

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

AN ANNEX FOR MOTHERS.

This is the day of the child (as I have so often remarked before in this column) and summer camps where everything is arranged for the convenience and comfort and happiness of the young folks are as common as summer hotels. But someone with a sympathetic imagination conceived the idea of an annex for mothers, and judging by the enthusiasm of a friend of mine who has just returned from there after a two week's stay with her three girls it ought to prove a popular innovation.

A Real Vacation.

"I can't tell you what it meant to me," she said. "Always, other years, we have taken them to a hotel and I had the children on my mind every minute, worrying if they were in the water, trying to think up things to keep them busy rainy days and out of other guests' way, struggling with the problem of keeping them spruce-dressed and all that sort of thing. But at this new camp I had no care at all. Dressed in khaki, the girls enjoyed all the fun of camp life under the supervision of trained counsellors, and I spent all my time in the mothers' annex where all the mothers just rested, and loafed, and enjoyed each other, without any of the care of a household or any worry over the children. Part of the programme for the youngsters was to plan an occasional good time for the mothers. I've never had such complete relaxation in all my married life and I feel so rested and so ready for the winter."

Doesn't that sound as if camps of that sort would fill a long felt need? And now comes a letter from one of my Reader Friends telling in such a charming way of "her happiest vacation" that I'm going to share the letter with you.

The Loveliest Camp in the World.

"I used to dream of the days when I'd grow up and have some money of my own," she writes, "and then I planned that I was going to take mother away for a vacation, just we two. Well, I'm just back from the loveliest camp in the world, one just opened this summer by our lodge, and it was my treat to her. There was the loveliest crowd of girls there, and a good many of them had their mothers along, too. So while we were racing around trying to cram the seven days as full as possible, our mothers were resting, and idling under the trees, or reading and embroidering. And the nice part that struck me as rather romantic was that our mothers happened to be school chums, or had been school chums with father, and after drifting apart for so many years they met at this lovely camp and their children who had never heard of each other met for the first time, and became the best of friends. Maybe this sounds silly to you, but the reason I'm so happy and thrilled over it is because, in spite of the fact that there were four boys and my daddy to be taken care of at home, we got away for a vacation together and they kept bachelor's hall without us. I've never had such a perfect vacation before."

A Joy Shared A Joy Doubled.

I can well believe it. A joy shared is always doubled. And can't you just peep behind the scenes and see "daddy and the four boys" and daughter all prying mother loose from the idea that they couldn't get along without her, and showing her off to that carefree, joyous week of rest, and happiness, and delightful companionships at the "loveliest camp in the world."

Here's hoping that other lodges and other daughters may follow the happy example of these "way down in sunny Tennessee."



"Good morning," all of a sudden cried a voice as Lady Love, Little Jack Rabbit and the Yellow Dog Tramp were eating breakfast.

There at the kitchen door stood the Donkey Postman, a big bag of letters on his back and his long ears a wiggle-waggle. "A letter for the bunny boy."

"Who from?" asked the little rabbit, all excited, so excited that I'm sorry to admit he forgot to say, "From whom?" But the Donkey Postman understood him all right. Oh yes, indeed, for he answered right away quick. "I'm sure I don't know. From some big, enormous person I should say, judging from the writing. It's spread all over the front of the envelope and partly on the back."

"It's from the Circus Elephant," the next minute shouted the bunny boy. "I'm invited to visit him in the Shady Forest. Let me read the letter aloud," and crossing his legs, the little rabbit wrinkled his forehead and began:

"Dear Little Hipperty Hop,

"That's his pet name for me," explained the little rabbit, looking up over the sheet of paper. The baby elephant has grown to be a fine, big fellow. Come to see us. You know the way. We are still living in my log cabin in the wood. Bring along some lollypops. If you have room in your knapsack, a bushel of peanuts. Slip in your pockets a couple of bottles of Ginger Pop. It's so long since I've been with the circus that I've grown a big, healthy appetite. Does Lady Love still make angel cake? You know how much I think of her angel cake. Haven't space enough left in this letter to tell you.

Your loving friend,

Ely,

The Circus Elephant."

"Oh, Oh, Oh!" gasped the happy bunny boy. "I'll go to-day, may I, mother?"

"Supposing Danny Fox is lurking about," sighed gentle Lady Love. "Or Old Man Weasel? Have you forgotten

that they nearly caught us both a few hours ago?"

"I'll go with your little rabbit," promised the kind Yellow Dog Tramp, wiping his whiskers with the nice clean napkin which Lady Love had placed beside his plate.

