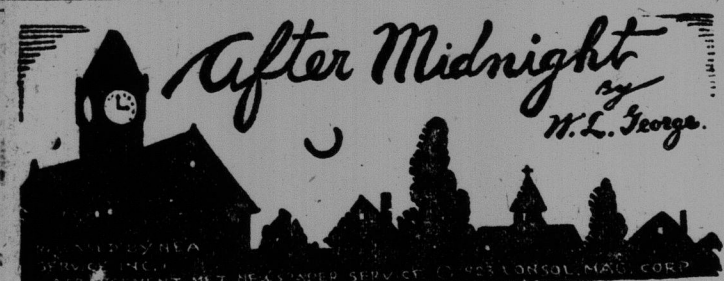


THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N.B. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1924

# EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



**After Midnight**  
W.L. George

Some time ago Mr. George was asked by an interviewer: "What is your favorite amusement?" The novelist replied: "Lying about a great city between midnight and dawn." His reason he gave as follows: "At night it is the unexpected that happens. There are few people about you would be in bed, were it not for some unusual cause of apprehension, or black poverty. London 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, while he relates here, altering the names and details for the sake of his strange companions of the night. Three of these adventures actually happened. 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.

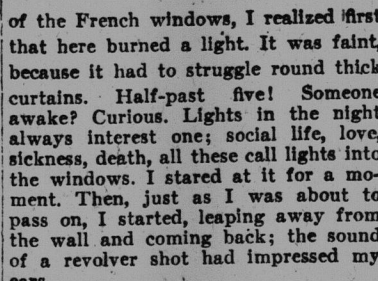
**THE SHOT-IN-THE-NIGHT**  
I.

I do not, as a rule, seek nocturnal adventure in the suburbs. There is about the suburbs something too well



Once again I felt an impulse to flight. I was flagged. Upon the flags stood old established, too respectable, for me to be able to hope to come there easily upon those turbid mysteries which entangle human beings so fatally in the coils of avarice or love. Thus, when one fine September night I was slowly walking toward London from Woolwich I felt disheartened and disappointed. In industrial Woolwich I had encountered only two men too drunk to find their way home, and made most uninteresting by that fact. Otherwise, the streets were so deserted

that I lost patience, and instead of waiting for the first workmen's train, made two blackbills. It was about half-past five, and as summer time had just been done away with, it was still dark. There was a hint of thunder in the air. Thus, as I passed through the quiet streets, along their little gardens, and cast a negligent gaze at the shuttered houses, I could not help feeling that among these peaceful little lives there must be just one, an ambitious boy, a loveless girl, feeling disturbance, the painful electricity of the air. If only one could see through walls! I stood for a moment looking over the garden gate of a house where the front garden was lit up with a plantation of flowering dahlias. That house white in the darkness. No, nothing. Nothing there but wealth, or at least comfort and ease. In silence I went on. The street ended round on its way. Garden after garden, comfortable houses, one after the other. At last, dispirited and very tired, I stopped for a moment to rest against the gatepost of a long, low house, built perhaps a hundred years ago. Its architecture interested me, for it had only one floor. It was one of those old country houses, George III, perhaps, which London has absorbed as it ate up the fields. The front was covered with white stucco, and tall French windows led into the garden, a portion of which



of the French windows, I realized first that here burned a light. It was faint, because it had to struggle round thick curtains. Half-past five! Someone awake? Curious. Lights in the night always interest one; social life, love, sickness, death, all these call lights into the windows. I stared at it for a moment. Then, just as I was about to pass on, I started, looking away from the wall and coming back; the sound of a revolver shot had impressed my ears.

I listened acutely for nearly a minute. Groans, the sound of a struggle, another shot, any of those would confirm what I had discovered. But there was nothing, nothing but silence. In the far distance I heard the horn of a motor car, which sounded loud and near, so that were my nerves. But nothing came, and still I stared at that window. What had happened there? Who there lay dead? The fact was such a shock to me that for a moment I proposed to find a policeman as quickly as I might. Then I felt ashamed; it is a poor adventure of the night, draws the commonplace police into the extraordinary.

So, looking about me, and finding myself unobserved, I lifted the latch of the gate, tiptoed up the flagged walk, where my feet tramped the gravel, and I tried to see in between the curtains. A broad lawn lay before the window; for a moment, standing at the side, I tried to see in between the curtains. But I could perceive only a small portion of brown paper upon the far wall. What should I do? I couldn't rouse the house. If I did, perhaps a bullet would find its way to me, the inconvenient witness. At that moment, as I made an effort to rise higher along the wall, where the curtain lay more ajar, I felt, with an effect of extraordinary suddenness, the glass of the window give way under my hand; the window was ajar; only its great weight had prevented its giving way before.

