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ADVERTISERS, NOTE.
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London, Ont., Thursday, December 2.

A RIPLE OF THE CRIME WAVE.

A ripple of the crime wave that has swept
over the larger cities of Canada this yester-
day appears to have touched this city yester-
day in the robbing of a South London branch
bank by motor bandits. Because of their size
cities such as this have escaped much of this
lawlessness. The hold-up man and his kind pre-
fer the large centres. Congestion provides op-
portunities for rich hauls, while the getaway is
easier and the hiding places more numerous.
Recently, however, the police of the crime-rid-
den cities have been making special efforts to
clean out this element. One of the results is
that the criminal is driven to the smaller places.
This may or may not explain the hold hold-up
of Wednesday, but, in any event, it is well that
the authorities and private citizens of smaller
cities realize that just now there is danger of
an invasion from this type of law-breaker.
Caution, vigilance, the use of common sense
in the handling and carrying of money and val-
uables is the obvious thing under this menace.

VICTORY BONDS ARE SAFE.

The fact that Victory Bonds have been de-
pressed slightly since being thrown on the open
market should not bring about any lack of faith
in them. There isn't the slightest doubt but
that there will be a rise in values before long.
Investors in the bonds know that the various
issues can be redeemed at the par figure at the
time arranged for, while in the meantime they
yield good interest. The real value of the bonds
was not shown in the figure reached on the
first days of open trading. In fact, purchasing
at present quotations indicates wisdom and
foresight, as they will make a most profitable
investment. Back of the Victory Bonds stands
the resources of this country, than which there
could be no stronger guarantee.

A PROBLEM FOR THE "ONE HUNDRED."

Rev. M. A. N. Shaw, president of the National
Equal Rights League in the United States, writes
to the self-constituted Committee of
One Hundred, now investigating Irish affairs,
that they would be better employed in probing
the race problem in their own land, and might
begin by investigating the 72 negro lynchings
in the south alone during 1919. The State of
Georgia alone had 22 lynchings in 1919, and
only two of these were for assaults upon women,
an indication that the old excuse of protecting
southern womanhood lacks any real foundation.
A growing number of the negro lynchings in
the United States of late years have been
traceable directly to economic causes, chiefly
the fact that the colored man was entering
fields of employment formerly exclusively held
by whites.

The South keeps the curtain drawn over
much of its social life, even today. The amount
of illegitimacy that prevailed during the slave
days has resulted in vast numbers of people
of mixed origin, who are all classed as "negro,"
however, by the whites, no matter how little
the taint of the other race may be. A policy
of repression has been exercised generation
after generation, and even today there is a vast
amount of opposition to any movement for the
raising up of the darker race in the south.
Stephen Graham, the English writer, who has
recently traveled through the south investigat-
ing the race question, is forced to the conclu-
sion that

"The white South could improve its
negro situation if it cared to do so. On the
whole, however, it does not wish its negroes
to rise, and seems most happy when they can
be readily identified with the beasts that
perish."

Mr. Graham found that the negro south
"was a sort of skeleton cupboard which must
not be exposed." In the cities of Eastern Vir-
ginia he found the negro at his best, possessing
culture, comfort, wealth and happiness. But
from this condition in Virginia to the true
Black Belt was an awful descent, for there he
found farm laborers

"With the jowl of a savage, matted hair,
bent backs, deformed with joyless toil, exud-
ing poisonous perspiration and foul odor,
herded like cattle or worse, nearer to the
beast than our domestic animals, feared by
women and weak men, as beasts are feared
when they come in the likeness of human
beings."

Mr. Graham quotes the dean of a negro
university in the south as saying: "We have
to let down rope-ladders to our people to get
them up here. We live in such abysses down below
that there is no regular way out of the pit."
Out of the ever-present injustice this English
writer finds just what American investigators
have found, that there is a most intense race
hated now working its way through the colored
mind in the United States, a race hatred that
has been increased by the late war, when men
who were refused the rights of citizenship were
forced into service in a war said to be for
"democracy," and were treated throughout all
their service in a manner designed to impress

upon them their social inferiority. It is to be
feared that the spirit of moderation which was
taught and spread abroad by Booker T. Wash-
ington has been supplanted in these later days
by a bitterness, of which Dr. Dubois is perhaps
the outstanding exponent. Anyone who gives
any thought at all to the subject must wonder
what is to be the outcome of this ever-
growing racial antagonism between the white
race of the south and the steadily-increasing
black population. Perhaps there may have to
be another Lincoln, who will lead his country
to a second emancipation, if such be possible.
The outlook is admittedly dark and growing
darker.

