratories are to be built. The project will reach completion some time in 1925.

## Havana to Name Street in Honor of Brazil.

HAVANA, Cuba.—To compensate somewhat for Cuba's failure to send a special diplomatic mission to the Brazilian Centennial and erect an exhibit at Rio de Janeiro, the city council has approved a motion to change the name of Teniente Bay Street to Brazil. The change will be made with appropriate ceremonies as soon as the mayor approves the ordinance.

## Squashing a Heckler.

Viscountess Astor, our first lady Member of Parliament, is credited with having uttered what is probably about the wittiest reply made on the spur of the moment to a heckler at a political meeting.

She was speaking on the subject of farming at the time, and after her address was finished a burly agriculturalist rose in the body of the hall and said:—

"You seem, ma'am, to know a lot about the problems we farmers are confronted with. Perhaps you will answer one of them for me?"

"Certainly," replied Lady Astor. "What is it?"

"How can you tell a bad egg?"

A roar of laughter from the audience greeted this query. Her ladyship waited patiently till it subsided, then she said:—

"Well, so far as I personally am concerned, if I had anything to tell a bad egg—I should break it gently."

Eat MRS. STEWART'S Home Made Bread.—aprs,eme

Alfred's Liniment Lamer's Friend.

## Raffles in Real Life.

INTERNATIONAL CRIMINALS DIRECTED BY ABLE CHIEF IN LONDON.

LONDON.—The police are seeking in this city the head of what is said to be the most remarkable group of international criminals. A veritable "Napoleon of Crime" is believed to have established his headquarters here. He is alleged to command a well organized band of international crooks, every one of whom is a past master of nefarious craftsmanship known in the underworld. The include men of education, scientific attainments, and social charm. Under the leadership of this mysterious chief they are credited with conducting burglaries, cracking safes, and committing costly jewel robberies that baffle detection. They are declared to work in accordance with plans of campaign prepared by the master mind with all the skill of a great military strategist. Several papers print this story with varying degrees of sensationalism. Of late there has been an increasing number of jewel robberies. As a result an insurance company which insured a good deal of valuable jewelry has increased its premium charged on this class of risks by 25 per cent. J. W. Bell, one of London's leading assessors, says that recently robberies have been so well planned and executed that the police can do little more than suspect the authors.

"The people who engineer these crimes are not the common, ordinary type of thief," Mr. Bell says. "There is more than one real Raffles in existence to-day. They haunt society gatherings, and in the hotels they are popular guests. I know one man who has a town address, a country house near Bournemouth, and two fine motor cars, who is more than suspected of complicity in some of these great robberies, but up to the present there has never been the slightest chance of connecting him with any of them. He is of good appearance, always well dressed, and would, in the ordinary way, be accepted as a guest at the houses of wealthy people. I know one instance in which a director of thieves is reputed to be worth \$150,000. Another successful director is a woman who has a university education, and is a cultured and charming personality. The victims, both at hotels and private houses are often watched and shadowed for days before a suitable opportunity for the robbery occurs. It may easily cost \$1,000 or \$1,500 to meet the expenses of a successful haul and the big thieves require frequent rebribes to maintain themselves."

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## Believe Earth Older Than Sun.

Lecturing in London, G.B., last week, Professor A. Bickerton said he was strongly inclined to believe that the earth was much older than the present structure of the universe and also much older than the sun. In his opinion, the sun originated in a collision between two other previously existing bodies, one or both of which had an enormous number of meteors, planets and other bodies revolving around them. Sun spots were probably caused by meteors striking the surface of the sun.

In reference to the origin of life, the professor dismissed the doctrine of eternal death and declared that the message of science was of a higher and finer optimism than that of any superstition priestcraft or formal dogma.

Professor Bickerton, who is 80 years old, was the originator of the theory of the birth of stellar systems. When he put forward his views on this subject in 1903 he was professor in Canterbury College, New Zealand, and the governing body of the university then came to a revolutionary decision. He had practically to choose between his theory and his chair as a professor. He chose the former. Since then he has written much about the "third bodies" born in space by grazing impacts, and is one of the world's greatest authorities on the stellar system.

## Never Again!

An early morning customer in an optician's shop was a young woman with a determined air. She addressed the first salesman she saw.

"I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses of extra magnifying power."

"Yes, madam," replied the sales man, "something very strong!"

"Yes, while in the country I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat."

"Indeed! Mistook a stranger for an acquaintance?"

"No, not exactly that; I mistook a bumble-bee for a blackberry."

## Here and There.

Handkerchiefs, dainty and useful at Cathedral Parish Bazaar.—oct9,11

DIGBY AT LIVERPOOL.—S. S. Digby arrived at Liverpool on Tuesday at 3 o'clock. The ship sails for this port on Oct. 23rd.

A coat of made of printed velvet of rather soft colorings shows a Persian design on a taupe background.

