

BURLESQUE DRAMA VAUDEVILLE PICTURES and OPERA

What's Doing At London's Playhouses Next Week

EXCEPTIONAL PROGRAMS FEATURED ALL NEXT WEEK IN LONDON'S LEADING THEATRES

BURLESQUE DRAMA VAUDEVILLE PICTURES and OPERA

GREAT BURLESQUE COMING TO GRAND

"Breezy Times" Is Lavish Production, With Comedy Dominating.

Another great show is promised at the Grand on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, when "Breezy Times" will be presented for a series of evening performances and daily matinees. "Breezy Times" is in two big acts and ten picturesque scenes, in which the comedy element is predominant. Larry Ceballos, well known as director of burlesque and musical comedy, staged the offering. The many musical numbers have been produced in lavish manner to conform with the dual idea of a style show and fashion display.



ALICE TURNER, a charming personality, who will grace the boards at the Grand Monday in the big Columbia success, "Breezy Times."



ELVA EDDY, who will be one of the chief entertainers with "Breezy Times," the big Columbia revue at the Grand Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.



WALTER SCANLAN, who comes to the Grand Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24, 25 and 26, in a new song play, "The Blarney Stone."

Things are promised to an extent uncommon in this style of entertainment. There are fourteen musical numbers in the show and almost as many changes of striking and beautiful costumes, displayed to advantageous effect upon the forms of a chorus selected not only for ability, but for youthfulness, shapeliness and good looks as well. Plenty of laughter is promised the audiences that assemble to enjoy "Breezy Times" as it is spontaneous in humor, sparkling in its lights, colorful in its settings and full of pep and action. It is with shows like "Breezy Times" that Columbia Burlesque has become so firmly established in public favor. This is only one in a series of thirty-eight attractions and in "Breezy Times" are all the rest there is a full measure of fun for the whole family. Seats for all performances now.

Mr. Scanlan's pen. The names of the songs are "A Bit o' Pink and White," "Kitty," "A Shamrock Elicitation," "The Minstrel's Prayer," "When You Kiss the Blarney Stone," and "The Top o' the Morning." Mail orders now. Seats Monday, Jan. 21.

WALTER SCANLAN COMING TO GRAND

Noted Irish Singer and Actor Brings His New Songs.

The songs introduced in "The Blarney Stone," the romantic Irish comedy-drama that Walter Scanlan brings to the Grand Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24, 25 and 26, have the merit of belonging to the story of the play. Mr. Scanlan has the rare gift of song writing, and both music and lyrics are written by him. He starts work by getting the story of the play from the playwright of time ahead of the production and then lays out his plans for the new songs. Songs are written and thrown away, for the singer is very fastidious in his musical taste and if the melody or words are not precisely what he is seeking, the work is placed in the discard. "The Blarney Stone" story captured his fancy, and those who have heard the songs composed for that play declare that they are among the best from

LOEW'S PRESENTS THRILLING PICTURE

"The Light That Failed," by Rudyard Kipling, Changed For Screen.

There were two endings to this picture story. When Rudyard Kipling wrote "The Light That Failed," it proved unpopular because of its tragic conclusion. Thereupon Mr. Kipling wrote a second ending which gave the story what is known as a "happy sadness." The author could not give the hero back his sight, but he could and did restore his sweet-heart. In the version of "The Light That Failed" which George Melford produced for Paramount, featuring Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence, and which comes to Loew's Theatre next Thursday, the happy ending was used. With the consent of the author, the story was brought down to a period just prior to the commencement of the great war in 1914. It is packed with drama and thrills.



JACQUELINE LOGAN,



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.,

one of the screen's most charming personages, who will feature the Loew program next Thursday, Friday and Saturday in "The Light That Failed," from the novel by Rudyard Kipling.

"Stephen Steps Out" at Loew's Theatre, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Theodore Roberts will be seen in the supporting cast.

MAJESTIC NEXT THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY
EVGS. AT 8:30 SHARP. MATINEE SATURDAY 2:30.

"ORIGINALS"

"OLD DUMBBELLS"

"Rapid Fire"

WITH CANADA'S PREMIER SOLDIER ENTERTAINERS
'RED' NEWMAN, ARTHUR HOLLAND, JIMMIE GOODE AND ALL THE OLD "GANG"
FIRST TIME IN LONDON FOR OVER A YEAR.
EVENINGS, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c. MATINEE, \$1. TO 50c. TAX EXTRA. PHONE 5096.

MUSICAL ART SOCIETY CHOIR CONCERT
CENTRAL COLLEGIATE AUDITORIUM
TUESDAY, JANUARY 29.

Assisting Artist, Miss Jeannette Vreeland, Soprano, of New York. "A phenomenal new voice destined for a place among the leaders of the world."
The choir's good work of last season will be more than sustained in this year's program.
TICKETS, \$1.00.—From any member of the choir or at McPhillips' Music Store.
A. D. JORDAN, CONDUCTOR.

At the Theatres

GRAND.
Twice today, 2:15 and 8:15—Thurston presents the master European magician, "Dante," another Columbia knockout, with that crazy daisy, Jamie Coughlin, that funniest of character comedians, and a cast of celebrated entertainers, including George Leon, Charles Wesson, Fred Hall, Elva Eddy, Alice Turner, Earl Massman and Alice Jay. Extra attraction—Bedini and Arthur, versatile entertainers and pantomimists. High-stepping chorus of Broadway beauties.
Coming Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 24, 25 and 26, Walter Scanlan in a new four-act song-play, "The Blarney Stone."

LOEW'S.
Last time today, continuous performance from 1 to 11 p.m.—Sir Anthony Hope's celebrated romance "Rupert of Hentzau," the sequel picture to "The Prisoner of Zenda," with the greatest all-star cast ever assembled for a single picture. "Comic, pep screen picture" and at H. Wilson, that natural comedian with natural methods, heads an excellent bill of vaudeville.
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 14, 15 and 16, Continuous from 1 to 11 p.m.—Screenland's new star, "Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.," in "Stephen Steps Out," his first picture. Theodore Roberts heads a strong supporting cast. Added film features and three acts of supreme vaudeville.
Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 17, 18 and 19, continuous from 1 to 11 p.m.—Rudyard Kipling's famous classic, "The Light That Failed," starring Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist and David Torrence. Comic, Loew's Screen Pictorial, and three acts of supreme vaudeville.

PICTURE OF YOUTH COMING TO LOEW'S

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Will Appear in His First Picture.

Boys and girls of all ages, everywhere, will rejoice at the news of the presentation of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s first Paramount picture, "Stephen Steps Out," at Loew's Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The story is one of a typical American boy, a high school pupil, Stephen Harlow, Jr., like most red-blooded boys of his age, has an aversion for text books. As the story progresses, Stephen goes to Constantinople, where his father has sent him to study Turkish history. Contrary to expectations, Constantinople is full of excitement for Stephen—if a revolution, the kidnapping of the sultan's son and street fights galore count for anything. It is a fast-moving comedy throughout. It is a picture all will enjoy. Theodore Roberts is featured in support of the star and others in the cast include Noah Beery, Harry Myers and Frank Currier. Joseph Henabery was the director.

MARIE SUNDELIUS COMING TO LONDON

Famous Metropolitan Opera Star Will Appear at First Methodist Church.

Marie Sundelius, the charming Swedish-American prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who will be heard at First Methodist Church Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, has had an unusually successful career. Born in the province of Warmland, Sweden, a territory rich in ancient sagas and legends from which also hail a number of the foremost Swedish poets, artists and writers, Mme. Sundelius, like her distinguished countrywoman, Christine Nilsson, early evinced her remarkable vocal gifts—her first public appearance taking place at the age of seven. But, unlike Mme. Nilsson, there was no wealthy benefactor to provide a musical education for her. She was thrown on her own resources, and to her own courage, her absorbing love of music and her eager desire to master the art of vocal expression is due her present well-merited success.

With her fresh, "seraphic" voice and charming personality, Marie Sundelius has since won countless successes on the concert and operatic stage, culminating in her engagement during the past and current season at the Metropolitan, where she is a great favorite. Among the leading roles that this artist has sung recently at that famous institution, have been Marguerite in "Faust," Norma in "Pagliacci," Anna in "Lorsley" Genny in "William Tell," Inez in "L'Africana" and Sophie in "Der Rosenkavalier," all parts in which she achieved signal triumphs. Her success in concert has been just as great. Once in a while after an artist has been considered in terms of an analytical laboratory, the discovery is made of a residuum not to be classified in ordinary terms. This residuum is commonly termed personality. In this respect Marie Sundelius is one of the good reasons for attending a concert, and the quality of her voice is beauty itself. Seats are now selling at Mason & Risch, Limited.

NORWICH W. I.
Special to The Advertiser.
Norwich, Jan. 11.—The January meeting of the Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. W. Hemingway on Thursday. The meeting opened with Mrs. Addison presiding. The time was occupied with business matters, after which the Misses Dellor gave a piano duet. Tea was served and a social half-hour spent.

GRAND

TWICE TODAY - - MATINEE 2:15, EVENING 8:15
2½ Hours of Thrilling Entertainment.

THURSTON PRESENTS

DANTE The Great European Magician

Company of 23—50 Master Mysteries.

MATINEE --- CHILDREN, 25c; ADULTS, 50c
TONIGHT --- --- 25c, 50c, 75c AND \$1.00

MATINEE DAILY 2:15 P.M. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday EVERY EVENING 8:15

LIKE A WINDY CORNER IN BLUSTERY MARCH!
PEP! There is coming a world of fun next Monday, Cyclones of laughter, Flurries of catchy songs, MUSIC!
GIRLS! Whirlwinds of graceful dancing and girlish Graces. There will be an eye-filling SONG!
JAZZ! Feminine loveliness, the ears will tingle with LAUGHS!
luring music and there will be

"Breezy Times"

FOR ALL DEVOTEES OF COLUMBIA BURLESQUE

You "Bubble Bubble" Now See Liked "Bubble Bubble" This One

WITH THAT CRAZY DAISY
JAMIE COUGHLIN
Funniest of CHARACTER COMEDIANS
EVENINGS—25c, 50c, 75c AND \$1.00 Get Your MAT.—25c. Ladies' Daily Mat. 25c. Seats Now. BEST \$1.00 SHOW ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD.

And a Cast of Celebrated Entertainers:
George Leon Elva Eddy
Charles Wesson Alice Turner
Fred Hall Earl Massman
Alice Jay

World's Famous Original and Only
Bedini & Arthur
Versatile Entertainers and Pantomimists
And That High Stepping Beauty Chorus

ANNOUNCEMENT TO PLAYGOERS!
Watch Daily Papers for Announcement of Big Surprise Attraction
Thursday, Friday and Saturday, January 17th, 18th, 19th.

Jan. 24, 25, 26—Three Days, With Sat. Mat. MAIL ORDERS NOW.
WALTER SCANLAN
AMERICA'S LEADING IRISH ACTOR-SINGER
IN A NEW SONG-PLAY
"THE BLARNEY STONE"
GORGEOUS SCENIC FOUR-ACT PRODUCTION. HEAR SCANLAN'S NEW SONGS.
NOTE—Mail Orders now if accompanied by check, express or money order, including amusement tax.
EVE.—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50
SAT.—MATINEE, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Seats Monday, January 21st.

MAJESTIC

ALL THIS WEEK. MATS., WED. AND SAT.

Smashing Success Here As Everywhere!

ANNE NICHOLS ABIE'S IRISH ROSE

COMEDY SUCCESS

17 Weeks in Toronto
Evg., 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50.
Wed. Mat., 25c, 50c, 75c.
Sat. Mat., 50c, 75c, \$1.00.
GOOD SEATS ON SALE.
PHONE 5096.



Marie Sundelius

Prima Donna Soprano From
THE ORATORIA "GALIA" BY GOUNOD,
ASSISTED BY THE CHOIR OF 60 VOICES.

Universally Heralded "One of the Very Best Singers of the Day."

IN SONG RECITAL OF ONE HOUR
AND
THE ORATORIA GALIA BY GOUNOD, ASSISTED BY THE CHOIR OF 60 VOICES.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
TUESDAY EVG., JANUARY 15, at 8:15
Admission, \$1.00. Reserved Seats, \$1.50. Seat Sale at Mason & Risch. Note—We guarantee this concert in every way.

LOEW'S

SIR ANTHONY HOPE'S CELEBRATED ROMANCE
"RUPERT OF HENTZAU" Sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda"
WITH THE GREATEST ALL-STAR CAST EVER ASSEMBLED
AL. H. WILSON
The Natural Comedian With Natural Methods.
HEADS THE VAUDEVILLE

LAST TIME TODAY
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY
JANUARY 14th, 15th and 16th
SCREENLAND'S NEW STAR

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY
JANUARY 17th, 18th and 19th
THE ROMANCE COLORFUL
WITH Jacqueline Logan Percy Marmont Sigrid Holmquist David Torrence

The screen can give no finer entertainment than this tense every-minute production of Rudyard Kipling's famous story of romance and adventure.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT & JESSE LASKY PRESENT
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR.
"Stephen Steps Out" with THEODORE ROBERTS

JESSE LASKY PRESENTS A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION
"The LIGHT THAT FAILED"
From RUDYARD KIPLING'S Famous Novel
MILLIONS of Kipling lovers have been waiting to see "The Light That Failed" on the screen. Worth while waiting for! It will take its place beside the book—unforgettable!

ON EVERY PROGRAM THREE ACTS OF SUPREME VAUDEVILLE

Woodstock Juniors Defeat London - In Closely-Fought Battle

WORK OF TOZER PREVENTS BIG SCORE AT WOODSTOCK

London Juniors Lose 1-0 To Baby City Crew in Fast Battle.

BOTH GOALIES GOOD

GROUP STANDING.
W. L. For. Agst.
Woodstock 4 0 36 5
Ingersoll 1 1 4 9
London 1 2 13 12
Glencoe 0 3 3 39

Special to The Advertiser.

Woodstock, Jan. 11.—London O. H. Juniors went down to a 1 to 0 defeat at the hands of the local youngsters here tonight in an engagement that brought forth better play than was expected on the rough ice.

The game was a rattling good one from start to finish. In the first period the puck was held at the London end of the ice for 16 minutes. Penalties were for minor offences and were evenly divided.

The second period was merely a bombardment of the London goal till Jemmett, Woodstock's star, skated the full length of the ice, drove through the whole London defence and scored unassisted the one and only goal of the game, as pretty a piece of work as has been seen on the local ice.

Both goaltenders were good. The London team seemed to consist of a goaltender as the local team found no difficulty in reaching a position to shoot at him, and only for his fine work the score would have been big. Milton Pascoe, local defence man, got out in the head in a mix in front of the goal, but generally continued. The Woodstock team has won its first four games and should be there or thereabouts at the finish.

The line-up: London—Goal, Tozer; defence, Moore and Robson; center, Barrett; wings, McMillan and Monahan; subs, Milne and Graham.

Woodstock—Goal, Murdoch; defence, McCartney and Pascoe; center, Jemmett; wings, Smith and Goyer; subs, Whitehead and Wilson. Referee—George Hiller, Kitchener.

MCCLARY'S PLAY ST. THOMAS INTERMEDIATES TO 5-5 TIE

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Thomas, Jan. 11.—Ten minutes overtime failed to break the 5-5 tie in the exhibition game between the St. Thomas intermediate O. H. A. team and McClary's of London here tonight.

The line-up: St. Thomas—Goal, McLean; defence, Buchanan and Kelly; center, Roy; wings, King, J. McKay and A. McKay; subs, Delaney and Land.

St. Thomas—Goal, Murdock; defence, Billinghurst; center, Stothard and Graham; wings, Donahue; subs, Crahan and Evans; refs, Binns, Burke and Johnson.

Referee—Spence McLean.

WILLIE HOPPE LEADING COCHRAN BY 157 POINTS
Associated Press Despatch.
Boston, Jan. 11.—Playing with consistent brilliance, Willie Hoppe, world's champion 152 billiard player, tonight held Walker Cochran of Los Angeles, challenger, in the second block of their 1,500-point match.

Hoppe reached 1,000 points with one shot of 24, the score for two nights of play being 1,000 to 843.

Race Results

HAVANA RESULTS.

Table with 5 columns: Race Name, Distance, Winner, Time, and Other details. Includes sections for Havana Race, Second Race, and Third Race.

NEW ORLEANS RESULTS.

Table with 5 columns: Race Name, Distance, Winner, Time, and Other details. Includes sections for First Race, Second Race, and Third Race.

