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ART AND RELIGION.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past!"

The meaning of the term art varies with almost every definition. Twenty lines of Webster hardly suffice for bare outlines. There are arts useful and arts aesthetic—musical art, literary art and dramatic art. Loose usage commonly connects the word with the products of painters, sculptors and of architects in their highest achievements. Their productions afford a sense of pleasure rather than simple utility. Art signifies the expression of striking and beautiful human conceptions. A cow's eye probably reflects a charming view in about the same way as the retina of John Ruskin's did, but we are not aware that it awakens in her any loftier sense than to reach for another mouthful of grass. Art seeks to interpret to others what is seen and felt. It is a faculty that discerns, expresses and communicates. The artist aims to record in enduring and beautiful forms what will "live for his children ever at his best." He works for posterity, like the aged man who plants a tree to impart joy and satisfaction to others.

Art is not religion, but is closely allied to the spiritual and religious. Hence it is proper and important to consider its relation with religion and its value as an expression and a teacher of Christian truths. What message has art conveyed to the heart and mind? As a rule, the highest and best. The terms that truth and beauty assume are, of course, moulded by the soul and mind that directs the pencil, brush or chisel. All through the ages the art of man and the works of man give the clue to his spirit and aspiration. Those productions reveal his history. Galleries, monuments, cathedrals, skyscrapers and great railway terminals reflect his mentality and spiritual condition, sometimes more vividly than what he says. The pyramids and monuments of Egypt disclose a stolid and immovable type inscrutable as the Sphinx, into which writers like Robert Hitchens have perhaps read more spiritual significance than was actually there. The splendid achievements of Greece betoken the awakening of a higher intellectual and aesthetic faculty, far in advance of the ponderous columns of the Nile region. Her artistic accomplishments were in some respects outreaching toward the Divine. The Arab peoples contributed a whimsical and impulsive element somewhat reflective of the desert life. In the Tabernacle and Temple the Hebrews expressed their Theistic conceptions and devotion. The art of northern nations in Europe tells another and different story, typical of human vitality and Medieval energy, finding development in such directions as Gothic architecture. From Italy spread the awakened spirit of the Renaissance, with a wonderful revival of quality in art, and a stimulating appeal of the spiritual faculty, reaching far beyond the human ideal, or the intellectual ethics of Greece. With the wane of Classic Intellectualism, a new spirit arose, incarnated in the mighty genius of Michelangelo, whose works reveal the questioning soul in its Godward conflicts. The Christian religion gave to art its loftiest themes, its holiest inspirations, and its sympathetic encouragement. The Bible and Bible history have furnished artists with their sublimest subjects. Noble figures like Moses, the Madonna, and, above all others, The Christ, redemptive architect and beautifier of human life, stand out in glorious pre-eminence. It is said that Fra Angelico found his models in paradise. One has but to recall masterpieces and undying names to know how religion and art have progressed hand in hand through the centuries. Think of Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Carreggio, Murillo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Durer, Watts, Hoffman, Holman Hunt, Bourne-Jones, La Farge and Sargent! A divinely-impacted spirit breathes through their productions, expressing the highest ideals of truth and life in perpetuity. Who, then, save the blind and sordid, would cavil at art collections and beautiful places of worship where sacred aspirations and appreciation find birth and nurture? The Psalmist associated beauty with the Divine radiance when he sang: "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, hath God shined," and a later hymnist sees "The Ancient of Days pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise." The true artist puts himself into his creations, which rise to the level of their source. Technical skill may be debased to ignoble and vulgar uses, but properly art is essentially religious and elevating. It is at once the ally and expression of a redeemed humanity. Through the works of the great masters of the past runs a wonderful consciousness of the Divine, which this age seems at times in peril of losing; but we may be confident that no such instinct can really perish. Like the sun of morning it will reappear, inspiring new visions of truth and grace, and imparting fresh joys to life. True art and true religion are supplementary to each other. Harmony and beauty, as well as religion, are of God. What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

A MENACE FROM RUSSIA.

The terrible menace to the rest of the world involved in the fate of Russia has formed the subject

of keen discussion in the British House of Lords. The latest information from Russia is that disease and death are following in the pathway of famine. The Soviet Government has reported that there are 27,000 cases of cholera, and this may be regarded as a conservative estimate of the number of victims of the dreadful malady. The country's position is one of the utmost danger, the partial failure of the crops in the middle and lower basins of the Volga River being the immediate cause of the wave of disaster that now threatens to engulf this unhappy land, and to send its poisoned spindrift far beyond.