HAMPTDEN'S PERFORMANCE.

A large crowd enjoyed Walter Hampden's
production of "The Merchant of Venice" at the
Grand. Why have we not more of Shakespeare?
asks every one.

Shakespeare's play is a thing of beauty, a
joy for ever. With the beautiful voices and ex-
act enunciation of Hampden's players, Shake-
speare's lines must chime in a harmony which
alone by itself is magic. Then, there is the gen-
eral story, set in relief by the devilry of Shy-
lock, whose work of revenge temporarily
roughens the course of true love. Shakespeare
writes out of a sublime good temper, and Portia
is that rare creature, a beautiful woman with a
humorous view of life. Oh, world, as Shake-
speare has made it out of golden language, all
is beauty; Shylock himself is a part of it. With
even him Shakespeare plays kindly, when he
cries out for his daughter and his deuces, or
wouldn't exchange Leah's ring "for a wilder-
ness of monkeys."

Mr. Hampden does not clutter up his stage
with scenery. A few symbols serve his need—
a great blue back-scene for the sky and sun-
shine of Italy, a bench, a bag or two, a porch,
and what may be either street or garden, ac-
cording to context. It is as nearly the Elizab-
ethan way as modern crowds will stand. The
lines have then their proper function of carry-
ing on the suggestions of the stage symbols to
an imagination that will complete the hints for
itself.

In some respects perhaps Mr. Hampden's
play is too rawly Elizabethan. Some of the
coarse jokes intended for the groundlings of
that day may as well be omitted for an au-
dience whose groundlings don't understand most
of them or find them too old. In particular, one
joke about the uncertainty of fatherhood comes
in several times; once at most is enough, and
that is about as often as it appears in school
editions of the play. But more serious is the
ultra-Elizabethan conception and representation
of the character and manners of Shylock. The
melodramatic villain and his gesturing are not
underdone by Mr. Hampden, as they probably
were not by Shakespeare's own actor three hun-
dred odd years ago. Without sentimentalizing
Shylock into a race hero, which the egotist was
not who said he "never felt the curse on his
nation till now," the Elizabethan portrayal may
be a little softened down to suit modern taste.
But it is educative to see the powerful Elizab-
ethan performance all the same, and it must
be confessed that the realistic "business" does
probably often improve on the acting of the
old time. The Hampden company make the
story marvelously real, almost convincing.

Jessica is as Jewish as her father, but she
is a good Jew, though begotten of a "devil."
She does not appear to become any the better by
turning Christian. Jews who object to "The
Merchant of Venice" should consider that
Shakespeare creates the lovely Jewess as well
as "old Shylock."

Antonio has to be understood in the light
of Renaissance Platonism. He loves young Bas-
sanio in the mad, Platonic fashion cele-
brated in Renaissance literature, as Shake-
speare loved his young friend of the sonnets, as
Michelangelo loved Cavalieri, as the other An-
tonio of "Twelfth Night" loves Sebastian. Ro-
mantic in his mad Platonic friendship, for which
he will do anything, even clean counter to his
business perceptions—"I think he only loves the
word for Bassanio," says Salanio—Antonio is
equally romantic, antique and idealistic in his
views on interest. Those views were quite out
of date in Shakespeare's time among business
people, and Shylock sees Antonio a sort of
unique antagonist of the Rialto. Such a char-
acter, quiet, honorable, successful, yet burning
with a slow, deep fire of devotion to his Bas-
sanio and quaint in old-world ideas of interest,
when properly played as we saw it, can almost
be conceived as actually signing the Jew's bond.

