

THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1924

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



After Midnight
by W.L. George

THE WAX LADY

Some time ago Mr. George was asked by an interviewer: "What is your favorite amusement?" The novelist replied: "Loafing about a great city between midnight and dawn." His reason he gave as follows: "At night it is the unexpected happens. The few people about you would be in bed were it not for some unusual cause: love, purpose of crime, agony of apprehension, or black poverty. Lonely under the stars, these people seek company; they willingly confide in you and even enlist you in their schemes." Thus Mr. W. L. George has wandered hundreds of nights in London, Paris, Barcelona, New York, Chicago, etc. He has participated in several exciting adventures, which he relates here, altering the names and details for the sake of his strange companions of the night. Three of these adventures actually happened to Mr. George: three are slightly amended. They make up the picture of darkness and passion which stands behind the face of every great city, and represents a hidden world into which the daring can penetrate.



LEAVING TOWARD THE POLICEMAN, HE WHISPERED: "I'M GOING TO MARRY HER."

Upon the north side of Hyde Park, against the railings, stand a few benches on which, when it is fine, elderly people take the air. Upon my wanderings I sometimes investigate this spot, for people who wait the dawn in such places are sometimes interesting. Thus, one night, as I was loafing about my hunting ground, I perceived coming toward me a strangely formed shape, something rather low upon its legs, the upper part of which was bulky. As it came closer, I saw that it was a small man carrying a bundle. I went toward him, so as to benefit by the lights of Victoria Gate, and saw that the bundle was a sack which the man with difficulty bore upon his right shoulder. Now people carrying sacks at night are usually engaged upon uninteresting removals, notably, fleeing from the landlord, but the police are perpetually interested in them, because burglars are given to carrying the fruits of their trade. Thus, as the little man reached the gate, the policeman on duty stepped forward and stopped him.

"Hullo, mate," said the policeman, in a friendly tone, "what's that you've got? Is it heavy?"

"Weighs about a ton," said the little man.

"Where are you going to on shanks' pony?"

"That's a long way. What have you got in that sack, mate?"

"What's it got to do with you?" snarled the little man. He burst into shrill denunciations: "Was this a free country? Couldn't a man go his own way without being interfered with by a lot of cops? Then he seemed to realize that he was making himself suspect. His tone changed, suddenly grew honeyed. He brought the sack down to the ground and remarked to the policeman: "After all, I don't mind your seeing what I've got, noney Parker."

He untied the sack; the sack fell down in folds. I took a step back, filled with horror: from the sack emerged the head and shoulders of a beautiful girl. The policeman, too, stepped back. What increased my horror and puzzled me was that the beautiful head was hairless.

The little man must have perceived our feelings, for in a soothing tone he added: "It ain't a corpse." The policeman gingerly touched the rosy cheek.

"It's wax," he went on, pulling down the sack so that we might see that under the dazzling neck and shoulders, which shone glistly under the moon, the body was represented by a low wooden frame, over which canvas was tightly stretched.

"Oh," said the policeman, after a while, "barber's block? that's what it is, eh?" Then his professional suspicion returned to him: "What are you doing with it in the middle of the night, anyway?"

The little man looked about him with affected care. Leaning toward the policeman, he whispered: "I'm going to marry her."

"Now then," said the policeman, "none of your nonsense." Policemen dislike humor; it agitates their mind, interferes with its smooth working.

"Where are you taking it?"

"Once before," said the little man, calmly, "I said Acton. For the second time I say Acton. It's still Acton. And if you want to know what happy home I took this young lady, I'll tell you that I bought 'er this afternoon at Bunley's Sale Rooms, price ten shillings, sale price, shop-soiled, but not as you'd notice it. And ain't the girl worth every penny of it?"

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the policeman, discomfited by the tone that only the gutter of great cities can lay upon the tongue.

"I told you I was going to marry 'er," said the little man, injuredly. "But I don't want to deceive an innocent child. I'm going to put 'er in my winder when I get to Acton. Fact is, I'm a 'air-dresser. I'm going to put 'air on 'er, curls. She'll look that lovely!"