## NICKEL



"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

THE PICTURE MAGNIFICENT

## "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

A story of Main Street and Broadway—of a village church and the cabarets—of a mother and her wayward sons—of a faithful country lass and a chorus girl. The story that makes sons proud to have mothers—and mothers proud of their sons.

FRIDAY:—THOMAS MEIGHAN in "CONQUEST OF CANAAN"

When the pattern wears off, your Linoleum or Floor Canvas looks shabby. Econ-o-leum is cheaper than Linoleum, better than Floor Canvas and has no pattern to wear off. You may paint Econ-o-leum to suit your room and when it shows wear you may paint the worn spots and thus avoid habbiness.

About \$6.00 worth of ECON-O-LEUM will cover the floor of a large size bedroom.

About \$5.00 worth of ECON-O-LEUM will cover the floor of a medium size kitchen.

About \$4.00 worth of ECON-O-LEUM will cover your hall floor—all of it.

Shops selling Econ-o-leum Floor Covering at 37 cents per yard are pleased with this quick-selling, low-priced floor covering. It gives good wear—see it on the Majestic Theatre passage ways—it lies flat without being tacked down. Econ-o-leum is waterproof, rot-proof and sanitary.

About \$3.00 worth of ECON-O-LEUM will cover the floor of your bathroom.

About \$2.00 worth of ECON-O-LEUM will cover your porch and vestibule floors.

Twenty cents worth of ECON-O-LEUM will cover your front door-steps.

Econ-o-leum in lengths from 1 yard to 12 yards may be purchased from HENRY BLAIR—BOWRING BROS., LTD.—JAS. BINDON. Econ-o-leum is the lowest priced Floor Covering obtainable.

## He Didn't Bite.

A farmer saw a boy plucking apples from one of his best apple trees. He tried to catch him, but the boy was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics.

"Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft voice, with a pretended friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something."

"Not likely," replied the boy. "Little fellows like me don't need to know everything."

## Floral Tributes to the Departed.

Nothing so nice as flowers in time of sorrow. We can supply wreaths and crosses on short notice, and guarantee satisfaction. We will endeavor to meet the humblest purse. "Say it with Flowers."

VALLEY NURSERIES, Testler Brothers.

## DEB.

Passed peacefully away, at Topsail, C.B., on Oct. 11th, Alfred Hibbs, in his 81st year, leaving two sons and three daughters to mourn their sad loss. Funeral on Friday at 2.30 p.m.

## IN LOVING MEMORY

of my dear son, Wm. Noseworthy, No. 208, who was killed in action somewhere in France, October 24, 1917.

Far away in sunny Flanders, Where crimson poppies wave, Every night the stars are shining, And a brave young soldier's grave; On his mother's heart is breaking, And filled with bitter pain, When she thinks about the loved one, Whom she never will see again.

Rows of little snow white crosses, Mark the spot where heroes rest— Gallant boys of Terra Nova, Who were better than the best; Oh we never shall forget him, Tho' we cannot see his grave, For he died to save his country, And he sleeps among the brave.

—Inserted by his mother.

## IN LOVING MEMORY

of our dear sister Lena Dicks, who died October 11th, 1921. Bright is her glory now, Boundless her joy above; Where on the bosom of God, She rests in perfect love.

—Inserted by her brothers.

## Window and Carpet Cleaning.

—All work satisfactory and guaranteed. Phone 1923. J. J. CLARKE may18,12

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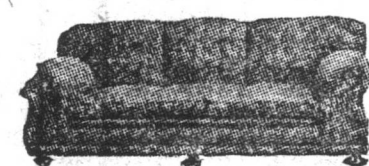
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## Fads and Fashions.

A smart broadcloth frock features the new circular ruffle at the side and the fitted sleeve with a drape. Slit sleeves with narrow cuffs are features of a printed pussy willow frock trimmed with plain color.

## Chesterfields!



## Guaranteed Upholstery

Why pay 60 p.c. duty and a high freight when you can buy direct from the manufacturers here.

We use the best British materials throughout, including Springs, Curled Hair and Coverings, in our Suites, and invite comparison in quality and price with the best imported Suites you can find.

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## A. M. PENMANCO.,

Factory, Theatre Hill (over Red Garage).

Entrance from rear.

Tel. 1147. P. O. Box 1221, East End.

## Stealing Ad.

BERLIN PAPER THIEVES STRIP CITY OF POSTERS.

BERLIN.—Billboard strippers constitute a new type of thief on Berlin's police blotter. Due to the increased value of wastepaper, the plundering of street advertisements has set in.

The thieves work at night, and so far have confined their activities mainly to the round poster pillars which dot the city's thoroughfares, adorned with varicolored bills advertising theatres, restaurants, dance halls, etc. One young man was found to have torn down 50 kilograms of old paper and stored it at home for future sale.