

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



**After Midnight**  
W. L. George

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

THE SLIPPER OF RED BROCADE

There comes a moment in a dance when one has really had enough of it. Such a moment occurred one night at about two o'clock, in the middle of the ball which the Marchioness of Drinning was giving for her daughter, Adeline. Drinning House is very large, occupying as it does the site of four houses in Carson street. But the acquaintanceship of the marchioness would have been better suited by the Albert Hall, not only had she asked everybody she had ever known, but



THEY WERE STRANGE, FOREIGN-LOOKING MEN, IN READY-MADE CLOTHES.

a number of smaller dances, in the course of the night, removed themselves to Drinning House, while thirty or forty of the guests brought with them the reinforcement of the complete dinner parties they had attended that night. Thus the ball was pandemonium. Things went pretty well up to midnight, but then there was little room to go forward; then we grew reduced to turning round and round on the same spot; just before two o'clock, when I was parting Lady Adeline, even this movement became impossible, and the ball resolved itself into one vast

green, studded with gold by stars; the street, beyond the zone where waited the carriages, shone white under the moon. But the wind stung my face. Fearing a chill, I went rapidly toward the west. Visions of bed and bath the hope of at last getting my collar off occupied my mind. But man is man, and after a moment I realized that I wanted a cigarette. Reaching the archway that leads into Shepherd's Market, I hunched myself up to light a match. A cold little wind was blowing, and the match went out. I retreated into the darkness of the archway, but unfortunately the wind curled round into its here began that tragedy that all men know, lighting a match in the wind. Turn where I would, hunch myself up, or bend down to the ground, every match flared and went out before the tobacco would catch. I was strained and hot, growing more and more determined, seeking corners, as one by one the matches vanished. It took me nearly five minutes to light that cigarette; in the middle of my struggle I was conscious of the sound of a taxi drawing up and moving away past the archway. With a breath of relief I turned to my cigarette, well lit; I beheld an extraordinary spectacle.

Before me, a young and apparently beautiful woman, in full evening dress, was engaged in curious antics. At one moment she bent down and called something, at others she took a nimble little run, then ran to the right or left in circles.

At that moment I perceived a fox terrier. I felt stupefied, not being accustomed to seeing in the middle of the night ladies in flame-colored brocade playing with fox terriers in Carson street. "Spot" said the woman, desperately, "jack, come here. Come here, doggie. . . oh, you devil." I smiled, for now the fox terrier, some little way off, was sitting down, wagging its tail vigorously; he had something in his mouth. The woman seemed in despair. She made a helpless movement with her hands. Evidently she wanted to catch the dog; evidently, too, I might help her. I stepped out of the archway, and, as I did so, pausing uncertainly, she turned to me and said, "Oh, there you are, No. 9. I mean No. 9. Do help me to catch this dog." I came forward, going toward the dog. No. 9? Why did she call me No. 9? She must have expected me at this very spot. Meaning, who promptly danced about, full of excitement, making circles round both of us: "Why, then, I cried, 'he's got a slipper in his mouth.'"

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



IT IS NOT KNOWN IF ROBBERS, TOWN BOYS OR THE ZERO WEATHER BROKE THE TAIL OFF THAT OLD IRON DOG IN JUDGE HORNBLowers FRONT YARD

not seen me before and supposed I had drawn the lot by proxy. Meanwhile, after throwing a glance of disappointment because we would not go on with the game, the fox terrier had now settled a little way off; far from leaving the slipper, he was beginning to eat it. Then I did a silly thing. Hoping to catch the dog unawares, I shouted and leapt toward him. He started up, alas, taking up the slipper. Nimble dodging me, he bolted into the archway. I ran into Shepherd's Market, the woman lurching behind me. For one moment I thought I had caught the creature, for I touched him, but he rushed between my legs, then into a corner where he left me, for when I turned he had disappeared. Then, in the distance, we heard a clock strike the half hour. The woman made a desperate gesture: "Too late! We can't go after him now."

I was just going to suggest finding her a taxi to drive her home, forgetting the peculiarities of the case, when for our guards followed a cleverly circuitous route, turning us round rapidly, diving into corners and coming out. Perhaps we went three hundred yards, but I found myself being led into a house. The door closed behind me; my bandage was taken

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

THE HEALTH LADDER.

Article 2.

Your health, both of mind and body, is the one great personal asset worth while. If you are as desirous of gain in activity as you are in real capital and worldly goods, make every effort to increase or at least help your physical and mental strength. This can be done in nearly all cases. If every person who considers life worth living is really anxious to make the effort. The best efforts of modern medical research have clearly demonstrated that many maladies, if not the majority from which a large part of the human race suffers is due to acute or chronic infection of the alimentary canal with poison-forming germs. The most sensible and natural course to pursue is to do all in your power to avoid this condition.