"All right," said the policeman, sullenly, "you can go on."

"Like to give 'er a kiss?" asked the little man, as he pulled up the sack. The policeman did not reply, but walked, or rather loomed away, as is the habit of his profession.

The little man gave me a wink: "That shut 'is mug for 'im, didn't it, guv'nor?"

"Yes, they are a bit officious," I said. "Still, it's the true way to get rid of a dirty trade if it is, too," said the little man, as he fastened the sack over the uncanny burden. "Now I got to hold this on my back again." His short arms struggled helplessly with his burden. So, seeing the bundle, which was not heavy, but rather clumsy, I managed to get it on to his shoulder again.

"Thank you, guv'nor," he said, looking at me with interest, obviously not accustomed to the assistance of men in tails and white waistcoats. "Expect me an 'im'd be talking now if you hadn't appened along. These coppers, they don't mind what they do to a poor man; 'ed 'ave wanted to know this ere, and that 'ere, waisting 'alf the night."

Somewhat we were walking along together toward the west; I had my reason for already. Little by little he talked abundantly, but from time to time he looked up to me, puzzled, and perhaps anxious. Probably he would have told me to let him alone if it had not been for my size. He was a small man, and I happen to be one of those people who cannot get into an omnibus with their hat on. And I am broad in proportion. I culminated

THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



MARSHAL OTEY WALKER LOST HIS HAT, STAR, AND ONE BOOT IN THE RUMPUSS STARTED BY THE FOUR BOYS WHO RECENTLY MOVED IN THE OLD BENNETT HOUSE ACROSS THE RAILROAD TRACKS

over the little man like a mountain; no doubt this embarrassed him. Still, after a while, we crossed the road; at the corner of a street he attempted to get rid of me, remarking: "So long, guv'nor," and paused.

"That's where I turn off," he remarked.

"Indeed?" I said. "You're going out of your way. That goes north. Acton lies west."

He flung me a malevolent glance: "Well, now you mention it, that's a funny thing. I got it into my 'ead that I 'ad to turn off 'ere. Thank you for mentioning it, guv'nor. So long!" He went on westward, but I followed him. His now became a sulky mood; he refused to talk, and so we went for several hundred yards. At last, however, I determined to play my card. So I said: "You're a 'air-dresser, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Is yours a good business?"

"So, so."

"Shaving, 'air-dressing, ladies mostly?"

"Indeed? How is it that the ladies don't mind the state your hands are in?"

"What's the matter with my 'ands?" asked the little man, stopping pugnaciously.

"Now, don't try and make a fool of me. You haven't got the hands of a 'airdresser. My good man, nearly all your nails are broken, and you've got machine oil into the skin of every finger."

"Well, I never! One nosy parker after the other! And what's it got to do with you, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing. That's why I'm interfering with it. Look here, I don't want to do you a bad turn. If I'd wanted to, I had my chance ten minutes ago. I only had to point out to the policeman that you were a 'air-dresser and that you had the hands of a laborer. He'd have wanted to know why a man with machine oil over his fingers pays ten shillings for a lay figure?"

"Well, I'd have told him I fancied you."

"He wouldn't have believed you. And I don't believe you."

"Then you can do the other thing."

"All right," I said slyly, suddenly clasping his left shoulder in a grip that surprised him. "If you feel so comfortable about it, come with me to Ledbrook Grove police station, and if I've judged you unfairly, I'll give you five pounds."

"I don't want your money."

"I thought as much. Now, tell me the truth: if you don't tell me the truth, I'll take you to the station, and then you won't get the five pounds anyway."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

When You Cook

Get the best of all the flavor And the zest of all the savor BY USING

Windsor Table Salt

PUREST & BEST

THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

SOCIAL PROGRESS

Social progress aims to carry out the programme of a distinct betterment in all reproduction and the enactment of just and hygienic health laws.

