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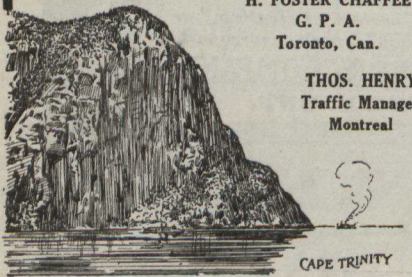
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Perkins' Harmonizer

(Concluded from page 20.)

the angry look vanished, and was replaced by a softer one. The mysterious influence that had smoothed the asperities of Miss Grimes was operating on Mrs. Tootles.

"Are you tired, Mr. Simkins?" she enquired. "The cook is in bed, but I can get you some tea or cocoa. It will refresh you. Please allow me. I won't be a moment."

I was too much occupied with my recent happiness to be even surprised. I sat down in the parlour while Mrs. Tootles made the cocoa. Mrs. Professor, who had been visiting a compatriot, came in. I bowed, and continued my reverie. I sat on the sofa, I remember, and Mrs. Professor had taken a seat beside me. Mrs. Tootles brought in the cocoa. Mechanically, I accepted my cup. Mrs. Tootles sat down on the other side of me.

My next recollection is of a deep grumbling roar, above which trembled a high falsetto, which undoubtedly belonged to Tootles. I looked up. The gas-jets were still burning, but bright daylight flooded the room. Before me danced the bulky figure of the Professor, in a perfect ecstasy of rage. Behind him Tootles darted backward and forward, shrieking unprintable things. The other boarders were grouped together in the hall, and at the entrance of the room. Every face bore the imprint of astonishment. Then the situation became clear to me. I was sitting on the sofa, with Mrs. Tootles and Mrs. Professor on either side. Their arms were round my neck, their heads were on my shoulder. I was thunderstruck—incapable of speech or thought.

"Serpent," howled Tootles. "Turk," rumbled the Professor, "vould noddings but a harem do you?" He aimed a blow at me with an umbrella. Before I could defend myself, I was seized upon. The women tore my hair and scratched my face. The men knocked me about like a football. The door was opened and I was shot into the street. On the top step stood Tootles, wildly waving half my overcoat, which had been torn from my back. Groaning with pain and utterly confounded, I dragged myself to my feet, to be confronted by J. Augustus Perkins. In a moment he had me in a cab and we set off for his rooms.

Here, bit by bit, I related the history of the last few hours. He listened thoughtfully, pulling his under lip. When I had finished, he shook his head.

"It will not do, I'm afraid, at least not for general use; and there is no money in it otherwise," he said.

"Won't do," I cried, "what won't do?" "The Harmonizer," he answered. In a moment it was clear to me; Perkins' infernal contrivance had been the cause of my troubles. I could have slain him. I choked with rage.

"Never mind, old boy, never mind," he said. "You have been a martyr to science. Your experience will be most helpful. I want an assistant, and you are the man for the place. And remember, if you had not had the Harmonizer, you would not have held Gladys' hand. That was worth something, eh? By-the-by, where is the Harmonizer now?" Thank heaven, it was in the pocket of the overcoat Tootles had torn off me.

The City Editor

(Concluded from page 8.)

along to the next reporter, who also painted the wickedness of his offence in terrible colours, and so it went until the stranger had made the rounds of the office. Literally satiated with the enormity of his crime he then was referred back to the City Editor, who gave him the finishing touches and suppressed his name. It was not a pleasant task there to have your name "kep' oot o' prent," but it generally stuck.

To deal separately with the classes of visitors who call to pay their respects to this individual in return for some favour would be an almost impossible task. There is among them the good-natured, solid son of the soil, who drops around at fair time "just to see how you're gettin' on." There is the subscriber who calls in to have published a yard or two

of written obituary notice or a "deceased" poem, emphatically setting out that Uncle Tim was an angel or that Aunt Caecilia is picking a harp on the golden shore.

There is the would-be politician, orator or sensationalist, who would, if he could, have denied the dangerous statements he uttered the day before. With them comes the man named John Jones, who wishes to deny that he is the John Jones who stole his neighbour's chickens, as related in the issue of the day before. (Apparently no one would believe his innocence otherwise.)

Once in a while, too, there comes along a human derelict—a broken-down journalist. Perhaps he, too, was once a City Editor, who sat in a sanctum and drank strong coffee "against the awful strain." Then the City Editor hears the veteran's tale; calls him all the offensive names he can think of, and dips into his pocket. Afterwards he fights anyone who dares to say that he did so.

And through it all, typewriters click; reporters hustle, bustle and shout; the copy piles; telephones ring; buttons summoning the City Editor are pressed frequently; order follows order; linotypes in a nearby mechanical department keep up a constant roar, and the paper almost always issues on time. When it doesn't the City Editor again declares: "Some of these days I'll be joining the police force."

The Statue of Peter Pan

ONE morning, when the little children who live over in the big city of London, went to take their walk in Kensington Gardens, they found there a monument to their own Peter Pan. No one knew how it had come; it just seemed to have grown up in the night. So delighted were they that they crowded around it and gazed lovingly at the figure of the hero of childhood. The statue showed Peter Pan, blowing his horn, and surrounded by fairies, squirrels and mice, and was the work of Sir Charles Frampton, who made it at the request of the great Scottish author, J. M. Barrie, and was a gift from him to the little children of London.

A Busy Hammer

ALL over Canada the carpenter's hammer is loud. Every city is live with building; houses and places of industry going up.

The Contract Record has gathered some interesting figures which tell something of the story for the first six months of 1912. In twenty-seven Canadian cities so far this year there has been expended \$69,583,674 on building. Last year's record for the same time was \$54,192,092.

Toronto so far leads with a total of thirteen millions—two millions over Winnipeg, and five over Vancouver and Montreal. Edmonton makes the most notable single achievement, spending eight millions, as compared with a million and a half last year.

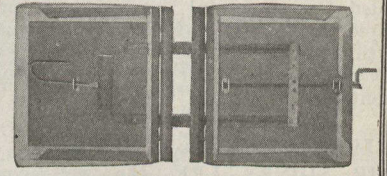
Science Versus Strength

DURNAN'S easy win over Haines was a surprise only to the Anglo-Bostonian sculler and his friends. Everybody else conceded Durnan a victory on his superior style, his skill, and his perfect knowledge of the course. Haines' perfect physique was much admired, and the lines in his weather-beaten face indicated strength of purpose, but his heavy, labored stroke, with the inevitable splash at the end denoted lack of polish, and marked him as anything but a finished sculler, such as his opponent.

No man in the world has a better style than Durnan. He is a perfect exponent of the art of sculling, with the lightness and delicacy of touch like the born billiard player, something that cannot be acquired, but must be born in one. All his life a waterman, Durnan, though of slender physique, and lacking the bull strength of the heavyweight, has had to depend upon his skill in handling a boat to gain the victory, and the lesson has been well learned.—Toronto Star.

Kalamazoo Point Number Two

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