Trembling with excitement, I went on pressing against the glass that pushed back the curtains with imperceptible slowness, until a line of light appeared between them, a line of light which enabled me to see, focused like a small picture, the figure of a man sitting at a desk, his head fallen back, and one arm hanging limp by his side. So there was the victim in such an attitude no man could sleep. I listened. No, there were no footsteps; there could be nobody in the room.

## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



THE BIG JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE AT HENRY BUZZARDS BARGAIN STORE DREW A LARGE CROWD FROM HOOTSTOWN EARLY TO DAY

of the pose, the uncomfortable itching against the hard back of the chair, all this spoke of death. All the same, in those days never had I before seen a dead body, so a repulsion came to me. I couldn't handle him. But I felt that I ought to do something, if perhaps he were not dead, but a physical disgust filled me. It was my conscience made me think of taking out a pocket mirror, which I always carry to remove flies or dust from my eyes, which are delicate. With a trembling hand I held out the mirror toward the still lips. I must have held it there for a long time, taking it back suddenly and finding, as I expected, that no hand had been left upon its smooth surface. The man was dead. Now, what was to be done?

I had been so occupied with his appearance that I spent several minutes in this room, unconscious of the thing which now suddenly forced itself upon my consciousness. The house was not silent after all. There was a sound in it, a strange, regular sound, from the next room. I realized that it was the sound of sobbing. Somebody was crying in there, a woman. A fiery excitement came over me, as tensely I listened to those sounds. These tears, they had such

## Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

Many people imagine they have Bright's disease if any trouble develops in the back or region of the kidneys. The fear is often groundless. In fact more people have probably developed the Bright's disease habit through reading patent medicine advertisements which try to make you believe there is something wrong, than in any other way.

The only sure way to convince yourself and be sure you are on the right track is to have a health examination, at least once a year, by a real physician.

Bright's disease, sometimes termed nephritis, may have its grip on you, and yet for years you may go along wondering what is the trouble.

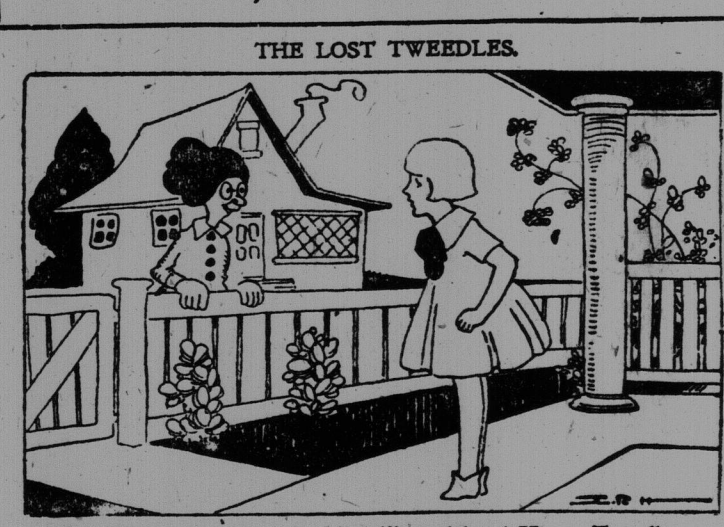
If you have severe attacks of what is generally termed nervousness, during which you may have "dizzy spells," or sick headaches, have an examination at once. Don't blunder along trying to diagnose your condition.

Preventing Bright's disease is comparatively easy. The records of many states show a decrease during the past six years. Drinking alcohol liquors and improper foods may be said to cause 85 per cent. of this trouble. Over-eating of proteins in meats should be avoided. A vegetable diet is always a great check in warding off Bright's disease.

Some time ago I wrote of the help a fasting programme would bring about. If you have any doubts about your kidney condition, try the rest or fasting programme. It relieves the work of the kidneys and sets up a renewal of workable reserve strength. Prevention of this trouble is greatly aided by being a good water drinker. If the kidneys are kept active and not overloaded with waste, your chance of escaping this disease is good.

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton



"Oh, I'll be ever so much obliged!" exclaimed Miss Tweedle. Nancy was out shaking her doorman, when Miss Tweedle called across the street. "Did you see my boys anywhere?" I sent them out to play and now they're gone and I can't find them."

"No, I didn't see them," Nancy called back. "I just came out. But wait, I'll ask Nick. He's playing marbles with Tom Tinker out in the back yard."

But in a minute she came back. "Why, they're gone, too," she said. "I don't see them anywhere."

At that, Miss Sprat, who lived next door to Miss Tweedle, stuck her head out of her second-story window. It was a very unamusing thing to do, but poor Miss Sprat was so fat, it was very difficult for her to go wraddling up and down stairs for every little thing. So she called out, "I know where they are as sure as anything. I saw them looking at the circus posters and I wouldn't be surprised if they had gone down to the circus grounds, the whole four of them, to see the circus come in."

