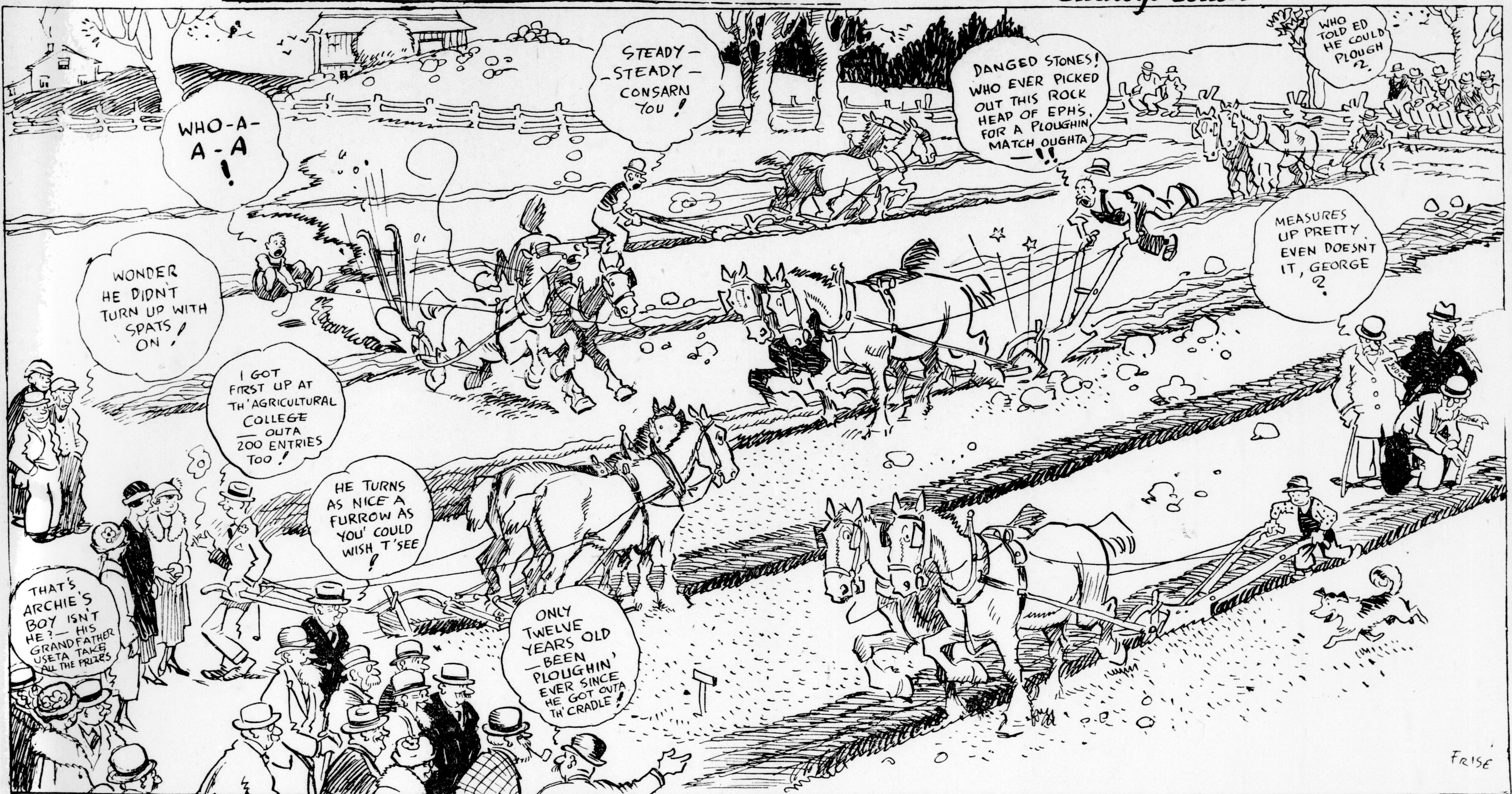


# Life's Little Comedies

The Ploughing Match  
Birdseye Center



## KISS FOR BLOCKS AND NO ONE STARES IN PARIS

There's No Place Too Public for Embraces of Lovers in the Gay City

### KISSING PICTURES ARE FEATURED AT SALON

Crowds Good-Naturedly Give Couples Lip-to-Lip Right of Way in Traffic on the Busy Streets

By HELEN LAURIER

THE Salon knew what it was about when it featured "Les Amoureux," by Victor Gilbert, among the paintings in this year's exposition. For Paris is unique as a garden for lovers. In other cities the amorists retire to the country seclusion for exchange of embraces, or else coyly conceal themselves behind shuttered windows. The curiosity of passing crowds and the censorship of unsympathetic policemen is embarrassing, so one cannot blame them.