Bassanio, the scholar-soldier-courtier, all in
one like Hamlet, as Nerissa describes him, was
rather too light-headed at first, as Mr. Irvine
played him, but he rounded to later in good
style. He made Bassanio passable, if admirable
he can't be. Bassanio and Morocco both
played the nutshell game with the caskets in
brilliant style, the one for a loser, the other
triumphant.

Old Gobbo and his son were simply superb.
Mr. Allan Thomas, playing both Gobbo and
the Doge, is a wonderful old genius, 75 years of age,
with 54 years of stage experience, and immen-
sely vigorous still. His inflections in the Doge's
part were not all perfect, but the general effect
was smug, authoritative and palmy, a convinc-
ing doge. As Gobbo, he is unbeatable. What
a grave-digger he must be in Hamlet! Mr.
Operti as Lancelotti, frisked around like a keen
fox-terrier, and when he coolly put the fire out
in the last scene without checking the per-
formance a second, the others also going
smoothly on, the audience were right for him.

What shall be said of Portia and Nerissa?
They were properly alive and playful. Portia
partly under Shakespeare's eye probably did that
very thing, even if it was for "the groundlings."
She and Nerissa are always "playing the game,"
like good English sisters of English brothers.

Who was favorite? Shylock, Portia, the
Gobbos, Morocco, Bassanio, the girl asking in
silvery song "Where is fancy bred?" all had their
turns and shone. How a song rises in a Shake-
spearean comedy like a star quietly opening in
the evening sky. Cuts were few. Balance, con-
certed excellence, are the effects of Mr. Hamp-
den's production. Even his powerfully original
and subtle Shylock did not unduly jut out. Well
he learnt from F. R. Benson this lesson. The
disciple is a credit to his master.

From Here and There

ROYAL MARRIAGE ETIQUETTE.

[London Daily Chronicle.]

The engagement of Admiral Sir Adolphus Fitz-
George, the late Duke of Cambridge's second son,
and a recent widower, his wife having died in
February, to Margarita Beatrice, daughter of the
late Mr. John Watson of Walsley Court, Walsley
shire, reminds one what a curious thing the royal
marriage law is. Our royal family does not possess
the morganatic rule as it has been understood on
the Continent, but in some ways it is even stricter.
For instance, the marriage to Miss Fairbrother, the
actress, of the late Duke of Cambridge was ignored
in most royal houses, but his children and grand-
children are not officially recognized as relatives of
the royal family. But Queen Mary has always been
on terms of affectionate intimacy with them, never
forgetting that the sons of his royal highness, her
own mother's brother, are her first cousins.

TO ALLEVIATE BOREDOM.

[London Daily Express.]

A process of overhauling is a commendable and
necessary procedure with things mechanical or
human. What about overhauling your language?
To converse well is a great art, but not as impossible
to attain as most people think. If they would spend
as much time trying to express themselves in an
interesting and distinctive manner as they spend
in reducing their conversation to the level of the
commonplace, the boredom of humanity would be
greatly lessened.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

[New York World.]

The dead and the living alike have been de-
frauded in the two years that have passed since
the armistice was signed. The war that was fought
to end war turns out to have been a war in which
one kind of imperialism has been triumphant over
another kind of imperialism. The peace of the world
is still precarious, because the victors have not
in its supreme obligation, and the record of no other
government is so shameful as that of the United
States, represented in a Senate drunk with the
raw alcohol of a poisonous partnership.

Two years ago the United States occupied a place
of prestige and influence in the affairs of the world
such as no other nation has since. We have had
nothing whatever to show for it now. Our financial
and economic power is feared, because nobody knows
how we may use it; but otherwise we are distrusted
and hated, and are without a real friend in the
world. Two years after the armistice, that is what
we have to show for our sacrifices.

"HANG THE KAISER."

[Westminster Gazette.]

