

### Gorky, Russian Novelist and Patriot, Expelled From New York Hotels

#### Society Dropped Him Like a Hot Potato Upon Learning That His Companion Was Not His Legal Wife—An Embarrassing Situation for Hosts and Their Guests—Mrs. Gorky's Defense.

Maxim Gorky entered New York City to the fanfare of trumpets. The coming to America of this apostle of the new Russia had been heralded a long time before his advent, and all hail to this brilliant, daring and impassioned young patriot, was the cry of a horde of American enthusiasts, from multi-millionaires uptown to the persecuted Russian Jews of the ghetto downtown. When the Slav and his brown-eyed wife and helpmate drew into the Hoboken pier on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse on April 10, to drink in deep draughts of the free American ether, New York's men with the greatest brains hugged him to their hearts in welcome. The love-liest and most gently nurtured of our women kissed on each cheek the appealing woman by his side. Dinners and receptions and Russian teas and excursions and fetes and every sort of social and intellectual diversions were planned for the delectation of the exiled couple. The choicest viands were set before them; the choicest flowers were culled for them; their healths

they were one and all presented to the beaming proprietary little woman by his side as Mrs. Gorky, of course. Everybody knew that Mrs. Gorky, the true-hearted woman who had so nobly stood by her husband in all recent vicissitudes and persecution, was coming with him. And being a woman and Gorky's wife, she was even more gushingly overwhelmed with solicitation than the man himself. Then, too, Gorky does not speak a word of our tongue, not one word. And it was the woman by his side whom he leaned on to interpret his thoughts to others. She was delightfully voluble, and during all the chatter added, in her own taking way, characteristic bits of talk—little marginal notes of her own on the light of her life—her hero.

Gorky has taken me. Both Gorky and that wife were agreed. But under Russian persecution they won't allow us to marry that wife again. Without me he could not work, live nor develop his great mission. This is not sin. It is the holiest, highest purest communion. And you will no longer receive Gorky and his wife? "Never," said the wife of America.

### SUSPICION AND SENTIMENT

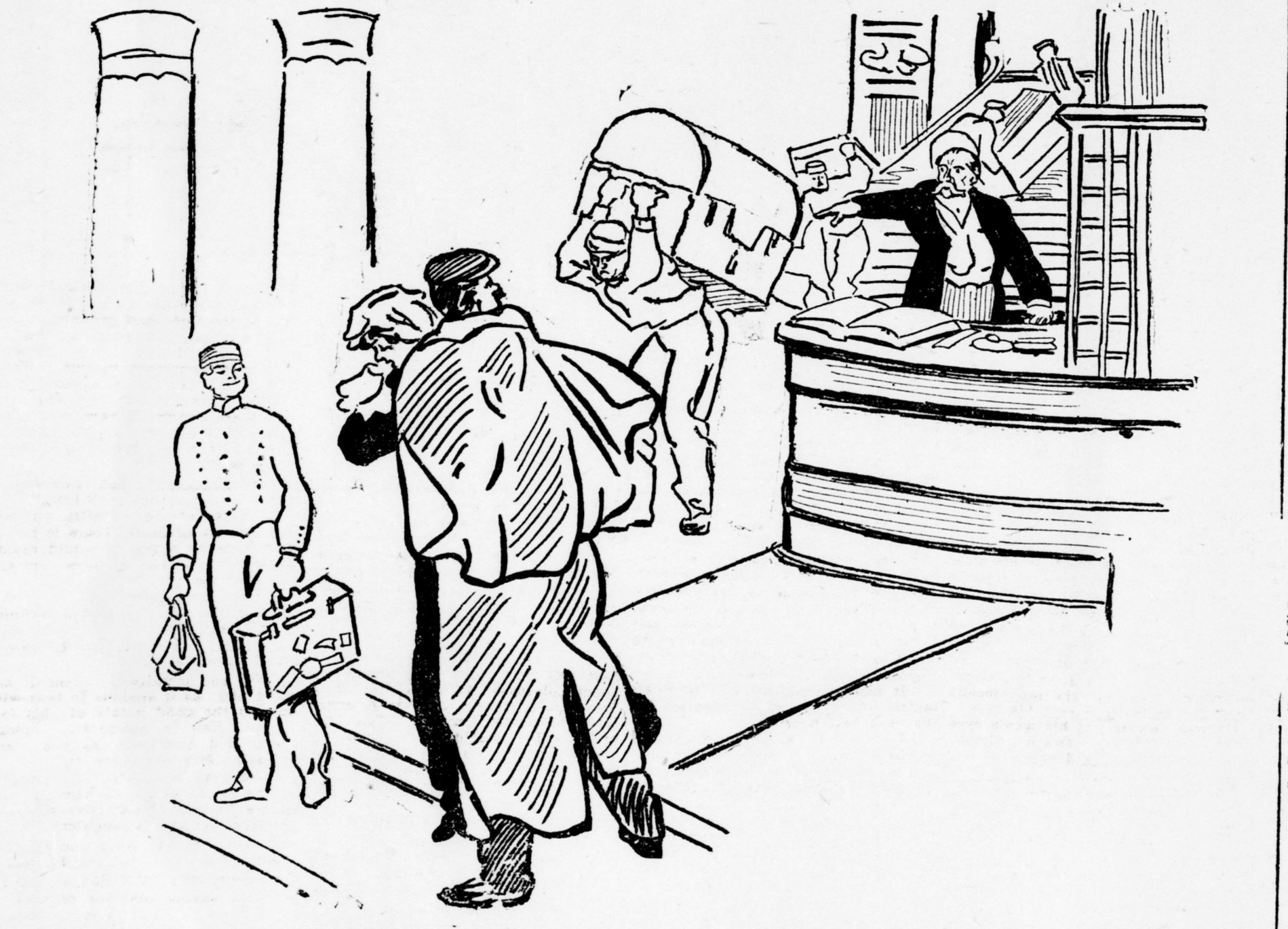
BY CARTER COVERLY.

