

EIGHT

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1934



### Anty Drudge Joins the Union.

Miss Highbrow—(visiting the Teamsters' Union)—"So you have made my friend, Anty Drudge, an Honorary Member. And why, may I ask?"

Honest Mike—"Well, you see, it's this way, mam: I drive a coal wagon, and Gerry over there drives for a wholesale butcher. We get terribly dirty—I all sooty and Gerry all greasy and stains. It's the same with all the boys. Anty Drudge told us about Fels-Naptha—how it dissolves the grime and grease; and you only use lukewarm or cool water. Saves money and makes our wives happy."

"Wear" is nothing but "rubbing." Every time you hard rub your clothes against anything, little particles are rubbed away.

Boiling softens the fibre of cotton, linen, silk and wool, and when rubbed hard on the washboard they wear away faster than at any other time.

Try to think how many days of wear are represented by one trip to the old-time washtub.

Fels-Naptha requires neither boiling water nor hard rubbing.

And there is no washboard wear on the clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way. Fels-Naptha is made to do away with boiling and hard rubbing; therefore if you use it as an ordinary soap, you cause yourself unnecessary work.

Use Fels-Naptha in cool or lukewarm water and it will do all we claim.

It will cut the washday in half, summer or winter, and do silently and effectively all the real hard work.

If you follow the simple directions on the red and green wrapper, you will never return to ordinary soaps and the old-fashioned way of washing.

## The Joy-Promoter

By MRS. LUTHER HARRIS.

To Mr. James Vanfleet,  
Schloss Applestein—near Homburg,  
July 10

Dear Old Jim:  
I simply must confess to some sympathy for the old school of dry-as-dust old schoolers for two months, my craving for amusement is like a hashish eater's abnormal thirst.

The whole domestic atmosphere is so frigidly correct that I'm beginning to feel my mouth screwed into shape to eternally pronounce "grues" and "prisms." I shall go mad and tear out the few remaining hairs I have, if I sit many more evenings looking at Great-aunt Schenberg and the Frau Baronin sitting in solemn black with their hands folded, looking exactly like a bas-relief on a mausoleum.

My idea of Valhalla, a real Paradise is a place where there is never monotony. I am becoming a mere wired automaton; press a spring just below my collar bone and I articulate "Hoch der Kaiser" in a perfectly natural tone and with almost human intelligence.

But at last something has turned up which promises a bit of variety and a touch of caviar in the tasteless repast of life in this dead-and-alive old family stronghold. As you already know, the Frau Baronin's eldest son has recently died in America after a meteoric career. They are daily expecting a visit from his young widow, a personage whose coming they are looking forward to with horror and dread. Never having seen her they are prepared for the worst.

So, while daily expecting the Western Horror, there comes, simultaneously, in the same mail-bag, two letters. One is from the dreaded widow saying she will be detained in London several weeks. The other is from dear old Aunt Petchen in Berlin. She had planned, it seems, to visit the Frau Baronin accompanied by a little American girl who is her guest, but has fallen a victim to bronchitis at the last moment.

However, she is sending the said little American anyway, as a sort of fore-runner and harbinger of joy to cheer up the drooping spirits of the mourning relatives here at the Schloss.

She describes her as a delightful girl with literary tastes, and wild for "local color" and "atmosphere" and all that. At all once, like an inspiration, a wild scheme for enlivening this weary existence pops into my fertile brain. It is a Heaven-sent thought! I have quietly suppressed the letter from the widow of the defunct Alexei, and as they know nothing of the little Westerner's proposed invasion, I will pass her off to Great-aunt Schenberg and the Baronin as the American as the dreaded daughter-in-law.

You have always said, my dear old Jimmy, that if a philologist tried to read my head by the bumps, the particular welt which is supposed to indicate love of truth would be conspicuous by its absence.

Be that as it may, the Lord loveth a cheerful liar! And I shall die of positive inanition if something isn't doing to infuse a little ginger into this banal and tasteless and utterly stupid record of self-as-buckram existence.

I judge from Aunt Petchen's letter that the little American is a whirlwind of gaiety and originality and Western "go."

Of course, as the widow of the late Alexei she would be expected to be a fount of gloom in an abyss of gloom—and you know what extreme sticklers these conservative Teutons are, regarding the outward pomp and proprieties and strict decorum of mourning.

Therefore, I'm promising myself a most diverting lark, and the mise-en-scene is set for comedy of the richest and rarest variety and flavor. I will keep you posted as to its progress. Have no fear that concealment like a "worm in the bud" will gnaw a single gnaw upon my damask cheek. It won't.

Until further developments, Yours sincerely,  
Rudolph Hammerstein.

### TO MISS THERESE LESTER

Schloss Applestein—near Homburg,  
July 20.

