

## The Greatest Periods of a Girl's Life

By Nell Brinkley



THE FIRST DOLL.

THE FIRST SASH.

THE FIRST LONG DRESS.

THE FIRST BEAU.

THE FIRST PROPOSAL.

THE FIRST KISS.

THE WEDDING.

THE FIRST BABY.

## CASUAL COMMENT

Judge Lavigne of Montreal must have had his faith in his own opinion of the jury in the Lemieux case. In summing up he told them "Do your duty. If you are honest and intelligent you cannot do otherwise than report a verdict of guilty against the prisoner." The jury promptly "reported" a verdict of "not guilty," which was, perhaps, the most effective way possible of intimating to Judge Lavigne that his functions were confined to the effective uncovering of facts and a clear laying down of the law in the case. After any judge has performed these duties in a trial the issue lies with the jury who, in effect, are the real judges, under unbiased direction.

The News commits itself, in its society notes to the assertion that "You cannot climb the heavenly ladder on stilts of dignity." Perhaps not. For myself, however, I may say that I have never seen any kind of ladder on stilts of any sort, and I don't believe The News has either.

A tunnel has been completed after some five and a half years' work, cutting thru the Bernese Alps. How bored they must have been.

"Nellie" put it this way to the editor: "Why does the Church of England keep Lent?" and the editor gave an evasive reply. It seems to me that the obvious answer is "Because it stays borrowed."

I lived in Paris, France, without causing any international complications, for nearly two years, and, being mixed up in a good deal with a bunch of newspaper men, I got to know the ropes, and found it, then, quite a cheap alibi. It is of course easily possible to spend quite a good deal of money there, but it is equally possible to refrain, and still have quite a good time. It seems, however, that one can live more cheaply there than one can die there, of course, this is only a deduction on my part, for I have never died there yet, but I read in a French newspaper recently that the death duties collected on estates during last year amounted to nearly fifty-three million francs, which, translated, means over ten million and a half of dollars. Under such a handicap as that French people will probably shew nearly as much reluctance to die as they do to be born.

I saw recently in a Yonge-street store a song called "Four Little Letters Spell Love." I hate to contradict anyone, but I worked this little sum out for myself, and I find that this estimate is short by a trifle of 50,000. I make the number 50,001. I will explain how next week, but I should be interested to hear if any local flourish can arrive at the same total as I have.

It is possible, without much effort to distort the meaning of almost any set of words. Did you hear of the worthy Toronto citizen, making his way peacefully homeward, who was startled to hear a succession of shrill screams, and then the call "Help! Murder! Police!!!" (Of course he didn't hear the notes of the exclamation, but he did hear the squeals). He paused for a second, then telling himself that he had no intention to help murder police, he unhesitatingly resumed his journey.

So that you may know what to do when you are with a bunch of boys and girls, and all are feeling really, spontaneously, frivolous, I pass on a prescription from a contemporary. There it is called "April Fool Party"—but I have no doubt it would suit any other month equally well so long as your supply of Fools doesn't run out. This is what is recommended:

"Arrange, in adjoining room, a looking-glass with curtains hung across. Ask each guest separately to come and see a new portrait you have bought. Draw the curtain slowly and he sees himself. He must be bound not to tell the others."

For sheer rollicking gaiety, for unrestrained, devil-may-care jolliness that takes some beating. You can surely see yourself and your victim yelling and shaking with laughter when the subtlety of the joke begins to steal into his at first appropos of consciousness. This charming little pastime, however, is only adopted for intelligent, thinking people—persons of ultra-refined tastes. One blundering male guest, void of the necessary fine-cut sense of humor, might spoil everything by handing you a thoughtless short-arm jab on the protocols. Also, in arranging this amusing little surprise for your lady friends, you should first obtain a doctor's certificate that they possess the necessary sense of humor.