First of all, don't eat too much, rise from the table with an appetite and you will never sit down without one. Meat once a day is enough for anyone. The bacteria in all meats is not destroyed by ordinary cooking. These germs frequently cause putrefaction

and other poison-forming processes. Give your body a chance, don't inoculate yourself with destroying disease just because you eat anything you want. Run your body on schedule. Don't take food into your stomach while any part of a previous meal is undigested.

The liquid which you take or do not take into your body every day plays a most important part for good or bad. Two quarts of water should be your daily portion. A glassful on arising and one at retiring, the rest whenever you feel like it.

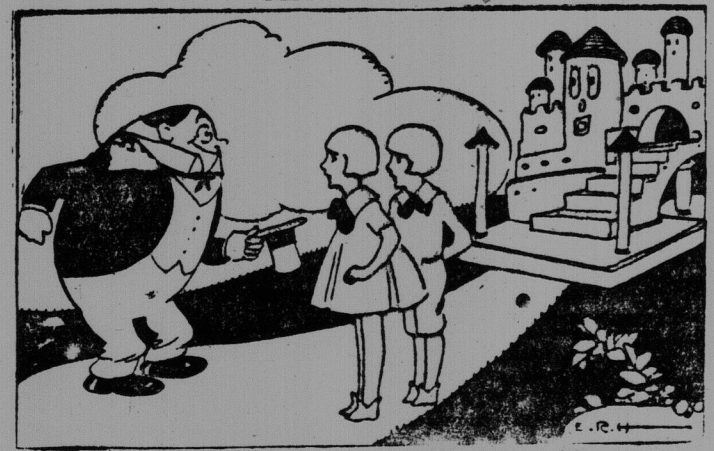
The practice of deep breathing aids and develops the lungs, where the blood is purified. Good blood you must have; he rest is easy. Practice deep breathing as often as possible, some part of every hour that you are awake. Always breathe through the nose.

Remember that metabolism (growth and bodily repair) are best carried out during restful sleep. Walking is the best exercise, but additional set-up drills of your own making can be used to advantage both morning and night.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

RIDDLE LAND.



"How d' do, children? I hope you're both well." "My, my, but I'm glad to see you!" cried the Fairy Queen as she gave each of the Twins a good hug and kiss. "I haven't seen you for ages. What happened? Where have you been?" "We couldn't find any way to get here!" said Nick. "We wanted to come, but couldn't."

"Why, I told Twinkle To to tell Nimble Toes to tell Silver Wing to take the magic green shoes to you so that you could find your way to Fairyland whenever you wished to come," said her majesty in surprise. "I wonder why he didn't obey me!"

"He did! He did obey you," said Nancy. "But he left the shoes on our lawn and it snowed on them and we didn't see them until the snow melted. We put them on and wished ourselves here as quickly as we could. My, but it's nice and warm! And the flowers are in bloom—like summer!"

"It's always warm in Fairyland," said the Fairy Queen, giving Nancy another little squeeze. "I'm particularly glad you happened in today, though, kiddies, for I've had a letter from one of my best friends. And you know her! Guess?"

"Mother Goose?" guessed Nancy. "No, I'll tell you who it is. It's the Riddle Lady! The Riddle Lady who lives in Riddle Land!"

"Why, we were in Riddle Land not long ago!" cried Nancy. "Well, that's why she wants you again. She says that her subjects have lost all their thinking caps and can't find them. And so, of course, they can't guess a single answer to her riddles. She wants you two children to meet Humpty Dumpty down by the garden wall today at noon and go back to Riddle Town with him. She has invited the Mother Goose

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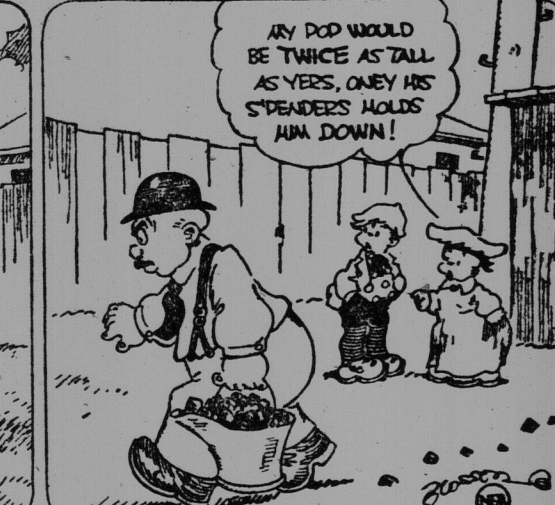
CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

Good for every member of the family.