COMEX DEFEATS Y. M. C. A. IN L. AND D. CAGE TILT

Comex defeated Y. M. C. A. in a London and District basketball fixture last night, 19 to 10.

TIA JUANA RESULTS.

Table with 5 columns: Race Name, Distance, Winner, Time, and Other details. Includes sections for First Race, Second Race, and Third Race.

THREE TIED FOR LEAD IN CARPETBALL LOOP

Three are tied for the lead in the City Fraternal Carpetball League.

ON MITCHES' ALLEYS

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, Score, and Other details. Lists various players and their scores.

WALKER, ALLISTER, M'KENZIE LEADING AT LONDON CURLING

Table with 5 columns: Player Name, Points, and Other details. Lists curling players and their performance.

THREE ARTS TEAMS WIN INTER-CLASS CAGE GAMES

Table with 5 columns: Team Name, Score, and Other details. Lists results of cage games between different classes.

C. C. I. GIRLS BEAT TECH. QUINTET IN BASKETBALL

The Central C. I. girls' basketball team triumphed in a city basketball league fixture last night, when they handed the Tech quintet a 17-8 defeat.

BOWLING

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, Score, and Other details. Lists bowling scores from various clubs.

Moose League

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, Score, and Other details. Lists scores for the Moose League.

Forest City Club

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, Score, and Other details. Lists scores for the Forest City Club.

Ladies' Commercial

Table with 5 columns: Club Name, Score, and Other details. Lists scores for the Ladies' Commercial club.

Wagner's All-Star Team Selected On Merit Alone

Hans Ignores Records, Considering Club Spirit, Ability and Aggressiveness Main Factors Needed in Building Unbeatable American League Nine of All Time.

Here is what, in his opinion, would make the best team of American League players since that league was organized:

Manager—Tris Speaker, Captain—Ty Cobb, First Base—George Sisler, Second Base—Eddie Collins, Third Base—Jimmy Collins, Shortstop—Fred Parent, Extra Infielder—Ray Chapman, Left Field—Ty Cobb, Center Field—Tris Speaker, Right Field—Babe Ruth, Extra Outfielder—Sam Crawford, Catchers—Ray Schalk, Billy Sullivan, Lou Griger.

CHAPTER 34.
The Most Spectacular Catch on Record.

On this particular day the giants and Pirates were in a tie in a hard-fought game. Finally the Giants got a lead just as the sun set.

How Safe Would You Feel? I have selected a team of wonderful hitters, base runners and fielders.

They Called Him Back. "If you mean that, John, I'll recall him from Des Moines and give him another chance next season," he said.

There had been several odd cases like that in the past. As a matter of fact, it was in Chicago only a year ago a mist blew in over the field from the lake, and so thick that the outfielders could not be seen.

Outfield Lost in Mist. There had been a close play at third where Fred had played that day. Everybody ran in to make a kick and I decided to take a hand also.

Britton to Meet British Welterweight Champ. Canadian Press Despatch.
Cleveland, O., Jan. 11.—Jack Britton, former welterweight champion, will meet Fred Archer, British welterweight title-holder in a 12-round bout in Canton, January 21, according to advices received here today.

Improved Train Service Between Toronto and Winnipeg. Improved train service via new Longlac Route between Toronto and Winnipeg has been inaugurated by the Canadian National Railway.

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ENGLISH CUP FIRST ROUND OFF TODAY

Seven London Clubs Will Start At Home Opening Blue Ribbon Event.

London, Jan. 11.—The sweetest music that they have heard for months will sound in the ears of hundreds of thousands of football fans tomorrow, when promptly at 2:30 p.m. the overture of thirty-two whistles blown by thirty-two referees will give the signal to raise the curtain of the first act of the great drama of the English cup ties.

At 2:30 the whistle will give the signal to raise the curtain of the first act of the great drama of the English cup ties. At the moment the winter country is recovering from a severe blizzard. The majority of the grounds are snow-covered, although in the region of the metropolis the white mantle has given place to slush, owing to the thaw.

Many funny things happen on the football field that do not seem so funny when written about in paper. I think a man must see them to appreciate how ridiculous they are.

Dempsy to Receive \$300,000 for Fight. Big Match Will Be Staged in a Few Months in New York.

New York, Jan. 11.—It seemed highly probable today that Jack Dempsey would defend his world's heavyweight boxing title for the second time against Tex Rickard at St. Paul in a bout in the metropolitan section in May or June.

Prospects for the bout developed yesterday when Eddie Kane, the challenger's manager, visited Rickard and discussed some indoor bouts for his man this winter.

When I was a young player I was a little timid about talking to umpires, simply because I couldn't think of anything to say, as a rule.

"No, sir," I said, sort of taken back, "but I'm captain of three bases."

That was good natured enough to let me off with that.

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"I could not walk"

Headaches, dizzy spells, pains in the back, swelling of feet and ankles, suppressed, scalding or painful urination—are all indications of kidney trouble. Read how GIN Pills relieved one sufferer:

"I am seventy-eight years old and have suffered from kidney trouble for over twenty years. I had swollen feet and hands, sleeplessness and distress on the subject of urination. I began taking GIN Pills and now the swelling has left and I do not have any distress, and sleep well. I can recommend GIN Pills.

(Signed) Esther J. Odell.

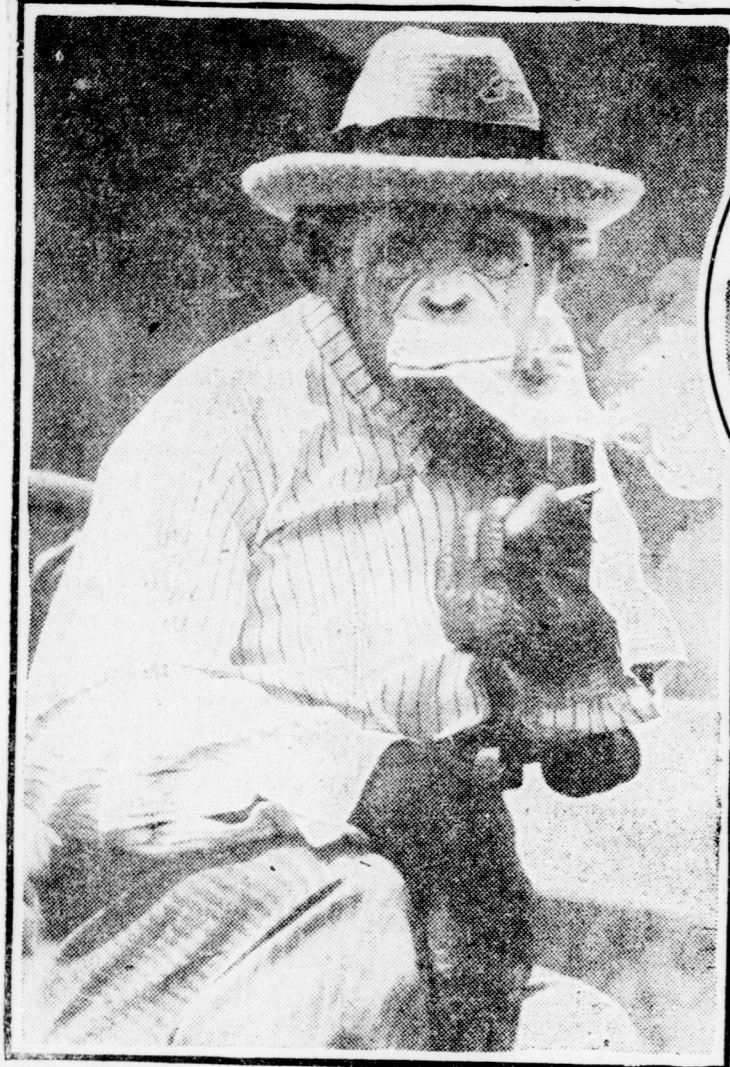
GIN Pills will relieve you, too. Order a fifty-cent box from your druggist to-day.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario.

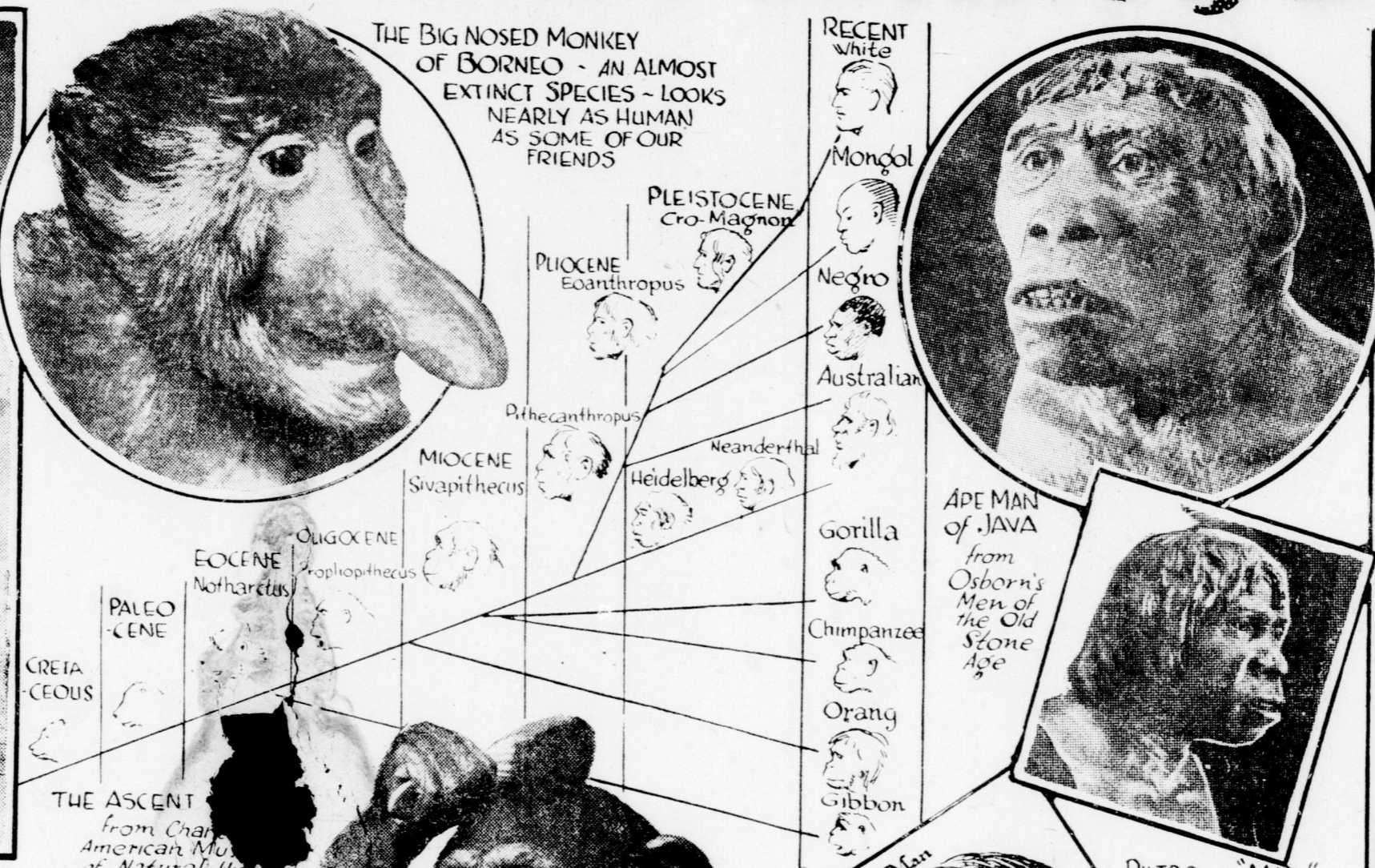
GIN Pills in U.S.A. are the same as GIN Pills in Canada.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1924.

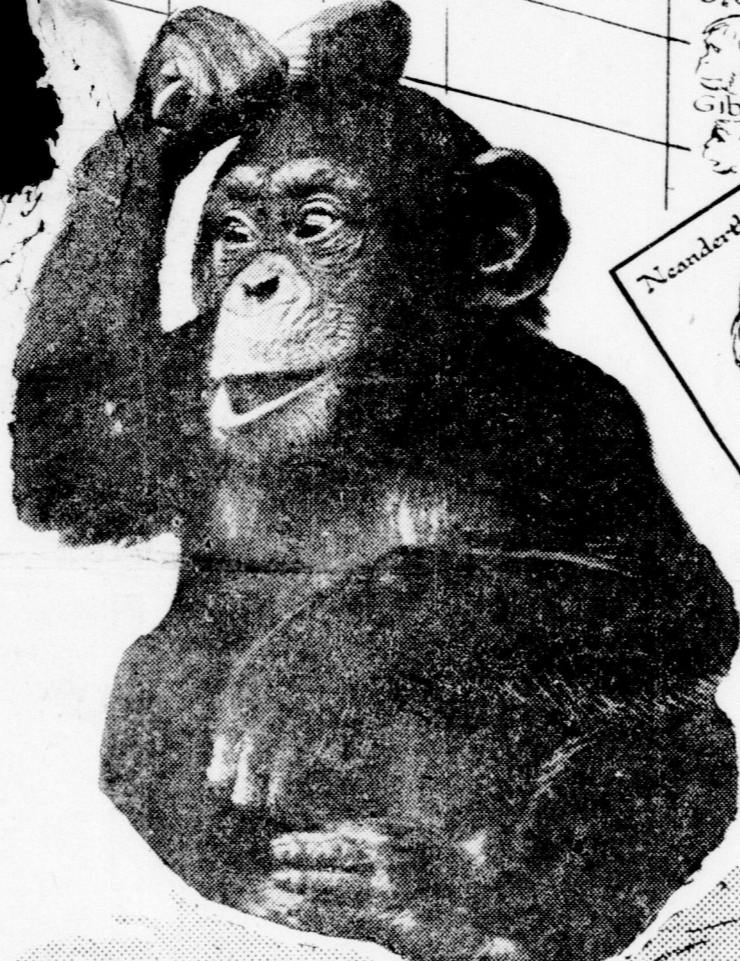
MAN - and This Monkey Business



A MAN'S A MAN FOR A THAT SAYS SNOOKY THE MOST INTELLIGENT CHIMPANZEE



THE ASCENT from Charles American Museum of Natural History



A CHIMP "CAKE-EATER" TRYING TO CULTIVATE A PATENT-LEATHER POMP.



A MONSTER AFRICAN GORILLA WITH ONE OF THE NEGRO TYPES



YOU'RE MY COUSIN! IT'S A LIE!

Prof. J. P. McMurrich, of Toronto University, Retiring President of the American Association For the Advancement of Science, Tells What is Known of the Origin of Man—What Evolution Really Means—No Such Thing as a "Missing Link"—Apes Differ More From Lower Monkeys Than They Do From Men.

By FRED G. GRIFFIN

How old is man? That is, how long has man as we know him lived on the earth? What is the origin of the human race from the point of view of modern science and the evolutionists, as distinct from the point of view of William Jennings Bryan, the fundamentalists and others who hold to the Garden of Eden story that humankind came from the rib of the sleeping Adam? Was man once a monkey? If we were able to trace our pedigree away back through the centuries would we eventually come on forefathers who swung from trees with their tails and who threw coconuts instead of baseballs? Or are man and monkey collateral descendants of the same original stock? Different branches of the same common root? Sort of thirty-second cousins a thousand times removed? Science cannot answer the first question definitely to within scores of thousands of years. With regards to man's possible kinship with the monkey, the answer seems to be "Guilty, but not quite proven." There seems not the slightest doubt in the world that the monkey is merely man's poor relation. A cadet, wild or degenerate branch from the same stock. At any rate, Darwin's theories of evolution, and natural selection, the origin of species and the descent of man hold a higher place to-day than they did sixty years ago when they sent the theologians into a ferment. At a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held in Cincinnati a week or so ago the retiring president, Professor J. P. McMurrich, professor of anatomy at the University of Toronto, declared that the theory of evolution had now advanced far beyond Darwin's conception and that the evidence in its favor was so much stronger than in his day that "it seems incredible," Prof. McMurrich went on, "that man as a reasoning animal should presume to doubt its validity."

