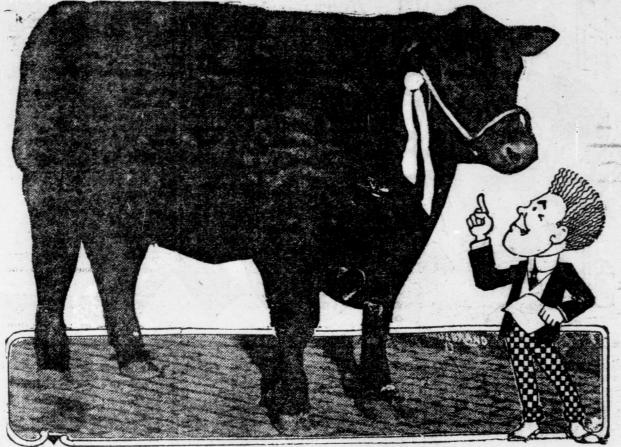
## How To Be Champion Steer of World! First Interview MARVELLING With Latest Winner in Heavyweight Alfalfa Class



OUR REPORTER INTERVIEWS NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION,

BY GENE MORGAN. [Staff Special.]

Stockyards, Chicago, Dec. 8. A tall, weather-beaten Scotchman Glencarnock?" I protested. stepped forward and attached a big blue ribbon to the muzzle of a whopper

Live Stock Exposition, which is a pose that ain't being strong with the lot. great annual event at Chicago. Everybody rushed upon Glencar-

being congratulated I saw my chance car feel like a vest-pocket. But, old fabulous sums all over the United to get close up to the real victor, the chap, I have never enjoyed the luxury States. Oh, no! fat steer that had steered his way to of corn. Up in my country they can't the grand championship through thick grow corn, except on the feet.

and thin, probably thick. "Boiled barley is my big dis

"I would have much prefer- times turnips. Oh, you turnips. red a dish of alfalfa a la mode as my "But, say, alfalfa, is right where I may get ROASTED."

[The Brilliant English Satirist.]

studying the habits of the crank;

I have spent much of my life in

this time I believe I have an eye for

a crank. And, before going any further,

let me hasten to explain that a sincere

topic that tires us, but himself. Thus,

humble imitation of Thackeray when and punctilio which is the inmost and

and simple enthusiast is not a crank, cranks do not like boots. I do not like

however wild he may be, or however them myself. The simplest thing to do,

wrong he may be. Don Quixote was if you do not like boots, is to take them

not a crank, Plimsoll was not a crank. off. In Scotland the children of all

Mr. George Lansbury is not a crank. classes up to that of a colonel or a

If you said these men were simply county magistrate habitually go about

he is often a vegetarian; but he can- keep your feet dry; and sandals don't.

not open his mouth without giving us The disadvantage of boots is that they

the impression that vegetables have are a bother to put on; and so are

disagreed with him. The hippopotamus sandals, That is another possible defi-

out giving pleasure to old and young, of self-consciousness) to combine all

Hazlitt said that when he was in the the disadvantages of everything. Ancountry he liked to vegetate like the other way in which I tried to define

country. That, again, I have sometimes the crank was that he always begins

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is also a vegetarian; but the hippo- nition of the crank. He is the man who do

he studied the habits of the snob. By most evil spirit of the town.

share of the world's honors. Or how live. I don't care whether it's boiled, about a laurel wreath built of tur- fried,

"Again! You mean yet," replied the forkful-pitchfork, of course. globe's grandest sample of beef on the hoof, "I am always hungry. Others may "I hereby name Glencarnock Victor eat to live, but I live to eat-and eat!

nock's proud owner, James D. McGre- My capacity for food is vast. In fact, to be skipped into eternity at the gor, of Brandon, Man. While he was this capacity of mine makes a freight stockyards and my quarters sold at

carnock Victor II., as he knawed at the am served ground oats, and some-

Mr. Chesterton's Analysis of a "Crank"

country that very spirit of vigilance

Diet and Boots.

that of diet, vegetarian or other. Many

least they were mistaken simply. But the Scotch, being a democratic Shakespeare's poetry; he will be interested in the crank is never simple. He could no people, are a sensible people; for there terested in the extraordinary question

The advantage of boots is that they

potamus cannot open his mouth with- always manages (by an eternal crisis thing, to feel he has

Take another instance outside

be a vegetable. He carries into the of the neck.

thought, might make the foundation of at the wrong end. He never knows the

the definition of a crank. He is a vege-tarian; he cannot rise so high as to one takes hold of a cat by the scruff

fricassed, shirred, toasted, poached, hashed or strangled - just "Surely you are not hungry again, mention alfalfa, and watch my ears stand on their toes. I gobble it by the "My daddy is living yet. His name is

Golden Gleam, and he bellows in pure II. grand champion steer of the world," My appetite never fails me, even in my Angus. But, hush! Don't breathe this: said the Scotchman, with a plaid-col-ored accent.

