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**"Mr. Bayley"**  
DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE GERMAN POLICE.

How the German police arrested another "Major Bailey" was explained to a Daily Mail reporter by Mr. F. P. Bayley, of the firm of P. S. Bayley, Clapham & Co., chemical merchants, of 19, Mosley-street, Manchester, who has just returned from Germany.

Mr. Bayley, who agrees that he bears a strong resemblance to Major Bailey, said that he was arrested in Magdeburg.

This is Mr. Bayley's story: One morning I was told at my hotel that the police wanted to see me. I saw them in a private room, and as soon as I had answered the question "Are you Mr. Bayley?" I was told that I must see the Chief of Police.

I was taken along the street by a group of detectives, which grew larger as we went, into the office of the Chief of Police, where, when I was safely surrounded by a dozen men, he asked to see my teeth. I took them out (mine are false teeth) and then I saw that he was examining a large handbill which bore two photographs of Major Bailey.

I was so relieved that I roared with laughter. The mistake was explained, and the Chief of Police was very apologetic.—Daily Mail.

The search for Major Bailey was supposed to have been successful when a man was found in Luxembourg answering to the description. It was a case of mistaken identity, however,

and the disappearance of Major Bailey, wife slayer, still remains a mystery.

Chevrolet produced 245,000 motor cars in 1922; 300,000 in 1923; commencing March 1st, 3,000 Chevrolet are being manufactured daily—all of which are high class fully equipped motor cars.—mar14,101,ead

**Plain Words to France**

By JOHN BULL in Glasgow Herald.

It is anticipated that during the course of a few days these plain, blunt, but not unfriendly words to La Belle France will be read by millions of readers through the mediumship of the French Press. They express the sentiments which must necessarily be those of millions of Britons who, in their present struggle for existence, cannot forget that our Ally has failed to exhibit any practical feelings of gratitude for the aid she received from us during her war-time travail.

La Belle France? Bon Jour, Mademoiselle! You note I speak a little—a very little—of your tongue whilst raising my hat to you. But, pray, do not misinterpret the latter; 'tis but an act of courtesy. In truth, Mademoiselle, I have a few plain words to say: I intend to put them bluntly, for, being no diplomat, I perceive no use for sugared phrases. Mademoiselle, I have a bone to pick with you!

You may remember—verily, sometimes I have thought you must have forgotten!—the month of August, 1914. What a month it was to be sure, when, to put the matter mildly, it looked as though your country would be wiped right out. You were afeared, Mademoiselle, a little frightened; nor without a cause.

Only gallant little Belgium stood between you and a vast horde of ruthless soldiers. That country's brave defence lasted but for a short time; the best that could be done was done. Then came your travail. Do you remember now?

Do you remember how our "Old Contemptibles" threw off their red coats and glittering gee-gaws, rushed across the Channel, and challenged the enemy; how half of those who thus went to your assistance and answered your cry for help fell in the fight and still remain, Mademoiselle, in your keeping?

You did not see, but you heard tell of the hundreds and thousands of bright and bonny young Britons who tossed away their tools, their pens, their pastimes, and their pleasures when they knew that La Belle France was in dire trouble. They might have scorned your distress, but, instead, these boys of ours went a-soldiering—for you.

And then for years the flower of British manhood—and British womanhood too—stood by your side, and fought your fight, endured your agony, suffered your perils. Those who were left at home toiled and milled, stunted and sacrificed, that victory might come—as come it did.

Yet not before hundreds of our women and children at home were killed by an enemy in the air, not before your fair lands had been honeycombed with graves in which were dropped the bodies of brave who were left at home toiled and milled, stunted and sacrificed, that victory might come—as come it did.

You remember the great day of victory, when the guns ceased their rumbling, and when sweet and gentle peace followed the bitter days and nights of battle. You remember how you said your gratitude would never die—how you promised that Britain should never have cause to regret the part she had played.

Since that time the anguish of my kith and kin has been great indeed. Intolerable suffering—almost unendurable distress—has been their lot. Your folk have forgotten their troubles; mine cannot. Yet, Mademoiselle, because in fighting for you and with you, we incurred colossal debt, we have set ourselves the task of paying it. More than that, we are paying yours—yes, yours—as well!

My country is not mercenary. It lent you £650,000,000 when France was well-nigh bankrupt, thinking, as she had a right to think, that this was just a loan. You have not thought it expedient, Mademoiselle, to pay it back, or even try. Those who helped you in war-time are now groaning under a burden you might help to relieve. There is the travest news; theirs the agony. They have to bear the heat and burden of the day—still for your sake. As I say, my country

is not mercenary, you have not been reminded too frequently of your obligations, perhaps because we hoped such might not be necessary.

La Belle France, what shall I think of you? Your senators in full knowledge of your position now seek to prohibit my traders from doing business with yours. They disregard your debt of honour; they refuse even to pay an interest. Is this I ask you, Mademoiselle, your way of speaking gratitude—or only theirs?

You cannot have forgotten. Thousands of tiny graves, in scores of cemeteries, remain to remind you of what was. In your rounds of merry-making, in the laughter of your cafes, in your feasting and your dancing, there must at times intrude itself a memory.

I know that, in saving you, I and mine did the same for Britain. But I fail to see, Mademoiselle, why Britain, in paying her debt incurred on your behalf, should pay yours as well. I must confess to being shocked at the sight of your country flippantly disregarding her obligations and repudiating her responsibilities. I am also grieved, for it would be more pleasurable to treasure a memory of common suffering and common sacrifice, sweetened by an everlasting, unselfish friendship.

La Belle France, how can I?

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(c) "I WANT WHAT I WANT WHEN I WANT IT"—Victor Hubert.

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**Who's Who Aboard Ship**

(By An Old Sailor.)

Doctors who have never walked a ward, farmers who spend nine-tenths of their lives afloat, idlers who work hard for twelve hours a day. Paradoxical!

Yet they exist—aboard ship. They owe their being to the language that is spoken by the men of the deep-sea sailing craft and tramp steamers of the Mercantile Marine—the craft that are known across the seven seas as "hookers."

In boats such as those the master is "The Old Man," the first mate is invariably addressed as "Mister"—without the addition of his name—and the second mate, for some reason by no means clear, is as often as not referred to as "The Second Greaser."

When a hooker is in her home port the man who represents the owners and attends to her business in dock carries no such high-sounding title as marine superintendent. That title belongs to the big steamship lines. He is known by that grand, old-fashioned, romance-breathing term "Ship's Husband."

Easily the most important man aboard the hooker is the cook, but he is never so called save in the ship's articles. To everyone aboard he is "The Doctor."

He has nothing to do with the healing, but is a handy fellow to know as the proprietor of the only fire at which clothes may be dried

on occasionally if he be diplomatically approached.

The sailmaker is "Sails" and the carpenter "Chips." The bos'n is always called plain "Boss."

It so happens sometimes, by reason of the way the reliefs fall, that a man has neither a trick at the wheel nor a turn on look-out during the night watches, so that when there is no essential ship work to do he can sleep during his watch on deck. He is termed a "Farmer."

The men who invariably work all day and sleep all night—cook, carpenter, sailmaker, steward—are "idlers."

The men take it in turn to clean up the fore'sle, and the one who has that duty is called "Peggy."—Daily Mail.

Halved maraschino cherries make an attractive garnish for the food cake.

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