

Fathers.

A long time ago, before the war, a garden was planted, eastward in Eden.

Two people lived in it, a man and a woman. And the woman, because she hadn't enough to do, and was naturally curious and eager, listened to the restless something within her. And obeyed it. She reached up and plucked a little red apple and defiantly bit it.

It was hard on both of them, that morning, because it was a frightful come-down, and one has to be very big and quite experienced to take a come-down cheerfully.

But it was hardest for the man. He not only had to give up lying on a couch of shell-pink orchids, munching at a pomegranate by way of exercise, and set to tilling the soil and earning their bread by the unaccustomed sweat of his brow, but, worse than anything, he lacked the compensation the woman had. He had no memory of having been daring and dramatic, of having stood in the centre of the limelight, the star of the performance.

So he bent his head and hoed dismally but steadily.

Of course the woman had to bear the children—a thing she hadn't in the least counted on doing. But that, too, had its compensation. She was again in the center of the limelight, dramatic, courageous, the star of the performance.

And that was the beginning. Ever so many years later, one night, a nurse in a maternity hospital popped into my room, and with a toss of her little white-capped head said:

"Well, there's another husband sitting on the stairs looking stern!"

And suddenly I saw millions of husbands all down the ages sitting on stairs looking stern—agonized, impatient, helpless, waiting husbands. Nurses toss their heads at them, doctors push them on to the stairs, janitors don't even trouble to flick the

corner of an eye at them. Helpless, agonized, inarticulate husbands waiting on the stairs.

And then it is all over. Here is mother, looking like a sunrise, with a halo about her—and well-deserved it is, too—with her babe on her arm, dramatic, daring, the center of the limelight, the star of the performance.

Father? Oh, he's background; just one of the "props." A shaken, deeply stirred "prop," solemnly warning himself that he's got to make life all right, by George, for those two on the bed. But nobody notices this emotion, because he's just the father. And of course he'd die before he would say it out loud.

But from that moment on he never forgets that he is all there is between the baby and want, and that he is all there is, as a general rule, between all the babies and a meager, mediocre life for them, or even actual privation. But then that's all right; that's what fathers are for!

And then came the war. Why, I wonder, has nobody written a song or a poem, or even a limerick, about father sending his only son or any of his sons off to be a target for Hunnish shot—the "flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone," the wonderful, inexplicable being around whom he weaves all those dreams he himself has had to relinquish, for whom he strives patiently, unremittingly, to build up a business, a home, a heritage, in whom he finds his very reason for having lived, upon whom he rests his hope of eternity in this world, his name, his blood, his tradition!

You think fathers don't care for their children as mothers do? Have you ever seen a father when he thought he was alone pick up his baby and hold it in his arms and look at it?

If you have, you will forever after walk a little more softly in the presence of fathers, remembering the tenderness, the wisdom, the yearning, the hopes that stream from his whole face, the resolution that

this little pink, downy thing shall have his chance, shall not have the long, hard pull his daddy had, the petty things, the limitations.

He is still in the background, like the man in the garden; neither dramatic nor daring; just a father.

And nobody writes poems about him, nor a song, nor even a limerick. Then at night when he gets home he can't slip out of his collar—because well-brought-up fathers don't do that—and settle his nerves with knitting. Instead he brushes himself up and goes off to the courthouse to help with the Red Cross Drive.

Perhaps he makes a speech or perhaps he's just one of those men who slip around quietly with small bits of paper for other men to sign. At any rate, he gives all he has of time and money and brains—for Bill and civilization.

That's the every-day war father. And nobody has ever written even the smallest ditty about him.

When the crisis comes—Bill is wounded or perhaps he is killed—it is father who must take it standing, who must break it to mother, who must cry only in his heart, because man and tears are not customary; father who must see to the sad disposing of the body, caring for the necessities there, as he has for all other necessities in the family.

Why? I'm not talking about men. I'm talking about fathers.

And I'm not belittling mothers; they're the most wonderful, incredible, God-made things in all the world. But fathers are brave and glorious and pathetic, and a poem or two wouldn't hurt them.

And now peace has come. And the Bills are safe.

"They're coming home!" And the Great Fear has gone out of the world.

Father, who through Liberty-Bond speeches came nearer to being dramatic than ever before, sinks back once more into being a "prop" on the family stage.

Bill is coming home, with a limp,

perhaps, or a scar. He is a hero. Mother is his mother. Father is just the dad.

He didn't fight and he isn't the mother of a boy who was a soldier, who actually was in the fighting for democracy and right; he isn't anything at all but the man who followed his wife out of the garden after her disastrous, interesting impulse, to earn their bread by the sweat of his brow.

One of that kind of people who wait on stairs looking stern. Unsung, ununiformed.

One is passing my window now, marching in his invisible khaki. He is whistling softly, a little out of tune. It is, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Not a poem, not a song, not even a limerick.

Take a look at your father. Will you?—Delineator.

Daily Risks of the Serial Hero.

The man who performs hair-raising, death-defying feats—whether he crosses Niagara on a tight rope, leaps into the East river from the Brooklyn bridge, tames and tames wild beasts, drives a dog-team to victory in a sledge race in Alaska, risks life and limb daily in circus "stunts"—always this calm, suave, confident, adventurous, the great dare-devil of the world of entertainment, is popular with young and old alike, with men as well as women. Time was when his adventures were recorded only in type. Later he was "featured" beneath the canvas of the great circus the footlights, either in vaudeville or in "legitimate" attractions.

To-day, however, it is the screen, the most satisfactory and satisfying medium of all, that records his deeds of strength and skill and daring. And of all these heroes of the amusement world, the most popular—because he is the boldest, cleverest, surest, most daring—is the famous star of serials, Eddie Polo.