Not the First Evolutionist ARWIN, Professor McMurrich pointed out, was not the first evolutionist. The theory was frequently uttered in classical times and often since. Darwin by his experiments, observation and genius had simply given the

world a plausible explanation of how evolution undoubtedly took place in organic life. There was no such thing as a "missing link," one of the stock jokes of two generations ago, Professor McMurrich declared definitely. Evolution had been a gradual process. There were gaps, it was true, in the story but that did not prove it untrue. It was like looking at a ladder with some of the rungs missing. There was enough of the outline to prove it a ladder nevertheless. Then Professor McMurrich made this remarkable pronouncement: "There is a big gap between man and the ape but less than between the ape and the monkey. I mean that the difference is less between man and the highest ape than between the highest ape and the lowest monkey. I am speaking anatomically, of course. "But I don't think that any living monkey came into the line of descent of any living ape or that any living ape came into the descent of man. I believe that all of them are offshoots. "The origin of man will go back beyond the origin of any ape now living. "We can't say where man stops and the ape begins. If evolution was a gradual process, as it was, over hundreds of thousands of years, how can we? There were differences even between the races of present day man. That is, anatomical differences. For example, Prof. McMurrich pointed out there was a distinct difference in detail of bodily structure between the Australoid race, the Australian aborigine, and the Caucasian or white race. Certain little muscular differences. The organs of life of the Australoid woman showed anatomical peculiarities, a decided variation from those of the white woman. The Australoid, in fact, is still very much a mystery human. His origin remains one of the interesting problems of the biologist. The University of Sydney has been working on lines of research in the matter which may have wide results in throwing fresh light on the whole theory of evolution. Then again the South African bushman, a Negroid type, differed from the Caucasian. The Mongolian, the fourth distinct race of mankind, might also show slight anatomical divergencies. Scientists had not yet studied sufficiently the minutiae of each race to say what was the norm for each. Discoveries Since Darwin's Time [T]he discoveries, all made since Darwin's time, which have a bearing on the theory of evolution and which the scientists say strongly buttress the belief in the descent of man. First of all, at Trinil, in Java, there have been found in strata which the geologists place at the end of the Pleistocene period, 500,000 years ago, the top of a skull, some teeth and a thigh bone. These fossils constitute the first trace so far discovered of man or sub-man. From them the biologists constructed the form this creature must have taken. H. G. Wells in his Outline of History, in which he sums up the consensus of scientific opinion on man's

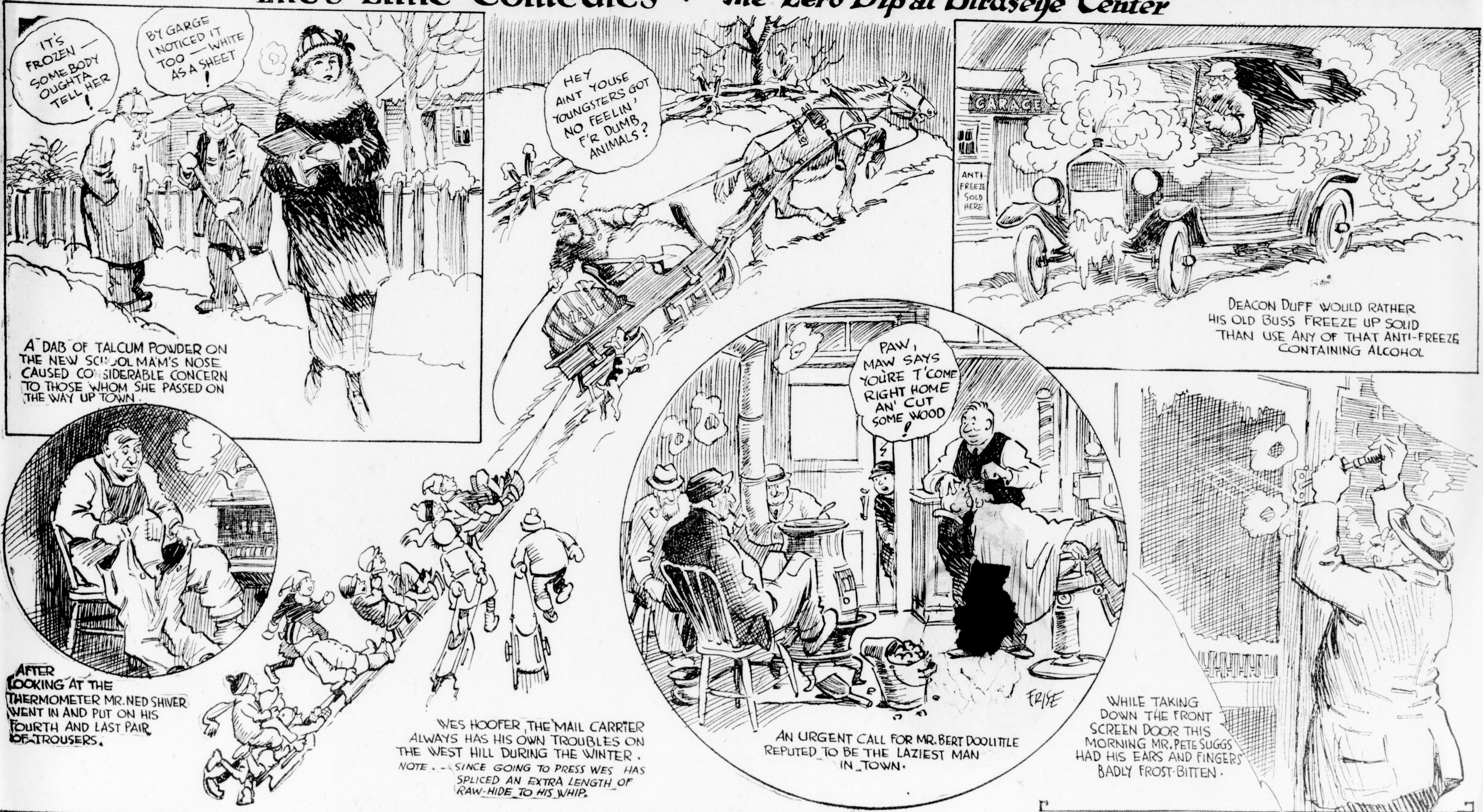
origin and theorizes romantically on his own, declares that this creature which found a grave in Java was not a man. Nor was it a walking ape. The skull bone, Wells declares, shows a brain case about half way between the chimpanzee and man, but the thigh bone is that of a creature as well adapted for walking and running as man, and as free, therefore, to use its hands. This primate has been given the Latin name the Pithecanthropus erectus (the walking ape man). Then there comes a gap of hundreds of thousands of years. The next trace of man or sub-man was a jaw bone found in a gravel pit at Heidelberg. This the geologists placed as belonging to the Second Interglacial period, 200,000 or 250,000 years ago. "It is not an ape's jaw bone," declares Wells, "the teeth are human." The jaw bone showed no trace of a chin. Therefore the creature had not the power of articulate speech. Another gap of 100,000 years. Then, a few years ago, at Piltown, in Sussex, England, there was dug up in gravel the smashed pieces of a whole skull. The strata in which it was found was placed by geologists as belonging to the Third Interglacial Period which lasted from 100,000 to 50,000 years ago. So that we are getting quite close to modern history, comparatively speaking, when one remembers that the scientists say the earth is millions of years old. And yet according to Wells this skull was not that of a true man. It showed a creature ascending only very gradually from the sub-human. Its jawbone was far less human than that of the Heidelberg "man" but its teeth more like a human's. This creature is referred to as Eoanthropus or the Dawn Man. It is believed that this gentleman, or, rather, lady—for it was a female skull—was not in the direct ancestry of man. But, concludes Wells, "it was one of a number of running mates of more than apelike intelligence, and if it was not on the line royal (of man), it was at any rate a very close collateral."

Thousands of years pass before the Neanderthal man appears in Europe, of whom many traces have been found. He existed over 50,000 years ago. He was quite a passable human being, according to Wells; certainly a man of the genus homo. Yet he was stooped, chinless, probably incapable of speech. He had no language. It is suggested that he may have been a cannibal. Then between 40,000 and 25,000 years ago in Europe appeared the Cro-Magnons, the first true men of whom there is as yet any trace. And frequent traces of the Cro-Magnon have been found. He had a human hand, a human brain, intelligence like our own. He could draw.

Much of his art has been discovered on the walls of caves in France. In fact, in the heart of France, there are still found people who are said to be survivals of the Cro-Magnon race who have persisted through the centuries. Lines of Parallel Descent AN interesting and enlightening fact is the knowledge that the Cro-Magnons, true men, actually lived contemporaneously in Europe with the Neanderthals, who were something less than true men, with whom they did not mix or interbreed and whom they gradually replaced. This bears out the theory now widely held of collateral lines of development, possible from the same root; of parallel descent. It is further given weight by the fact that since the Cro-Magnons their distinct and individualistic races have lived, had their day and become extinct, though each left its scanty traces for the twentieth century to dig up and decipher. And it is worth emphasizing that all these discoveries which have been narrated have taken place since Darwin's day. If his genius had had this evidence to reason from, there is no knowing the definiteness with which he might have traced the descent of man. But where these races originated, where they were developed and cradled, or how, nobody knows. So many theories have been held. Professor McMurrich recalled, with a smile, having once read a geological treatise which reasoned that the Garden of Eden had been inside the Arctic circle. Undoubtedly the Arctic was once much milder than even Stefansson has found it to be, for there have been discovered the fossil remains of maples and palms, and other trees of Tropical and sub-tropical growth. The Garden of Eden of Hebrew history has usually been located by the literal believer in the story of the creation, after a search for hidden directions in the text of Genesis, somewhere about the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers, northwest from the Persian gulf. But the scientist for years has placed the location of man's nursery much farther east, in the Siwalik hills of northern India (near Simla, in the famous hill resort of the Europeans), and in the geologically submerged area towards the southeast, where many fossil remains of primates have been found which were either ancestral or closely related to the highest living apes; as well as in Java, which in the Pliocene period (600,000 to 550,000 B.C.) was connected with the mainland over what is now the South China sea, where the Java Pithecanthropus was recently discovered. Such are the conclusions of the scientists as summarized by Madison Grant in "The Passing of the Great Race."

In this connection Wells makes the following interesting statement, which goes away back into the dim ages long before our first definite proof of sub-man in the person of Pithecanthropus: "The apes and the monkeys already appear to have been differentiated at the beginning of the Cainozoic Age (which he places at either four or forty million years ago—the age when mammals, grass and land forests appeared), and there are a number of Oligocene and Miocene (subdivisions of the Cainozoic) apes whose relations to one another and to the human line have still to be made out. Among them we may mention Dryopithecus of the Miocene age, with a very human-looking jaw. In the Siwalik hills of northern India remains of some very interesting apes have been found, of which Sivapithecus and Palaeopithecus were possibly closely related to the human ancestor. Possibly these animals already used implements. Charles Darwin represents baboons as opening nuts by breaking them with stones, using stakes to prise up rocks in the hunt for insects, and striking blows with sticks and stones. The chimpanzee makes itself a tree hut by intertwining branches. Stones apparently chipped have been found in strata of Oligocene age at Boncelles in Belgium. Possibly the implement-using disposition was already present in the Mesozoic ancestry from which we are descended." The Point of Departure ACCORDING to the chart made by the American Museum of Natural History, which accompanies this article, it was somewhere about the Oligocene or Miocene periods that man and the apes began to branch out and draw apart, having had up to that time a common descent, which, if correct, would mean that man has been at least some degree of a sub-man at least, as distinct from being on the same line as the ape or sub-ape, for some millions of years. Now, according to Professor McMurrich, in discussing the possible cradle of the race, Henry Fairfield Osborn, the famous American scientist, one of the greatest authorities in the world on fossils in their relation to the origin of the human race, thinks that Mongolia offers the most fruitful of all fields for research as the scientist's Garden of Eden. The American Museum of Natural History has at present an expedition out there seeking clues to the mystery of mankind and the keys of evolution. At any moment they may make discoveries which will show traces of a sub-human, older and lower and more fruitful than the 500,000-year-old Pithecanthropus of Java. They may dig up fossils which will fill up the gaps and bridge hundreds of thousands of years. They may disinter scraps of prehistoric bone which may make clear the exact relationship, direct or collateral as the case may be, of man and the apes. In the meantime further researches are being carried out in Java, where Pithecanthropus had his old homestead. The search for the needle in the proverbial bundle of hay was an easy affair compared to the modern search for stray fossils in the submerged strata of clay or rock that were on the surface in the dawn ages of the earth. Unless one of these early creatures was buried in slime which afterwards hardened and preserved him, all trace of those which fell on the surface of the earth has necessarily gone in dust in the hundreds of thousands of years which have intervened. Professor McMurrich reviewed the different discoveries of early man which have been given above. "The ape skull," he declared, "the Java skull, the Piltown and Heidelberg skulls, the Neanderthal skull and the skull of present-day man make a pretty good series. They fit in pretty well. Not continuously, of course. There are great gaps. Not in exactly related progression either, even allowing for the gaps. But then there were undoubtedly several lines of descent, and some of these skulls may have been on collateral instead of direct lines. "I do not think that we have by any means got a definite line of succession, but all discoveries made so far have pointed in the same direction. You cannot say that man is descended from the apes, but I think you can say that man and the apes have had an evolution along parallel lines. It isn't as if evolution only applied to man, but it applied throughout the whole animal kingdom. If it is true there how can you stop? There is no question but that evolution runs throughout the whole world, either up or down. There is no standing still. "Anatomically, man is in perfect continuation with the lower forms." Several Divergent Lines PROF. McMURRICH pointed out that Darwin held the theory of one original stock, but declared that now the scientists were gradually coming round to the idea of several divergent lines. It is quite possible that in ages gone by there were different types or races of man or sub-man living at the same time. In fact, it is known that the Neanderthals and the Cro-Magnons existed for centuries side by side in Europe until the former disappeared. No doubt there was much of this overlapping, just as at the present time even in Europe you find the Nordic, the Alpine and the Mediterranean, three distinct branches of the Caucasian race, living side by side, clear cut in some cases, in others underlying, interbreeding, mixed. And just as at the present time in Australia, the Caucasians are gradually replacing the distinct and more primitive Australoid aborigines. There seems no doubt," continued Prof. McMurrich, "of the polyphyletic origin of man; no doubt that is, that there may have been several different stocks each coming from different primitive ancestors who in turn were branches themselves." When did man become man? When did man get a mind and those spiritual attributes which we call a soul? Professor McMurrich did not know. Nobody knows at what stage in man's history he began to differ from the animals. Probably the acquiring of a mind took countless thousands of years. No doubt the mental processes of man underwent an evolution which paralleled his physical development. "As soon as man began to talk," declared Professor McMurrich, "no doubt his mind began

Life's Little Comedies ~ The Zero Dip at Birdseye Center



Daudet Mystery Thrills All France Suicide or Anarchist Assassination?

Young Son of Royalist Leader and Grand-son of Author of "Sappho" is Found Dead in a Paris Taxicab—Shot, Kept Secret—Father Says It Was Not Suicide, But Political Murder.



ALL France is thrilled just now by the Daudet affair, which will go down into history with the Dreyfus affair, the Mrs. Steinheil case, the Calmette-Cailaux business, and other famous French crimes and mysteries.

Philippe Daudet, fifteen-year-old son of Leon Daudet, deputy and leader of those who seek to restore the monarchy in France, and grand-son of Alphonse Daudet, celebrated author of "Sappho," was found shot to death in a Paris taxicab.

Did young Daudet, bearer of one of the most illustrious names in all France, commit suicide of his own volition, shrinking from carrying out the appalling task to which he had pledged himself, killing his own father? Or did he commit suicide because his new-found nihilistic convictions, older and more extreme than himself, had impressed upon his unreliable brain that it was his duty to do so?

Daudet's son was dead a week and had been buried in consecrated ground, with all the ceremonies of the Catholic church, when the Anarchists declared he had not died in bed at all after the "short illness" which had been announced. In a special edition of the Anarchist weekly, *Le Libertaire*, Georges Vidal had the news spread through Paris that the son of Leon Daudet, Royalist and Catholic, had really died an Anarchist and suicide.

Leon Daudet was convulsed with anguish and rage. He knew his son had really died from a bullet through the brain, but he thought he had succeeded in suppressing the news completely by order of the prefect. His son had run away from home repeatedly during the past four years, impelled by epileptic moods which he could not control and, after the last runaway of five days, his father discovered his body among the unidentified dead at the Lariboisiere Hospital.

He was told: "This young man committed suicide yesterday afternoon in a taxicab on the Boulevard Magenta." His son's morbid condition made suicide such a natural explanation of his death that Leon

Daudet's only thought was how to conceal it.

Scandal Brought Home

DAUDET'S great power as a politician is based on his complete collection of the private scandals of public men, and now the Anarchists appeared with a scandal even greater than he had suspected—and in his own home. They declared his own son had joined the Anarchists and spent two days with them before his death.