Lord Anthony McDonnell, who has had vast experience of plague and famine conditions in India, declared that no government in the world was capable of coping with the calamity that was threatening Eastern Europe, and expressed the opinion that the most important provision was to secure a pure water supply. There is no doubt that pure water is one of the first essentials in safeguarding health, and we in this country have reason to be thankful for the abundant supply which is always available; but other measures must be taken besides insuring that there is plenty of good water, if the spread of the disease is to be prevented, and it is the form which these measures shall take which is agitating the minds of the governments of Europe.

The Supreme Council of the Allies is now considering remedial action, including preventive measures for the spread of the cholera to the overseas dominions, and it is incumbent on the dominions themselves to ardently co-operate in the action which may be taken. The menace is too formidable to be ignored or to be treated lightly even by countries separated from the scenes of horror by thousands of miles of ocean, and it is to be hoped that no time will be lost by the public health authorities in Canada in taking every precaution for providing against an invasion of this country by the advance guard of the disease. The time to do it is now.

CENTRALIZED FINANCIAL CONTROL.

In an open letter issued by the Citizens' Research Institute of Canada, through its local advisory committee, the institute once again points out the necessity for centralized financial control, in order that the citizen who foots the bill may have definite knowledge as to how his money has been spent during the past year, the present financial condition, and the estimated future needs of the city, before an election of a new council takes place. Some very instructive suggestions are put forward by the institute as to how the city budget should be prepared and adopted.

Firstly, through a conference between heads of departments and commissioner of finance. The needs of the city are scientifically estimated, insuring that the most important items of the budget receive their proper attention, and the least important are either reduced or eliminated, thus saving the time of the city council.

Secondly, through prompt preparation and timely presentation, the budget for the coming year becomes a live issue in the election of representatives for the coming year, and the citizens are fully informed of the financial program ahead.

Thirdly, the incoming council is thus able to pass the budget and strike the tax rate early in its administration, so that the treasury department can commence collection of taxes two or three months earlier than heretofore, this, of course, resulting in a large interest saving to the citizens.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Hide-Hunter Ferguson is being well skinned by Premier Drury.

Lord Byng is still at his old game. He has captured all Canadians.

"Long to rain over us" was by no means a favorite anthem at the Irishmen's picnic at Port Stanley.

When Prince Chauloughlicize told an Advertiser reporter his was a grand old name he said a mouthful.

President Harding's father has married his office nurse. Does this make her the president's nursing sister-in-law?

It is said that "no news is good news," but it is to be hoped that no news of De Valera's reply does not mean bad news.

There has been stolen from a warehouse in Saskatoon 360 gallons of grain alcohol. A wet spell may soon be expected there.

Sir James Cantlie, the eminent physician, says that there is no end to physical recreation until a man is in his grave. Is he sure of this?

The reason why the English barons got King John to sign Magna Charta was that they considered that his pen was mightier than his word.

Canadian chilled beef is in favor in England, says a dispatch. From the embargo, one gathers that the feeling for Canadian warm beef is somewhat chilly.

A bullfrog that smokes cigars has been discovered in Nichewan Lake, Massachusetts. This is nothing extraordinary, for in some places there are eels that are very fond of pipes.

Sir Clifford Allbutt of Cambridge University asserts that his education was greatly influenced by a row of canes of various calibres. His name implies that he has been the goat on these occasions.

Runnymede Meadow is to be retained as Crown property. This is where the Magna Charta originated. "It is one of the best roses I know," exclaimed an enthusiastic horticulturist on being informed of the fact.

Down in Indiana there are so many in the boot-legging business that they outnumber the rest of the population. No wonder that Lord Northcliffe refused to believe that prohibition existed in the United States.

The chief counsel of the United States Federal Prohibition Committee says that the ruthless enforcement of the prohibition law is having the effect of checking religion, science and medicine; but whatever effect it has had in checking the other two, it has not checked medicine. The bottle is in the other pocket, as it were.

OTHERS' VIEWS

A NEW EXCUSE.

[Kingston Whig.]

Since the war ended, so disastrously for Germany and her allies, the leaders of the enemy countries have been trying to find excuses for their failure. A new excuse has been put forward by President Hainisch of Austria, who recently made the statement that, had it not been for the German and Austrian people, the outcome of the war would have resulted in their favor.