When Mr. Lloyd George said that if he ever
returned to power he would "hang the kaiser," he
meant nothing of the kind. That is the gist of
the letter in which he endeavors to console his faithful
follower, Mr. Baldwin Raper, who, being a man of
little imagination, had been "hanging the
kaiser" meant bringing him to trial and having an
execution. "The responsibility now rests with the
Netherlands Government for his permanent safe-
custody," writes Mr. Lloyd George, "and perhaps
the reflection has occurred to you, as it has to many,
that if the ex-kaiser had been found guilty by the
court upon his arraignment before them, no greater
or more enduring punishment could have been im-
posed than the action above recorded has secured."
We are not behind Mr. Baldwin Raper's
mind, but we venture to believe that no such reflec-
tion had occurred to him, and that the prime min-
ister's letter will be a new light breaking upon his
intelligence. We must leave it to him, however, to
explain to his constituents what he said "hang the
kaiser," he was really thinking of a permanent
home in Holland for the former monarch, and he
must leave his constituents to believe that if they
can. We merely note as instructive that the faithful
Daily Chronicle is the one ministerial organ, so far
as we can discover, which manifests either enthusi-
asm or respect for the prime minister's translation
of his election phrase.

CANADIAN PULP IN JAPAN.

[Branford Expositor.]

The report of the pulp and paper imports into
Japan for the first six months of the present year
indicates that Canada has lost the lead which it
maintained for three years. Sweden has this year
gained 47 per cent of the total, while Canadian
mills have only supplied 29 per cent, and the United
States mills 17 per cent, whereas formerly the
United States shipped 60 per cent of the paper and
pulp products that were imported into Japan. The
figures indicate that Sweden has shipped more pulp
and paper into Japan for the first six months of
this year than the United States and Canada
combined.

Thus Canada has lost a considerable volume of
export trade in these products. The Canadian trade
commissioner to Japan points out that the reason
for this decline is that the Canadian manufacturers
demand payment in American gold dollars. This
enables the Japanese exporters to place the Swedish
imports, duty paid, in the Japanese markets cheaper
than the Canadian products. If the Canadian
shippers had been content to accept payment in the
funds of their own country, the trade would have
been considerably larger. It looks as though the
manufacturers of Canadian pulp and paper are
grasping for the last dollar the trade will stand, not
only in Canada, but in the export trade as well.

UTILIZING DUST.

[Quebec Telegraph.]

As showing the efforts of scientists successfully
applied to utilize all waste products, which is, per-
haps, one of the chief objects of modern research,
an article by L. G. Denis in Conservation is of much
interest. It deals with the dust and smoke nuisance
and shows how it can be eliminated in some indus-
tries, with profit to those industries and comfort to
the community. The fumes from the furnaces, etc.,
are passed through a system of vertical pipes, being
brought into contact with conductors carrying elec-
tricity at high voltage. The minute particles be-
come charged with static electricity and adhere to
the wall of the pipes. The material can be
removed at intervals by means of a vacuum pump,
collecting the dust in hoppers at the bottom. Elec-
trical precipitation processes are now being used
successfully in lead and copper smelters to reduce
metal losses from the stacks and to eliminate the
smoke nuisance; in cement plants to collect potash
and cement dust; in acid plants to recover acid
fumes; and in rock crushers to suppress the dust
nuisance. The process is also being applied to iron
blast furnaces to eliminate the ore dust and to
recover potash values; to gas plants to remove the
dust, tar and lampblack from the gases; to locomotive
roundhouses and power plants, situated in the
centres of population, to remove the soot and
ash from the smokestacks; to the various processes
producing the powders, as in the manufacture of
lampblack, zinc oxide, desiccated foods, and other
articles.

"To appreciate the efficiency of the process one
need only to stand where he can watch the stacks
leaving from the treaters while someone opens
the treating circuit," says Mr. Denis. "When the
current is off, the faint cloud of smoke pours
out; when the current is on, the smoke vanishes
and only a fine vapor can be seen. Final proof of
the effectiveness of the collecting bins is provided
by the carloads of precipitated dust taken out of
the collecting bins." Financially the operation
seems most attractive. A copper smelting company
installed an electrical precipitation equipment at a
cost of \$115,000. The operating expenses (power,
labor, supplies, etc.) were \$14,600 a year. The value
of the copper dust collected (at 12 cents a pound)
was \$180,018 a year. This, this installation paid
for itself in less than a year, and thereafter was
operated at a profit. Smaller plants may be installed
at approximately proportional cost, with practically
proportional recoveries, says Mr. Denis, since the
efficiency is not dependent on the size of the plant,
but more particularly on the operation of it.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT CANADA?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

1—Ontario has 45 agricultural representatives.