They produced a letter to his mother in which he recognized his son's handwriting, saying: "I have been an Anarchist for a long while without daring to say it." And they went so far as to say his son, in devotion to the Anarchist cause, had proposed to assassinate his own father. This was his eldest son, Philippe, well known, whom he adored and called "My Little Brother." Leon Daudet recalled how militant Philippe had been in the Royalist organization, the "Camelots du Roi." It was only a few months since he was a classmate at the college of Louis-le-Grand for criticizing his father's politics.

He would not believe this son had been an Anarchist. He could not afford to believe it. His imagination, which has produced distinguished romances as well as political diatribes, began to work furiously to discredit Georges Vidal's account of how Philippe had entered the offices of *Le Libertaire* and made his profession of anarchy.

both anarchists and royalists and by the fact that the principal actor, Philippe, was known to be in an abnormal mental state. The greatest detective in France, Faralleq, has been set to work with full authority to do anything he sees fit.

In the duel of wits between Vidal and Leon Daudet, the former need make but one or two circumstantial slips in the present battle of newspaper articles and some member or members of his anarchist group will be escorted to the guillotine as the assassin of the boy.

French justice is particularly sensitive to influence and the powerful Daudet has need to have some head chopped off by order of the French Republic for his son's death. Otherwise he must postpone his hopes of overthrowing the republic and seating Philippe of Orleans on the throne of France, with himself as kingmaker.

Philippe Daudet wrote a small sheaf of prose poems which he left with the anarchists. He had never shown them to his family and, when the anarchists published them, his father, Leon Daudet, considered them so good that he denied them.

The thought was too mature, he said, and the style too fine for his young son. Later, however, Pierre Lecene, who had been Philippe's closest friend at the college of Louis-le-Grand, came forward with the information that Philippe showed him some of the poems one day after class.

This classmate also says that Philippe was devoted to his father and feared for him. He says Philippe cried out recently after an attempted assassination: "O Pierre, these beasts of anarchists will kill him or me one day."

Philippe's morbid imagination drove him once to Marseilles, where he was about to take passage to South America. When he recovered his normal mind, this time he has been traced from his home directly to Havre, where he discussed going to Canada and found he had not enough money. Then he went directly back to Paris, and from the railroad station directly to the offices of the anarchist weekly, *Le Libertaire*.

The solution of the mystery will depend upon discovering his experiences between that time and the afternoon of November 24, when a taxi chauffeur on the crowded Boulevard Magenta called a policeman and said: "My passenger has just shot himself."

It was Mme. Daudet, his mother, whose anxious eyes found a few lines buried in the Petit Parisien next morning saying: "A young man attempted suicide in a taxicab on the Boulevard Magenta by firing a bullet into his head." The Petit Parisien pressed the news when the supposed young suicide was identified as Philippe Daudet. A few days later, when he was buried ceremoniously "after a short illness," M. and Mme. Poincaré were in attendance at the funeral.

The mystery is complicated by the political lying and exaggeration by

"Perfume of The Damned"

Some of the poems left by Philippe Daudet with the Anarchists and published as "The Perfume of the Damned." Translation to indicate general style and thought.

In the Fireplace

The wind rattles,
The rain falls,
I am alone in the house, deserted,
And close to the fire.

It is a person this fire
When you are afraid.

The spirals of my pipe spread
about me
In an impassable morass.
It is the ooze of my soul which
is rising to the surface.
It horrifies me
And attracts me.

Now the flaming cavalier has
faded.
Only a pale blue flame remains.
It is the seigneur of the damned
angels
Who presides at the slow sarabande
of my evil thoughts.

To a Skull

You alone are happy in death.
Nothing can be taken from you.
You are unaware of love
And its tortures.
You are so happy
You smile eternally.

Vidal's Story

THIS is the story the Anarchist poet, Georges Vidal, tells, and it excites the royalists to a murderous rage:

He says a young man who seemed to him about twenty years of age came to the offices of *Le Libertaire* in a super-excited condition, declaring: "The social system revolts me. Life has no more interest for me. Help me to leave it with a sublime gesture of renunciation."

Vidal swears the young unknown proposed first to enter some police station and shoot down policemen as long as cartridges lasted. Then he asked what the Anarchists thought of having him go to some tea-dansant to shoot down as many dancing men as possible. "He implored us to tell him what would be most useful in our cause." Among other possibilities he proposed to assassinate Millerand, Poincaré or Daudet.

For two days the Anarchists declared they tried to soothe the young man. Then he left them a letter and a small sheaf of manuscript, saying:

Man---And This Monkey Business

to develop. You can't think without a symbol to express thought. We are a long way yet from solving the mystery of the mental processes. Huxley once said, "How can we tell what a cray-fish thinks unless we become a cray-fish?" The trouble is that we study mental processes as we see them in man, the most complex and developed of all living creatures. When we get to the lower forms the thing straightens out. As we come up the scale we see that responses to environment become greater. Inhibitions come in—you may call it will power if you like. The matter is so complicated on the chemical side that we cannot yet work it out. It is so entirely different from any physical process that we see in nature otherwise.

"Insects show memory, a decided memory. The wasp will find its way to its own nest. The ant has undoubtedly highly developed mental powers within limits. Who will deny that dogs, horses, elephants, can reason, remember, hold affection?"

"For all this psychological side of man and the animals we are just groping, with all the evidence we have strongly in favor of evolution there as in other things.

There are so many questions which the anthropologist or the student of man cannot answer yet in connection with races of man as they appear on the earth to-day but which have all evidently been evolved under different conditions or at different periods. Why have the northern people straight noses, fair skins, blue eyes, strong bodies and long limbs? Why are the Central Europeans round skulled, stocky and sturdy? Why

have negroes black skins and kinky hair? Why has the Mongolian slant eyes? But all these are arguments in favor of the belief that man had an origin of several sources. The mere existence of them strengthens rather than weakens the evolution theory.

Professor McMurrich emphasized two things. One, that the different glacial periods did not interrupt evolution. At no time since life appeared on the earth was glaciation complete. Parts of the earth remained free from ice. In these life went on. His second point was that it was impossible to set time correctly in the matter of evolution. The time of the Java man, Pithecanthropus, is placed at 500,000 years ago by the geologists. He might have lived much earlier than that, or much later. What did a few tens of thousands of years one way or the other matter anyway? They did not affect the fundamental premises of evolution.

"This much is certain," concluded Professor McMurrich, "evolution is stronger to-day and more firmly believed in than it ever was before. Even to think of suppressing it by legislative act shows a lack of understanding that is lamentable. I think from the standpoint of the organic world everything we have done in the last sixty years has buttressed Darwin's thinking. All our lines of investigation have been determined by the theory of evolution. Think of what the physicists have been doing, changing uranium into lead, changing our ideas of atoms—all evolution. It runs throughout philosophy. It is seen in everyday life. You cannot get away from it."

Wants More Bachelors, Patriotic Duty for Men

IN England it is almost necessary for a self-respecting man to forego marriage, according to J. Fort Williams, M. P., who made this statement in amplification of his defense of bachelors recently at a fashionable London wedding at which he acted as best man. He called the bachelors "the backbone of the ranks of bachelordom at a time when the fight was the keener and his statements aroused the ire of most of the West End mammas.

"In England we have a population of 618 to the square mile, as compared with two in the colonies and ten in America," he said. "Now you understand why I call bachelors blessed.

"There is at the moment a tendency among men not to marry. They find it too expensive a luxury. Also at the moment taxation favors the bachelor. Despite the evergreen suggestion that bachelors should be taxed, I am against the taxation.

"Compulsory marriage as suggested for England is absurd. My real argument for bachelors is that the population is increasing at the rate of 1,000 a day. We have a million and a quarter unemployed. There are, as it is, too many people in the world and unless the birth rate is diminished unemployment will be maintained at that figure and maybe higher.

"If we do not control birth we should populate the dominions and other places where the population is scarce and the spaces are great."

No Place for Reason

THE scene of this little incident was laid in a mining town "out west." It was one of those little groups of shacks that spring up so rapidly, almost overnight, when any new deposits of gold are discovered.

Two prospectors had met to have a drink and a chat when the day's work was done.

"I hear that Black Jake went to Casey's saloon last night and shot four men," remarked one man to the other.

"What for?" asked the second man.

"What for?" said the first. "Is this town gettin' that darn civilized that a fellow's got to give a reason for every little thing he does?"

Hunting Big Game To-day With Bow and Arrow

Killing Grizzlies With Robin Hood's Weapons

Amazing Revival of Ancient Skill, Special Heritage From "Vanishing Race" — On The Trail of Deer, Panthers and Fiercest Bears, With Only an Archer's Skill.

Little does the public as a whole realize that the Bow and Arrow has returned, not merely as a buoyant sport, but for serious and even dangerous hunting. Dr. Saxton Pope, an eminent surgeon of San Francisco, the author of the following article and two others, to succeed it, has with his companions in archery, performed some amazing feats in California and the Rocky Mountains against deer, black bear, panthers and even grizzlies.

By SAXTON POPE

THE first buck I ever landed with the bow thrilled me to such an extent that every detail is memorable. After a long, hard morning hunt I was returning to camp alone. It was nearly noon; the sun beat down on the pungent dust of the trail, and all nature seemed sleepy. The air, heavy with the fragrance of the pines, hardly stirred.

I was walking wearily along thinking of food, when suddenly my outer vision fields picked up the image of a deer. I stopped. There, eighty yards away, stood a three-year-old buck, grazing under an oak. His back was toward me.

I crouched and sneaked nearer. My arrow was nocked on the string. The distance I measured carefully with my eye; it was now sixty-five yards. Just then the deer raised his head. I let fly an arrow at its neck. It flew between its horns.

The deer gave a startled toss to his head, listened a second, then dipped its crest again to feed. I nocked another shaft. As it raised its head again I shot.

This arrow flew wide of the neck, but at the right elevation. The buck now was more startled and jumped so that it stood profile to me, looking and listening. I dropped upon one knee.

A little rising ground and intervening brush partially concealed me. As I drew a third arrow from my quiver its barb caught in the rawhide, and I swore a soft vicious oath to steady my nerves. Then drawing my bow carefully, lowering my aim and holding like grim death, I shot a beautifully released arrow.

It sped over the tops of the dried grass, seeming to skim the ground like a bird, and struck the deer full and hard in the chest. The beast leaped, bounded off some thirty yards, staggered, drew back his head and witted in the hind legs. I had stayed immovable as wood. Seeing him falling, I ran swiftly forward, and almost on the run at forty yards I drove a hind arrow through his heart. The deer died instantly.

Conflicting emotions of compassion and excitement surged through me, and I felt weak, but I ran to my quarry, lifted his head on my knee and claimed him in the name of Robin Hood.

Yet, while the object of deer hunting is to get your deer, it does seem that some of our keenest delight has been witnessed in the quiet purple shadow of the forest one evening there stepped the most stately buck I ever saw. His noble crest and carriage were superb. On a grassy hillside, some hundred and fifty yards away, he stood broad-side on. With a rifle the merest tyro might have bowled him over. In fact, he looked just like the royal stag in the picture.



The archer's horn—which with the feather has also come back with the bow and arrow.

The striking picture in my mind to-day is the fierceness and the savage onslaught of my dog. Never did I suspect that the amiable, gentle pet of our fireside could turn into such an overpowering, indomitable killer. His assault was absolutely blood-thirsty. I've often thought how grateful I should be that such an animal was my friend and companion in the hunt and not my pursuer.

How quickly the dog adjusts himself to the bow! At first he is afraid of the long stick. But he soon gets the idea and not waiting for the detonation of the gun, he accepts the hum of the bow string and the whirr of the arrow as signals for action.

Some dogs have even shown a tendency to retrieve our arrows for us, and nothing suits them better than that we go on foot, and by their sides can run with them, and with our silent shafts can lay low what they bring to bay. In fact, it is a perfect balance of power—the bound with his wondrous nose, lean flanks and tireless legs; the man with his human reason, the horn, and his bow and arrow.

In all we have shot about thirty deer with the bow. The majority of these fell before the shafts of Will Compton, while Arthur Young and I have contributed in a smaller measure to the count. Despite the vague regrets we always feel at slaying so beautiful an animal, there is an exultation about bringing into camp a haunch of venison, or hanging the deer on the limb of a sheltering tree, there to cool near the icy spring.

By the glow of the camp fire we broil savory loin steaks and when done eating, we sit in the gloaming and watch the stars come out. Great Orion shines in all his glory, and the Hunters' Moon rises golden and full through the skies.

Drowsy with happiness, we nestle down in our sleeping bags, resting on a bed of fragrant boughs, and dream of the eternal chase.

Killing bears with the bow and arrow is a very old pastime; in fact, it ranks next in antiquity to killing them with a club. However, it has faded so far into the dim realm of the past that it seems almost mythical.

The bear has stood for all that is dangerous and horrible for ages. No doubt, our ancestral experiences with the cave bears of Europe stamped the

having laid low the noble deer, we who shoot the bow became presumptuous and wanted to kill bear with our weapons. So, learning of a certain admirable hunter up in Humboldt county by the name of Tom Murphy, we wrote to him with our proposal. He was taken with the idea of the bow and arrow and invited us to join him in some of his winter excursions. One November day, we arrived in the little village of Blocksburg, on the outskirts of which was Murphy's ranch.

By sunrise of the first morning of our hunt, in the company of Murphy, a quiet-spoken, intelligent man, we reached the ridge back of the desired spot where we tied our horses preparatory to climbing up the gulch. The dogs were made ready; there were three of them. Murphy unclasped the chains that linked them together and they scampered up the precipitous ravine before us. As they passed, Tom pointed out bear tracks, the first we had seen.

In less than ten minutes the full-throated bay of the hounds told us that they had struck a hot track and routed the bear from his temporary den.

That was the signal for speed, and we began a desperate race up the side of the mountain. Nothing but perfect physical health can stand such a strain. One who is not in complete athletic training will either fall completely in the test or do his heart irreparable damage.

But we were fit; we had trained for the part. Stripped for action, we were dressed in hunting breeches, light high-topped shoes spiked on the soles, in light cotton shirts, and quivers of arrows, and hunting knives. Tom was a seasoned mountain climber, born on the crags, and had knees like a goat. So we ran.

Up the side and over the crest we sped. The bay of the hounds pealed out with every bound ahead of us. As we crossed the ridge, we heard them down the canyon below us, the crashing of the bear, and the cry of the dogs thrilled us with a very old and a very strong flood of emotions. Panting and flushed with effort, we rushed onward; legs, legs and more air, 'twas all we wanted. Tom is tough and used to altitudes. Young is stronger and more youthful than I am, and besides a flapping quiver, and unwieldy bow, my camera banged me unmercifully on the back. Still I kept up very well, and my early sprinting on the cinder track came to my aid. We stuck together, but just as I had about decided that running was a physical impossibility, Tom shouted, "He is tired."

That was a welcome word. We slackened our pace, knowing that the dogs would hold him till we arrived, and we needed our breath for the next act. So on a trot we came over a rise of ground and saw, away up on the limb of a tall straight fir tree, a bear that looked very formidable and large. The golden rays of the rising sun were shining through his fur.

That was the first bear I had ever seen in the open, first wild bear, first bear with no iron bars between him and me. I felt peculiar.

The dogs were gathered beneath the tree keeping up a chorus of yelps and assaulting its base as if to tear it to pieces. The bear apparently had no intention of coming down.

We helped Tom catch his dogs and the them with a rope which he held. He did this because he knew that if we wounded the bear and he descended

appeared forever. He whirled, turned backward, and began sliding down the tree. Ripping and tearing the trunk, he descended almost as if falling, a shower of bark preceding him like a cartload of shingles. Tom shouted, "You missed him, run up close and shoot him again." From his side of the tree he couldn't see that our arrows had hit and gone through, also he was used to seeing bear drop when he hit them with a bullet.

The Magical Shaft

Tom and I were a little diffident in running up close to a spot where Tom had told us to go, for Tom had told us to go, for Tom had told us to go. Tom was a little diffident in running up close to a spot where Tom had told us to go. Tom was a little diffident in running up close to a spot where Tom had told us to go.

So we began to bark and Tom shouted, "He's tired again!" Button and Baldy, the two other dogs, were unleashed and once more we started our cross-country running. Through maple thickets, over rocky slides, down the wooded canyon we galloped. Much sooner than we expected, we came to our bear. Hard pressed, he had climbed a small oak and crouched out on a swaying limb.

