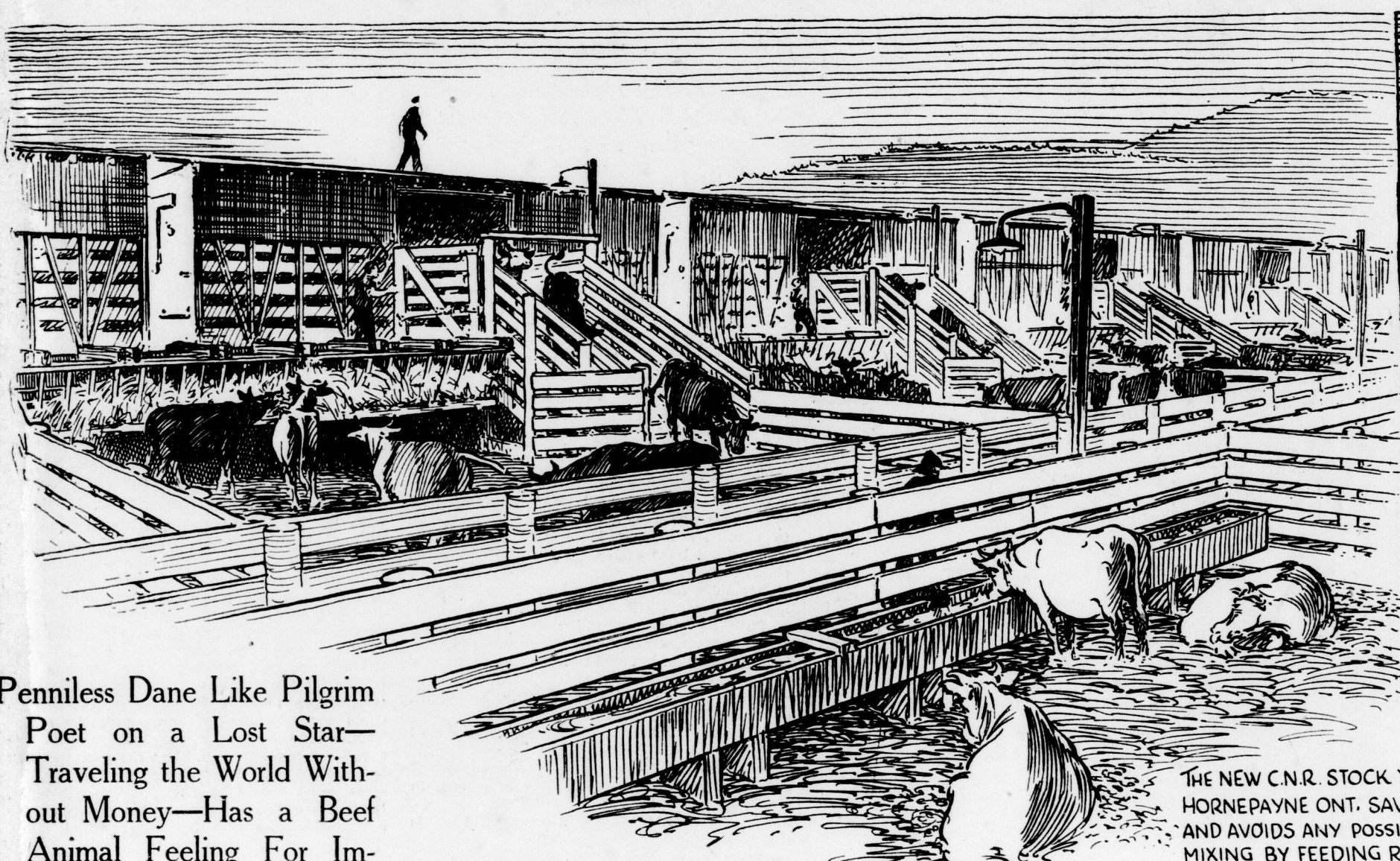


Adventuring on a Cattle Train Through the Canadian West Where Huge Stock Yards Have Atmosphere of Menageries



**Penniless Dane Like Pilgrim
Poet on a Lost Star—
Traveling the World With-
out Money—Has a Beef
Animal Feeling For Im-
pending Fate?**

Written and Illustrated
By GALBRAITH O'LEARY

It was a happy moment when the stock train clattered to a standstill at a passing track right alongside a work train, one of the cars of which was plainly marked "COOK CAR."