2—Gen. Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold were the two gen-
erals who led the American forces
against Canada during the Ameri-
can revolution.

3—Near Island is at the outlet of
James Bay and belongs to Ontario.

4—The first agricultural societies
established in Canada were at Que-
bec and Halifax.

5—The finances of the provinces are
maintained by direct taxation, sub-
sidies from the Dominion Govern-
ment, revenue from provincial and
school lands.

6—Gen. Brock was killed at the battle
of Queenston Heights.

7—Calgary is in Alberta at the en-
trance to the foothills and the jun-
ction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers.

8—Wolfe first served on the battle-
field of Dettingen in Flanders as an
adjutant when he was 16 years of
age.

9—The value of munitions and mater-
ials exported from Canada during
the great war was \$1,002,672,313.

10—Canada has 3,774 grain elevators
with a capacity of 21,279,964
bushels.

TODAY'S QUESTIONS.

1—When was the agricultural college
at Guelph established?

2—When were the French expelled
from Acadia?

3—Where is Sable Island?

4—Do provincial courts and procedure
come under the control of the pro-
vincial or federal governments?

5—When was a sailing packet service
established between Great Britain
and Halifax?

6—Who was Samuel Hearne?

7—What is the largest city in Alberta?

8—Who is often called "The Founder
of Canada"?

9—What is Canada's 1919-20 expendi-
ture for pensions and re-establish-
ment work?

10—What was Canada's military
strength at the beginning of the
war?

Poetry and Jest

THE PROMISE OF BREAD.

[Author Unknown.]

Out on the frozen uplands,
Underneath the snow and sleet,
In the bosom of the plowland
Sleeps the Promise of the Wheat;
With the ice for head and foot stone,
That a snowy shroud outspread
In the frost-locked tomb of Winter
Sleeps the Miracle of Bread!

Who's the hundred thousand reapers
And his hundred thousand men,
And the click of guard and sickle
And the rustle of gingham girls
That carry water-jugs;
And yellow stalks and dagger beards
That lift their giant arms
And farmer boys a-shocking wheat
In long and crooked rows;
And dust-vellied men on mountain
stacks,
Whose pitchforks flash and gleam;
And whirling and shrieking songs
In syllables of steam;
And elevators painted red
That lift their giant arms
And beckon to the Harvest God
Above the brooding farms;
And loaded trains that listen forth,
A hungry world to fill—
All sleeping just beneath the snow,
Out yonder on the hill!

UNREASONABLE.

[Cincinnati Inquirer.]

"Daddy, I don't think mother knows
much about raising children," said little
4-year-old Dorothy.
"That makes you think so?" asked
her father.
"Well, she makes me go to bed when
I am wide awake, and she makes me
get up when I am awfully sleepy," was
the reply.

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

[Basel A. Ebers.]

"The American ambassador, after the
ceremonies in Westminster Abbey,
placed a wreath upon the grave of the
unknown soldier. It bore the words
'America will not forget.'"

America has placed a wreath upon his
grave.
That unknown soldier laid in Eng-
land's fame,
That through the centuries he might
be guarded by England's love; one of the
brave
From out the heroic unknown hosts who
gave
Their lives for England and for
Liberty.

They knew he fell in the Great War of
the World.
And asked no more of birth the low-
liest,
Or if of blood as gentle as the best
Of those who perished in that sacred
cause,
With Kings and masters of old chival-
ry.
With lofty music and with throbbing
expressions of sentimentality,
They bore him to his place among the
dead.
That deeds have made immortal; here
was said
The solemn ritual; here the King had
placed a wreath upon the soldier's
tomb—
For Death is brother, too, to royalty.

And here we placed, with England's
offering, ours;
A pledge: "America will not forget!"
Woven of blooms; and if it was not
wet
With noble tears—that wreath of living
flowers—
Upon our hearts fell holy chrisma-
lity.
Reviving here our fading loyalty.