I do not think The Fool was feeling very well. When we came out from lunch, he sighed and told me, bitterly, "Ah, well, this cursed money is at the bottom of everything." Then he plucked his handkerchief, despondently, into his trousers pockets, and found that it wasn't.

It is perhaps when he breaks into alleged poetry that he is really most trying. Here is his last lunch effort:

I pondered on my earlier life,  
And all its "might have beens,"  
Then went into my dinner and  
Found that I might have beens.  
I said "rotten!"

A resolution in favor of international arbitration between Great Britain and the U. S. was passed in the Alhambra-avenue Presbyterian Church. I was just beginning to wonder what caused the delay in reaching this little arbitration business put thru, but, now that the A. A. P. C. have given the scheme their approval, things should proceed in the direction indicated, smoothly and without further hesitation.

You, friend the reader, will know especially if you are a musical amateur, in which case I salute you, how a bit of melody will sometimes get right inside your head and worry you with reminiscences. I heard that rather banal ditty "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own" recently, and I knew quite well that I had heard something very like it before. Those among you who have the comparative misfortune to be men will probably, as Mulvaney says, "howl melodious to the moon"—or the ceiling—during the dismal operation of shaving. Pursuing this time-honored custom the other morning I found myself humming the first phrase of "Every Little Movement" and running into the second phrase of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song." Then I tried putting the two melodies together—running them as a duet, a fugue, a canon—and discovered that the refrain of the "Little Movement" is a paraphrase, probably an unconscious one, of the greater movement by Mendelssohn. Since then I have used no other—Try it in your bath!

That's the worst of memory: Memory, and the girls, skidoo! If pursued unduly, Left alone—return to you Very much less unruly.

Expediency nowadays overcomes sentiment, even religious sentiment,

but it looks to be an extreme case when one reads of a congregation of Presbyterians selling their church to a body of Greek Catholics. The Presbyterian pastor does not seem to be anything of a "sleight" minister.

After a quarter of a century in the Golden Chersonese I naturally know a little about opium, or as the Chinese call it "Chandu"—and about its unquestionable demerits when used in excess, for, dear me, what utter, complete wreck. Mongolian and European, I have seen and know it to make of men. But even the Pharmacopoeia Britannica acknowledges it's very valuable medicinal qualities, and it is very expensive. All this is more or less common knowledge, therefore it was manifestly the act of a lot of fanatics or fools—generally interchangeable descriptions—to burn, as was done at Ottawa last week, opium acknowledged to be worth \$55,000. It was worth just as much (may more) as a medicine for the relief of human suffering, as it was as a detestable poison, and its destruction was entirely foolish. I wonder some medical association does not kick hard at such wanton ridiculous waste.

G. T. E.

Time haunted her. She laughed at him, she resorted to a thousand devices whereby to distract him, but he was not to be shaken off. At length she lost her temper.

"C'm' you see," she flared out reluctantly, "that there's no room for you in my house."

"There is always," Time rejoined, "a room for me in the heart of a woman who is willing to be a creditor."—Washington Star.

A System Spoiled. "Why don't you let your creditors do the worrying?" said the impractical man. "The idea has been overworked," replied Mr. Kitter. "You can't find anybody who is willing to be a creditor."—Washington Star.

## THE POLICEMAN MILLIONAIRE.

Mr. Gaynor, the Mayor of New York, says that no more police constables shall be able to retire as millionaires if he has his way. He does not commit himself as to what will happen if he does not have his way.



It, perhaps may give pleasure or pain, or May leave you indifferent, when You read the remarks of Mayor Gaynor On his irresponsible men; The men paid to guard the Civilian, To watch over his worries and cares, In just a few years they are Millionaires.

A profiting business, my hearties, It isn't it can't be—too rash To prophesy, in it, all parties Acquire a good deal of cash; The road may be hard and a jolly 'un, As steep as a stiff climb of stairs, Yet 'coz, 'sure, will end up as millionaires.