Polo was once a circus star—an aerial whose performances caused Barnum and Bailey spectators to gasp. To-day he is to be seen in a thrilling screen serial, "The Lure of the Circus," dealing, as the title implies with circus life. He is, as he always has been, a firm believer in keeping himself in perfect physical condition. He trains ceaselessly.

A few years ago Polo created a sensation in Paris by jumping off the Eiffel Tower. Later in his career with the "Siegist Siblon" troupe of aerial performers was followed with breathless interest by thousands. Now he is known, from coast to

coast, as the man who will stop at nothing.

Deeds of unequalled daring are every day affairs with him in "The Lure of the Circus," the risks he took were so tremendous that his company often despaired of his coming through them safely. At one time he actually experienced all the sensations of hanging—and declares that if he could choose his death it would be by this method, for it was the most wonderful sensation he had ever felt—"so soothing and restful," he said, with a reminiscent smile.

In another episode of the Polo serial, he made a 140-foot dive, and struck a floating bit of kelp. He was knocked unconscious by the impact. Revived, he rushed to another location and propped over a cliff, carrying a man on his back. His companion became panic-stricken and Polo was forced to drop twenty feet. Then, to add to the thrills, the Universal director employed half a dozen burly extras to "beat up" the hero.

The scene was played in dead earnest, and the hero remembers that the huskies earned their wage, but it was not a matter of life and death as in most of the other stunts.

He took a header through a pane of glass and carries a scarred hand as a memento of it. He wrestled with a lion; he rode at break-neck speed in an automobile with a broken steering gear and, in the same machine, he plunged from a high river bank into the waters below.

He can get no life insurance. The best proposition he was ever offered was to pay \$25 a week and he would receive \$75 a week while disabled.

He thought it better policy not to accept.

If anyone wants to know just how he treated the "supers" in the picture fight all that is necessary is to intimate that some of the scenes in "The Lure of the Circus," his latest serial, are not real. That suggestion is one thing Mr. Polo will not take from any man. He had suffered too many bumps and cuts and bruises to let it go unnoticed.

So you see what a sweet life—to say nothing of death—this serial movie making is.

Burglars, Beware!

Traps for Men With Taking Ways. There is no doubt that burglaries have been on the increase lately. They are being committed nightly and in great numbers; and the only safeguard would seem to be an increased vigilance on the part of citizens.

Not only is it necessary to see that every door and window is secured at night, but it is just as well that housekeepers should have some means of defence against would-be burglars.

A French inventor has recently placed on the market a "fake" pistol. This weapon, although in reality absolutely harmless, goes off with a very realistic crack when the trigger is pulled. It also makes a blinding flash calculated to scare any burglar.

Inventions of an even more complicated nature are constantly being heard of. A well-to-do gentleman living in Surrey has recently had his house and grounds fitted with an elaborate burglar trap. With this device a midnight marauder cannot approach near the house without setting a num-

ber of electric bells within a-ringing. And should the burglar not hear them and actually enter the building he the many steel contraptions cunningly would be caught in a vice by one of

An excellent cleaner for painted surfaces is made as follows: Two quarts of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of turpentine, a pint of skimmed milk and enough soap to make a weak suds.

Astrologist Predicts Another War in 1924.

There will be another world war in June, 1924, according to a writer in the British Journal of Astrology. This prophet, who signs himself Sapharial, asks for a serious hearing inasmuch as he claims to have published a year in advance in each case the exact date of the war of 1914 and of the cessation of hostilities.

"The first phase of the next war," he writes, "will begin with Turkey, whose perfidy will lead to its final overthrow. At this time Prussian intrigue will dominate the position in the Near East, affecting Greece, Turkey and Russia. But according to my calculations, the great crisis will not be reached until June, 1924. In this great war which may be regarded as Prussia's counter to the war of 1914-18, the malevolent forces take the form in Vienna and Berlin, ascend to Petrograd, penetrate through the whole of Russia and descend via the Black Sea and Turkey in Asia on to Syria and Palestine."

Another allied victory is predicted by "Sapharial."



Plug Smokers should demand

British Colonel

The Utmost in Plug Smoking



Overhead Expenses

Free yourself from the annoyance of roofing troubles. Save repair costs. Obtain protection from fire and weather for all your buildings. Have a roof that pays for itself by giving years of satisfactory service. Lay

PAROID
A
NEPONSET ROOF

No matter how large the roof may be, Neponset Paroid is the proper roofing. You can't get a roof that Paroid won't cover—for Paroid roofs them all—from the biggest barns to the greatest industrial plants.

Neponset Paroid is fire, weather and wear-resisting. It proves its economy by years of wear.

Roof with Paroid—It pays. Made in three colors, red, green and slate grey.

Sold by Hardware and Lumber Dealers.

The Direct Agencies, Ltd.,
Sole Agents.



Household Notes.

Almost all vegetables except beans, should be cooked in as little water as possible; then this water thickened with butter, cream and the desired amount of flour.

The unused doorway makes an effective bookcase. The door should be locked and treated as the back of the case. Shelves can be set in the entire lower space of the lower half.

A fruit jelly—apples, bananas and pineapple chopped and put into a combination of gelatine, strawberry juice and hot water—makes a delicious salad, served on lettuce leaves. Ink stains on mahogany can be removed by painting them with a solution of six drops of nitric acid mixed with a teaspoonful of water. Then rub well with damp cloth and polish with a dry one.

Miss Information.



ALSO A "SPECIAL DELIVERY."

By Cowan