"I do not want to be guilty of a breach of courtesy toward my guests," explained Thomas Linden, but these losses are becoming of too frequent occurrence. I ask that all submit to a search."

"He had my watch," explained Alward. "Even when he was protesting that he had returned, he took it. That was why I was against a search. I had just discovered my loss when you spoke, and knew what would happen if there was a general search."

### A FLAT FAILURE

"Where are you going to live?" inquired Mr. Adams. You must let us make a little contribution toward your housekeeping."



were pledged in sparkling wine; the most luxurious motor cars and carriages were put at their disposal. The long list of the engagements made for them was presented for their acceptance, and finally they were lodged in a sumptuous suite at the fashionable Hotel Bellevue, as the guests of the millionaire Gylford Wilshire. Maxim Gorky, once a tramp and afterwards a Russian criminal, had exchanged the rough stone slabs of the St. Petersburg prison for a bed of roses in America. Tender, generous sympathy hovered over him as with a halo. Then a strange thing happened. The pair were suddenly dropped like a hot potato.

### These Medical Facts You Can Study With Profit

How few realize that 25 per cent of all disease has its origin in some interference with the function of elimination. The whole body exists by reason of the transference of fluids through its component parts. Up to a certain point the body has power to object to destructive elements, but this power is limited. When, as in the springtime, the body is loaded with wastes and poisons, which it can't eliminate, fermentation, decay and germ life run riot through the blood. Serious illness is the result unless nature is assisted by a cleansing tonic like Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are purely vegetable, contain no mercury, no arsenic, no injurious metallic ingredients of any kind, and the greatest assurance to every man and woman of good health is the use of these pills. Grand results are achieved by this world-famous remedy, as the following letter conclusively proves:

that first evening people left the couple alone to themselves in their apartment, solicitously unwilling to disturb the communion of two such harmonious halves. An exquisite luncheon at the St. Regis, an automobile run through Central Park and to Grant's tomb and the circus rounded out one day. Another was made memorable by the banquet at No. 3 Fifth Avenue, which was given to the subjects of the 'Zar in their coming fight for freedom. Gorky, of course, as the novelist-reformer was the central illuminating figure. Around him men of national and international prominence and distinction grouped themselves.

Chief among them was Mark Twain. Besides Mark Twain there were about the board Robert Collier, Robert Hunter, the millionaire Socialist reformer Alfred Bissell Fiske, H. G. Phelps, David Graham Phillips, Ivan Novorodny and William D. Howells and H. G. Wells were there in spirit, their bodies being detained elsewhere. The affair was spirited. Mark Twain extolled Gorky and cried out for the freedom of Russia. It was a love feast and a boom.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am very glad to meet Gorky. If we can help to create the Russian Republic, why let us go ahead and do it. Then Gorky said something very nice about Mark Twain and declared: 'I come to America to find hearts that sympathize with us and our aims, that deeply sympathize with my suffering people, who are fighting hard for liberty and suffering so much. Now is the time for revolution, now is the time when the Government will be overthrown. But what we need to do it with is money, money, money.' 'My mission is to raise money.' So the boom was delightfully started. Gorky was made to feel perfectly at home and he avowed he felt so. Gorky was on all men's tongues and his propaganda ready for the launching; the sails were well set and the flags all fluttering in the kindest of winds when, lo and behold, the strange thing befell.

Gorky, you see, didn't happen to be married! Merciless Snub for the Gorkys. Imagine the tempest over the telegrams and his enthusiasm all at once had got to drinking tea in Russia, too—when Mrs. Grundy got hold of this bit and set out in her new Exeter list and her ready tongue to tell all her dear friends. New York society suffered such a spasm of shocked morality that it was almost comical. And the pitiable part about it all was the attitude of poor little Mrs. Gorky and her cry: 'Why, of course, I am not; not what you call really married by a minister or a justice, or what you call him. Everybody knows that. I am Gorky's soul-wife, his affinity, his real wife in heaven. His other wife that was his, she is his wife no longer. She and he have separated forever. She has selected another affinity.'"

where perhaps the outcasts might find refuge under the French flag. Alas! M. Orsini and M. Labianche, the most exalted and most distinguished of the metropolis, were desolated; they were in the profoundest sympathy with the situation, but what would you? Yes, for one night, perhaps in such a distressing dilemma, but— The wayfarer met the same fate at the Rinehlander, where they were put ignominiously out at midnight, and at last it was forced home to Mr. Wilshire what it is to be blackballed at a respectable hotel in New York City. If one proprietor discards a couple, give up all hope of shelter at any other hostelry.