It "gives one to think"—as the French say, In the certain and ultimate end, Regard this remarkable blend Of Constables—never a silly 'un Had they for their peres and their m'eres Or they ne'er had become bloated mil-lionaires.

## Fruitless Struggle.

"I understand that after waiting twenty years she married a struggling man."

"Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."—Brooklyn Life.



FRED MACE As Colonel Popoff in "The Chocolate Soldier," Royal Alexandra This Week.

## Our Limerick Competition

## THE WINNERS.

1. A. A. WILTON, 70 West King-street, Toronto.
2. W. WILSON, 219 Lippincott-street, Toronto.
3. GEORGE FRASER, 69 Matland-street, Toronto.

I do not think the average cleverness of the competitors was quite so high this week as last, and this made the contest a little difficult to judge, but I believe I have managed to pick out the best.

The Mnes sent in by these three are:

1. "The she'd married a Maritime martyr."
2. "She had not seen 'The Kreutzer Sonata.'"
3. "But his ma married her bliss—she's a martyr."

Some lines that easily failed to win are:

"He'd bought a new Easter hat for his partner." But his mother-in-law made his vows alter." "For he was a Calabash stoker." "So he's sealed in a cell in her cellar." "If he see her in a harem skirt I doubt her." "For her eyes sparkled like sparks when he sparked her."

The conditions of entry are: Your effort must be WRITTEN ON or GUMMED TO the Coupon on which the verse appears. With each entry 10 cents must be enclosed. The whole of the entrance money is divided amongst the senders of the three best last lines in the proportion of

For the best last line 50 per cent.

For the second best last line, 30 per cent.

For the third best last line, 20 per cent.