"We'll stop at the Three-in-One Cent Store on the way for the peanuts and ginger pop," cried the bunny boy.

"The lollypops I can get from the Big Brown Bear. He'll climb the lollypop tree for me and bring down a hundred and sixty-three."

"And I'll furnish the angel cake," laughed Lady Love, happy once more at the sight of her little rabbit's smile.



The Donkey Postman understood him all right. Oh yes, indeed.

ing face. Just like your dear mother and mine, Little Reader. Smiling children make happy mothers; something money can't always do. Smiles can't be bought with lettuce leaf dollar bills even in Rabbitland.

As soon as the angel cake was carefully packed in the knapsack, the little rabbit kissed Lady Love goodbye and set off with the Yellow Dog Tramp. Clipperty clip, Hipperty lip he hopped up the Old Cow Path and over the hill, the good kind dog trotting by his side. On reaching the Shady Forest they followed the trail that led to the Big Brown Bear's Cosy Cave. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that.

Marconi Makes Raido Experiments

LONDON, Sept. 5.—(C.P.)—Aboard his yacht Electra yesterday, William Marconi successfully demonstrated his latest radio adaptation, the "wireless lighthouse," erected for experimental purposes on South Foreland, a headland of the County of Kent. Instead of flashing light signals, the lighthouse flashes wireless warnings to navigators. A wave length of only 6 metres is used, so that the signals are "jam proof."

A number of representatives of Governmental departments and shipping companies witnessed the experiments.

Electricity From the Shannon

KEY POSITIONS FOR THEIR OWN MEN.

Now that the first part of the Siemens-Schuckert (Berlin) contract has been signed for the hydro-electric development of the River Shannon, work is likely to begin shortly.

The first task to be undertaken will be the construction of two railway lines, one from Limerick Harbour to Limerick Railway Station, and the other from Longpavement to Ardara-crushe, where the power station is to be built. Thus the power station will be immediately connected with Limerick docks.

Siemens-Schuckert have already made arrangements for the shipment of the necessary plant, from Berlin, and the first German steamer is expected in the Shannon shortly.

The railway construction is expected to be completed by the middle of December, and more than 500 men will be employed on the work. The key

positions will be filled by Germans, but there will be a certain number of young Irish engineers engaged, and all the unskilled labour will be supplied as far as possible locally.

Hutments From Germany.

The immediate difficulty is the provision of accommodation for the workmen. Ardara-crushe is a tiny village consisting of a score or so of houses, and Siemens-Schuckert must accommodate their large staff in temporary hutments which probably will be brought from Germany.

When the railway is built work will be started on the preliminaries for the power station, but the actual work on

the canal excavation will not begin until next April.

It is understood that the German firm will undertake an extensive propaganda campaign later on, in order to impress upon the Irish people the possibilities of electric power in the home and in the farm.

JUNIOR LEAGUE FOOTBALL.—St. George's Field, this evening at 6.30 sharp—Gaelic vs. Wesley. Admission 10c., Boys 5c., Grandstand 10c. extra.

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WHITE WOOL SACQUES—Sizes 2, to 4, daintily trimmed in Pink, and Blue .2.10 and 2.50

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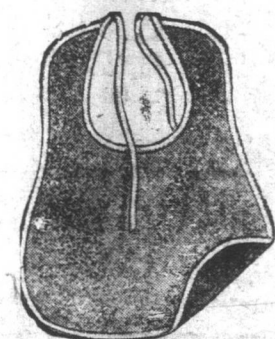
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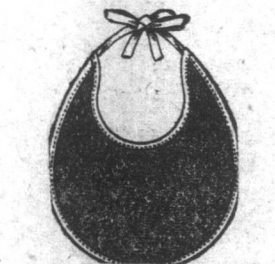
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CHILDREN'S WOOL SUIT (with Cap)—In smart two-tone colourings. 9.90 11.00 11.50 13.50



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Just what you want is the new RUBBER SLEEVE BIBS Keeps the youngster's clothes clean during meal time. Absorbent Terry Cloth. Rubber interlined, 85c. pr. Plain Rubber .90c. pr.