But in Paris there is neither curiosity nor censorship. The shaded boulevards, the busy thoroughfares and the crooked, cobbled side streets are all equally happy backgrounds for the sentimental interlude of a kiss. No one stares and no one cares; so every lover has the privilege of stopping in the midst of traffic or on a crowded subway platform to give his beloved the caress that the spontaneity of his heart demands.

What does it matter if the policeman has blown his whistle for eastbound traffic to go ahead? If the southbound lovers are merged cheek to cheek they have tacitly the right of way. The French are a courteous people, and offer no complaint at the apparent interference with the law. Moreover, the French are never in a hurry and they would rather miss an appointment than hinder the progress of love. That is Paris.

The particular aspect of these impromptu embraces that strikes the stranger in Paris as most startling is the duration of the kiss. The time element is of no concern to the Parisian lover.

### A Kiss of Ten Blocks

HE seems to be exalted out of the knowledge of clocks. Measurement by the length of blocks is more to his liking. A five-minute kiss means nothing, a ten-block kiss—everything.

A kiss from the Rue de la Gaite to the Boulevard Raspail he would consider worthy of the ardor of his love; but a kiss along the length of the Jardin du Luxembourg that is terminated at Port Royal because of traffic complications is a disappointment.

The artist, Rene Castaing, had this in mind when he painted his picture, "Etat d'Amour," for the Salon. And for its lively portrayal of Parisian love his work received honorable mention. It is a soft Parisian night. Pierrot and Columbine are returning from a ball. They dance through the streets gayly, unconscious of

their costumes, for there are others like them, darting in and out among the trees or strolling along the bank of the river. The silent houses sleep under the purple gauze of the sky. Trees smile in the lamplight.

Pierrot and Columbine have reached one of those innumerable bridges that clasp and enhance the Seine like bracelets on a dusky woman's arm. Red, yellow and blue lamps gleam dagger-like from the opposite shore.

A pale moon breaks through the sky's purple. Pierrot swiftly encircles Columbine, who instantly flings her arms around her lover's neck, and the two dissolve and mix in a kiss that appears to have no beginning or end. Thus entwined, the couple (they have but one shadow now) continues its walk.

An artist in tam-o-shanter and loose coat, puffing his pipe, passes them. He pauses and turns, half-envious, half-cynical. He has no sweetheart to-night. "H'm. Wonder when they began!" he muses. But he is mistaken. They have just begun.

### Where Romance is Unfettered

THIS is but one of the kissing pictures at the Salon. There are others equally expressive. That by Victor Gilbert, entitled "Les Amoureux," depicts a couple in eighteenth century garb during a blissful promenade on one of the old lanes of Montmartre. Then, as now, the quarter was frankly peopled with strolling lovers.

Victor Darbefeulle, in his painting "Fantaisie," uses the beautiful embowered Jardin du Luxembourg as a background for his lovers. They are about to enter the garden, and nothing seems more fitting than to stop to exchange an idyllic kiss.

There are countless such couples in evidence in Paris, lovers to whom time, place and circumstance mean nothing and who joyfully take their kiss when they want it. Under the Arc de Triomphe, in the crowded subways or in the smoky murk of a cafe—it does not matter. They provide their own romantic atmosphere.

One of these couples stopped in front of a jewelry store on the Rue d'Antin. They were admiring a cluster of engagement rings—a dazzling array of diamonds, rubies and pearls. The suggestion of marital happiness was overpowering, and with no more forethought than if they had been already in their new home they clung to each other in a passionate embrace. As the sidewalk was a narrow one, allowing but two people to pass abreast, pedestrians good-naturedly took to the middle of the street, where they were in danger of being run over by one of the numerous taxis or auto busses. But this danger they willingly risked, for they knew that had they been in the lovers' place they would have expected and received the same courtesy.

In the subway it is sometimes amusing to see one of these ardent Frenchmen mechanically hand his tickets to the conductor at the same time that he is busily occupied in kissing his companion.

The idea is to get as much as possible in a single long kiss, and all Paris unites in this sentiment.