Advantage That's why I'm some beef—1, There's a skeleton in our family. My 500 pounds of it. And my owner would grandmother was just a poor red cow, red accent.

500 pounds of it. And my owner would grandmother was just a poor red cow, in this winning by on Oriental
The scene was at the International not sell me at a dollar a pound. Sup- and my master bought her in a job of an Occidental literary prize: Ta-

"I'm sorry I must disappoint the "But to return to the subject of eats. whole nation, because, you see, I'm not

"I'm going back to my dear home in Brandon, and just before Christmas "Boiled barley is my big dish, and I'm to be the Exhibit A personage at "Ugh, there ain to much nourishment when I kick for a little variety they a grand barbecue, to which all the in this blue ribbon," complained Glen- give it to me parboiled. For dessert I home folks will be invited. Lovely,

He always tries to catch the cat by

about vows. Thus, if he is talking about

the definition of a crank after all.

The true and horrid secret of the

Has No Energy.

First Oriental To Be Awarded the Nobel Prize For Literature—All He Writes Saturated With Spirituality and Beauty.

That was a most astonishing lit- | theme: the love of God. When came from Stockholm, in which the world was told that the Nobel awarded to the Bengali poet, Rabin-Not only had the for the first time in the years that in terrible imagery. Mr. Tagore has this great honor has been awarded, a as little though of sin as a child unknown here in the Occident.

Just how little known is he may be estimated from the fact that last summer he visited America, and not ripple of interest was stirred up. The committee, however, has unearthed the neglected poetic genius. Tagore is, and has been for some years, the accepted poet of the people that use the Bengali tongue—a people that number over fifty millions.

William Butler Yeats quotes a "distinguished Bengal doctor of medicine as saying: "We have other poets, but none that are his equal; we call this have not my rose, only the pain rethe epoch of Rabindranath. No poet seems to me as famous in Europe as he is among us. He is as great in music as in poetry, and his songs are sung from the west of India into Burmah wherever Bengali is spoken. Translated From Bengali.

Here is the most remarkable fact gore composed the poems along Easttern lines of thought, writing them in the Bengali language, addressing exclusively an Eastern audience. Subsequently he translated them into the English language.

It is possible that the committee in making its award to the Bengali poet based its action upon his achievements in his native tongue, but the probability is that Tagore's merit was appraised solely from his translations of his own works.

In one of his letters the poet tells us of his childhood experiences: "I but faintly remember the days of my early childhood. But I do re- torn flower petal blown in the breeze member that in the mornings, every now and then, a kind of unspeakable joy, without any cause, used to over flow my heart. The whole world seemed to me full of mysteries. Every day I used to dig up the earth with a little bamboo stick thinking that I might discover one of them. beauty, sweetness, and scent of this world, all the movements of the people, the noises in the street, the cry of the kites, the cocoanut trees in the family garden, the banyan trees in the

pond, the shadow in the water, the The night there was everlasting, lit by the tail; especially if it is a Manx cat. morning perfume of the blossoms The thing he begins with is always the all these used to make me feel the thing that is last. Thus, if he is talk-ing about the ancient and awful bond assuming so many forms just to keep presence of a dimly recognized being between man and woman, he will talk me company." The future poet was then only six children, he will be genuinely inter- or seven years old. He was so busy ested in the children's schools; it will looking at and enjoying things natu-

never so much as cross his mind that ral that he hated to be hemmed in by If you said these men were simply county magistrate habitually go about children, as a class, generally belong the walls of the classroom. Wonderfully Versat Wonderfully Versatile. Mr. Tagore's versatility is astonish make a plain mistake than he is no world that makes war on faddists of who wrote it. If he is interested in and accomplishments: He is a profound terested in the extraordinary question ing. To name a few of his activities more make a plain inistake than he as a democracy makes war on them. one of the Gospels or in one of the philosopher, a spiritual and patriotic satisfied myself with any definition of And while you will find very many Epistles, he will not be interested in leader, a historical investigator, a middle-class children in Fife or the what is written there; he will be in- singer and composer, an able editor, a Sometimes I have thought he might Lothians with bare feet, I think you will terested in some bottomless bosh about far-sighted educator, and a kind and be defined thus: that he always talks find very few middle-class children in when it was written. It was when I considerate administrator of his vast got thus far in my speculations that "Zamindary" estate. But he is, above began to suspect that I had found all, the poet—the poet of love. He