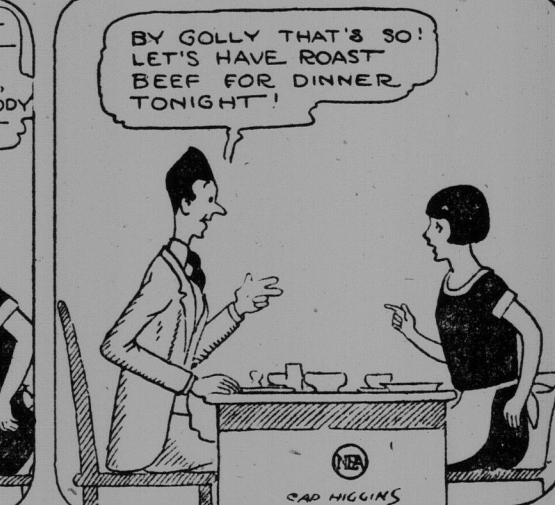
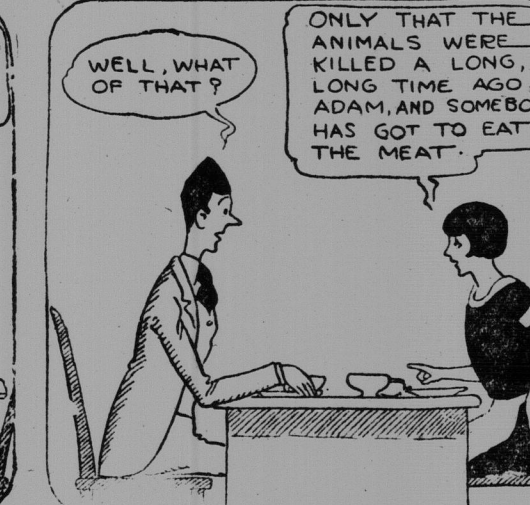
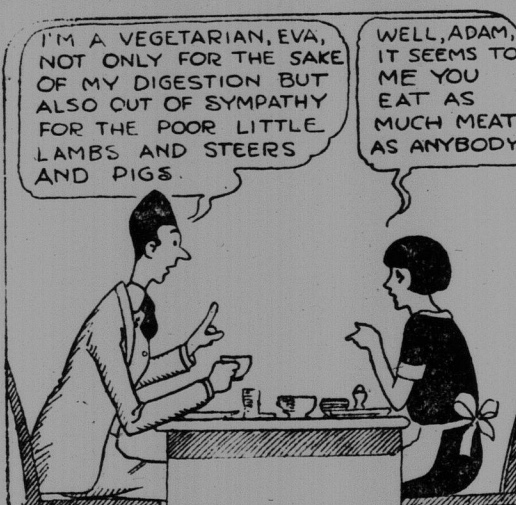
FIRE AROUND PIPE

A still alarm was sent in to No. 1 station, King street east, about 12:20 o'clock yesterday afternoon for a slight fire in the home of George McKinnay, 134 Carmarthen street. The fire was discovered among some pipes that had been wedged in a point of pipe over the furnace. There was some smoke and soot back to Riddle Town with him. She has invited the Mother Goose

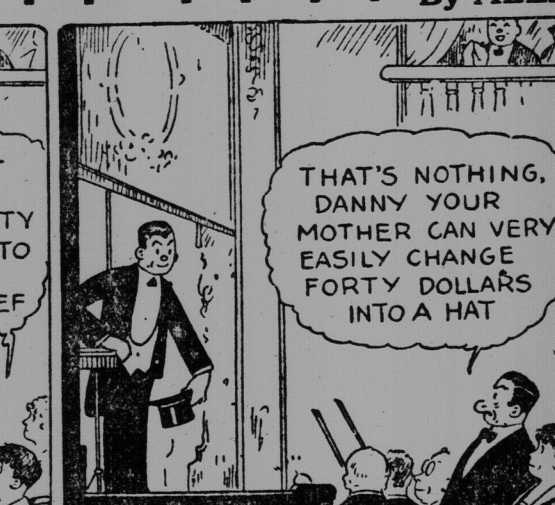
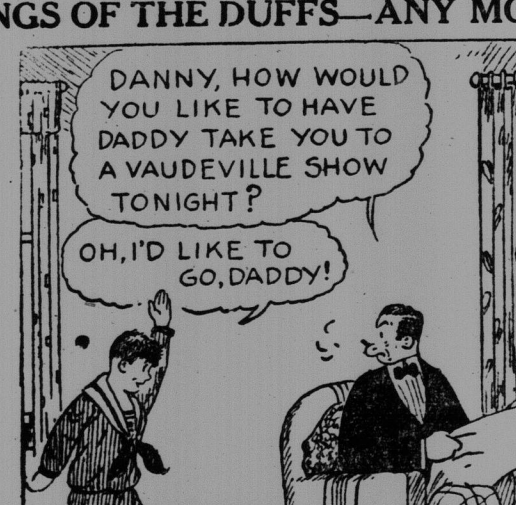
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—BRAGGARTS