At present a cry is being raised against the lowering of our vital powers of resistance and the germ-plasm of reproduction. Both sexes seem to have taken it for granted that a wild attack on their nervous and muscular systems is the proper way to indulge their sportive whims.

Wakening physical powers by excesses, over-excitement, loss of the proper amount of sleep, results in loss in stamina and nervous energy.

Just what the real physical condition of our race is today, as the result of social unrest and changed living conditions, is hard to say. I believe, counting all advantages and disadvantages on both sides, we have made distinct progress in racial uplift as a whole, although in certain parts of our country chronic maladies are increasing.

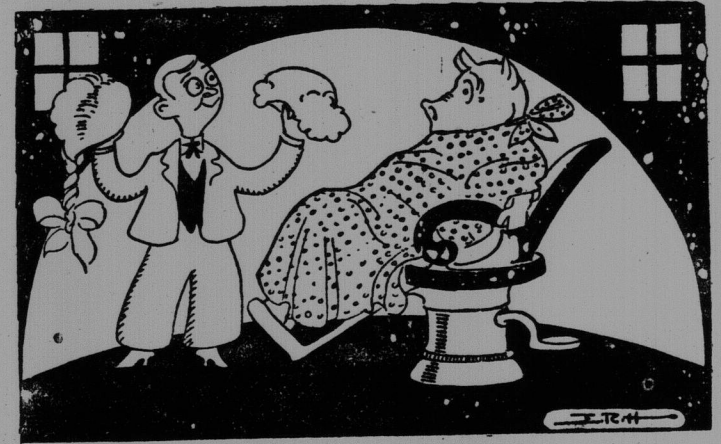
If you have an opportunity, play health detective and see if you can find the social progress in the community where you reside on the upgrade. The formulating and carrying out of a true eugenic programme will be the great health work of this generation.

Under the knowledge we gather from the growing science of eugenics our country will keep its solemn obligation, that transmitting a pure, undeveloped life stream is the highest trust in our social progress.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

A SQUEALY RIDDLE.



And one went into the barber's shop.

"This riddle," said the Riddle Lady, with a smile, "is about a most peculiar creature. I'm just about certain that nobody will guess it. Not even Nancy and Nick."

"What is it?" shouted everybody.

"I'll begin at once," said the Riddle Lady, "but if anybody has worn his dunce-cap in mistake for his thinking-cap, he'd better go home and change it. But there! This is the riddle—

"They eat sweet apples and curly tails, And bodies as sound as talking pills, And they like to grunt and they love to squeal, And simply adore a good square meal."

"They eat sweet apples and curly tails, And roll in mud till they're plastered over, And root and dig with moisty nose, To find where the juiciest turnip grows."

"The story says that one day they went To town, these brothers, on pleasure bent, One went to market, one bought roast beef, And one got lost and came to grief."

"And one went to the grocery store, 'is said, And bought him a slice of butter and bread, And one went into the barber's shop, And bought him a wig to wear on top."

"And one was stolen by the Piper's son Who picked him up and then did run."

And one, they say, called Hickory Dare, Got a flying-machine and flew up in the air.

And one built a house of boughs and hay, The better to keep the wolf away, And one built a house of boughs and sticks, And one made a house of good, hard bricks.

"But the wisest one of all these brothers, Who had more sense than all the others, Was the little fellow who stayed at home, And said he was satisfied not to roam."

"Now what is the name of these lusty scouts, With the curly tails and saucy snouts, Who roll in mud, and buy their wigs, And come home dressed in ragged rags, dancing jigs?"

"I do think that is a delicate thing to talk about in the present company," said Tom Piper, blushing very red.