We could see that he was heaving badly, and was a very sick animal. His gaze was fixed on the howling dogs. Young and I ran in close and shot boldly at his swaying body. Our arrows slipped through him, like magic. One was arrested in its course as it buried itself in his shoulder. Savagely he snapped it in two with his teeth, when another driven by Young with terrific force struck him above the eye. He weakened his hold, slipped backward, dropped from the bending limb and rolled over and over down the ravine. The dogs were on him in a rush and woolled him with a vengeance. But he was dead by the time he reached the creek bottom. We clambered down, looking him over with awe. Then Young and I snook hands across the body of our first bear.

Since this, our maiden bear, we have had various other encounters with bruin. Once while hunting mountainside we came upon the body of an angora goat recently killed by a bear. The ground was covered with his ungainly footprints. We set the dogs on the scent and off they went booming in hot pursuit. Running like wild Indians, Young and I followed by ear, bows ready strong and quivers held tightly to our sides. In less than ten minutes we burst into a little open glade in the forest and saw up in a large madrone tree a good-sized cinnamon bear, busily eyeing the dogs below.

We drew our broadheads to the barb and drove two wicked shafts deep into his front. As if knocked backwards, the bear reared and threw himself down the slanting tree trunk. As he reached the ground one of our dogs seized him by a hind leg and the two went flying past us within a couple of yards, the dog hanging on like grim death. Furiously the other dogs followed and we leaped to the chase.



"With a leap he soared away in the woods."

Emotions of the Hunt

THIS time the course of the bear was marked by a swath of broken brush. It dashed headlong through the forest regardless of obstruction. Small trees in his way meant nothing to him; he ran over them, for if old and brittle, smashed them down. Into the densest portion of the woods he made his way. Not more than three hundred yards from the spot he started, he tread again. In an almost impenetrable thicket of small cedars the dogs sent up their chorus of barks. I dashed in, fighting my way free from restraining limbs, the bow and quiver holding me again and again. Young got stuck and fell behind, so that I came home alone upon my bear at bay.

He had mounted but a short distance up a mighty oak and hung by his claws to the bark. I had run beneath him before seeing his position. Instantly I recognized the danger of the situation and backed off, away from the tree, at the same time nocking an arrow on the string. I sport, and as such it stirs up in the

Parisian encounter, but nothing could be done for the Texans except to give them a decent burial. The Italian duke, who lost his battle, could have been wounded just as badly in sharpening a pencil as he was in fencing with his adversary.

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England, Germany, Italy, Spain and even the United States have also had their outbreaks of gentlemanly homicide.

Virtually every country has forbidden these slashing and shooting parties by law, but it is fashion rather than legislation that has doomed them. The spectacle of two grown men trying to kill each other while their best friends look on has come to be regarded as ludicrous rather than romantic. Perhaps the provision of other remedies, such as damage suits for slander and criminal prose-

human breast the primordial emotions of men. The sense of danger, the bodily exhaustion, the ancestral blood lust, the harkening bay of the hounds, the awe of deep shadowed forests, and the return to an almost hand-to-claw contest with the beast, call upon a latent manhood that is fast disappearing in the process of civilization.

World Laughs at Duels

"Field of Honor" a Joke

Brief Revival of Dueling Following the War Has Fizzled Out—Time Was When the Custom Ranked With the Worst Diseases in the Mortality Table.

JUST when it seemed that dueling had finally gone out of fashion after some fourteen centuries of popularity two gentlemen in Paris, an Italian nobleman and Jacques Rich-pin, a theatre manager, started poking at each other with rapiers. About the same time Norwood Huckyaby and Charles A. Williams of Texas laid hold of a handkerchief with their hands and blazed away across it with revolvers.

A little antiseptic and some court-plaster healed the harm wrought in



"We began a desperate race on the side of the mountain."

I hope there always will be bears to hunt and youthful adventurers to chase them. (NEXT WEEK: "SLAYING THE PANTHER WITH AN ARROW.") (Copyright, 1924, by Metropolitan Newspaper Service, New York Arrangements with James H. Barry, Co.)

Quits HIS father was an author. He was reading his son's school report. "I'm reading your report," he said with grave meaning in his voice. "And I'm reading the newspaper reviews of your last book," said his son. "Well both say nothing more about it."

cut for assault, have contributed to the general hesitation in exchanging carrels. It is also quite possible that the independent young woman of to-day resents rather than relishes being the first prize in a brawl at arms. She doesn't like the publicity, and she wants to do some or all of the selecting herself.

The close of the war witnessed a brief revival in the settlement of personal and political differences on the so-called field of honor. The dueling of nations appeared to have a natural sequel in the mortal combats of individuals. The theory has been frequently advanced that life was held so cheaply as a result of the bloodshed in the war, the most trivial excuses were sufficient to send a group of men out early in the morning on a mission of mutual manslaughter.

Italian noblemen, politicians and journalists trampled down many acres of the good grass around Rome as they endeavored to bring home their argument on the point of a sword. Benito Mussolini, when a Nationalist deputy, engaged in four duels within a few months—winning them all, but suffering several superficial wounds. It was said that a little inn just outside of Rome and off all the main highways was supported almost entirely by duellists and their seconds.

Some Amazing Duels RUSSIA has banned the duel as being a sport of aristocrats. Two high Russian officers of the Red Army engaged in a fatal passage at arms about a year ago, following the discovery that both were paying court to the same girl. One of the officers was killed. The victor was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. The girl was arrested, charged with complicity, and found guilty.

The sentence passed upon her was unique. She was termed a siren, an "angel of trouble," and was ordered to remain away from all cities for twenty years.

The duel has even lost caste in South America, where once fiery tempers flared easily to a fighting frenzy and the order of "pistols for two and coffee for one" was frequently issued. At present Uruguay is to only country that countenances this ancient form of debate. William Pitt, the great commoner, was challenged by George Tierney, a political opponent, to mortal combat. Neither of them had the slightest knowledge of handling a pistol. The encounter was stopped by the seconds, who must have been concerned about their own safety and that of anybody else in nearby England.

The Duke of Wellington, Napoleon's conqueror, was challenged by the Earl of Winchelsea following the duke's sharp rebuke to the earl in a religious controversy. Winchelsea wrote: "I now call upon your lordship to give me that satisfaction for your conduct which a gentleman never refuses to give." Wellington's

reply followed the approved form, and said: "The satisfaction which your grace has demanded, it is, of course, impossible for me to decline."

They met on a field at Battersea. At the signal Winchelsea fired, missing deliberately. Wellington withheld his fire. Before the preliminaries for a second shot were begun, one of Winchelsea's seconds handed a Wellington second a signed statement by Winchelsea in which the earl apologized for his attack upon Wellington in their religious dispute. Winchelsea explained later that he had felt he was in the wrong, but had gone through with the duel, regardless of the fact that he had intended to fire at Wellington. It was the proper thing to do, he said.

One of England's most famous duels was between Lord Byron, a grandchild of the poet, and a Mr. Chaurvet, in 1765. The affair followed a trivial argument in a tavern. Chaurvet was run through and killed. Byron was tried by a jury of his peers and was required to "pay the usual fees."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan fought a duel with a Captain Matthews in 1772. It will be recalled that in Sheridan's "The Rivals" there is a duel scene that contributes greatly to the humor of the famous play. George Garrick, an actor, and brother of David Garrick, was called upon to exchange shots with the late husband of a woman friend of Garrick. The husband missed, leaving Garrick with the privilege of firing as deliberately as he pleased. The wife found the scene of the duel after a frantic search and pleaded with Garrick to spare her husband. The actor upheld the best traditions of the stage with respect to such situations by complying with the request.

Terrible News AN Irish servant girl asked leave of absence for an hour to consult a fortune-teller. She returned weeping miserably.

"Did she predict some great trouble?" asked her mistress sympathetically. "Och, ma'am, sich terrible news!" moaned the girl, wringing her hands. "Tell me what she said," asked the mistress, wishing to comfort the girl.

"She told me that me father works hard shovevill' coal an' tindin' foibles for a livin'."

"But that's no disgrace," said the mistress, a trifle vexed at such affectation. "Och, ma'am, me poor father!" sobbed the girl. "What a hard time he must be havin'! He's been dead these nine years!"

Too Shy to Say "Ivô" HOW on earth did young Robin get married?" asked the fat woman. "Why, I always thought he was so terribly shy." "He is," said the acid-faced woman. "He was probably too shy to say 'No.'"

Aeroplane Hearse to Bring New York Funerals to Date

Funeral King of East Side Has Another Inspiration—His Musical Hearse Does Away With Expense of Brass Band

JOHN PETRUZZI, the funeral king of New York's East Side, is a man to whom ideas come in what is practically a never-ending flow. It was Mr. Petruzzi, morticians will recall, who originated the musical hearse, which saves the families of Thompson street, anyway, \$900 every time it goes out, because the presence of this hearse at a funeral does away with the necessity for a brass band, which is costly, and neither as novel nor as original as the Petruzzi musical hearse. There are plenty of brass bands on the lower East Side, but only one musical hearse, and that is Mr. Petruzzi's.

The other day Mr. Petruzzi had another moment of inspiration, out of which he evolved the idea of an airplane hearse. Mr. Petruzzi is the youngest undertaker in New York, he says, and it is only natural that he should have bright, up-to-date ideas such as the idea of an airplane hearse. It would be painted black, he says, and caparisoned strictly in accordance with the rigid conventions attendant upon the funerals of Thompson street's best residents. Mr. Petruzzi believes this idea will make him pretty nearly a millionaire.

"If I had had this idea at the time of the influenza epidemic," he said yesterday, "to-day I would be retired from business as a rich man, believe me. With an airplane hearse I could make five or six trips to Calvary cemetery for every one I can make by auto; and in bad weather it would be most efficient. Take in January or February, with snow on

the ground and bad roads and everything—you never can tell when you send away a funeral but what in a moment there comes a telephone message which says: "Hey, come and get me out of here, because the machine is stuck." With an airplane there would be none of these troubles and everybody would want to ride in it. It could be used as well for weddings, which I enter to. Believe me, I got young couples in this neighborhood that are crazy to be married in an airplane."

Mr. Petruzzi said that John Petro, his carefully trained chauffeur, can drive an airplane just as well as he can a car; and if John Petro should have an accident he has William Johnson in reserve, who is almost as good as John Petro; so there would be no trouble there.

Mr. Petruzzi said he was quite in earnest about his idea, which he thought was fully as good as the musical hearse, which has been such a famous success. He admitted he might have some trouble finding a place in Thompson street where the airplane hearse could take off, but he thought the open space at Broome street, just below his establishment, would be the very thing for the purpose.

The airplane hearse would have space for the casket and six passengers, Mr. Petruzzi explained. One of the great arguments in favor of his new idea, he said, was that it would conquer all traffic difficulties, which now annoy Mr. Petruzzi greatly by interfering with the orderly progress of his funerals.

dead of these mighty beasts indelibly in our hearts. The American Indians in times gone past killed them but even they have not done it lately, so it can be considered a lost art.

Bear stories often tend to give one the idea that these beasts can be petted and made trustworthy companions. In fact, certain sentimental devotees of nature foster the sentiment that wild animals need naught but kindness and loving thoughts to become the bosom friend of man. Such sophists would find that they had made a fatal mistake if they could carry out their theories. The old feud between man and beast still exists and will exist until all wild life is exterminated or is semi-domesticated in game preserves and refuges.

Even domestic cattle allowed to run wild are extremely dangerous. Their fear of man breeds their desperate assault when cornered.

The black bear has and will kill men when brought to bay or wounded or even feels itself cornered. Having graduated from ground squirrels, quail and rabbits and

the Parisian encounter, but nothing could be done for the Texans except to give them a decent burial. The Italian duke, who lost his battle, could have been wounded just as badly in sharpening a pencil as he was in fencing with his adversary.

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**THREAT TO SMASH STATUE
PUT GUARD OVER ALLWARD**

Most of the Sculptor's Work Was Done Under Hard Eye of the Mortgagee's Agent

WHEN Walter S. Allward who is now engaged in finishing on Vimy Ridge, Canada's magnificent memorial to her fallen soldiers of the great war, was a young chap of nineteen and just starting on his life work as a sculptor, he had a hard time with the tombstone builder to whom he owed his first contract.



This man had taken on a big commission to build a memorial shaft, and needed a sculptured figure to complete it. Allward, who up to this time had had no training except a year or so spent in an architect's office, but who was filled with a mighty determination to become a sculptor, sent in a design. He got the shock of his life when it was selected and he was asked to go on with the work. Up to this time, as he says himself, his most ambitious work had consisted in "punching holes in an alleged Romanesque facade on Queen street Methodist church," Toronto, and though he had the will to be a sculptor, he had almost nothing else.

No studio, no tools, and no experience. The tombstone builder agreed to stake him to the studio and equipment. So the job was started. But it was slow. The young artist—this was twenty-five years ago—had to make most of his own tools; he was never satisfied with poor work; and his model was not all that might be expected of a solid steady going citizen. So there was delay about completion. Finally he of the tombstones got impatient and wrathful. Worn to exasperation, Allward threatened to "destroy the figure" if any more was said. The man of monuments shut up and went away, but next morning there was a guard standing over the figure, and the rest of Allward's work was done under the hard eye of this agent of the mortgagee. Eventually the work was completed, the guard was relieved, the figure was delivered and the price paid in money and stake. It was just a few hundred dollars all told, but from this small beginning Allward took heart of grace, and pressed on up Parnassus.

His next experience was scarcely less ludicrous or discouraging. A certain large corporation wished to commemorate their founder by a bust of him which was to be installed in their "new and palatial quarters." Allward was awarded the job and completed the work to their satisfaction. Its price was another few hundred and some of this had already been doled out to the sculptor as the work progressed. But this was regarded by the committee as very poor business indeed. Artists ought to be able to live on expectations and glory. Their principle in business was no completed work, no money. So, in view of their previous generosity, they decided when the work was finished that it would be best to "handle" it as if it were all paid. Needless to say, all of it was owed by the artist to his own debtors. Now he has a million dollar contract, and even hard business men realize that he can be trusted with not alone money, but to augment Canada's glory in Europe.

**No Hair Brush for Guest,
"Smiling Joe" Uses Comb**

Well-Known Canadian Recruiter Has Tender Heart as Well as Bald Head

"SMILING JOE" LAWSON, ex-paymaster of the 204th Battalion, has a heart as tender as it is big. The well-known recruiter and Victory bond salesman once met a British newcomer on the street who was down—but not out, for "Joe" put out his warm hand and asked the lad to his home for supper.



"I took him upstairs," Joe tells the story, "to let him wash himself, while I went down to have another plate set. My wife and I waited one minute, two minutes, three minutes, and still our guest did not appear. I went upstairs to see what the difficulty was. 'What's the matter, laddie? Aren't you ready yet?' 'A brush, sir—I can't find a hair-brush.' 'You see,' smiled 'Joe'—everybody calls him 'Joe'—passing his hand over his bald head, 'no wonder he couldn't find a hairbrush . . . because I don't use one. But I found a comb for him, and he was soon happy.'"

**WHY RODOLPH VALENTINO
LEARNT BULL FIGHTING**

IT was in the screen version of the stage play, Blood and Sand, that I realized I must find out how to be a genuine bull fighter, for the scene in the bull ring is the crucial point in the story.

Now films are shown all over the world; and Ibanez, author of the play, is a national hero in Spain, where the screen version would be sure to appear. So a bull with a pedigree yards long was imported from Mexico, and with him came a famous bull fighter.

He took us in hand, and every day for two months I trained just as though I intended to make bull fighting my profession. Being a dancer, I found the side-to-side dodging fairly easy, and the cape-play intriguing me. But it was the hardest training of my life.

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE
Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

**Carrie Jacobs-Bond Has Known Sorrow,
Has Written Her Life Into Her Songs**

"When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day" Has Been Sung, Literally, Around the World—Result of Years of Struggle with Poverty, Sickness and Grief.

IN an upper room of the Glenwood Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, a woman paused as she was dressing for dinner, to watch from her window the fading of day into night. Since early morning, as the guest of friends, she had been shown one lovely scene after another. The hours had been filled with delight. And now, as she watched the night coming on, she said, with a sigh of pure happiness: "It has truly been a perfect day!"

Acting on a sudden impulse, she began to write; and, in the intervals of dressing, hurrying from dresser to table and back again, she set down two stanzas. Later, when she and her friends were dining in the patio of the hotel under the starlit sky, she read the verses to them—then tucked the slip of paper away and promptly forgot about it. But the words remained in her subconscious memory; and months afterward, on another starlit night, they came again to the surface of her mind. With other friends she was driving across the Mojave Desert, after another wonderful day, when she suddenly began to sing softly the words she had written that evening in Riverside. The melody seemed to come spontaneously, without thought or effort.