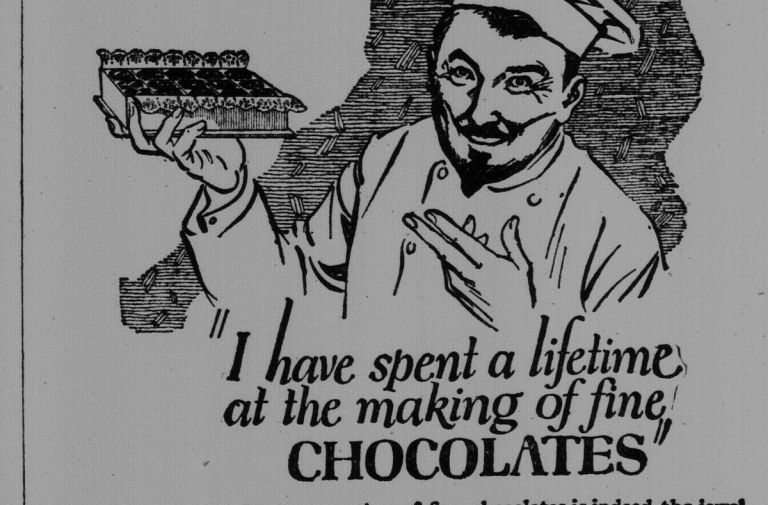
ADAM AND EVA—OH, WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT



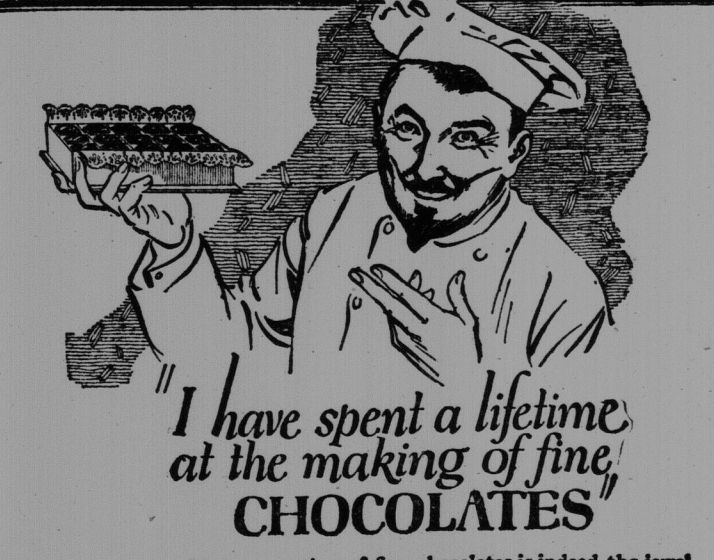
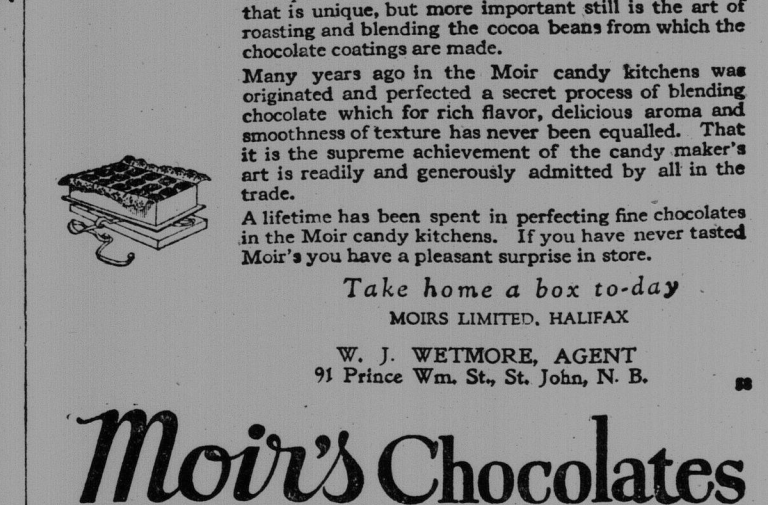
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—ANY MOTHER CAN



By CAP HIGGINS



By ALLMAN



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