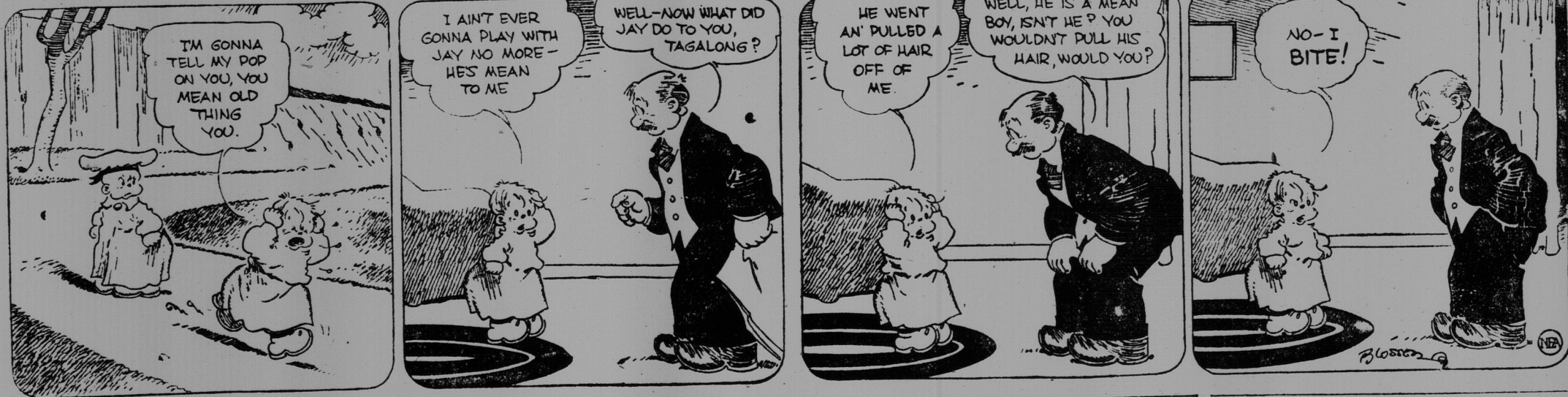
"Oh, it's not delicate," laughed the Riddle Lady. "It's quite fat and healthy. They all are! Has anybody guessed?"

"It's pigs!" called out every Riddle Lander and every Mother Goose.

"Well, I declare!" said the Riddle Lady. "I do believe there isn't a single dunce-cap here today. Isn't that fine? Well, everybody gets a photograph of the Five Little Pigs taken on their last trip to town. That's the prize today."

(To Be Continued)

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—TAG HAS DIFFERENT METHOD



By Blosser

ADAM AND EVA—DEEP SEA FOOD



By CAP HIGGINS

SALESMAN SAM—VERY SCANT!



By Swan

An occasional dose of
DR. CALDWELL'S LAXATIVE SYRUP PEPSIN
Keeps young girls fit

False Modesty Wrecks Health

THE young lady just assuming the responsibilities of a woman is very apt to be self-conscious of her physical functions. And in consequence neglect them. There is no time, however, when it is more important for her to look after them. Chief among her troubles is constipation, and her suffering will be serious when she gets older if she does not regulate her bowels now.

I, Charbonneau, 3410 Adam, Montreal, recommends Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin to all her friends, and Mrs. Henry Joyce, Croton, Ont., says it is the best remedy for constipation she ever used.

Safe for Young and Old

Let mothers with growing daughters interest themselves in this matter and see that their judgment is enforced. A rule followed by many is to take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin once a week until the bowels function daily, and at such other times as there is headache, biliousness, sores and fever blisters, lack of energy and appetite, sleeplessness, indigestion.

Public Recognizes Merit

You will quickly see the difference between a mild laxative like Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin and castor oil, or rough cathartics and physics. Syrup Pepsin acts gently and does not grip. Increased doses are not necessary. A bottle can be had at any drug store, and a spoonful costs less than a cent. It has been successfully used for thirty years and is the largest selling liquid laxative in the world, over 10 million bottles having been sold in drug stores last year. Keep Laxative Syrup Pepsin in your medicine chest.

Send me a free trial bottle. Address to

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I need a good laxative and would like to prove what you say about Dr. Caldwell's Laxative Syrup Pepsin by actual test. Send me a free trial bottle. Address to

Name _____ Address _____

Not more than one free trial bottle to a family