To the cattle men this was an oasis in a great northern desert. One of them immediately raced along the track to where the glorious car had stopped. The other, a big blue-eyed Dane, hesitated on the end of the caboose and gazed after his companion in the meek and wondering manner of the cattle themselves. He was hungry. He hadn't a cent in his pocket and he had been living on smoke and water for the past two days. Now his reticence and uncertainty would have deprived him of this opportunity had I not beat it along to the car and secured the only remaining fodder—an armful of bran muffins. The stock train was well away when we jumped out of the car and the big Dane stood on the rear of the caboose gazing dolefully back at us chasing along the ballast and jumping the switches. The other fellow was triumphantly waving three-quarters of a pie in the air, whilst I grappled with the rebellious muffins.

When I put the cakes on the table and asked the Dane to have one he did so, but when he had eaten it he couldn't bring himself to ask for a second. When, however, I pleaded with him to kindly eat the lot, they vanished in a few moments. Until then he had sat pondering, silent and dumb, but this stimulant drew him out. Five minutes' conversation elapsed before his spluttering English became intelligible, but his manner was refined and expressive. He would be able to get some money in Montreal and intended to return to Denmark. "I expect I look pretty rough, but it's no use wearing good clothes here. My clothes are in there," he said, indicating a suit case in the corner. Like a pilgrim poet on a lost star he dreamily described the luxurious beauty of far-off Denmark, the peaceful farms, the rich fields, the spotless

Geisha Girls Bob Hair Wear French Slippers

Ten Entertainers of Fashionable Tokio Tea House Shock Tradition of Cen- turies—Western Styles Adopted

THE Japanese geisha entertainers in the fashionable tea house district of Ushio-gome in Tokio, casting aside the tradition of centuries, have determined to adopt foreign clothing.

Discarding their gorgeously colored kimonos, with their wing-like sleeves that make them resemble dainty, painted butterflies, these diminutive entertainers will don foreign skirts; unfastening their elaborate and fantastic coiffures, many will bob their hair; and instead of tabi, geta and bare legs, they will wear silk stockings and crowd their unaccustomed feet into slippers with French heels.

And in place of the stately postures of the odori dance and the intricate tonal variations of the samisen they propose to learn the mandolin and banjo and the fox trot.

Many of the younger generation of Japan long ago adopted foreign dress and the foreign style of dancing, but the institution of geisha thus far has resisted the leavening influence of the west and has been for centuries one thing typically Japanese.

The leader of the group of moderns explains their action thus: "We feel much freer and easier in foreign dress and can move about more briskly than in heavy Japanese kimono and tight obi (a sort of sash that would rival the most Victorian of corsets). Then we look younger, too, and that is a great advantage to a geisha."

dairies. He said that in Copenhagen it was the custom for each householder to sweep their portion of the sidewalk and roadway every morning. America reminded him of a confused pile of furniture dumped out in the open on moving day.

His companion reclined in a weary classic pose on one of the bunks, his head pillowed on a bulky club-bag, his gaze fixed on some invisible object—no doubt the splendid spirit of that three-quarters of a pie. He was a great traveler. And he was broke. The prevailing notion that to travel requires wealth is evidently a vast mistake. This gentleman was en route to Europe. On arrival by cattle boat at Liverpool he would be presented with thirty shillings. He had already toured France and Spain; this time he would do Germany, Switzerland and Italy. He considered England about the worst place as far as daily bread and clothing were concerned. America was wonderful in this respect. "The country's so swamped with food and clothing," he said, "that it's only during these long journeys that I've experienced any shortage."

Cheerfully Beating His Way

"I GUESS the best time of all," he resumed, "was down at Atlantic City and the other resorts along the coast. I used to spend the

mornings on the sands, the afternoons in the libraries and the evenings and night in the country. The hotels had heaps of food to get rid of and I could have had a complete wardrobe at any time, had it been worth the trouble." His whole demeanor had a powerful, yet placid, effect. His strong features were free from wrinkles but darkened with a growth of beard. He seemed to look out upon the world as a man looks at his glowing hearth at home.