Dancing at La Rotonde is made more entertaining by the osculating mannerisms of the dancers. When the music starts they rise with lips tightly pressed against their partner's and begin their dance, the kiss terminating only when the music stops.—New York World Magazine.

## REVIVAL OF CATHEDRALS STRANGE SIGN OF TIMES

In This Age of Machinery and Reason Three Have Risen Up in England

### THE WOMEN OF CORNWALL POOLED THEIR JEWELS

So Provided Gold and 300 Gems for Great Modern Cornwall Structure

By P. W. WILSON

IT is surely astonishing that old England—involved, as she is, in an era of inquiry, and submerged, as she is, beneath a deluge of doubt—should yet have had the faith, during the four decades that include the war, to build, either in whole or in large part, three great cathedrals. The first is at Truro, in Cornwall; the second is the Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster, in London. And the third is in Liverpool, where the choir was dedicated recently in the presence of the sovereign.

In the '80's most people would have said that the day for new cathedrals, whether in England or on the continent of Europe, had passed away, and that the only question was how to keep the old cathedrals from tumbling down. It was true that, assisted by the taxpayer, Sir Christopher Wren had replaced St. Paul's; but otherwise no church that could be classed as a cathedral had arisen for many centuries, the latest being Bath Abbey, dated 1495, which, after all, was no more than the final spasm of a dead Gothic.

Cathedrals were thus out of fashion, except for tourists. At Chichester the central spire collapsed. The minster at Selby, in Yorkshire, was gutted by fire. The west front of Peterborough swayed from the plumb line, and amid cries of anguish from Ruskin, had to be saved by underpinning. At St. Albans, where the Normans had filled the piers of their nave with rubble, a light wooden roof proved to be almost too heavy for the structures. And in memory of Abraham Lincoln, Americans are to-day besought to save the three towers of the noble church that at Lincoln bears his name.

### One-Quarter Cost of Battleship

IN the old days it was easy enough to find funds for a cathedral. The feudal system compelled the nation to contribute. But, as matters now stand, such edifices must be the result of free-will offerings. For the site alone the church in Liverpool paid to the city a sum of \$55,000. The expenditure on the entire scheme has been up to the present about \$5,000,000. And the total needed for completion will be \$10,000,000. A cathedral is thus becoming one-quarter as costly as a single battleship. The price of religion, as of other commodities, is rising. And to elevate souls is as contentious a task as to elevate guns under the treaty of Washington.

The cathedral of Truro is not less conspicuous as an example of sacrifice. In Cornwall, of which county Truro is the capital, you will

not find one city of any magnitude. The area is agricultural and remote from the wealth of the country as a whole. It is a promontory girt on three shores by an indented coast which is incessantly lashed, summer and winter, by the restless ocean. Yet it is Cornwall that now has a cathedral with choir, nave and transepts, a baptistry, a crypt and three spires that are a landmark for miles, being named royally after Queen Victoria, King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Similarly—in the third case—it is only by willing gifts that the Roman Church has enriched Westminster with a vast basilica which is a triumph of Byzantine style ranks with San Sophia.

To build new cathedrals is to challenge the spirit of an age that demands the useful.

And yet, amid the sneers of the highbrows, the humdrum folk contribute of their substance to these excrescences of loveliness on an otherwise intelligent civilization. It was the mothers' meetings of Liverpool which paid for the foundation stone laid by King Edward. It was the women of Cornwall who pooled their jewels and so provided for Truro the gold and three hundred gems for what Tennyson, in his dull way, called—if I quote it aright—"the chalice of the grapes of God."

### Outburst of Architectural Genius

OF the ancient cathedrals, at any rate in England, it may be said without disrespect, that like Topsy, they "grewed." They were usually the product of many architects, living in many centuries and often making many mistakes. These three modern cathedrals, however, are the creations each of a single mind. As St. Paul's is the monument of Wren, so is Truro of Pearson, Westminster of Bentley, and Liverpool of the younger Scott. You have here an outburst of genius never surpassed in the architecture of any single generation. And in all three cases the genius was inspired by faith. "I will erect a building," so Pearson used to say, "which shall bring people to their knees when they come within the doors." And he did it. Truro is peculiarly the cathedral of piety. The soaring pillars leaping upward to the lofty arches enclose the very atmosphere of an era which sent St. Louis to the Holy Sepulchre and St. Francis to the Cross itself. Westminster Cathedral is not less fearless because it is frankly foreign. It is the eastern orthodoxy of the fifth century planted boldly behind Victoria street.