interprets love in all its multiform expressions. crank is this: that he is not interested Filled to the brim with the love for his subject. He wants to God, and looking upon this universe Suddenly a gap yawned in the stony something, to alter some-g, to feel he has made as the visible expression of God's love, he touches nothing, he writes nothing a difference, to rediscover his own that he does not saturate with the The lamp became pale and ashamed. miserable existence. He does not care thought of divine love, of spiritual The carvings on the walls, like chained for women; he does not care for chil- life, and of eternal beauty and splendren, but for education; he does not care for animals, but for anti-vivisec- stars in heaven, and the trees and tion; he does not care for nature, but flowers on earth speak a language of The closed walls opened in my temple love for the Supreme Being, whose I looked at the image on the altar. handiwork they are. Mr. Yeats I He does not care for anything unless speaks of the spirituality of Mr. Ta-

announcement that recently tried to find anything western which might compare with the works of Mr. Tagore, I thought of the 'Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas a-Kempis. It is literature had been like, yet between the work of the two men there is a whole world of differ-Thomas a-Kempis was obence, committee gone far afield seeking out, sessed by the thought of sin; he wrote man of the Orient, but more than this playing with a top. His poems have -the author it named is practically stirred my blood as nothing has for years."

Here are a few of his poems:

The World's Flower. I plucked your flower, O world! I pressed it to my heart and th thorn pricked.

When the day waned and it darkened, I found that the flower had faded, but the pain remained. More flowers will come to you with perfume and pride, O world! But my time for flower-gathering is over, and through the dark night I mains.

Beauty.
I hold her hands and press her to

my breast. Itry to fill my arms with her loveliless, to plunder her sweet smile with kisses, to drink her dark glances with Ah, but where is it? Who can strain the blue from the sky?

me, leaving only the body in my Baffled and weary I come back. How can the body touch the flower

I try to grasp the beauty, it eludes

which only the spirit may touch? Her Touch. When she passed by me with quick

steps, the end of her skirt touched From the unknown island of a heart

came a sudden warm breath of spring. A flutter of a flitting touch brushed me and vanished in a moment, like a It fell upon my heart like a sigh of her body and whisper of her heart.

The Temple. With days of hard travail I raised a

had no doors or windows, its walls were thickly built with massive

forgot all else, I shunned all the world, I gazed in rapt contemplation at the image the altar.

the lamps of perfumed oil. ceaseless smoke of incense wound my heart in its heavy coils. Sleepless, I carved on the walls fan

tastic figures in mazy lines, bewildering-winged horses, flowers with human face, women with the curving limbs of a ser-No passage was left anywhere through

which could enter the song of birds, the murmur of leaves, or the hum of the busy village. The only sound that echoed in its dark dome was my own chanting of

incantations. My mind became keen and still like a pointed flame, my senses swooned in ecstasy.

ew not how time passed till thunderstone had struck the temple, and a pain stung me through my heart as it were snake of fire.

walls, the daylight streamed in and voices came from the world. dreams, looked meaningless is the light, and vainly tried to find

saw it smiling and alive with the

living touch of God. The captive night spread its wings and

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# Poems From the Mills And Odes From Kitchen

ne can do something to it. Leave him gore's later poems in these words: for three minutes alone with a cow or "In all his poems there is one single canary, and he has not enough energy to live the life of contemplation. He can never enjoy a discussion because he can never enjoy a doubt. He is unfit for all arts and sciences and philosophies, which require a powerful patience or a noble indifference. He if unfit to be an agnostic. He is unfit to be an angler. I am not sure he might shoot some one, out of sheer ennui, if he were a sentry. Milton had in him, in so far as so great a man could have, a slight streak of the crank. And it was this that he rebuked in himself and in all his brother cranks in that phrase, that "they also serve who only stand and wait." That is an other trade from which the real genuine crank is cut off. He can never really be a waiter. Again, the crank is never really in-

erested in his subject, because he takes too stiff and biased a view of it. He knows nothing of the romantic hesitations, the rich reactions that ject. He cannot love and hate a thing at the same time; which is the root of half the poetry of the world. For instance, the people who go in

for regulating or reforming public houses are not interested in public houses in the least. They know very little of their tragic side, and nothing and bustling. That is what they mean chance look at what they are doing. I saw that a Baconian the other day, writing about one of Shakespeare's mixed metaphors, justified it; and then "He never erred." Now, I assert emphatically that anyone who says that Shakespeare never erred must be utterly indifferent to Shakespeare, altogether indifferenthopelessly indifferent, indeed. remark is so utterly inappropriate to the whole atmosphere, the whole impersonal personality of the poet, that it might be taken as a type of that

