

Would any man or woman in this city refuse to give some small help to a little orphan child who has neither father or mother to provide for him? Not One!

On SUNDAY NEXT the unselfish Sisters of Belvidere Orphanage are asking the Catholic people of St. John's to help a little in the upkeep of

160 FATHERLESS INNOCENTS,

who must have food to eat and clothes to wear--the bare necessities of life. But a few close friends of the Institution who know of the reticence of those good ladies and their dislike of publicity, have jointly arranged to extend this appeal to

All Charitably Disposed Citizens

no matter what class or creed, who would deem it a pleasure to do something for those helpless little orphans!

Could any father or mother, remembering the sheltering care given to their own dear ones, refuse to give an extra dollar to the upkeep of these little ones?

If he who "gives to the poor, lends to the Lord," won't you fathers and mothers who love your own dear little tots, please remember kindly the BELVIDERE ORPHANS on Sunday next.

Please Give Them All That You Can Spare!

THE PRAYER OF LISPING LITTLE LIPS WILL BE YOUR REWARD.

"Friends of Belvidere Orphans," P. O. Box, 263.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

HOW LITTLE WE REALLY NEED.

Did you ever stop to think what an intricate, almost inconceivable elaboration on the simple, primitive needs of men, our modern way of living represents? Man's original needs were for food to keep him warm, shelter to keep him from the storm, robes to keep him from the cold, and shoes to keep him from the frost. These are the first of these needs. I suppose the earliest primitive man lived on roots and berries, plucked and put into his mouth as fast as he could gather them. Later came meat and then the simplest forms of roasting. On that diet man could maintain life. Now take the very simplest meal in your home to-day

will keep you warm, but because it is made on some special new line or out of some specially lovely material. Then just try to vision the almost unbelievable step-by-step elaboration of clothing to keep warm which has come about since man killed an animal with a stone and ripped off the fur to keep himself from freezing.

Since Man Crept Into Caves.

Lastly, shelter. Men crept into caves because they wanted shelter from wind and snow and rain. Then when there were not enough caves to go round, they built shelters out of boughs and limbs of trees. Go into a simple, comparatively inexpensive modern house; observe the chairs, the bathtubs, the kitchen stove, the carpets, the window curtains, the cushions, but I need not go on with my enumeration; all you need to do is look about you just as I am doing. Are you not almost aghast at the complexities which are now the bare necessities?

How much of this is good and how much is bad? Who can say when before such infinite changes even the words "good" and "bad" lose their definiteness of outline.

I did not write this to point a moral, but only to pass a line of thought which interested me.

Nevertheless, when one feels as if life were not worth living because one cannot have some improvement in the house or some new style of garment, or when one is in danger of selling all one's energies to keep up with this elaboration, it isn't a bad thing to remember how little of it all is absolutely necessary to life.

Velvet hats have their underbrims faced with pleated ribbon.

ASK FOR

ALVINA

The Improved Tasteless Preparation of an Extract of Cod Liver Oil

Especially Recommended for Persistent Coughs, Bronchitis, Anemia

A Splendid Tonic for Delicate Women and Children

Prepared by DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Montreal

Lightning Authors.

The man who lives by his pen can possess no greater gift than that of being able to write easily. Some can sit down at their desks and rattle off stories or articles at the rate of a thousand words an hour; others toil desperately, turning and re-turning every sentence, and think themselves lucky if they can produce a thousand words of satisfactory copy within the working day.

The average novelist produces two books a year, each of about eighty thousand words. But there are others—for example, the late Miss Beatrice Harraden—who took two years to produce one book.

To go to the other extreme, there are exceptional writers to whom the speed of a thousand words an hour is nothing. Mr. William Le Queux is reported as having recently completed a whole novel in the space of three weeks. This is the story of the big Italian film "The Power of the Borgias."

The late Mr. Marion Crawford, whose work certainly never showed any signs of slovenliness, beat this record by writing "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" in the space of twenty-four days. This novel, considerably longer

than Mr. Le Queux, contains one hundred and twenty thousand words.

Written Entirely by Hand.

Another amazingly rapid writer was Mr. Guy Boothby, who published twenty-six books in less than eight years, and a number of short stories into the bargain. He sometimes turned out eight thousand words at a sitting. This is a big feat from the physical point of view, let alone the strain of composition.

The elder Dumas was not the most prolific, but also the most rapid of authors. On one occasion he made a bet that he would write the first volume of a new novel within three days, the number of words being about thirty thousand. He won his wager easily, with half a day to spare.

Remember, too, that Dumas wrote everything with a pen. He had none of the modern assistance of typewriter or dictaphone. Working with a good stenographer, there are writers whose output averages thirty thousand words a week. Out of these, who makes a specialty of juvenile fiction, keeps five and sometimes six serial stories going at the same time. And the instalments average five thousand words each.