Of course, this is a nice way of apologizing to the Austrian people for their army's failure between 1914 and 1918, but just what does the president mean by a teetotaler? It has never been claimed for the British or allied forces that they were teetotalers. In fact, the military authorities recognized the need of stimulants by issuing the rum ration to the troops at the front. Yet these same troops won the greatest battles in history. Although the excuse may sound all right to the people of Austria, it will hardly be accepted in this country or in Britain.

IS GOING TO CHURCH A PUNISHMENT?

[Kitchener Telegraph.]

Surely this old world has undergone a great revolution in the past two or three centuries when people have so changed their ideas that a judge by way of sentence ordered two youthful automobile thieves to a period of church-going. This incident occurred at Walsington, D. C., where the judge gave the youths the alternative of going to church or going to jail.

It was natural that the offending boys should go to church as they could at least do so with an air of respectability. It is scarcely likely, however, that the church will feel honored by the compliance.

Something must be wrong with the present generation when such a thing happens. Doubtless it is with the parents, and they certainly have much for which to answer.

STATE CONTROL FAILS.

[London Morning Post.]

State control having failed miserably in every enterprise known to experience, we see no reason to imagine it would succeed in the liquor industry, even if the country could afford the three or four hundred millions required to purchase the property. As for local option, it was described on Tuesday by the lord chancellor as tyranny. Local option, indeed, represents one of the worst vices of democracy, the legalized dictation of a majority.

WORRYING THE SOBER.

[London Daily Mail.]

The true road to temperance reform is to punish those who misuse alcohol, not worrying the temperate. If we are to forbid the consumption of beer because some people take too much, we might as well abolish money because some people steal it. Those who should know are agreed that a great deal of the recent labor unrest arose from the worker's indignation at state meddling with the price and quality of his favorite drink and the conditions of his consumption. He argues that he has been slow to see, as probably have most Germans, the increase in territory which the British Empire has gained as part of the fruits of victory; and the quick-witted Bavarian has grasped the potential value in market and peace which might accrue to the German people if their sons and daughters all possessed a working knowledge of the tongue used by the American and British nations.

BAVARIA TO STUDY ENGLISH.

[Boston Transcript.]

A recognition of the ascendancy of the English tongue is probably the reason why the Bavarian minister of public education has laid before the Bavarian Parliament a proposal that the study of English instead of French be made compulsory in the public schools. However important French may be on the continent both to students and professional men, it yields first place in English in the minds of world trade, and in the world's industrial and financial centers. The Bavarian minister, moreover, has not been slow to see, as probably have most Germans, the increase in territory which the British Empire has gained as part of the fruits of victory; and the quick-witted Bavarian has grasped the potential value in market and peace which might accrue to the German people if their sons and daughters all possessed a working knowledge of the tongue used by the American and British nations.

A HEALTHY NATION.

[Westminster Gazette.]

The report of the chief medical officer of the ministry of health records a remarkable advance in the standard of public health. Births jumped from 18.5 per thousand in 1919 to 25.4 per thousand in 1920. The death rate declined from 13.8 per thousand to 12.4 per thousand. This is the lowest death rate ever recorded in this country, and it marks out the United Kingdom as easily the most healthy country in the world. More remarkable is the fall in the infantile death rate, which under one year averaged 128 per thousand in the ten-year period ending with 1910. Last year they were 80 per thousand. The chances of life are bettering at both ends of the scale. The rapid rise in births may be only a temporary symptom. Were the new rate to become permanent, we should soon have a population question in this country which would demand all our statesmanship to solve, and would leave us no escape from a large and permanent scheme of emigration to the colonies.

THE USES OF THE RUT.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Ruts are a logical provision for human weakness. They are the last resort of the indolent, the one way out for the mediocre. A rut is usually followed with ease, but it is a rut followed with ease effort that is involved in getting out of it. To follow it calls for no daring; imagination can with safety be jogged to sleep. There is usually plenty of company to be found before and behind and there are plenty of parallel ruts, so one need not be lonesome. It is the easiest way of getting along. It takes patience to beat a rut, but it is exasperating to have one's speed and direction so severely circumscribed. But it is often the part of wisdom to plod along until one comes to firm ground.

OPIMUM TRAFFIC.