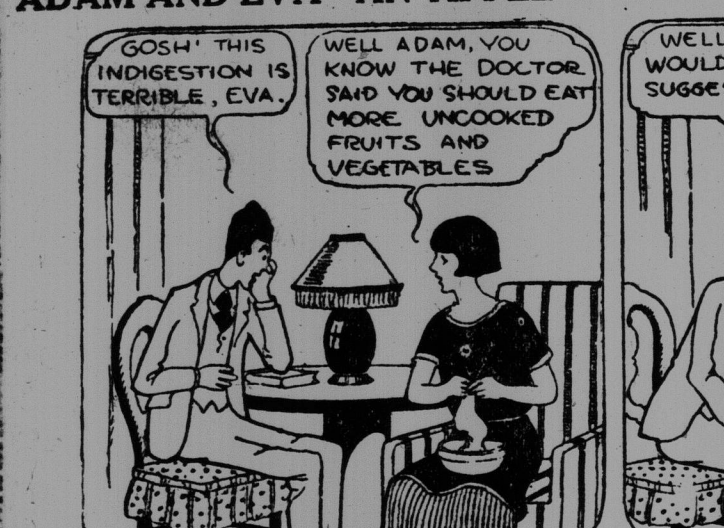
"My goodness! Do you think so?" cried Miss Tweedle. "Why, they're just ideas! Here I've been hurrying to get through with my work so I could have lunch at half past 11 instead of 12 and take those two little boys of mine to the 1 o'clock show. Mister Tweedle!"

And away they ran. (To be continued.)

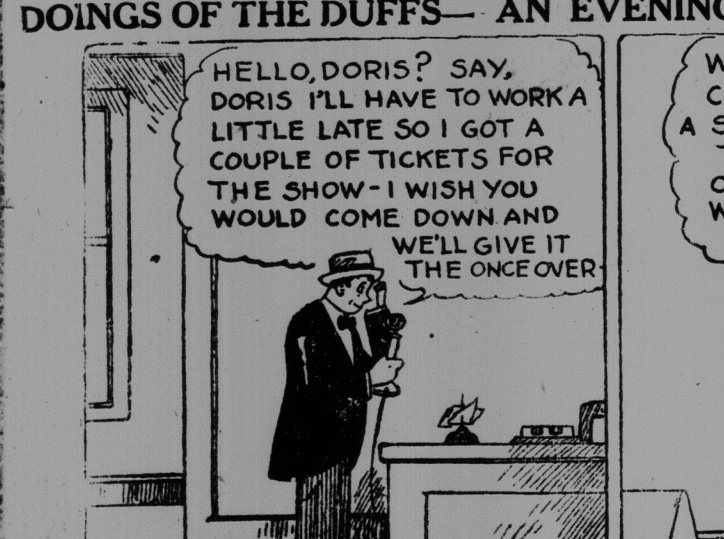
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—THAT'S A DIFFERENT SLANT