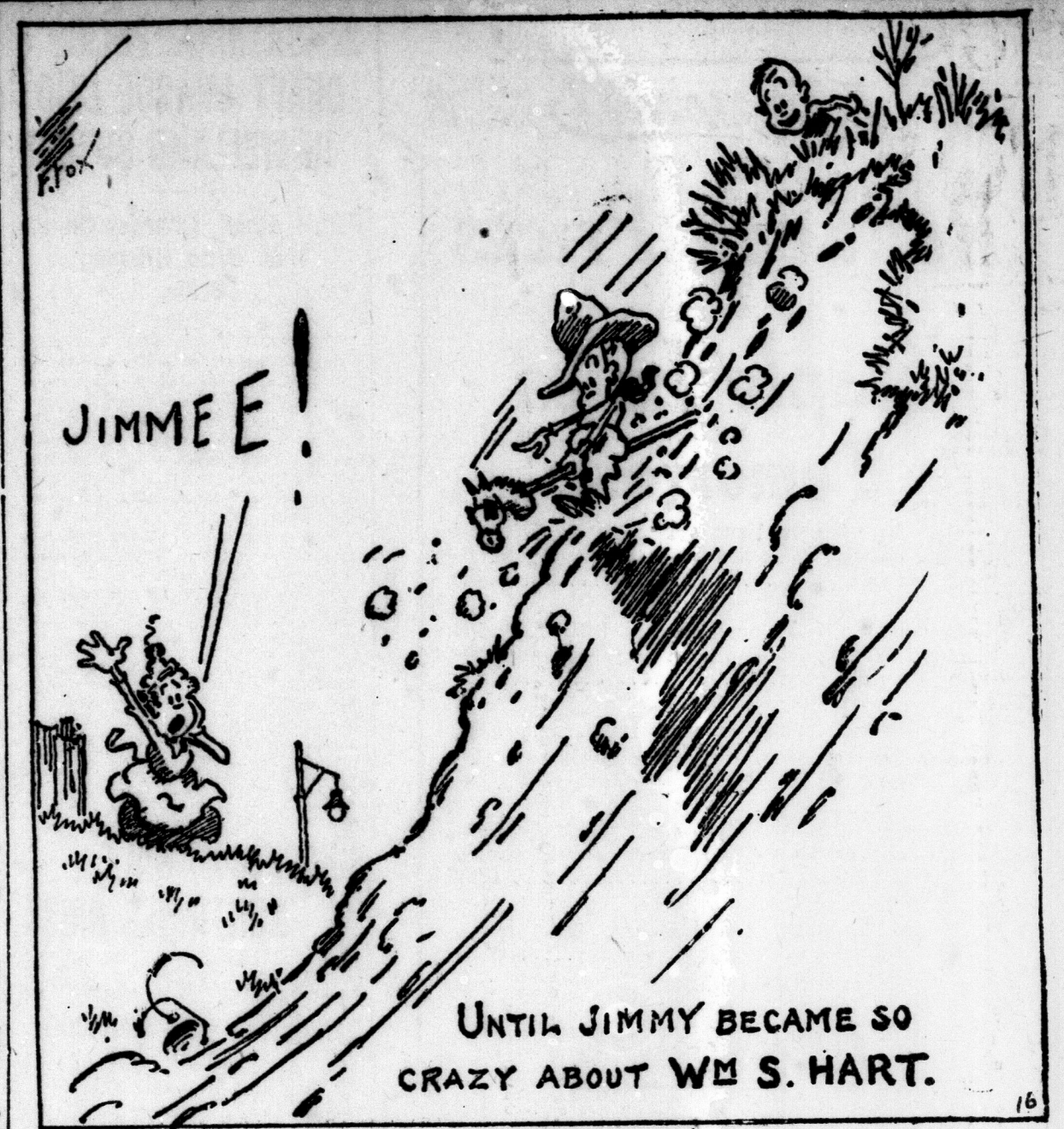
What is it, O dear Country of our
pride,
We pledge anew that we will not for-
get!
To keep on Freedom's altar burning
bright
The fire for which a myriad heroes
died,
Known and unknown, beyond the far
sea's tide,
That their great gift be no nullity.