He had beaten his way westward on the freight and had traveled all over the continent in the same way. He considered it a fine training for a man if he can keep sober. Riding blind baggage was in his estimation a notable achievement. Blind baggage, he explained, was the closed end of a baggage car adjoining the rear of a passenger train engine. This accomplishment had often saved him considerable time in traveling. Conductors had given him very little trouble. If it came to an argument on top of a moving freight train the conductor invariably cooled down. "What do you say, Rosy?" he exclaimed. Conductor Rosel, or Rosy as we called him, was intent upon his waybills and records. Rosel is

THE NEW C.N.R. STOCK YARDS AT HORNEPAYNE ONT. SAVES TIME AND AVOIDS ANY POSSIBILITY OF MIXING BY FEEDING RIGHT IN THE RECEIVING PEN. 50 CAR CAPACITY

a jolly, robust individual to whom the nickname aptly applies. He is also a great radio enthusiast and the height of his ambition at present is to have an aerial installed on the roof of his caboose.

The inventive genius of Rosy has saved his train many a delay. A short time ago, when one of the wheels had slipped inwards on the axle, he made some steel wedges out of a brake block and wedged the wheel back into place so effectively that they reached the next divisional point without further mishap.

Of course a wreck cannot always be avoided on the best regulated railways. One engine hit a broken rail, was thrown 135 feet, turned over twice, and even at that the crew escaped with little injury. And the engineer was none other than the jovial McCarty himself, whose countenance in the lamp-glow at Fire River evidenced not a care in the world. I recall seeing away out in the bush a rough barricade built of slender tree trunks close to the track. A wreck had occurred at that spot and this temporary pen had been hastily constructed to contain the cattle



The FAILURE

which were wandering blissfully into the beautiful bush. No doubt the wreck to them was as much a godsend as a fresh air fund.

New Style Cattle Pens

IT is impossible to imagine the wild impressions these dumb and gentle creatures must receive during their long, last journeys. Maybe they have no feeling. When you stop a steer in an alley he first looks terribly alarmed and then regards you with an amazingly tender expression of pleading and long-suffering. If a man wishes to know what a callous brute he is he only needs to go to the Union Stock Yards and look earnestly at the face of a cow. In her own quiet way she will shame him more than the terrors of his wife. If they don't feel, where does all the expression come from?

There is something of the atmosphere of a circus about the enormous stock yards at Winnipeg. The whitewashed trains pull out amid an uproar of bellowing and groans like a menagerie leaving town. At the rear of each train is a coach for the cattle men, except when the latter are very few in number, in which case they ride in the caboose. Stock buyers have no difficulty in securing men for this job in Regina,

Saskatoon, Calgary or any of the western points. All they have to do for their free ride is to inspect the cattle when the train stops and see that none are being trampled or otherwise damaged. Watering and feeding is looked after by the officials at the various feeding points.

The C.N.R. has recently constructed an excellent feeding equipment at Hornepayne, about 600 miles this side of Winnipeg. The manager of the yards, Mr. R. B. Paterson, is an old master in the vital art of doling out rations. During the war he directed and distributed the great streams of butter, beef, cheese and vegetable flowing into Camp Borden. Fond parents would use to clap their hands in delight at the robust appearance of their young warriors arriving home on furlough are no doubt indirectly indebted to Mr. Paterson.

The new yards can handle 50 cars in the hours, but the law demands a rest of five hours. Instead of running the stock through passageways, as at Winnipeg and Toronto, they are, and watered right in the receiving pens, saving time and avoiding any possibility of their being mixed. The water valves are a novel feature, being utterly void of small fittings and consisting merely of a bent pipe which emits water on being pushed over the trough and shuts it when turned over the gutter. At each end the yards are the big sheds for storing hay, when a train arrives bales of hay are on platform ready to be put into the cars while cattle are feeding in the pens. A short distance away is the edge of the forest.

After this brief but glorious holiday the cattle again stumble into their rolling prisons and rumble away into an unknown country, until last they emerge where there is no sky and where every road leads to an evil-smelling cesspool smeared with blood.