Liverpool Cathedral is less majestic than Truro and more modern than Westminster.

Liverpool Cathedral is to be a garrisoned citadel of the church militant, entrenched amid the properous clouds of a wealthy yet often squalid seaport. It is to be the emigrant's farewell beacon as he sails for the world in the west which is to be his home.

The very design is a romance in itself. There was the usual competition. One elevation obviously deserved the award. On opening a sealed envelope the judges found the name of an architect still in his early twenties. This young man, just beginning his professional career, became responsible for an enterprise larger than York Minster, loftier than Westminster Abbey and covering a bigger area than any other cathedral on British soil. In fact, there do not seem to be more than three cathedrals anywhere—St. Peter's, Milan and Seville—that exceed the projected size of Liverpool.

"MANY a man ceases to be the light of his wife's life by going out too much."

## Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

Marry in haste and you never have any leisure to repent it.—EX.

Another good thing about treasures in heaven is that they can't be reached with an inheritance tax.—New York Evening Bulletin.

About 5,000 matches are lighted every minute in Canada, of which about 4,999 are borrowed.—Carleton Place Canadian.

Don't worry when you are rejected—unless you've been rejected by an insurance company.—Kingston Standard.

It's nonsense to say that there is any decline in moral courage. See the number of men who go about our streets in knickers.—Kincardine Review.

One reason why people do not have more respect for laws, is that the supply of laws exceeds the demand.—Ashville Times.

A country is not broke that can absorb \$50,000,000 of bonds in a few hours and cry for more. Regina Post.

Many a self-made man started by picking out a prosperous wife.—Brandon Sun.

Some folks prefer to be dry, and wet at intervals.—Guelph Mercury.

The aggressor is the party to a dispute who refuses to submit to arbitration.—M. Herriot.

A bathing beach is a place where the men go down to see.—EX.

"Boys will be boys," observes Mr. Douglas Cowburn. And, nowadays, so will girls.—London Opinion.

Even a bishop would be more distressed if he were told that he had not behaved like a gentleman than if he were told that he had not behaved like a Christian.—Dean Inge.

Winston Churchill has gone over to the Conservatives. Probably was a pretty short trip, too.—Manitoba Free Press.

Men don't realize the number of splinters in the ladder of life until they start sliding down.—Kingston Standard.

The true, strong, and sound mind is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small.—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

And yet very few of the world's great problems are solved by people who remember their algebra.—Ottawa Journal.

The Prince of Wales may be a nice visitor,

but he'll never make a good American. He only stayed for three innings of a red hot ball game.—Buffalo Commercial.

They used to say that whiskey incited men to murder. Nowadays it does the job itself.—Rochester Herald.

Mankind may be a poor lot, but the British are a long way the best of them.—The Bishop of Bloemfontein.

The presidential elections are having an effect upon the stock market. The dealers are afraid someone is going to be elected.—Kincardine Review.

Leopold and Loeb are said to have taken a great dislike to the gong in the Joliet prison. They may consider themselves mighty lucky they didn't have to listen to Gabriel's trumpet instead.—Chatham News.

When some people are willing to give up something for a cause they expect the cause to give up something for them later on.—Manitoba Free Press.

A Winnipeg youth wants to know how long girls should be courted. Brandon young men court 'em the same as short ones.—Brandon Sun.

A motor car has been invented that can move sideways across the road. It was felt that pedestrians were getting altogether too artful.—Punch.

Perhaps if we diet we won't die yet.—Toledo Blade.

Tom Taggart says: "I am personally wet and politically dry." So are others.—Philadelphia Record.

It is possible to put up a dry argument and still be on the wet side.—Peterboro Examiner.

Many a man sits around all day wondering why he doesn't get his pay raised when that is the reason.—Columbia Record.

### Keen on the Silver

THE head of the Metropolitan Police, London, England, Brig-Gen. Sir William Horwood, dearly loves a good story.

One of his best concerns a new servant girl, who, on the day following her arrival, pricked her finger with a fork and seemed greatly distressed.

"Only think, ma'am," she said to her mistress, "inflammation or blood poisoning might set in." "Don't alarm yourself, my girl, the forks are real silver, take my word for it." "You are quite sure, ma'am?" "Positive."

Next morning the girl had disappeared. So, too, had the silver!