Dearest Therese:  
I know you will be overcome with astonishment to see my letter dated from a German Schloss near Homburg, when I last wrote you from Paris with no thought of such a right-about-face in my plans. To make a long story short, I was called back to New York because of some stupid business, and to tell the truth, I don't think she felt at all bad about going back, for really, no matter how much she travels, she continues to feel that the world is bounded by the North River, Jersey City, New York Bay, and Brooklyn.

But I, being a little Westerner, and this my first trip abroad, was wild to stay on this side the Big Water.

But here I was, left unchaperoned, just as we were about starting on our visit to the VonBohlen's in Berlin.

Then the VonBohlen's wired that I should come on, anyway, simply urged it, and remain with them during Aunt Ellen's absence.

A few days after reaching there the Baronin VonBohlen decided to visit her sister at Schloss Applestein, the oldest son having recently died and the family being in conventional mourning.

She seems to think I have rather a corner on good spirits. The Baron says my conversations about old-fashioned known to medical science, that my cake-walk would have infused new life into the most hopeless case of melancholy.

I am afraid if I can, with my simple talents to add to the sunshine of other lives. That sounds as if it came out of my own head, and as nature abhors a vacuum, another brilliant and scintillating idea rushed right in to take its place.

Secretly I was delighted at the thought of going. It gave me a coveted opportunity to study the manners and customs of the most aristocratic and exclusive class of Germans right from the source, and as nature abhors a vacuum, another brilliant and scintillating idea rushed right in to take its place.

The present family consists of the Frau Baronin, an extremely austere relative known as Great-aunt Schenberg, and young Hammerstein, a nephew of the house.

The Baronin is the typical German hausfrau, being like Martha of Biblical fame, "careful about many things."

There are many closed and unused rooms which smelt of desolation and the tomb. There are illuminated pictures on many of the walls and any number of creepy and gruesome tales regarding the old portraits. But as most of these have been related to me by young Hammerstein I am inclined to take most of them with a grain of salt.

I am no reader of human nature if he has not under his polished exterior, the old Harry in him, as big as a moon as they say out west. His boyishness crops out constantly under his mask of convention.

It's just like the stiffness of a small boy at a party who is obliged to sit up properly and give his attention to "Authority" and "Dignity" when he is just dying to play kissing games and blind-man-buff.

It is really very beautiful and sentimental to see him conduct the Frau Baronin to her chair with such an air of formal ceremony and makes me feel very "Western" and new. It suggests feudal times and makes one realize how easy it is to "come a cropper," as our English cousins say, over some straight-railed fence of stupid convention at almost any time.

It's funny how coming in contact with people who have no sense of humor always seems to promote abnormal growth of it in one's self.

I am almost convinced when Great-aunt Schenberg and the Frau Baronin play golf. It is so monstrously solemn! Just as if they were leaving it to the fateful turn of the cards which should proceed first to the guillotine.

And when they take up as a moon as they say out west. His boyishness crops out constantly under his mask of convention.

It's just like the stiffness of a small boy at a party who is obliged to sit up properly and give his attention to "Authority" and "Dignity" when he is just dying to play kissing games and blind-man-buff.

It is really very beautiful and sentimental to see him conduct the Frau Baronin to her chair with such an air of formal ceremony and makes me feel very "Western" and new. It suggests feudal times and makes one realize how easy it is to "come a cropper," as our English cousins say, over some straight-railed fence of stupid convention at almost any time.

It's funny how coming in contact with people who have no sense of humor always seems to promote abnormal growth of it in one's self.

I am almost convinced when Great-aunt Schenberg and the Frau Baronin play golf. It is so monstrously solemn! Just as if they were leaving it to the fateful turn of the cards which should proceed first to the guillotine.

And when they take up as a moon as they say out west. His boyishness crops out constantly under his mask of convention.

It's just like the stiffness of a small boy at a party who is obliged to sit up properly and give his attention to "Authority" and "Dignity" when he is just dying to play kissing games and blind-man-buff.

It is really very beautiful and sentimental to see him conduct the Frau Baronin to her chair with such an air of formal ceremony and makes me feel very "Western" and new. It suggests feudal times and makes one realize how easy it is to "come a cropper," as our English cousins say, over some straight-railed fence of stupid convention at almost any time.

It's funny how coming in contact with people who have no sense of humor always seems to promote abnormal growth of it in one's self.

I am almost convinced when Great-aunt Schenberg and the Frau Baronin play golf. It is so monstrously solemn! Just as if they were leaving it to the fateful turn of the cards which should proceed first to the guillotine.

And when they take up as a moon as they say out west. His boyishness crops out constantly under his mask of convention.

It's just like the stiffness of a small boy at a party who is obliged to sit up properly and give his attention to "Authority" and "Dignity" when he is just dying to play kissing games and blind-man-buff.

It is really very beautiful and sentimental to see him conduct the Frau Baronin to her chair with such an air of formal ceremony and makes me feel very "Western" and new. It suggests feudal times and makes one realize how easy it is to "come a cropper," as our English cousins say, over some straight-railed fence of stupid convention at almost any time.