Back to Club A, at No. 3 Fifth Avenue, where there had taken place the Mark Twain dinner of enthusiasm two nights before. This is a club composed of advanced thinkers and reformers, and one of their aims is the overthrow of Russian oppression. There Gorky and his companion were allowed shelter. And there are their headquarters, while Gorky's backers are waiting for the effects of the scandal to die down and Mrs. Gorky wonders where all those sweet-tongued ladies are who used to have her to tea and to drive to lovely morning drives where they could enthuse over music and Russian language and woes. Poor little Mrs. Gorky can't understand it a little bit. "It's so dull," she says in her pathetic ignorance.

In the meantime the Gorky movement has subsided. All the immediate enthusiasm has burst as a bubble burst. And two unfortunate things at the present seem to be as much pariahs and outcasts here in this land of the free, which extended its enthusiasm as they ever were in the Old World. In fact, the information that the pair might be sent back there after all for violating the immigration laws on bigamy and polygamy. The whole episode is full of irony.—New York American.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diaper. Recent rumors as to the Emperor of Austria's falling health are ridiculed by those in his majesty's immediate entourage, who point out that a man who lives as simple and Spartan a life as he does is still good for many years, even at 78.

A Siege The matrons of the Edison Orphanage at Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., wrote they had a siege of whooping-cough in their institution. They said that every case was promptly relieved by Vapo-Cresolene. Its value in coughs and colds was so great they always kept it ready for use. You know how it's used, don't you? 'Tis heated by a vaporizer and you inhale it. Write us for a book that tells all about it.

Even Alward looked at him in amazement. They two were keen rivals for Betty Linden's affection. It was odd to see Sattler supporting his rival in this protest. "I think, father," said Betty reproachfully, "that it would be unfair to insist upon a search when two of our guests object."

"All the more reason," said Linden bluntly. "It would appear that they had good reasons for not wishing to be searched."

"Surely you cannot suppose that both Mr. Sattler and myself have the pin," argued Alward, "yet we both object to a search."

"Perhaps there was more than a pin," suggested Linden, his temper roused by opposition, getting the better of his courtesy.

Betty's clear voice broke the silence. "Nonsense," she said sharply, "you owe Mr. Alward and Billy an apology, father. I happen to know the reason for Billy's refusing to be searched, and it has no bearing at all on the loss of the pin."

"I don't care what you say, father," declared Betty. "I shall not permit my guests to be submitted to such an indignity. It is enough for you to say such things about Mr. Sattler and myself. After all this pin never was lost at all. Here it is—dropped into my flowers. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

Mr. Linden said something under his breath uncomplimentary to all women, and stamped off to the library. The rest, deprived of their anticipated sensation, broke up into couples and drifted to other rooms, leaving Betty and the two men.

"I think," said Sattler, coming forward, "that now the pin has been found it would be better that I should go. As I am leaving town by an early train I will wish you good-bye now."

He bent low over her hand and disappeared into the hall to encounter Alward's grave eyes.

"Do you care so much?" he asked gently, as he noted the tears in her eyes. "I don't know," she answered frankly. "When he is here I like him ever so much. You see we were children together. He was always the black sheep, but the most of all the Sattler boys. He ran about in the hall and looked at each other while their wives laughed heartlessly. Then without one word they opened the doors and disappeared within their own apartments."

"You see, there ain't any law about these things, though there ought to be, and we can do as we please with our selves and bear the consequences. My wife and I have done everything we could think of. We've been down to call, one on one side, the other on the other side, at the same time, thinking that while we were there they'd stop at any rate."

"I'll take some time, of course, first, we get so neighborly we won't know ourselves. We go down and ask 'em to perform for our especial benefit—yes, we do, Bolton," he insisted, as the other showed signs of mutiny.

"We invite 'em both up here and tell each of 'em the nice things the other is supposed to have said. We let the old women brag and no kicks coming. Do you see? One evening one of the old women tapped at the doors of both flats and invited the two families downstairs rather mysteriously. The girl was dressed in white and was blushing, and the tenor, visibly nervous, seemed to be waiting for the bell to ring."

When it did ring in a few moments he answered in the hubbub of a nearby church where he sang on Sundays. The girl and the girl stood up, and before the old gentleman knew what was happening the two were dancing. The joy of the two old men was deep, very deep. They danced with everyone, and then with each other. And then—

"But why wasn't Sattler willing to be searched, then?" he demanded.

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