[Hong Kong Press.]

It is common knowledge that there has been a recrudescence of the opium traffic in China on a very large scale since the war, but in some quarters a countable way it appears to have been assumed by certain fanatics in England on the subject that Hong Kong is very largely, if not entirely, responsible for this. For such a view of the matter there is no reason or justification whatever. The opium illicitly imported into Hong Kong comes largely from Amoy. China has no grievance against Hong Kong, the colony has a very substantial grievance against China, and it is to be hoped that the president's recent mandate for the stern suppression of opium cultivation in China may not prove to be as futile as his previous mandate on the subject have proved.

Little Trip to Big Canada

by Frank Yeigh

NO. 14-TORONTO.

If all the other attractive cities of Canada not mentioned in this series do not object, I will suggest a little trip to Toronto. That it is worth while is proved by the thousands who annually do so, and who presumably like it, for they often return.

This Queen City of Ontario, and its legislative capital for 125 years, offers many attractions to its visitors, both summer and winter, and all the other seasons. Historically it is connected with the period of our national life—first as part of Indian Territory, then as the French trading post of Fort Rouille, where Exhibition Park now stands; later as the scene of a battle in the year of 1812, and of the burning of the city; and finally, as the scene of the center of the Mackenzie Rebellion of 1837. Historic landmarks still exist that remind one of these foundation days of long ago.

Turning from the past to the present, the best advice to give the Little Tripper is to take a birdseye view of the city from the top story of the Royal Bank Building, the highest skyscraper in the Empire. To the south lies the bay and the lake, and to the north the playground of the island, alive with summer residents, as all its intervening waters are alive with all types of craft. It means a new line of aquatic sports in summer and ice-boating and skating in winter.

Looking eastward, the Scarborough Heights tell of their interesting geological formation, and farther back the beaches of a prehistoric lake can be traced by the knowing ones, in the gravel and sediment. Real ravines further advertise the existence of a greater river than the present Don, which lend themselves to the boulevard drives under way.

The parks of the city are among the city assets, notably High Park, the generous gift of its owner, Mr. Howard, whose claim in the park is inclosed by an iron fence that once encircled the Queen Anne statue in front of St. Paul's Cathedral in Old London.

Among the indoor sights, the Royal Ontario Museum comes first, full of treasure trove from almost every land under the sun, that is often overlooked by the city dweller. The historic and picturesque Grange, once the home of Goldwyn Smith, is now an art gallery, well worth a visit.

Educationally the university and its circle of colleges, with the neighboring Parliament Buildings, make a group of buildings worthy of a great city, while in every direction the towers and spires of scores of churches tell of the quest for the highest.

And finally, if your little trip is made during the exhibition week you will have extra value for the expenditure of time and money and the satisfaction of helping to make the million attendance at this the world's greatest fair.

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What's In a Book?

By Kathleen K. Bowker.

Golden hair, that fell over a crimson cloak from beneath a Tam-o'-Shanter of the same cheerful hue, challenged Montague Wycherly's attention on the station platform. He paid the difference between a third and first-class ticket for the pleasure of traveling in the same carriage with the enchanting little girl and her governess. And then got a cinder in his eye, for his palms!

The friendly flapper, however, removed it with the help of the governess, who melted a little under the tears the cinder caused. And before the end of the journey it was discovered that Montague and the cherry-child were distant connections, rejoicing in the happy days when they had discussed the matter of the books.

Herriek Wycherly, as the little girl was called, is one of those delectable people who are in either funny or fact; but sometimes—blessed times—in both.

"Do you know her, was to love her?" Good to look upon, impulsive, with impulses always pure and generous; frank, fair and fourteen, with a father and mother who were both of them, and well. Herriek promptly wrote to the precious parents, all about the new-found loneliness of the little girl, and the fact that in the Indian Civil Service, and burdened with a valuable library bequeathed by his father, he was unable to discuss that her father would love to have charge of the books—

Mother Margaret—an older Herriek, with a ripened charm—and Father William—(adoring, but sometimes dismayed—by his daughter)—considered the matter with the result that Margaret invited the lonely, rather shy, young man to spend one of his six remaining English days with them, and discuss the matter of the books. The visit confirmed the courtship. Through the six weeks spent in London, Margaret remained the moon of the young man's reverent delight, glowing with a serene fire, while Herriek shone in his memory as a bright particular star. She shone—

Roger Reeve was the commissioner of the district to which Montague had been detailed, when we pick up the story six years later. His wife, Cynthia, liked to consider herself "proud, dignified, reserved, mysterious"—not to mention "mysterious"—and her undeniable beauty, her still composure, her rare smile, helped the illusion. But her creed was narrow. She worshipped only one goddess—herself.