Exe - This magazine says that in Japan the styles in woman's clothes have not changed for 2,500 years. Mrs. Exe-Gracious! I wonder what the women there find to talk about when they meet ?- Boston Transcript

dolatrous solemnity which markedly

separates the crank from the critic.

Literature and life are united by the only help and encourage one another, closest of bonds in a remarkable movethe international Socialist movement. ment that is taking shape at the new Bebel House Working Women's College in West London.

Two months ago the Bebel House Rebel Pen Club was founded by Miss think we ought to reach a hundred be-Ethel Carnie, a Lancashire mill hand, fore long. who has published two volumes of poems and some delightful fairy tales, with the object of helping working club are: here are in a really interesting sub- women who have a talent for writing and wish to turn it to account in the interests of Socialism. Already some striking discoveries would seem to have been made.

"There are five and twenty of us at present, and new members are joining every week," Miss Carnie told a Daily at all of their comic side. They want to alter something and to feel bright and all write, or at any rate hope to News interviewer. "All are workers, write. What I feel is that literature up when they say that their eyes are till now has been a lop-sided dealing fixed upon a future. They never by any with life only from the standpoint of one class.

"What we of the Rebel Pen Club hope to do is to write of what we know-of the things we have heard and seen down in the depths. want to tell the world the unvarnished truth about the life of the workers. and to set down the opinions of the workers at first hand.

"As a member of the staff of The Woman Worker for two and a half years, I came into touch through the post with a number of women of my own class whose letters gave convincing proof of literary ability. They would often write as they talked, making a word picture of their home life or setting down the conversation of their neighbors. So when I came to live at Bebel House the idea occurred to me of binding such women together in a club whose members would not the post with a number of the same to live at Bebel House the idea occurred to me of binding such women together in a club whose members would not 12, Windsor, Ont, Woman Worker for two and a half in a club whose members would not 12, Windsor, Ont.

"Certainly the results have been very encouraging so far. Some remarkable manuscripts have been submitted by members in the last week

Cook Who Writes Verse. Among those who have joined the

A London Cook who writes excellent verse. Miss Carnie is anxious that she should publish a book views and experiences.

A general servant, aged 19, who writes in her scanty leisure. She has submitted a promising sketch in dialogue "hoping it isn't rubbish." . A young married woman of the working class who has written several short stories reflecting, with considerable dramatic power, the struggles of the agricultural laborer. A woman with an intimate knowl-

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edge of life in Derbyshire dales. It ing, and so on. Then we shall have has been, she says, in her heart for fire-side readings both in London and years to write what she knows, and the country, and, I hope, a small sum-Several Lancashire mill hands, with literary leanings, who are en- House, we may be able to arrange for

"I ask them all," said Miss Carnie, to try and realize that though they are not Shakespeares they are themselves, and can write something that Shakespeare couldn't have written. Plans For the Future. "We have great plans for the future

ing in plenty of manuscripts.

now she is doing it.

manuscripts, offering hints on read-

BOBBIE HAD AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.



Little Bobbie had acquired the habit -a habit shared among the majority of small boys-of continually "stuffing" between meals, and neither punishment, it seemed, nor remonstrance could cure him of it.

"What can I do," his mother asked the family doctor, "to make him give up the habit of eating between meals?' The man of medicine glanced at the little chap contemplatively, but before he could answer the lad himself precribed a simple remedy: "Have the meals thicker togevver,"

mer school. When the Working Women's College develops here at Bebel thusiastic about the club and send- short visits with the object of study, and possibly for scholarships where exceptional ability is shown.

"There is also the question of publishing. Manuscripts will be submitted to the reviews, etc., in the ordinary way, but I have also a scheme in my mind for bringing out any suitable book by means of a subscription list. Of course, I give the members all the help I can, making suggestions about really good stuff is turned out by any of our members it will be published somehow or other."

Miss Carnie herself was "discovered," so far as the general public are concerned, by Mr. Robert Blatchford, who a few years ago invited her to leave the Lancashire mill where she was engaged and join the staff of The Woman Worker. Before that, however, she had published a good deal locally.

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