"You've composed a new song, haven't you?" her friends asked her. Surprised at the realization, she answered, "Why—I guess I have!" She certainly had. When she had perfected the melody, that song, "A Perfect Day," was published; and the woman who was its author and composer, Mrs. Carrie Jacobs-Bond, found to her amazement that she had written the most popular of all modern songs.

Many fanciful stories have been told about how it came to be written, but the above is the true story. Every night the orchestra of the Mission Inn plays "A Perfect Day" in the very setting where Mrs. Bond read aloud the stanzas less than an hour after she had put them on paper. "But great songs do not spring out of empty lives. To appreciate, at its full value, the healing happiness of a perfect day, one must have known sorrow and hardships, discouragements and loneliness," Carrie Jacobs-Bond has known all of these," says Nell M. Clark in an article in the American Magazine.

To Mr. Clark, who interviewed her in the music-room of her home high on a hill overlooking Hollywood, she was "one of the most extraordinary persons, man or woman, I have ever known." She was an invalid when circumstances came that forced her to make her own way in the world. But she had a will that would not be defeated. Time after time she seemed utterly conquered, beaten by life. But she did not know it—would not have it so—and it turned out that it was not so.

The sudden death of Dr. Frank Lewis Bond, her second husband, in an accident left her without means of support, for times had been hard where the doctor practiced, and he had not entered up his fees in his books. Almost at the same time his capital was lost in a mining company that went into bankruptcy.

Music and painting were the only resources left to Mrs. Bond, and a heroic little son. In a big Chicago house they weathered the first year by renting rooms to students. To pay for the advertising of her songs—for she had been writing these occasionally for several years



—she made dresses for the woman editor of a music magazine. "I found my chief consolation in those dreary days," she says, "in the lives of people even worse off than we were. My son and I moved into a little apartment of five rooms, taking the furniture we had used in the rooming-house, and storing the extra things in the basement. When winter came, the wind from Lake Michigan blew its icy blast into the house, and for warmth I closed off the biggest front rooms, and kept a tiny fire—all we could afford—burning in the one room which served us as both living-room and studio. "I painted china; but that's a precarious way of making a living, and had it not been for my brave little son's assistance—he was delivering envelopes for a firm, and later became special delivery boy for the Chicago postoffice, I would have fared worse. "As it was, I would paint china until my trembling hands became too cold; then I would stop, and in my 'spare time' work at the copying of my music manuscripts. "One day a knock brought me to the door, and I found a man who asked to be allowed to sweep the snow from the porch and steps—that last resort of the workseeker! I told him that I had no money to pay him, but that he might come in and get warm. He hovered over my little fire, while I went on copying manuscripts. Finally he said: "'Madam, I could copy that for you. Yes,' he continued, 'for he saw my involuntary astonishment, 'I used to sing in the glee club at college. I can copy music.' And, taking it from my hand, he set to work.



Carrie Jacobs-Bond

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**BRITISH ENCYCLOPEDIA
LIBELS CANADIAN GENIUS**
Ridiculous Mistakes Show Surprising Ignorance of Editors About Canadian Men of Letters and Science

HAVE the writers of modern British encyclopedias developed a grudge against Canadian genius; or is it just pure cussedness? Recently my spare time has been devoted to a search through these storehouses of knowledge and some of the tempting bypaths have been rich in revelations about Canadians that were hitherto unknown to me. While many were but mere slips of the pen, and might be found within the binding of the most severely edited volume, others are so ridiculous that it is difficult to understand how they were passed. Canadians recall with pride the magnificent work conducted for the British government by Professor John Cunningham MacLennan, of Toronto University. He it was who commercialized the production of helium and opened the field of aeronautics to the use of this wonderful gas. He, and the governors of Toronto University were thanked by the British government for the work which had been conducted. His name and efforts are well known in England and there is no possible excuse for the brilliant (?) record of his work which appears in the latest Britannica.

The pamphlets issued by the Federal government, at Ottawa, clearly point out that Prof. MacLennan and his associates centred their work near the city of Hamilton, Ont., and near Calgary, Alt., the latter place receiving much more attention.

The professor is given no direct mention in the latest Britannica, published in 1922 but under aeronautics, the following interesting information is given—(Page 60, column two, volume thirty.)

"Helium. . . . The main supplies are, however, in the natural gas in Texas, and in Canada, near Ontario."

But the richest yet discovered by the writer is in the third volume of the latest Everyman Encyclopedia. It is hard to think that modern British men of letters would be unaware of the delightful poems by our fellow Canadian, Robert W. Service. He, like Professor MacLennan, is given no item in either the Britannica or the Everyman, but on page 257, at the end of a fourteen column article on Canada, the writer is informed that:

"There is no doubt that a great future awaits Canada. Consult the poems of Messrs. Bliss Carman and Robert Service."

"The poor derelict remained with us, and we took some of the stored furniture and fixed a place for him in the basement. There he stayed, trying to help me with the music, and listening raptly to the strains from the piano, my husband's gift to me, remembering heaven knows what hours from his past!"

"One evening he came to me in genuine distress. A poor family had been dispossessed—turned out into the snow.

"Mrs. Bond," he said, "they're worse off than I am, because there's a woman, and children, too. So, if you will let me, I'll give them my place."

"Poor wreck that he was, he found it in his heart to help them; and with my permission he brought them to occupy the place where he had found a little haven. It was just a day or so after I had an attack of rheumatism which confined me to my bed for three months, and the woman nursed me faithfully during those weary days.

"It was my hope and my dream which made me different from the other unfortunate people whom I met daily, having the same struggle with circumstances that I was having. I was always expecting something to turn up—and invariably it did. It is that faith that keeps one buoyant and happy."

It is almost like a fairy story the way things did turn up. An extra five dollar bill for singing fluttered from an envelope just in the nick of time. "Sing them to me," said Jessie Bartlett Davis, then famous as a contralto, to Mrs. Bond who had taken her songs and her publishing problem to this comparative stranger. Without a word the singer wrote out a cheque for three hundred dollars, the amount needed by Mrs. Bond to make headway. Elbert Hubbard paid her for singing at East Aurora. Other invitations followed. When she was \$1,500 in debt, Walter Gale, an old friend, took a fifteen hundred dollar interest in her publishing business. The second year it paid him ninety-five per cent. Shortly after a Perfect Day was published another share was bought by Walter Gale for \$8,500.

"I'll buy a house and take a trip round the world," said Mrs. Bond, and she did. Belief in a happy outcome finally transformed the first little hall-bedroom shop into a beautiful store on Michigan avenue.

"It's my idea that God hasn't done much without purpose," is Mrs. Bond's philosophy. "He has given everybody something. That something a person can use; and to the degree that he does use it he can succeed. Perhaps he won't get just the thing he wants, but he will get near enough to it for it to be a satisfaction to him. But he must use his gift to the utmost.

"It must be a conscious effort, also, to keep out of our lives what is evil, or less than our best. I think my songs are successful because they are simple heart songs. I don't allow anything suggestive of evil to creep into them. And I try to keep all such things out of my own life. At the entrance to my home is this motto: 'Bring here no tattle in, nor take none out—so may the Love of God dwell in this house.'"

READ IT IN HIS FACE

"THAT boy will one day be a judge," was the declaration of a gipsy woman to the mother of Sir Ernest Pollock, when he was a little fellow. When asked why, she said: "I can see it in his face."

The gipsy's prophecy has been more than fulfilled, for now Sir Ernest has been appointed Master of the Rolls in succession to Lord Sturdale. Sir Ernest is Conservative member for Warwick and Leamington, and comes of a great legal family, his grandfather, who had twenty-four children, having been Chief Baron Pollock. Sir Ernest's first big criminal case was that of Armstrong.

He tells the story of a "difficult" witness who, when asked if he knew any of the jury, replied: "More than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?"

"Yes; I'm willing to swear that I know more than the whole lot put together!"



British Labor Party Elects First Unmarried Woman M.P.
MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE was elected as Labor member for East Ham North in the recent British elections. Among the eight women now in the Commons she is the unmarried one. She is wealthy, but has long been interested in social service.

**Girls Make No Dead Set
For Leverhulme's Title**

Soap King Doesn't Think American or Canadian Girls Marry Just for Titles or Property

LORD LEVERHULME, the well-known soap baron who controls 200 factories and 100,000 employees, does not believe that American or Canadian girls are anxious to marry for title or money, and gives as a reason that he has wholly escaped them.



Lord Leverhulme

While visiting Calgary lately the Viscount got into conversation with a writer on the subject of titles. Lord Leverhulme deprecated the fact that the Canadian parliament had asked that no more titles be conferred on Canadians and suggested that the legislators were influenced in their legislation by the proximity of the republic to the south of us.

The writer then said: "The Americans may talk against titles, but they seem pleased enough to get them for their sisters and daughters by marriage."

"I don't think the American girls marry for titles or property," replied Lord Leverhulme.

"You just try them and see," suggested the writer. At this his lordship shook his head and replied: "You cannot convince me that either Canadian or American girls are anxious to marry for either wealth or titles. I know, for you see I have been a widower for some years and this is my second visit to this country; yet I have never been accepted. I have been said to have money and title. I have nothing to say about the money, but I have a title right enough, and I have not been accepted." Then in a rather reminiscent mood, Lord Leverhulme concluded: "I was only accepted once in my life, and that was when I was plain Willie Lever."

**ZAHAROFFS HUMAN SIDE;
COOKERY, GREEN CIGARS**
Has Only Complete Dinner Set of Pure Gold in the World

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF, who is mentioned in some quarters as a possible president of Greece, numbers the art of cookery among his other accomplishments. After a visit paid him in Paris Colonel Repington wrote in his "diary": "Zaharoff fancies himself as a cook, and is often in his kitchen. He had made a special little dish of transversely-sliced bananas, cooked inside a bain-marie and kept constantly soaked by melted sugar poured over them. I hate bananas, but he made me try them. They were quite excellent. . . . Zaharoff has some wonderful gold plate. He told me that he picked up ten pieces at a sale some fourteen years ago, and Boucheron had every year made him a few more to match. So now he has a complete dinner service of pure gold (not silver-gilt), for thirty-six people, the only one in the world," he said. The pieces are fearfully heavy." Another peculiarity of Sir Basil's is his liking for green cigars. "His cigars are sent every month from Cuba," the colonel notes. "He opened a box dated three weeks previously. They were quite soft. He says that fresh cigars, or green cigars, as he calls them, are to old cigars like grapes to raisins."

The famous Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts is the author of more than forty books, and in consequence receives many books from authors. Not long ago somebody was with him in his library and saw a great many new books, some of them obviously of no account.

"Do you read all the new books you receive?" the visitor asked.

"That reminds me of my favorite story," the veteran chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee declared.

"It is told of the great Disraeli. One day he received a book the receipt of which he acknowledged with a note that read:

"You may be assured that I will lose no time in reading your book."

**MAN WITH RADIUM EYES
IS LUIGI PIRANDELLO**

Looks Like a Steel Gimlet or a Diamond Drill—the World's Greatest Dramatist

LUIGI PIRANDELLO, the famous Italian dramatist, who has created an entirely new technique for the drama, the author of "Six Characters in Search of an Author," which Bernard Shaw declared the best play ever written, is on his first visit to America.

He does not look like Bernard Shaw. He avoids publicity. His manner is mild and gentle. He is a little old man with a grey-fringed bald head and a little pointed beard. You would think that he was a shrinking violet until you looked at his eyes.

He has radium eyes. When he turns them on you, you feel that he is reading your subconscious mind like the headlines in today's newspaper. Everything about him except his tongue is sharp and penetrating. He carries a cane as if it were a surgeon's lancet. In fact, he looks like a steel gimlet or a diamond drill.

The French dramatists used to talk about taking a slice from life. That skin-deep method is not Pirandello's. He does not slice. He probes. He has put his drill deep into crumbling truth as a dentist puts his into a crumbling tooth.

All his life he has been bringing up cores from the core of human consciousness. In thirty years he took out sixty-five novels and 300 short stories from the bed rock of human nature. Then his drill suddenly slipped through into greater depths. Six years ago he began writing plays. Now he is known as the world's greatest dramatist.

He was like a dentist plunging his drill into the very bottom of a cavity. When he produced his first play, the Italian public gave a great yell of rage and pain. He had caught his fellow-countrymen at a sensitive moment in the midst of the war. They found his technique excruciating. He had reached the nerve.

In a recent interview in New York he described very amusingly these yells in Rome and Milan. After Rome had seen for the first time the six characters in search of an author, the audience also started to look for the author, with stilettes in their hands and blood in their eyes.

"There was constant hissing as the play progressed," says he. "The audience took sides for and against me. Between the acts there were fights between the rival factions. When the curtain fell at the end and I came out on the stage there was a terrific uproar. Spectators shrieked out again and again: 'Buffoon! Buffoon!' Seven or eight hundred people were out of my outside and followed me to my hotel, hooting and threatening me."

In Milan there was worse disorder. At times the actors stopped playing while the audience fought. A well-known Milanese journalist climbed on the stage to make a speech defending Pirandello. An army officer jumped out from one of the boxes and slapped his face. Afterwards there was a duel—in fact an epidemic of duels.

Curiously, this author so fought over, who throws out scorching dramatic lava, is not a volcano, but the mildest and most peaceful of men. But he comes by race from a lava country. His mother is a pure Sicilian from Girgento. And his name is of Greek origin and means "the announcer of fire."

He is a dramatic salamander who is making a bonfire of all the old rubbish of the old drama and feels perfectly at home in the flames. "Europe," he has said, "is now in a state of revolt against stage sentimentality. We want new ideas and new technique. People are sick of the old conventions."

His favorite picture is one in which he is seen looking down quizzically on a poor patient donkey that has collapsed at his feet. Perhaps that symbolizes his attitude toward the old drama.

He is certainly all for what is new. He admires Mussolini, Cune and Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." "Everything," says he, "is in a state of flux. That is what I try to express in all my works."

He has written the most fantastic plays the world has ever seen, yet, strange to say, his first look at New York's flux and madness quite took his breath away. He held up his hands and cried: "How utterly fantastic." And that was before he had seen Greenwich Village, where his plays are to be produced.

Eleanora Duse already gave New York a taste of them last fall, but when New York sees his latest play it is safe to say it will see something more fantastic than itself. It is called "Each In His Own Way." It is a satire on playwrights. It is Pirandello making mock of himself.

SHERLOCKING SHERLOCK

A FRENCH taxicab driver once played a good trick on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. When the famous creator of Sherlock Holmes paid him he said:

"Merci, M. Doyle."

"How on earth do you know me?" asked the author.

"Your appearance is English," said the driver. "The paper reported that you were arriving here, and your name is on your luggage."