Cynthia de Lisle Reeve was fond of describing herself vaguely as "the last of her line." She carefully omitted the fact that this was a life-size thread line, no silk, and only meagrely mercerized. Reeve, a "strong man," had been enchanted by her beauty, and calm manner. When he came to understand her, he remained kind and patient. Because he, in his infatuation, had endowed her with qualities that she did not possess, was it his no reason for venturing his disappointment on her exquisitely coiffured head. So he gave her ungrudgingly these things for which she had married him: position, comfort, good clothes, servants, admirers, freedom, and as generous an income as was possible. Only on the subject of his little son was he adamant. Cynthia knew how to wound him through his tenderness for the boy. She had wit enough to appreciate and resent, the fact that he was no longer in love with her.

She had made an impression on the beauty-loving Montague, that she was not slow to perceive—she, who loved to see herself as "the Belle ame sans Merci." The first question as to her quality came to Montague through her treatment of little Roger, and who adored his father, and accepted "Wycheily salub" as a loved comrade on equal terms. But who regarded his mother as an object of beauty—to be admired, not as a regular mother to be appealed to, and caressed.

Cynthia decided that the climate of India did not agree with her or Roger. That she and Roger—must have a year at least in England—at once. Her husband, unable to accompany her, or withstand her pleas, let her go, intending to join her in the East.

It was Cynthia—not Montague—who arranged that her year in England, and his first six months' leave, should coincide. It was Cynthia—not Montague—who chose a little house in the Cotswolds, because it was near the beloved cousins that she knew he would soon visit. She appreciated him as a personable young man. She did not find it hard to believe in his devotion to herself. She had the dry hard nature that would never care for tigers, but delight in tame cats; the sort of woman who wishes every man to want to kiss her, without ever intending to permit him to realize his desire.

Montague, for all his gentleness, was not really cut out for the part. With Herriek before him, Margaret's back, the little Reeve vanished into thin air. The sporting admirer that she dangled before his eyes did not arouse his jealousy, and her indifference to Roger—(children)—entirely opened his eyes. Nobody blamed him for loving Herriek, but his bright, fair face, fringed with the windows of her soul, generous heart, and tender love-loving instincts, laugh that it was always with you, never at you. It was natural that men and women should love her.

Just six weeks later Montague—first— and best—it was not so easy for everyone to see. It is best told in her own words to her father: "I was a fool. First, when he suggested a different man as a husband: 'This is my secret heart. Dad, this is my secret heart. I wouldn't show it to anybody but you. I can't help thinking, 'Will he be nice to the boys by-and-by?' All

my life I've lived with charming unselfish people," she looked into her father's face with her earnest eyes, "I know how a little child ought to be treated, from personal experience, and I'm going to see that my children get the best of treatment. I don't doubt that Mr. Bellingham is a very good man—but I'd rather marry a bad man with a kinder heart."

And when the needed love had come, and her father tried to interpose the wisest reasons:

"O, daddy, what use would I have for a tame little husband, who would be content to potter through life with no object but to be near me and please me. I want a man for my husband—a man who carves out his own career, and has a thousand interests and ambitions to interest him, as well as me."

Dear Herriek—don't you hope she got the man? You can read the whole story (what happened to Cynthia, why Roger was dead, and a lot of other interesting things) in "Montague Wycherly" by L. Allen Harker. (Charles Scribner & Sons, New York.)

That's what everybody wants—just to recapture that first fine careless rapture!

That challenging concept of Joseph Conrad's, has just been republished in a new edition, by J. M. Dent & Co., New York, with two other tales, "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether." Conrad's later works have not improved upon the first. His style has a curious fascination. It has power, a sinuous, tropic, almost oppressive power, leaving an impression that is difficult to shake off.