Dame Fashion Fickle But Her Taste Improves

Pageant of Feminine Styles for Twenty
Five Years Shows Steady Tendency
Toward Simplification

WHAT is chic to-day becomes the horror of to-morrow! Do the fashions in women's modes follow any permanent principles of beauty, and if so, why are the modes so transitory? An answer to the question was attempted in a recent exhibition in Paris of miniature models of "ladies of to-day." The period covered was the past twenty years, and the contributors were the famous designers who furnish the world with fashions in women's wear. Eight of these models were reproduced in L'Illustration (Paris), and the accompanying comment throws some light on the rapidly changing tastes of the feminine part of the community.

"These little doll-models represent twenty-five ephemeral and fallen queens, determining year by year the silhouette of the Parisian lady since 1900. Dame Fashion allows each but a brief reign. They all came from the fashionable ladies' tailor, and once represented elegance, the latest and correct style. There are some that we regret. Such have retained their youth and charm. Time seems to have left hardly a mark on them. Fortunately, the fantasy has realized one of those harmonies of lines that passing years do not affect. But Dame Fashion is never content to remain at a standstill once she has made a discovery, her existence is this same instability. On the other hand, others seem obsolete for all time, carrying badly an old age which is almost a caricature. They seem further from us than even those older models."

"And then one could see the simplifications take place. The dress frees itself from the over-employment of finery; the skirt becomes shorter, only to become longer again later. This is the natural, inevitable swinging back and forth of the pendulum of fashion. But will the woman who, thanks to athletics, has come to have the desire and the custom of enjoying certain freedom, allow herself to be burdened again by the corset which compresses her figure, or by the dress which trails on the street? What an evolution from the curves of 1902 to the straight lines of to-day!"

The Modern Medicine Man

By Muriel Brewster



"GEE, but a picture like that makes a fella feel good!" remarked Mr. Brown to Mrs. Brown as they came out under the lobby lights. Mrs. Brown took a look at him, and found a light in his eyes that took her back to courting days. Wise in her generation, she slipped a hand round his arm as they walked along.

"George," she said. "I saw the very hat I want to-day, and it was only seven-fifty." Then she held her breath. Seven-fifty, when you have only thirty-five a week for everything, is quite a lot for a hat.

"I'll give it to you as soon as we get home," came the amazing reply. "You've got to have a hat, all right, honey."

When she got over the shock, woman's instinct told her that the movie had done it, so she reverted hastily to the picture as a safe subject. "You dear, George! Yes, wasn't it a lovely picture?"

"Some fighters!" said George. "And, say, when they pitched those guys down those cellar stairs, and when those fellas got behind there on that boat deck and laid 'em out with thick sticks—oh, boy! There's our car—"

FROM the same lobby came two slim, self-conscious young things; she, shingled, high-heeled and nicely trimmed, he, nipped in at the waist and immaculate as to front crease. She tried to make conversation as they came down the street, but received only grunting, monosyllabic replies. She, too, stole a careful look, and surprised an unfamiliar gleam in a familiar pair of eyes. So she took refuge in comparative silence, until from behind an ice-cream soda it burst forth—

"Lil! What's the use waitin'? I'm makin' enough for two to live on—got a raise last week again, and I'm awful lucky. You quit that behind-the-counter stuff and let's get married."

She looked across at him. "All right, Bert," she said softly. "I'm ready, any time."

Now the miracle is this: Mrs. Brown had been trying for weeks to get even five dollars for a hat, and had been reduced to tears every time she mentioned it. Bert had been begging Lil for months to name the day, only to be put off with evasions and suggestions that he was not the only well-cressed man in town. And tonight, late and wedding-bells right off the reel—how did it happen?

JUST this way: back in the dawn of life, when men were queer creatures, and the Creator was trying to decide whether they had better be left on earth or whether they were a pretty poor experiment after all, the only way to stay alive at all was to fight. The man slept at the mouth of the cave with one eye open for thieves of his own kind, and an ear open for marauding animals. The woman, left alone in the cave all day, kept her club handy, and when her husband came back at night she held to her wary attitude until she made quite sure that it was her husband, and not some other male thing who might have beaten husband up during the day. If it turned out to be the latter, she staged a fight on her own, and a good one. She bit and scratched and tore and yelled—and of course finally gave in and meekly cooked the supper, while the youngsters hid in far corners of the cave and waited for the scraps to fall from the hairy hands of their new parent. Maybe husband number one, partially recovered from his wounds, staggered back on the scene, whereupon there would be another fight, to get him thoroughly killed. He would then be flung over a high cliff to get him finally out of the way.