It's funny how coming in contact with people who have no sense of humor always seems to promote abnormal growth of it in one's self.

I am almost convinced when Great-aunt Schenberg and the Frau Baronin play golf. It is so monstrously solemn! Just as if they were leaving it to the fateful turn of the cards which should proceed first to the guillotine.

And when they take up as a moon as they say out west. His boyishness crops out constantly under his mask of convention.

It's just like the stiffness of a small boy at a party who is obliged to sit up properly and give his attention to "Authority" and "Dignity" when he is just dying to play kissing games and blind-man-buff.

It is really very beautiful and sentimental to see him conduct the Frau Baronin to her chair with such an air of formal ceremony and makes me feel very "Western" and new. It suggests feudal times and makes one realize how easy it is to "come a cropper," as our English cousins say, over some straight-railed fence of stupid convention at almost any time.

## LIBERAL Ward Meetings TUESDAY, SEPT. 8

Meetings of the Liberal Electors in the various City Wards will be held on Tuesday, September 8, at 8 p. m. to elect delegates to a Convention to be held Thursday, September 10, in Berryman's Hall at 8 p. m., for the purpose of selecting candidates for the representation of the City and County of Saint John in the Federal Parliament.

The meeting places of the various wards will be—

Kings, Sydney & Dufferin - Berryman's Hall  
Queens and Dukes - 85 Germain St. Climo's entrance  
Prince - No. 8 Waterloo St.  
Wellington - Lelecheur Hall, Brussels St.  
Victoria - The Hannah Building, 257 City Road  
Lorne, Lansdowne, Stanley - Temple of Honor Hall  
Guys - Oddfellows' Hall  
Brooks - 18 St. John St.

County electors will meet in the various parishes as announced by posters.

THOMAS McAVITY,  
Chairman Liberal Executive.  
HEBER S. KEITH,  
Secretary.

**Winchester**  
Rifles  
of different calibres  
Double and  
Single Barrel  
SHOT GUNS  
and everything required  
for hunter's outfit.

thumping of vest-buttons. The little warm grip of her hand finished me off entirely.

It was like an honest boy's. Did you ever notice how many people shake hands like anemic frogs?

I can't describe her, Jimmy, my vocabulary left up to it.

She has reddish hair shot through with metallic glints and a way of running her fingers through it till it stands up in a silky aureole like a saint's halo.

I simply fall down when I try to describe her eyes. I might as well try to paint the opalescent glints on the bay of Naples. They are chameleon eyes and take on the color of her thoughts. Usually they dance like nymphs in a pool. There is a certain quality in her distinctive sort of prettiness which holds a direct appeal to good taste. And her voice must be an inheritance from generations of gentle-speaking women.

I'm roped, and thrown, and branded, Jimmy, and that's no joke!

When she laughs—which is often—her little teeth—but what! What's the use of her? I can't say anything about them that wouldn't sound like an advertisement for some kind of dentifrice; and that time-worn figure of speech about pearls has been so frayed at the seams owing to over-use by the poets.

(To be continued.)

## AFTER MEALS

Have you a dull, heavy, oppressive feeling—a feeling that you have eaten too much? If so, indigestion is at work. For comfort's sake you will probably eat more sparingly in future. Then your strength will suffer, and your stomach, like every other organ of your body, be further weakened. That method can only end in ruined health. The real cure is to strengthen your stomach with Mother Seigel's Syrup. Read this—

"For a year my wife suffered with indigestion, and her condition became so serious that she could hardly stand on her feet. But as soon as she began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup she improved and now she is quite well."—From Mr. Firmin Cyr, Siegas, Victoria Co., N.B., Jan. 22, 1903.

TAKE MOTHER  
**SEIGEL'S**  
SYRUP.  
INDIGESTION.

Price 50 cts. per bottle, sold everywhere.  
A. J. WHITE & SONS, LTD., MONTREAL.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Sept. 4.—Two men were killed and one slightly injured in a crash of freight trains in South Lawrence tonight.

The dead, Fred Duprey, engineer, of 34 Market street, Lawrence; Frank McGowan, 14 Berkeley street, electrical engineer and M. T. graduate.

The injured, James Fletcher, not serious. Both trains were switching in the yards and were running parallel to each other when one started over a switch. The other train could not be stopped in time to prevent a collision.

A Haverhill passenger train passing by was stopped and a doctor volunteered his services. Duprey was still alive, and the physician with his pocket knife cut off the mangled portions of his leg, but he died soon after.

A wrecking train from Boston cleared the tracks of the wreckage after a slight delay.

## TICKLE YOUR PALATE WITH KORNI-KRUPS 3¢

The new malted corn food. Made from the choicest selected white corn, cooked, malted, flaked and toasted. All the meat of the corn blended with the life of the barley. The only Malted Corn Flakes Ready-to-serve hot or cold.