Peggy O'Neil and The Last Waltz. Medley Waltzes, Prince's Dance Orchestra 46188, \$1.65

Ain't We Got Fun? Fox-Trot, Yerkes' Jazzarimba Orchestra and Not So Long Ago. Fox-Trot, The Happy Six \$428, \$1.00

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HISTORY MYSTERIES: WHO STOLE CHARLEY ROSS

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The most famous kidnapping mystery in America and one which created more interest the world over than any other crime of the kind ever committed—with the possible exception of the loss of some of the children of royalty—was the disappearance of Charley Ross, a young son of the Philadelphia family. For nearly half a century the case had baffled the greatest detectives of the world and, in spite of every effort that has been made, in spite of the expenditure of huge sums of money, the mystery is as deep to-day as it was in July 1, 1874, when the boy was first missed.

Christian A. Ross, lived in Germantown, an outlying section of Philadelphia, and Charley was the youngest of his five children. At the time of his kidnapping, the child was only four years old. When he came out of his mother's arms, he was playing with his brother, Walter, on the sidewalk in front of the house.

Some days previous to the kidnapping, according to the story which Walter Ross told the police, three men had spoken to the boys and had given them some candy. On July 1, these same men drove up in a wagon and invited the Ross boys to take a ride to the nearest fireworks store. The brothers got in and were driven some distance to a section of the city known as Kensington, where Walter Ross was given a quarter and told to get out and go into the nearest store to make his purchases. When he came out of the store the wagon had disappeared.

After searching in vain for his brother for several moments, Walter Ross became alarmed and commenced to cry. His grief attracted a crowd of men and he was taken home, but no clue could be discovered as to the whereabouts of his brother. The Philadelphia police searched every part of the city for three days and advertisements were placed in the papers without success until, on the morning of July 4, came a poorly written and ill-spelled letter stating that "Charley is all right, but you will have to pay us before you get him back and pay big, too." This letter came with the threat that the boy would instantly be killed if any attempt was made to recover him. On July 6 another letter arrived, demanding \$20,000, which Mr. Ross, in spite of the protests of the police, private detectives agreed to pay. To the watchfulness of the police, however, the kidnappers were frightened and failed to keep the appointments they made with the boy's father. Not only America, but Europe was now concerned with the Ross kidnapping case and the brightest minds in the detective forces of two continents joined in the search, lured by the prospect of a huge reward. The fame of the case spread all over the world, and would accompany an actual solution of the mystery. Reports of the kidnapping came from all sections of the country and Mr. Ross made more than a hundred trips in running down the trail, which proved to be false, in addition spending at least \$60,000 in his fruitless search. Almost up to the present time, men who have claimed to be Charley Ross have put in their appearance, to have their stories shattered by details which fail to match in with facts.

The nearest approach to a solution of the mystery was the death of a fission of two burglars named Mad and Douglas, shot while robbing the home of Judge Van Brunt, of Island, during the December follow the kidnapping. The truth of the matter, however, could never be verified, cause they died before giving an accurate description of what they did with the boy's body.

Mr. Ross continued the search for his dead son in 1897, and the boy's mother, who died only a few years ago, also maintained that her boy was not dead, but that he would come back to her someday. Her belief was never shaken, however, and the mystery Charley Ross remains one of the unsolved riddles of the Police Department, the classic case of successful kidnappers to which all others are compared.

THE SILVER LINING

By Fullerton Waldo.

SYMPTOMS.

Some people can't be happy unless they're miserable.

They don't feel right unless something's wrong within.

They love first to soddle and then to peddle some ailment that's inscurable, mysterious and beyond the doctor's skill in diagnosis.

I know a man who relishes having X-ray pictures taken of his tummy as much as any "swell society dame" ever enjoyed a seance with the photographer. His stifle has a curious fascination. It has power, a sinuous, tropic, almost oppressive power, leaving an impression that is difficult to shake off.

Anybody can have a tintype portrait or a souvenir postcard made. But an X-ray portrait of one's own interior decorations—that is something.

I understand that when his combs—perhaps half a century or years hence—to leave this vale of tears, he's going to leave something of himself, framed X-ray photographs his inwards at various ages and stages of life-size—to each of his children. What a precious boon it will be!

Wouldn't a whole picture gallery such requests be a treat for posterity? And yet the people who trapse up and down our streets and mooch into our homes giving "organ recitals" about themselves are a whole lot like my friend the X-ray introspector. There's a strong family resemblance about the chin.

There are times when it is just well to keep yourself to yourself, whether on land or at sea. We all have aches and pains of soul and body. We all have symptoms. But, thank heaven, we don't all tell.

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