These were fights of medium importance. There was a constant fight for food and shelter, and the primary fights for supremacy of one kind and another—with the victory always to the strong.

Scientists tell us that this state of things lasted over a long, long period of time. These early fighters were our ancestors. The time that we have taken—we northerners—to develop from savages into the things we are, is comparatively short. The change from a rough-and-

tumble meal of raw meat to a dinner of balanced calories at a Y.M.C.A. cafeteria is a mighty big one, and our systems have only partially adapted themselves. We seem to be fairly well-behaved folks, but we are still savages, and we still yearn for a whole lot of things that don't come into our regular day's work.

WE take it out on sports, of course, quite a bit of it, for there is no sport known that is not based on the fighting principle. You've got to have an adversary to beat, or it isn't a game. But in the crowded cities, the real games are getting harder and harder for the ordinary man to secure for himself, along with the necessities of life. So that there is, for most of us, little chance to get out of our systems the powerful instincts that we inherit from our muscular ancestors. And the people who spend their time diving into the depths of the human mind to find out why we do the funny things we do, assure us that the explanation is quite simple. When we get the sulks and can't get rid of them, we are suffering from the effects of too much fighting spirit in some broad-shouldered chap who strode about the jungle clad in half a lion skin, and killed a rhinoceros with a single stroke of his axe and slung it over his shoulder with one hand. And we haven't a single rhinoceros to take it out on! When we feel, on coming back at night from the office, that we would rather be shot than put that latch key in the door, we are reliving the feelings of that same skin-clad gentleman when he decided that his cave home must be moved to some other district where elephants were plentiful and tigers abounded. He moved—we put in the latch-key and wipe our feet on the mat.

Now the folks who make movies are not scientists, neither are they psycho-analysts. They are human like the rest of us. They felt, from the first, that the "thriller" would be a success, and when they found it was they kept on making them. They didn't stop to figure out why—the box office receipts were sufficient indication that they were on a good trail, and they stayed with it. And every once in a while they hit it exactly right—and then comes the picture that runs for weeks and months and makes a lot of money for somebody. The important thing, however, is what it does for the rest of us.

CERTAIN people, who are so busy minding other people's business that they haven't time to find out how the other people are made, have said from time to time that the moving picture is the greatest evil of the age—the sort of stuff that gets said about practically everything that was ever invented. But if they stopped to think, they would see that these same movies are doing a better job towards taking care of these unruly instincts of ours than any other modern invention. Because they take care of them in the only possible way, by satisfying them.

When you are hungry, nothing does any good but food. But we see it coming. So we go out and get a ham sandwich. But when we get a grouch, what do we do? Mess things up at the office, go home and abuse the wife and storm at the children, and make ourselves generally disagreeable. Whereas, if we can get those unruly desires even half satisfied—the grouch will disappear, we buy the wife a new hat, or, like Lil, we agree to marry the man we have loved all along, only we were waiting for something to make up our minds for us.

It is this same age-old hunger that takes men—and an occasional woman—to prize fights. It is the secret of the extraordinary endurance of the man who endures trench warfare. Carefully hidden and veiled, it is at the bottom of every commercial enterprise. A fight between a couple of squirrels in the park will draw onlookers any day. A religious meeting on a street corner one night last week drew an enormous crowd because a policeman with a sense of humor spread the word that it was a fight!

The successful moving picture of to-day must be filled with the food to satisfy our primitive appetites. Fighting is only one of these. We crave for beauty, for changing scenes, for adventure, for the sight of wide spaces, and for the opportunity to be heroic. The "silent drama" gives us all these things indirectly, but unmistakably. The rapid action of the film stirs the emotions up to a higher pitch than is possible with straight drama, or with any other form of vicarious experience—such as reading newspapers.

No, this is not an advertisement for a picture. It is a scientific treatise. Didn't you know? Good! Then you probably have read it.