Circumstantial Evidence

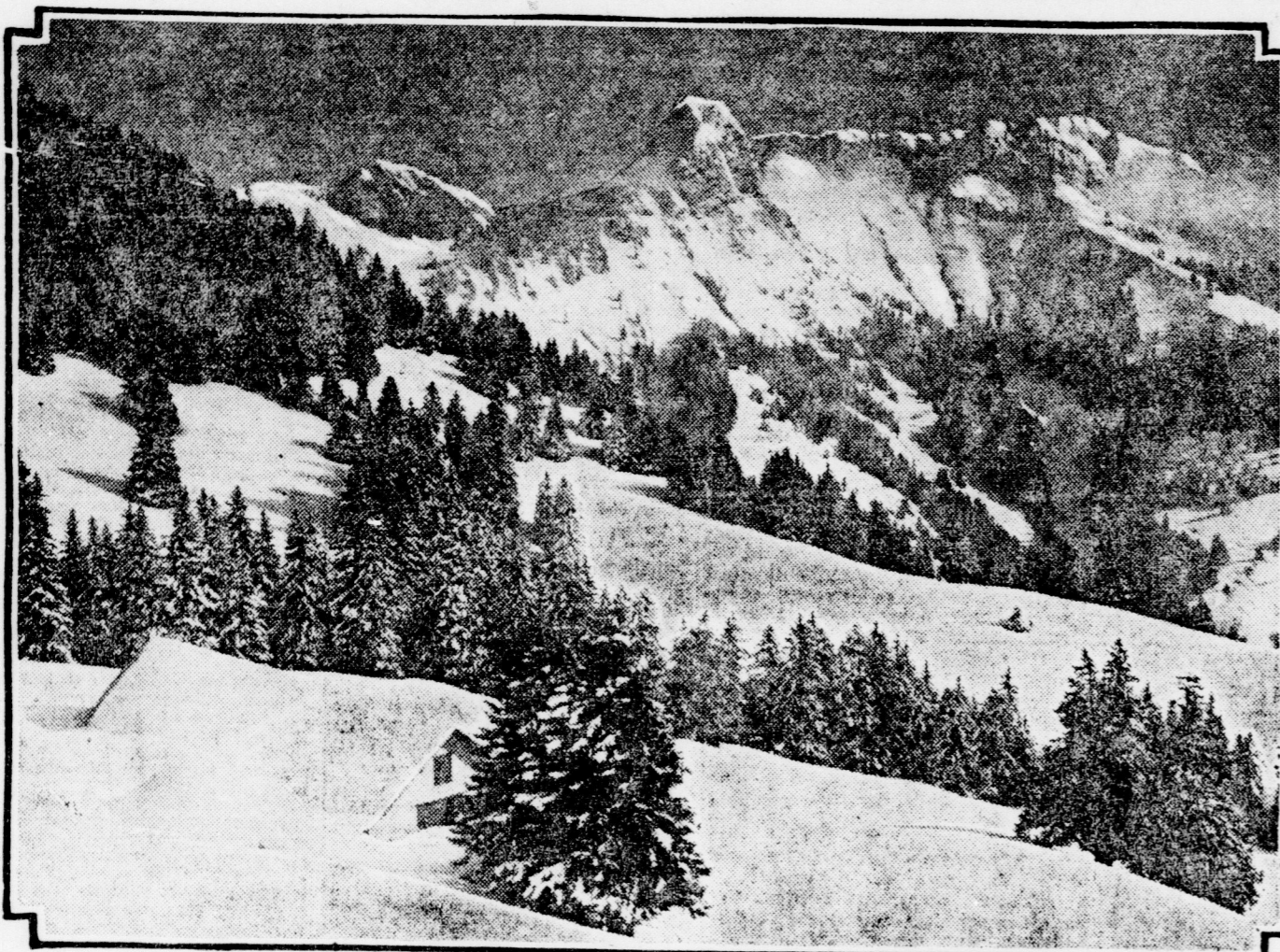
SAM had seen a ghost. With many gestures he was narrating his experiences to an audience of his fellow "darkies."

"Ah jest come out of de cowshed," he said impressively, "an' Ah had a bucket of milk 'n mah hand. Den Ah hears a noise by de side of de road, an' de ghost rushes out."

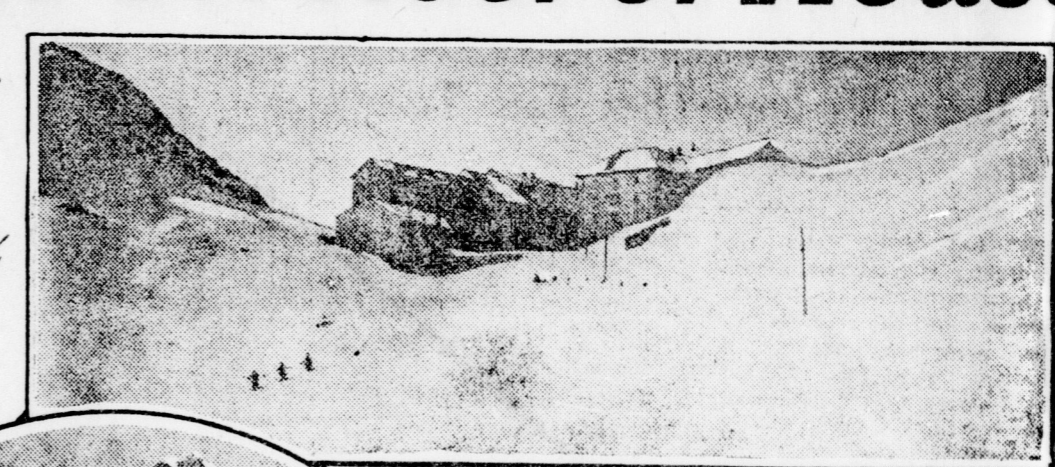
His listeners crowded more closely round him. "Did yo' shake with fright, Sam?" one of them asked.

"Ah don't know what Ah shook with," replied Sam. "Ah ain't sayin' for suttin Ah shook at all. But when Ah got home Ah fou'er all de milk gone, an' two pounds of butter in de bucket."—Tit-Bits

Ski-er's Only Escape From Alpine Avalanche is to Swim! Snow Slides Off Mountain as Fast as Off Roof of House



IN THE AVALANCHE COUNTRY. AT THE RIGHT IS AN OLD AVALANCHE TRACK BETWEEN THE TREES WITH A NEW AVALANCHE POISED READY TO FALL.



THE FAMOUS ST. BERNARD HOSPITAL WHERE THE MONKS ARE ON SKIS FOR EIGHT MONTHS OF THE YEAR.

You Just Hear C-R-A-C-K!
and Thousands of White
Tons Rip Into the Valley
—Winter Avalanches Have
No Nicknames, and They
Bring Death.

By ERNEST M. HEMINGWAY

FAR below in the valley town Andre heard the great roar.

It came in a loud crack and then a terrible roar like the end of the world.

"Up your way, Andre," said the postmaster sagely.

Two men standing in the postoffice looked at Andre queerly.

"I would not live up there for all the money in the Canton," one man said.

The postmaster laughed.

"There is no one fears the mountains like the mountaineer."

He handed Andre his pile of papers and weighed out two pounds of sauerkraut from the barrel. "I hope you will find everything well, Andre."

"Don't worry about me," Andre said, and slinging his ruck-sack on his back opened the door out into the bright Alpine sunshine.

Towing his skis behind him on a cord about his waist, Andre started in his bent-kneed, mountaineer's stride up the steep, icy road that wound up the valley. He was very worried. He knew what that roar meant. It was an avalanche.

In the spring the avalanches fall with a certain regularity. They have their established paths. You see these paths in the summer, bare swaths cut through the forests on a steep hill side. Many of the spring avalanches fall the same dates almost each year. Nearly all of the big ones have familiar names—nicknames given to them because of that familiarity that brings contempt.

But winter avalanches have no nicknames. They come suddenly and terribly, and they bring death.

So Andre trudged up the road until it swung off in a direction that did him no good. Then he stamped into his skis, shot down the clamps and thrust along up the valley, holding just that upward grade he could make comfortably without slipping back.

For miles he went steadily up in the tireless, thrusting climb that makes the ski for the mountaineers what the canoe is to the Indian or the snowshoe to the trapper of the barren lands of the north. Suddenly he came around a bend in the valley onto the work of the avalanche he had heard in the town. He thanked God that he had not yet married Helza in the village.

The valley was wiped out. Instead there was the most snow Andre had ever seen in his life. It rose sheer ahead of him, two hundred feet high. A gigantic rubble of snow, like the crest of a flood, towering, frozen, immovable. Trunks of trees projected from it.

Wiped Him Out Completely

ON the right side of the mountain was bare. There had been the sharp slipping crack and all the snow had roared away from the side of the mountain, with the same instantaneous rush that snow sliding off the roof has, to pour down into the valley its weight of thousands of tons, turning over and over and finally piling up and into this mass.

Andre looked up at it from below and felt very small. Where was his house, he wondered. It had been directly in the path of the avalanche. His heart was heavy. It would be a long time now before he could marry.

He started to climb up the left side of the valley. This was a great avalanche. It had wiped him out completely. He might as well have a look at it.

Up he zig-zagged until he was level with the height of the avalanche. Then he saw something. About a hundred yards above him, on the opposite side of the valley from where he had left

it was his house! It looked a little tipsy, it is true. But it was right side up. There is was. No mistake.

Andre was frightened. He did not know whether to start down the valley in a long rush to the town or to go down on his knees. He compromised. He crossed himself and started for the house. There it was. All right. Everything inside. Just a little crockery broken.

"It was evidently a sign to me," thought Andre, "that this side of the valley is better. In the spring I will dig new foundations here. But I wish the Bon Dieu had also removed my barn in safety."

What had happened was the great wind from the falling avalanche had lifted the house on it as though the rush of air were a solid thing and deposited it on the far side of the valley three hundred yards away.

Avalanches seldom do good deeds like that. I have seen an iron bridge, weighing I do not know how many tons, that had been lifted 200 feet up the side of an Alpine valley by the rush of wind from a great, falling snow-slide. Again I have seen a swath of forest that had been scoured bare, the tree trunks cut off at the base as though they were match sticks.

Kipling wished the name of "Our Lady of the Snows" on to Canada and Canadians have been stepping out from under it ever since. There is plenty of snow in Canada. Or rather there has been until this winter. But east of the Rockies there are no avalanches.

Other countries regard snow as a blessing, not as a libel. In the mountains it makes it possible to skid the timber down. It makes hard, smooth roads, it makes it possible to bring the mountain meadow hay, cut and cured in the summer time, down on big sledges with turned up runners that the sledgeman runs between and leans against to make the hay sled turn to left or right.

Finally snow brings tourists. It brings them by the hundreds of thousands. So while Canada indignantly denies that she is "The Lady of the Snows" we have the spectacle of five different countries in Europe all loudly clamoring that they have the most and the deepest snow in the civilized world. They spend thousands of dollars advertising their snowy claims, too. But none of them ever mention avalanches.

Cause 90 Per Cent. of Deaths

AVALANCHES are the skeleton in the winter sport's closet. They cause ninety per cent. of the deaths in mountain skiing. If you have ever sat in the house and heard the sharp, rattling, roar as a big chunk of snow slides off the roof you know how quick an avalanche starts. They go off like a steel trap.

Ski-ers used to be advised, if they got into an avalanche, to try and turn and run directly down the slope and get ahead of it. That advice was written by some fireside hint compiler.

You might exactly as well try to out-run a burst from a Lewis gun fired directly at your back as try to ski ahead of an avalanche. There

is only one thing to do. Swim in it as though you were in the water and try and keep your head from being buried. If you can kick off your skis you will have a better chance of staying up. The whirling snow will seize on your skis and drag you under by them.

If the avalanche is from the side of a hill and spreads out into a flat valley you have a good chance of coming through all right. But if it goes down into a steep gulch or steep valley it will pile up and the unlucky skier who is caught is smothered if he is not crushed.

What Is Dominating Human Emotion? Some Say Love, Deep Thinkers Say Fear

Clemenceau and Maeterlinck Believe Dread Is the Most Powerful and Influential Feeling—Cecile Sorel, Carpentier, Biasco Ibanez, and Spinelly Contribute to Symposium

WHAT is the dominating human emotion?

"Fear," says Maeterlinck.

"Determination," says Carpentier.

"Beauty," says Cecile Sorel.

"Dread," says Clemenceau.

"Sex," says Biasco Ibanez.

"Love," says Spinelly.

This seems a just subject for inquiry, so has been gathered a symposium on the subject among several prominent Europeans. Here's what they said:

Maurice Maeterlinck, famous Belgian poet.—The dominating human emotion is fear.

In its lesser manifestations, Fear is called "caution." When it becomes passionate, Fear is termed "panic."

If it were not for fear most people would die before they reached the age of twenty, and the world would become depopulated by the lack of women to bear children.

If you want an active demonstration, just look at the stock or the exchange market. You will find that stocks—and dollars—never rise as fast as they fall. This is because people are easier persuaded in the truth of bad news than in the verity of good news. We are always ready to believe the worst—most of us.

Of course, there are the optimists. They are chiefly people who look on the bright side of things because—they are afraid to look on the bad side!

Fear that he may not leave sufficient money for his children makes a man take out life insurance. Fear of a penniless old age makes a man save money. Fear that she may be considered old-fashioned forces a woman to buy a new gown. Fear that his competitor may get ahead of him compels the tradesman to keep an active stock.

The earliest sensation which a child receives is that of fear. He cries when he first sees light. He cries when he first sees a human being.

Also, fear is the last sensation of life—whether one dies in a bed or with one's boots on.

And possibly the commonest kind of fear is the kind which sends a man into a panic for fear other people may think he is afraid!

Georges Carpentier, professional boxer. My dominating sensation is that of determination.

Although winter avalanches are much more tricky and difficult to figure than those that fall in the spring in the mountains the person who is caught in one has a much better chance of surviving. For new fallen winter, powder snow weighs only about 150 pounds a cubic yard while old, wet, spring snow weighs about three quarters of a ton per cubic yard.

Powder snow too, is full of air. You can live for some time without suffocating if overwhelmed by a winter avalanche. But the heavy, wet, spring snow contains almost no air. All its weight is water, and if you are not crushed you are very liable to be drowned.

YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO OUT-RUN A BURST FROM A LEWIS GUN FIRED DIRECTLY AT YOUR BACK AS TRY TO SKI AHEAD OF AN AVALANCHE.

Plenty of skiers have escaped unhurt although carried down hundreds of feet by an avalanche if they have been able to keep on the surface and if the snow has spread out onto a gradual slope. But last winter a young man was killed not far from where we were skiing by an avalanche which carried him only about fifty feet. In that rush though, it took him over a precipice.

A Terrifying Spectacle

YOUR first avalanche is a terrifying thing. It is the deadly suddenness of it that puts you out. You may be skiing down a slope running parallel with a mountain side when there is a C-R-A-C-K! The side of the mountain seems to drop sideways out from under you, the snow piles up in a rushing flood of sliding cakes and over and over you go.

That is a "wind-board" avalanche. Wind-board is treacherous stuff to ski on. It is a hard layer of snow that lies precariously on the main field. It has been hardened by the wind and often lies over pockets or bubbles that make patches that only need to be cut by the running blade of the ski to start avalanching.

It is not, of course, as dangerous as the great "ground avalanches," such as played the trick on Andre's house. But you cannot tell what it may carry you over if you are skiing in difficult country. It may be fatal to be carried twenty-five feet by a little wind-slab snow slide in the high Alps where on some of the long steep slopes of the Dolomites you might be able to survive a half mile avalanche ride.

One day last January, after a championship bob race on the Souloup Les Avants course in which we had smashed our bob and lost the race through hitting a rut just at the final ice turn before the home stretch, when everybody felt sore and disappointed, and our one desire was to avoid commiserations and "better-lucks-next-times," Young George O'Neill and I started off for the Dent de Jaman on skis.

Before you get to where skiing is possible you have to hike, totting or towing your skis, up one of the stiffest, straight up and down, heart-breaking stretches of road in the world. We got up into the open country above the shoulder of the mountain, crossed several avalanches, having a hard time picking our way over the huge snowfalls and then reached the long snow fields of the col, or saddle, of the mountain. By the time we were up under the edge of the Dent, a blunt, a granite tooth like a miniature Matterhorn, it was dark and we had to run down in the dark.

57 Varieties of Falls

THE open fields were all right. But once we got onto the descending road we made a beautiful mess of things. In the dark on the icy road we fell about every twenty yards. We fell hard and handsome. We fell into trees, each other, over the bank, on our faces, on our backs and in several new styles.

Ultimately George's ski came off in a fall and shot over the edge and down into a steep gulch below. He saw it strike on the roof of a cabin below in the faint moon that was now up and skid on off and down. We made the rest of the trip down on foot.

Next morning George was laid up and I started up the trail alone in a blinding snow storm. I rushed on as fast as I could make it up hill for the only chance of getting the ski lay in reaching the hut where it had hit in falling and see the direction the mark had made. Hadley and Isabelle Simmons were following me up with a lunch.

As I reached the edge of the road where t's ski had gone over the snow turned to rain. Now the only reason more people do not get killed skiing is because the dangerous avalanches all fall during rain—and anybody that has any sense doesn't go out in the rain.

There was a faint crease in the high piled snow on the roof of the hut about 200 feet down the steep side. I knew it must be the snowed-in mark made by the ski. So I sighted alone it and figured the ski would light below and

run straight on down until it hit a clump of willows that stuck up out of the bed of a mountain torrent that ran under the snow about a half a mile below.

Looked Like a Bad Bet

STRAIGHT up above the road was a regular avalanche funnel of a valley. A narrow funnel of a valley rising almost straight up from the road to Cape au Meine. Furthermore I had heard that avalanche come down the year before. We had crossed it later and it has spread out right into this same mountain torrent's bed.

It looked like a bad bet. But after thinking it over I decided it was probably safe enough if I took off my skis and wallowed down. Any slope over 25 degrees will avalanche. But chamois tracks will sometimes cut across a slope of 40 or 50 degrees. Their legs sink instead of setting the snow loose as a pair of skis do.

There is nothing chamois like about size 11 skiing boots but the principle seemed the same. So I went down into the bed of the stream and there, sure enough, was the ski stuck in the bushes.

