

minutes more of the salesman's time in showing her what she had no intention of purchasing, before she picked out Henry's vigorous step from the confusion of ordinary footfalls in the aisle behind her. Though she had determined, a few moments before, to punish him a little, she turned quickly.

"Sorry I'm late, Connie." That meant that it was no ordinary business matter that had detained him; but there was nothing else noticeably unusual in his tone.

"It's certainly your turn to be the tardy one," she admitted.

"I'd never take my turn if I could

help it—particularly just after being away; you know that."

She turned carelessly to the clerk. "I'll take that, too"—she indicated the trinket which she had examined last. "Send it, please. I've finished here now, Henry."

"I thought you didn't like that sort of thing." His glance had gone to the bit of frippery in the clerk's hand. "I don't," she confessed.

"Then don't buy it. She doesn't

want that; don't send it," he directed the salesman.

"Very well, sir."

Henry touched her arm and turned her away. She flushed a little, but

she was not displeased. Any of the other men whom she knew would have wasted twenty dollars, as lightly as herself, rather than confess, "I really didn't want anything more; I just didn't want to be seen waiting." They would not have admitted—those other men—that such a sum made the slightest difference to her or, by inference, to them; but Henry was always willing to admit that there had been a time when money meant much to him, and he gained respect thereby.

The tea room of such a department store as Field's offers to young people opportunities for dining together without furnishing reason for even innocently connecting their names too intimately, if a girl is not seen there with the same man too often. There is something essentially casual and unpremeditated about it-as though the man and the girl, both shopping and both hungry, had just happened to meet and go to lunch together. As Constance recently had drawn closer to Henry Spearman in her thought, and particularly since she had been seriously considering marrying him, she had clung deliberately to this unplanned appearance about their meet-She found something thrilling in this casualness, too. Spearman's bigness, which attracted eyes to him

always in a crowd, was merely the first and most obvious of the things which kept attention on him; there were few women who, having caught sight of the big, handsome, decisive, carefully groomed man, could look away at once. If Constance suspected that, ten years before, it might have been the eyes of shop-girls that followed Spearman with the greatest interest, she was certain no one could find anything flashy about him now. What he compelled now was admiration and respect alike for his good looks and his appearance of personal achievement—a tribute very different from the tolerance granted those boys brought up as irresponsible inheritors of privilege like herself.

(To be continued.)

Playing Both Ends

(Continued from page 9.)

equally effective in investing the German soldier with an intelligence and an unconquerable valor which he has never yet displayed, and in crediting the German nation with a quite miraculous power to create soldiers that it can not possibly possess by normal means. Mr. Gerard's estimate of 11,000,000 Germans now in the field is still within our memory, but he does not explain to us how a nation with a population of only 68,000,000, about half of whom are females, and after three years of devastating war, can conceivably have 11,000,000 men under arms. It is to be presumed that the ordinary vitality ratios apply in Germans as elsewhere, and a consideration of these gives more reliable results than any num

gives more reliable results than any number of alarmist guesses.

Mr. G. Stanley Sadgwick, writing in the New York Times, analyzes the figures for us, alike conclusively and unanswerably. He tells us that when the war began there could not have been 11,000,000 men between the ages of eighteen and fifty in the whole German empire, and this, of course, is evident from the study of ordinary population statistics. Assuming that every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty was conscripted and

fifty in the whole German empire, this, of course, is evident from the study of ordinary population statistics. Assuming that every man between the ages of eighteen and fifty was conscripted and that every man was found to be fit, there would then have been about 9,000,000 men available for the army. But at least a million of these men, including the very young and the very old, would be unft. Another 2,000,000 would be indispensable for the work of the country, and this would leave about 6,000,000 men available for actual fighting at the beginning of the war. Allowing for subsequent drafts on the one hand, and for losses on the other, Mr. Sedgwick states it as "a fact that June 1st of this year the Germans had it he army 5,500,000 men. Of these about 1,250,000 men were on the Russian front 2,000,000 men in France, perhaps 150,000 in Turkey and the Balkans, and the femainder on the communications and the depots." Mr. Sedgwick offers to furnish proofs of these figures, but their substantial accuracy seems inescapable. Given the factors of German population at the beginning of the war, and German losses since the basis for a calculation that must be approximately accurate. Germany has now called up the classe of 1918, 1919, and 1920, the last class including boys of seventeen and eighteer who can be worth very little as soldiers who can be worth very little as soldiers

British at all.

Mr. Sedgwick concludes his letter with a summary that is optimistic, but that is a summary that is optimistic, but the abrabolutely justified. Speaking of the abra surd prediction that the war must go on surd prediction that the war must go for another five years, he says: "I very ture the simple statement that German's tat the end of two years, and at the present rate of casualties, would not have all 1,000,000 men left in the field."

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