Entries must be addressed to

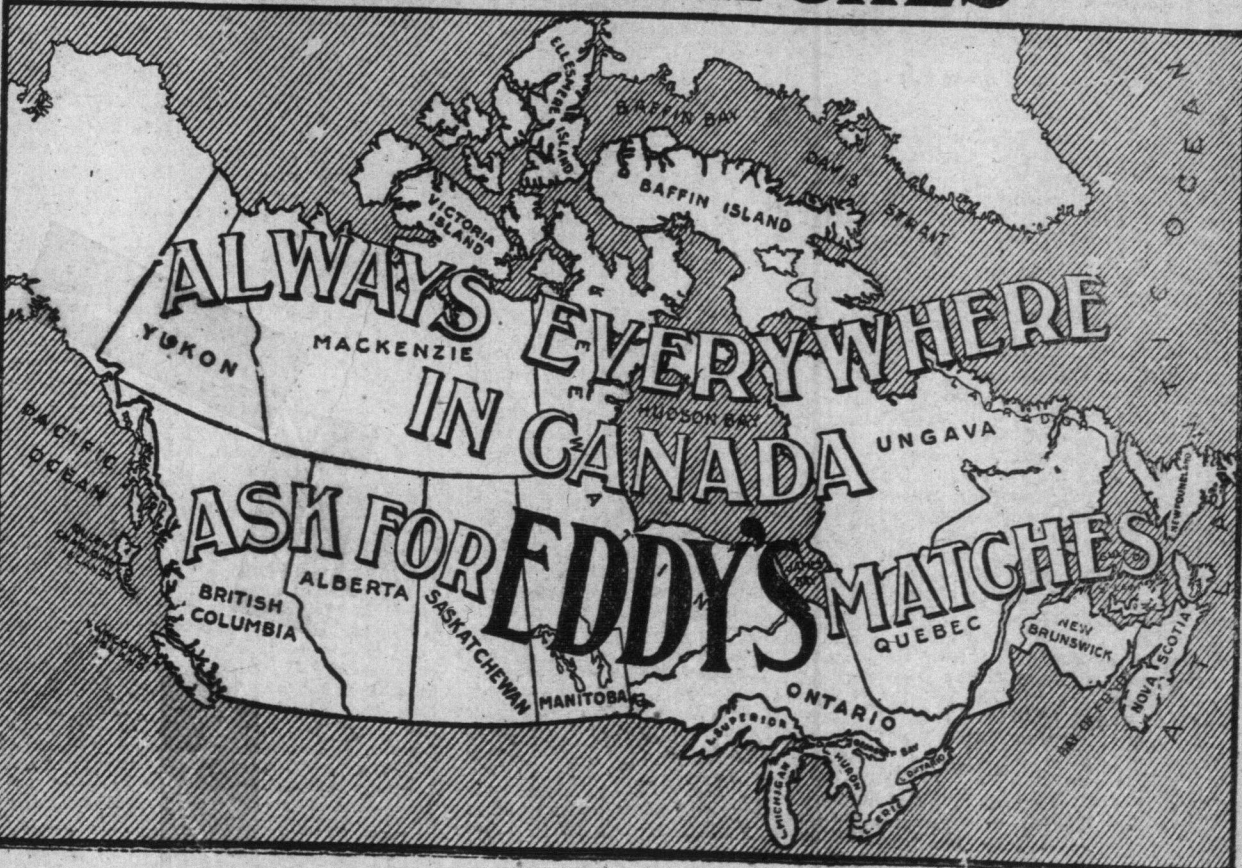
LIMERICK EDITOR,

Sunday World, West Richmond St., Toronto.

All entries must reach this office not later than midday next Wednesday. The Judge's decision is conceded, by all entrants, to be absolutely final. No employe of this paper is eligible to compete. All last lines must be in English. All ladies competing should describe themselves as Mrs. and Miss. The verse for Competition this week is:

IT IS SAID THAT QUITE NEAR OLIVET DWELLS THE STRANGEST MAN EVER YOU MET— HIS CHRISTIAN NAME'S "SID," AND THE LAST THING HE DID.

## EDDY'S MATCHES



## Cupid Struck M.P. During Earthquake

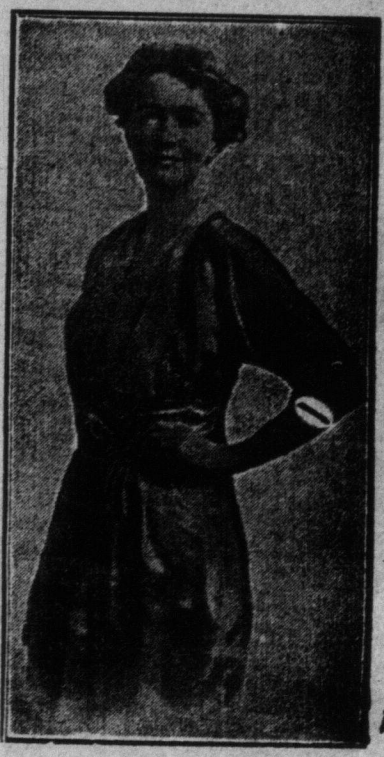
(By cable to The Sunday World).

LONDON, April 8.—Politicians generally and Canadians especially are interested in the marriage that has been arranged between that rising politician, Hamar Greenwood, M. P. and Miss Margery Spencer.

This is understood to be a love match of the old-fashioned romantic order. The couple first met at an hotel during the Jamaican earthquake, and Cupid then and there fired his subtle shafts undisturbed by the falling masonry.

Hamar Greenwood is the best known Canadian in English public life, and is a very popular platform speaker, especially in the north of England. He has lived for the last fifteen years in the old country. In 1906 he was returned as senior member of parliament for York, and was at the Colonial Office for two years as one of Winston Churchill's secretaries, while at the last general election he captured Sunderland for the liberals.

His future bride, who also takes a keen interest in politics, is sister of Mrs. Forbes Sempill, wife of Captain Lionel Forbes Sempill, R. N. She is a well known rider to hounds, generally with the Hertfordshire fox hounds. The marriage will take place at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, at the end of May.



MISS MARGERY SPENCER, who will Wed Hamar Greenwood in June.