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"Sundown" the Star To-Day

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Ellen Crawley.....Bessie Love
Hugh Brent.....Roy Stewart
John Brent.....Hobart Bosworth
Mr. Crawley.....Arthur Hoyt
Pat Meech.....Charles Murray
John Burke.....John Austin
Joe Patton.....Charles B. Crockett
President Roosevelt.....E. J. Radcliffe
Mrs. Brent.....Margaret McWade

After waging a grim and silent battle against the onrush of civilization, a group of cattlemen decided to send John Brent and his son, Hugh, for eastern backing to repel the invasion. Telephone poles, railroad stations, truck gardens, Ford and patent medicine doctors gradually won their battle and the eastern trip of the Brents availed nothing.

On their return the cattlemen met to ponder over the question. It was decided they would move their gigantic herds across the border into Mexico, where the acreage afforded ample grazing land.

The Herculean task did not dishearten the cattlemen. They faced the rigors and hardships of the long journey with brave hearts.

The governor of the state spoke at their departure, bands played, a gala holiday was in progress and the people who gaily ate popcorn and danced little thought that they were the ones who were exiling the cattlemen.

A stampede, with the crunching hoofs of thousands of cattle, started outside the town and swept over the home of Ellen Crawley. Hugh Brent saved her from destruction.

Hugh put the Crawleys in a chuck wagon and took them on the journey. Hundreds of thrilling adventures were encountered.

The last straw was when the railroad refused permission for the herds to cross into Mexico. The infuriated cattlemen took the railroads by force, blocked four locomotives and crossed into Mexico—their sundown.

Ellen Crawley and her family said goodbye at the border town. Hugh promised to meet her soon.

And so they went over the hills and away.

USEFUL LESSONS.

My nephews number seven, and then I take them where some experience that's keen may jar them up and shake them. For nephews' tire of moral talk, of text and admonition, and sometimes it requires a shock to better their condition. The poorhouse stands upon a slope, and there to-day we wandered; the sad-eyed inmates, shorn of hope, we watched a while and pondered. We saw the paupers in their stalls, where we were slowly guided, by county boards provided. "That is the saddest place on earth," I said, as we departed; "its people don't indulge in mirth, they're sad and weary-hearted. It's sadder than the village jail, for there the men in fetters have dared the laws that should prevail, and barked or slugged their betters. But now we hear of harmless gents against their fortune holler; they didn't salt down fifteen cents when they had earned a dollar. I doubt not that, when in their prime they drew down goodly wages, and never thought to save a dime, as urged by bards and sages. No doubt they scorned the thrifty lads with idle jeers and ravings, when they, on pay day, took some scads and placed them with their savings. Now we behold the paupers drift, attired in dingy cotton, in shadows that will never lift, all pride and hope forgotten."

And now my nephews twenty-four think waste is not so funny; and, pausing by the poorhouse door, they vow they'll save their money.

CONFEDERATION LIFE. —aug17.3mos

Fighting Planes

NEW 180-MILES-AN-HOUR TWO-SEATERS.

Orders are being placed, says the Air Correspondent, for new British two-seater fighting aeroplanes which represent a great advance.

By further lessening of head-resistance and other technical improvements, it has become possible to produce a specialised fighting craft which, when carrying even pilot, gunner, and full military load, will attain a maximum speed of more than 180 miles an hour.

Such a speed is higher, it is believed than that of any similar fighter produced by other countries—although a veil of secrecy has been drawn over recent work in France.

Designs are being worked out for a British machine, carrying pilot, gunner, fuel, and ammunition, which, it is hoped, will reach 200 miles an hour.

CONFEDERATION LIFE. —aug17.3mos

At a GOVERNMENT HOUSE BALL, MELBOURNE, Aug. 28.—A revolver shot fired in the ballroom at Government House, Perth (Western Australia).

The girl has been arrested and charged with murder.

An Exchange Melbourne message says that the girl was a former fiancée of Mr. Gidley, who was a marine engineer. The shot was fired during the last dance.

Renald's Face Powder (black and white), at STAFFORD'S 15c. box.—sept2.17

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Dancer Shot Dead

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Answers' OWN SPECIALIST

Writing this article in a race-meeting, I cannot say which horses my friends and to win" are going to win in his race.

His last year one of the colts about a month ago. She backed it, and he made me to me by somebody else. I might have won by following the "tip."

Hopes For The

didn't do that because I convinced myself that I really to be trusted. And yet, queerly enough, I had a second change brought before me. The brother-in-law of my friend a short time ago. He is not a racing man. He puts a penny on every race, and he is the head of the trouble to find out, and no he backed the wrong horse.

These are the only two I dreamt which I had with in my life, and in the same family year. Neither of them had any other "tips" before the Elbow. I wish enlightenment to give you any

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