Some writers of newspaper feuilletons are extraordinarily speedy. An author of this type, has been known to complete a story of the kind within

a week. It was one hundred thousand words in length, and he received for it a cheque for £200.

Fashions and Fads.

Wool embroidery and gay metal ornaments are used on autumn hats. Black, blue and coppery browns are favorite shades in fall millinery.

The October bride will wear her veil longer than the bride of June did. Braid, iridescent beading and fine stitching are used on autumn gowns.

A smart coat of a double-faced fabric has the plaid in brilliant colors. A stunning cape costume of blue serge is embroidered in white beads. Dinner gowns of black chiffon are embroidered in faded shades of silk.

A gown of black Canton crepe is trimmed with novelty black-and-white braid.

An excellent street costume is the sleeveless dress and tailored suit jacket.

Metal and composition novelty girles are worn with the one-piece dresses.

Marine blue crepe de chine and ochre-colored lace make a charming costume. Many loosely belted gowns hang in straight scant breadths from the shoulders.

Three Persons

Hanged by Mistake.

On September 22, 1821, William Harrison, who held the responsible position of steward to Viscountess Campden, of Campden House, Gloucestershire, started out to collect rents from the tenants. Being a man of regular habits, and perfectly trustworthy, having been fifty years in the service of the Campden family, much alarm was felt for his safety when he did not return in the evening. In those days highwaymen and footpads infested most of the main roads, hence his employer's anxiety, and a servant was sent in search of him, whose name was Perry. This man did not return until next morning, looking tired, dishevelled and dirty, and stating that he had been unsuccessful in his search. A few days later a blood-stained hat, which was thought to have belonged to Harrison, also some few articles, were found on the road, which it was thought Harrison might have travelled. The whole countryside now joined in the search for the body of the man, whom everybody believed to have been murdered. Rivers and ponds were dragged, commons and thickets searched, but all in vain. Meanwhile, suspicion fell upon Perry, who defended himself with a story which was found to be false, and he was arrested. The affair created a great sensation, and events crowded quickly upon each other. Perry was so strongly suspected by the authorities and harassed with questions that he began to concoct stories, afterwards found untrue. He became so scared as to confess to the murder of Harrison, at the same time implicating his wife and son. At the next Assizes they were tried, and although they retracted their plea of guilty, and averred their innocence, they were found guilty and hanged. Three years later, when the affair had become a thing of the past, Harrison, alive and well, walked into the entrance hall of Campden House, and reported himself for duty to the Viscountess. It was found, therefore, that three persons had been hanged for a murder which they never committed. Harrison told a plausible tale of being kidnapped, and kept as a prisoner in Turkey, to account for his disappearance and long absence. The whole series of happenings was most difficult to explain, and it appeared as if Perry must have accused himself, wife, and son, of a crime of which they were innocent, out of sheer fright, coupled perhaps with some vague idea of regaining his own liberty.

Brick's Tasteless can be purchased at Jas. Wiseman's, Top Carter's Hill. Price \$1.20 bbl. Postage 20c. extra—sept 15.11

Just Folks

HOW IT'S DONE. He sought for recognition, he was hungry for renown. He wanted folks to know him as he walked about the town. He wanted folks to point him out and whisper: "There he goes. The man who's doing wonders and whom everybody knows."

At every public meeting he was sure to take the floor. But all the people's whispering was "Good Heavens, what a bore!" He sought for recognition and his voice was never still. But the people only smiled, and I think they always will.

He dressed in swaggy clothing and he lined up with the freaks. He wanted men to whisper: "Now the voice of wisdom speaks!" But the people only chuckled when he shouted "Fellowmen!" And all they ever whispered was: "Oh, gee, that pest again!"

Now a quiet little fellow who had not a word to say. But kept plugging at his labors through the busy hours of day. Woke to fame one sunny morning, with the whole world on the run. To congratulate and cheer him for the splendid work he'd done.

—By Bud Fisher

MUTT AND JEFF

THE NEWS OF MUTT'S HOME-RUNS REACHED THE YANKEES.



5 1-2 per cent. FOR YOUR SAVINGS.

You should make your savings earn 5 1/2 p.c. for every day. Our systematic investment plan makes it possible for you to increase your savings income and safely invest your savings as they grow. This plan is based upon 25 years' successful experience. It encourages thrift and provides investment for your savings.

Our Guaranteed Investment Plan Booklet gives full particulars of this liberal offer. Return of Principal and Interest guaranteed. Write for a copy.

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EMPIRE HALL (formerly Blue Patisserie Hall), cor. Gower Street and King's Road. Opened for small dances or parties. Seating 35 up. Afternoons 12.30. Apply W. F. POWER, Manager. Jan 1921