ADAM AND EVA—AN APPLE A DAY



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—AN EVENING OUT



## TO PROBE CASE OF BANQUE NATIONALE



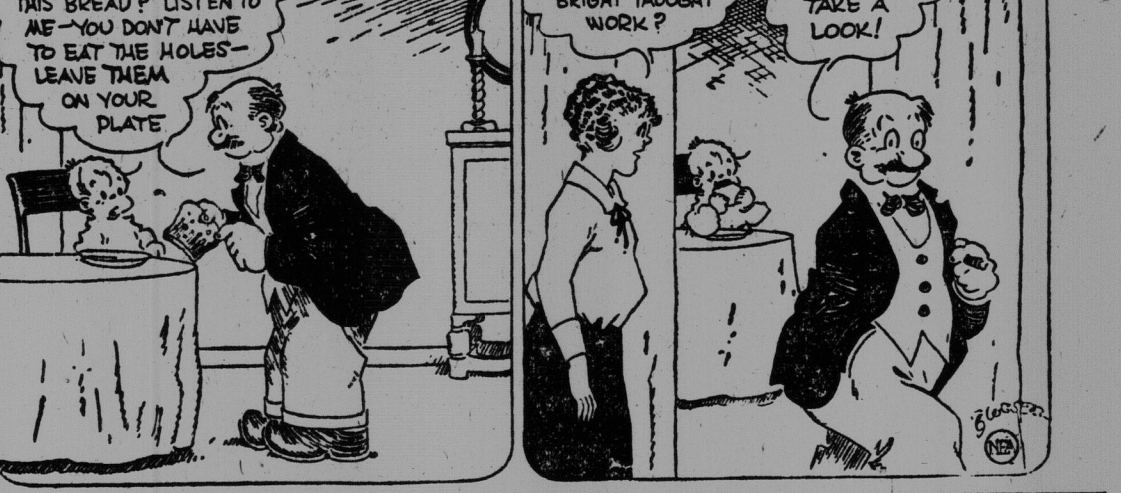
ADAM AND EVA—AN APPLE A DAY



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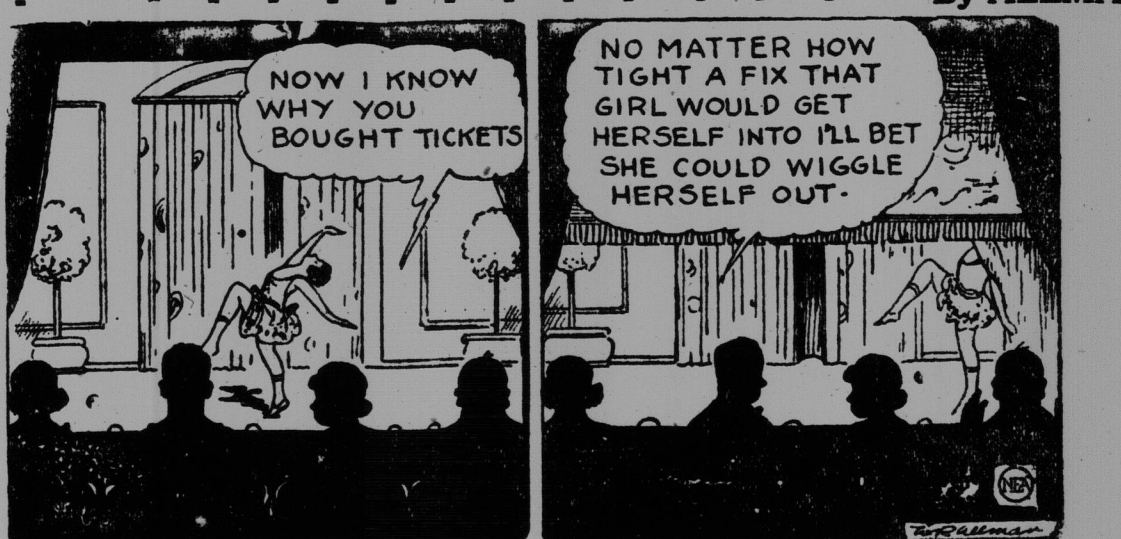
## A PLAN TO TRAIN FARM IMMIGRANTS



ADAM AND EVA—AN APPLE A DAY



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—AN EVENING OUT



## M'MANN REPLIES TO REFLECTION ON HIM

Cites Statistics to Refute Opinion Expressed by Com. Thornton

J. Boyd McMann, city trustee officer, called up the office of The Evening Times last night to take exception to the statement of Commissioner Thornton who had said at the Municipal Council finance committee meeting yesterday that the trustee officer was apparently not doing his duty as most of the children who were arrested were of school age. Mr. McMann wondered if the Commissioner was really informed as to what a trustee officer's duties were, and as to what the city's trustee officer was accomplishing.

Mr. McMann said that the percentage of the pupils belonging to the schools that were actually in attendance in St. John was frequently between 80 and 85, the highest average of attendance in Canada. He considered that this fact reflected some credit on his own work. He also drew attention to the fact that he has no authority to deal with pupils more than fourteen years of age and said that he, perhaps more than any one else, realized how much a juvenile court was needed in St. John as the cases of truancy which he brought before the court would have no after care and would frequently appear again as truants.

The report of the month of November which Mr. McMann presented at the last meeting of the St. John Board of School Trustees showed that he had dealt with 160 cases of irregular attendance at school, which cases were 98 for boys, dealing with 61 individual boys, and 62 for girls, dealing with 48 individual girls. Twenty-four cases of truancy were also dealt with by Mr. McMann that month and these cases were for 17 boys, and one girl. He made 162 visits to homes and 16 to schools and had one case in court.

## DISCUSS RADIO INTERFERENCE

Ottawa, Jan. 9.—The Department of Marine and Fisheries, which is charged with the control of radio, including broadcasting, throughout the Dominion, has instructed Director C. P. Edwards, of the radio branch, to attend a meeting to be held in New York tomorrow, under the auspices of the United States Government, to discuss the question of radio interference with broadcasting.

The Marine and Fisheries Department, it is said, has already taken all possible steps in Canada to eliminate such interference by Canadian ships and stations.

## THROWS HAT INTO RING

At the request of representatives of different city wards last night, Alex. Corbet decided to be a candidate for commissioner at the next election to be held in April. Mr. Corbet was a candidate for civic honors at the last election. He conducts a gent's furnishings store on Waterford street.

One person is killed accidentally every six minutes.