Faith with the Dead kept through our
living faith;
In this alone the true remembrance
lies.
The unfading garland for their sacri-
fices
To prove their dream of Brotherhood
no wealth,
No moment's hope, its birth-pang one
word,
But the fixed goal of our humanity.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

[London Bystander.]

A loud-voiced lady was holding forth
in a crowded train. "Yes, I maintain
that a woman can take a man's place in
almost any walk of life." She looked
around, as if expecting an opposition
to her statement. A weary Tommy,
who was standing, tapped her on the
shoulder. "Excuse me, mum, would you
take a man's place?" "Certainly," she



Mother has always thought riding a Stick Horse to be a
very harmless amusement.

answered, "Well," continued the Tom-
my, "take mine and let me sit down."

LITTLE THINGS.
[Exchange.]
He ran in a little sooner
Than the fellows in his shop;
And he stayed a little longer
When the whistle ordered "stop."

He worked a little harder
Than the fellows in his shop;
And he showed but little stress.

For every little movement
His efficiency expressed;
And he talked a little less;
And he showed but little stress.

He saved a little money
In a hundred little ways;
He banked a little extra
When he got a little raise.

A little "working model"
Took his little "leisure" time;
He wrought each part of it
With patience most sublime.

Now it's very little wonder
That he murmurs with a smile,
As he dips his little coupons:
"Are the little things worth while?"

A HIGH FLYER.
[Science and Invention Magazine.]
"If you are skilled in some particular
pursuit, and are able to let you fol-
low it," said the deputy warden to a
newly-arrived prisoner.
"Are the little things worth while?"

Dear friend of many a lonely hour,
You must of my rough den a perfumed
bow,
Full many a time, in many a clime
I've spent for you my only time.

My pipe will be your throne, my love,
My rest, my food, my comfort, my day,
And by your throne I'll stand alone,
For be a stupid, silent drone.

Fair lady, I will tell to thee
My journey over mountain, land and
sea,
And precious secrets will be thine—
Darn the luck, the pouch is empty!

Every Man For Himself

BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE.

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE RAGE BEGINS.

It was just a few minutes past
eleven o'clock when Crisley Lawson
climbed to the railroad track out of
breath and hurried towards the
station shanty. She had made good time
in the canoe with the swift current of
the river, and she was now on her feet,
and she was elated at her progress. The re-
sulting stage of the journey should
be a triumph, much difficulty, once she
had persuaded Thorlakson of the urgency
of her mission.

The place was in darkness and she
tapped loudly on the window-pane
of Mrs. Thorlakson's bedroom. After
a moment she heard the woman stir
and call out. Crisley shouted in
to her and with many strange Icelandic
expressions of astonishment Mrs. Thor-
lakson came to the door and let her
in.

The kind-hearted woman's appear-
ance in a flaming red canton-flannel
nightgown, her hair comically done
up, and the girl's purposeful, determined
face, did not laugh. Instead, she asked
for Thorlakson and cried out in dis-
may to learn that he was not there—
that he had taken the harbor and
had gone off with the two Norwegians
to visit Ellidavall, the foreman on the
section below.

Crisley poured out her story, at least
much of it as she thought would convey
the urgency of the situation; but it
was rather difficult to make the
English being somewhat limited, while
the girl had no knowledge whatever
of Icelandic. At last she gave it up.
"May I have some biscuits or some-
thing from the pantry?" she asked,
and at the woman's nod she rummaged
about under the crocks and pans in
search of portable edibles. She stuffed
a handful of stale doughnuts in-
stead of the shiraz, together with a
jump of cheese.

Mrs. Thorlakson stood at the door
with the lamp held high in one hand,
peering in upon these operations in
dumb wonderment. When she finally
realized that the girl purposefully sat
off along the track on foot, she be-
came loud in her protests. Crisley
made out that she was anxious about
the sprained ankle; but this was so
entirely better that it had given her
trouble at all so far and she merely
laughed away the good woman's
fears and, with a hasty good-bye ran
out of the house and disappeared in
the dark. For several minutes Mrs.
Thorlakson continued to stand in the
doorway, the lamp above her head, her
face shining in the mellow glow
with a queer mixture of apprehension
and mystification. These city people
were beyond her comprehension.

Crisley hesitated a moment as to
which direction she