It was only about a half a mile climb up, but it seemed like a hundred years wallowing up through the wet snow, arm-pit deep. What made it seem so long was that wonderful super-avalanche trap all ready to spring hanging straight up above as far as you could see. All the way up I kept thinking that the ski was only worth about fifteen francs anyway.

The girls were at the top, on the safe side of the road, soaked to the skin by the warm rain. We went into a hay barn built into the side of the mountain out of the avalanche track and put on dry sweaters out of the ruck-sacks and brought out the thermos bottle and the sandwiches.

While we sat in the dark hut, leaning back again the hay packed solid up to the roof and watching the rain through the open door 14 avalanches came down. I counted them. No one else had such a personal interest in them as I had. But we were all very glad to get home. It was the warm rain's doing. The mountaineers call the warm wind-rain Fohn. It sometimes comes in the midst of the coldest winter weather. It comes from nowhere and it goes back the same way. Sometimes it lasts for days. Other times for only an hour or so. But it always brings avalanches and it can be death to be out in.

After you have lived a long time in the mountains you see the mountain dwellers' standpoint. I remember once in the spring we were crossing the St. Bernard pass before it was open. In Bourg St. Pierre we wandered around the little town half way up the pass while Hadley had a nap in the inn. Bourg is just below the snow line. There was a little cemetery with many graves. On most of the graves was this inscription, "Victim of the Mountain."

"That's odd," said Chink. "Victim of the mountain. Sounds as though the mountain were a person."

"How is it father?" I asked the priest. "Victim of the mountain?"

"He is the great enemy of the mountain dwelling people," answered the priest, looking down into the gorge the river cut below us. "It is different from the sea. The mountain does not help the mountain man. He is not his livelihood."

"It is very strange father," Chink said. "Yes, it is very strange," the priest said. "When one is young one goes always into the high mountains. These are all young men." He pointed at the crosses. "But when one is older one knows better." He smiled. "It is better to avoid an enemy such as the mountain. Yet we can never leave him. Perhaps, in that too, he shows he is our enemy."

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A Samson in Petticoats Is This Hindoo Woman; Let the Men Beware

THERE have recently come to light some extraordinary feats of strength by a Hindu woman, which should cause men of to-day to think twice before referring to women as the weaker sex.

The woman in question is Miss Tarabai, born some thirty years ago in a small village in Rajputana, and her amazing feats are described in the Strand Magazine for September.

At the age of seven she was left an orphan and adopted by fakirs (holy men), with whom she remained for several years, disguised as a boy. It was by these men that she was initiated into the mysteries of breath control and the power of commanding her physical and mental forces.

Suspended between two chairs by her head and feet, Miss Tarabai had a stone weighing a quarter of a ton placed on her chest, while two men pounded upon it with heavy sledgehammers. But this did not affect her. Miss Tarabai then lay down upon the ground, and a cart laden with men and boys was drawn across her chest and arms. She was protected only by a pad, but she did not flinch.

She thinks nothing of raising from the ground a stone weighing two hundred and forty pounds by means of ropes tied to her hair.

It is the remarkable power of directing all the energies she possesses to any particular part of her body at will that enables her to lie for several minutes on the sharp points of five spears, and to push backwards a laden cart by pressing with her head against the sharp point of a spear fastened to its shafts.

Sitting By the Fleshpots — By Rita Weiman

ILLUSTRATED BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

A Girls Accused By Her Lover of Being a Seeker After the Fleshpots—She Marries the Other Man, Who Gives Every Evidence of Being Wealthy—Then Fate Takes a Hand With Strange Result.

THEY had arisen from the country club, utter silence between them—that thick, hard silence which separates two who have never before been at a loss for words. The road leaped ahead of them, speeding from their onrush like some live thing eager to escape. The gleam of wetness on its smooth surface, reflecting the green of overhanging branches, might have been the coat of a serpent.

The eyes of the girl in the car had something of that greenness. They were very cool—quite different from the man's; his were burning. The car spun up the driveway to a colonial house, glistening with futile ice, and pulled up at the steps in an abrupt halt. The man stepped down, helped the girl, without looking at her—lifted his cap.

"Tommy," she held to the hand that would have dropped from hers, "come in—just a moment. Please, I don't want you to go from me with bitterness."

He cut short the soft-spoken words. "What I feel is of no consequence. You've proved that."

"There—you see! You are condemning me. And I can't let you do that, Tom—please. This is the last favor I'll ever ask of you."

As if further discussion were too much for him, he followed her into the hall, into the library at one side, where a coal fire burned under the dulled marble mantel.

The girl unbuttoned the grey veil that misted from her motor hat. She lifted the hat, tossing it on a chair, and ran long, fine fingers through her burnished hair. There was such a mass of it that her head drooped, as if its weight were too heavy to carry. Her figure was so frail, so delicate in outline, that her height, quite above the average, was startling.

"How is it—I didn't know a word?" "You were out in China, and I counted on your not seeing them. Didn't want the blow to strike until you got back."

"That was nice of you." Her voice was thin and empty.

Not a Good Gambler

SHE found herself seated again, her gaze at last locking with his. Her husband! The man whose future she had promised to cherish as her own! Gropingly she brought a question from her numb lips, and counted on your not seeing them. Didn't want the blow to strike until you got back.

"I'm not a good gambler." It was a terrified breath. "I know that, but now's the time you can learn to be. We'll have to clear out of town for a while. I might take over your old place on Long Island and have it renovated."

Evelyn's Confession

THE last words were barely spoken. In them was a kind of wonder. His gaze centered on the unchanging firelight as if to question it. "I know, Tommy. We've a habit with each other. You don't really love me as much as you think. You're just used to me."

"I do know! That was my sole reason for letting our engagement drag along. I didn't think I had the right to marry you until I could pull you out of this hole into a sense of security. My mistake consisted in thinking you cared enough to wait."

"Don't Go Like That"

THEY had planned so much together. There had never been any proposal—Tom Hale had never actually asked her to be his wife. It had been an accepted fact, almost since the days when two reddish pig-tails had swung out behind her as they raced along the roads.

But to the boy who loved her she had always been lovely. "I know I've hurt you, Tom," she said at last. "I know I seem heartless. But I couldn't go through in my married life what I've gone through all these years as a girl. We'd both be terribly unhappy. And I don't want to be blamed for your unhappiness as well as my own."

"At least, the man I'm going to marry is more generous than you. I told him I'd cared for you ever since we were children. He knows that in giving you up, I'm making a great sacrifice. We understand each other perfectly. He wants a wife who's decorative to lavish his money on—that's just what I'm giving him. Tom, can't we go on being friends? What's to prevent it?"



Evelyn's maid started to unpack her bags. "Send her away," Sam said abruptly.

year. I want to have a perfect de-bauch of extravagance, of buying things I was made for and never had. I want to revel in them. I can't explain. It's a reaction from years of self-denial, I guess. But I've got to have them; that's all!"

What's a Fleshpot?

EVELYN GROSVENOR left nothing to be desired. Therefore he systematically set about winning her. Without the slightest pretense of emotion from him—just a hard, dry gasp in every way that spoke of something beaten to death and struggling to live. A stunned look that hardening of muscles—and silence!

Watching him from the window now her moist gaze followed the car as it catapulted down the drive. She could almost feel the grip of his hand on the wheel, that grasp which could be tender, or hard as iron—forceful or sympathetic, but always understanding. She sighed. Better that she and Tom should part while love was still a dream! For his sake as well as her own, she had chosen the wisest course.

In a torrential wave, the vision of her life during the twenty-five years of it swept over her. As far back as she could remember, there had been bickering behind aristocratic portals. Mother, hard-lipped and fine-lined, abused and explanatory—constantly at each other's throats, and always about money! Scrimping and starving in a way that was nothing short of vulgar!

Her father, too lazy to move when he could escape it, had gone flabbily to sleep in a frayed armchair and remained there. The day following his death, Peggy Craven, the girl who in lesser degree adored her as blindly, as unquestionably as did Tom Hale, had looked up into Evelyn's weeping eyes with her longing dark ones.

taken off his topcoat—and went to the door. "Tom—please don't go like that!" "We have nothing more to say—the book is closed. Yes," he said in the doorway, "there is one of the section of Long Island which thing it might be well to remember. You can't build a new house out of wreckage."

Sam was as fat as his fortune, and as fastidious as he was fat. That is to say, he was quite willing to pay for what he got, but demanded that it fulfill to the limit all requirements. They had met that summer when he took one of the show places had known the Crosby Grosvenors for generations. He had selected the particular neighborhood for the exact purpose he had achieved—the acquisition of a wife whose exquisite aristocratic lines would balance the fat ones of his bank-roll.

Outside on the red-and-white awning, surged the sort of crowd that will stand hours in the rain for a glimpse of the woman whose trousseau they have been reading about for weeks past. Policemen rigidly maintained the dignity of authority. It had all the fidelity of a big show magnificently staged.

In a pew, far back in a dark corner of the church sat two dim figures. The expressions on both faces identical—a blankness assumed, a mask to cover thought. The man's eyes did not move from the altar. The girl's most my own. That's why—this is—such a terrific, horrible blow!

The tones of the organ swelled louder, a pean of glory. A dove-grey limousine slid close to the curb. From it stepped a white-sandaled foot. The crowd held its breath. Evelyn Grosvenor's limpid eyes barely glanced at it; then the lashes drooped. Her brother fairly lifted her across the wide arched doorway. She dropped the cloak, loosely held, into the arms of her maid. Her mother ran a hand over the filmy folds of veil, then lightly kissed Evelyn's cheek and disappeared on the arm of an usher.

"O Perfect Love"

THE organ chanted "O Perfect Love!" and the church was dim and scented.

Taking on Weight

"BE honest, Peg! Don't you resent my happiness—a little bit?" "You think I wanted you to be unhappy?" the swift question answered her.

"Well, for Tom's sake—you thought I ought to be the last person in the world to want anything for you but the greatest happiness." Peggy's wistful eyes held a lightning flash of real resentment.

"Has Tom ever told you how he feels about me—now?" "Peggy met the urgent eyes, again with that puzzled measurement. "Why should that interest you, Peggy? You cut him out of your reckoning a year and a half ago."

A Contented Bride

THE organ sent forth the triumphant strains of the wedding march from "Lohengrin," and Evelyn moved forward.

Sam Partridge took his bride to the Pacific coast, thence on a trip round the world. Rather, they tripped through the Orient, stopping long enough to buy embroideries and Jades in Japan and China, and Jewels in India. But the rest of the trip to the fashionable resorts of Europe. At Aix, Evelyn took the town by storm while Sam took the waters. In Paris, Evelyn tanqued to some tunes while Sam hobnobbed with home cronies. And of course an immense amount of time was consumed buying clothes.

Evelyn landed in New York with twenty-five trunks, twelve jewel-boxes and a look of all-well-with-the-world.

The fragile Mrs. Samuel Partridge promptly became the material with which society editors plucked lean crows. Her life of luxury was complete, her cup of comfort brimmed over. She was also very content.

Of Tom Hale she saw nothing. Her news of him came through Peggy Craven, who occasionally accented invitations to her parties, but who seemed to have drifted from her since her marriage. Peggy was just as full of admiration, but often Evelyn caught in her eyes a look of puzzled measurement.

Meeting Tom Again

BECAUSE Evelyn did not believe Peggy Craven, she forgot the latter part of their conversation. The reference to Tom she did not choose to overlook.

Tom Hale saw nothing. Her news of him came through Peggy Craven, who occasionally accented invitations to her parties, but who seemed to have drifted from her since her marriage. Peggy was just as full of admiration, but often Evelyn caught in her eyes a look of puzzled measurement.

Trouble Ahead

IT was a noncommittal question. "How did you find out now?" "Peggy told me," she smiled. "Good old Peg!" he smiled. "Do you see much of her?" "I don't see much of anyone. I'm something of a slave, but I like it."

"The law is my master," he corrected. "Must you go?" "I'm an early riser. I ride every morning at eight."

It was exactly as if he had yawned. The fire had drifted down to a ember. He stood looking into it a moment, then at her, and his eyes held the personal touch she wanted to see in them.

"Prosperity agrees with you, Evelyn," he said. "You've put on weight, and it gives you a look of reality that makes you a very stunning woman."

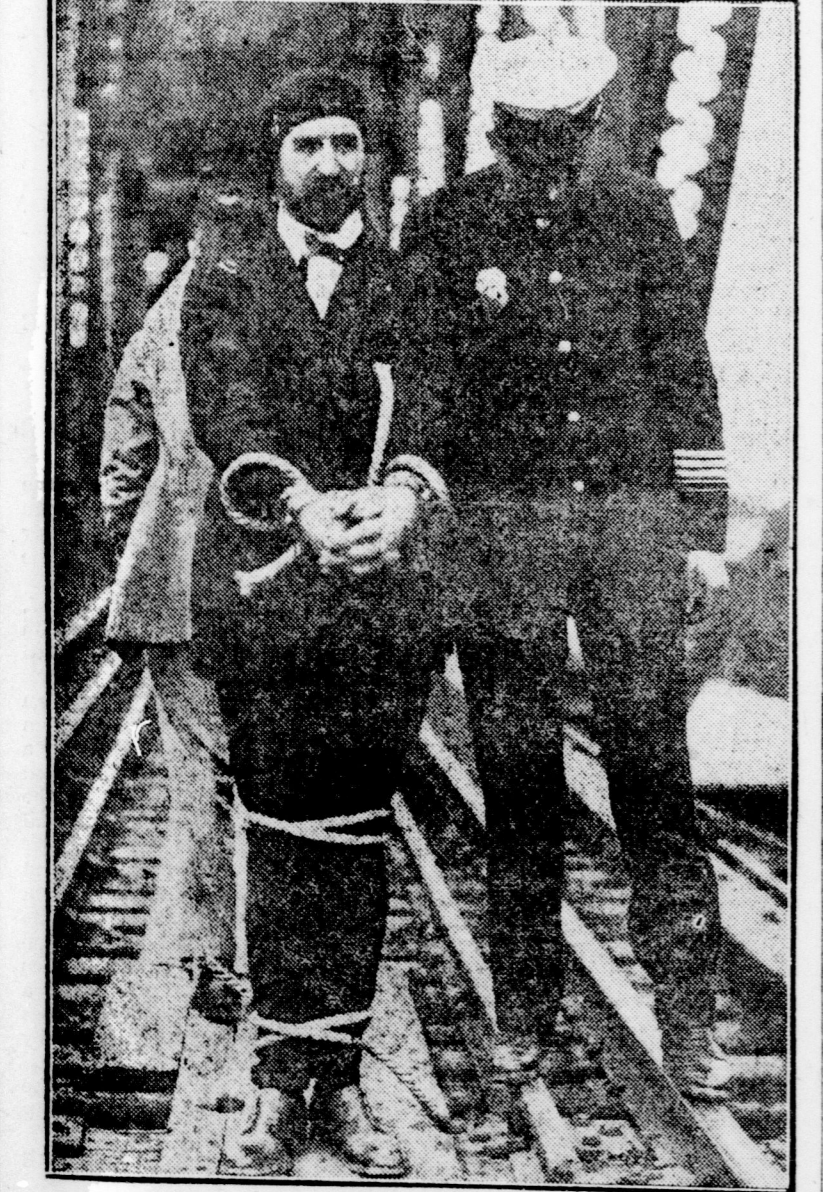
Her head with its gleaming crown went higher. "I might have gone through with this—like the thoroughbred you bought me for," she returned with the voice of indignation. "But you've made that impossible. I can't live with you any longer and keep my self-respect."

"Samuel Partridge gave a fat laugh. It was almost a chuckle. "I thought that was coming," he said. "But I wouldn't be too hasty, my dear. We're tied—for better, for worse—and this is our chance to prove the stuff we're made of. You're excited now—upset! Better think it over."

He went to her desk, brought her a letter from the top of the pile that lay there. "This was addressed to us both," he remarked irreverently.

On by one, the words slipped up at her as if with curling lips: "Mr. and Mrs. Dwight Craven announce the marriage of their daughter, Margaret Ruth to Mr. Thomas Porter Hale."

On Thursday, November the twentieth, Nineteen hundred and twenty-two. New York City. And that—being life—is all.



Albert de Winton, well-known daredevil, jumped 150 feet from a bridge into the sea at California, handcuffed and securely bound with rope. On striking the water he released himself and swam ashore none the worse.



Charlotte's far-famed London Revue, a collection of England's prettiest girls, recently arrived on this continent for its first invasion. Photograph shows a group of members of the famous chorus.

Boston Blackie's Mary

—By Jack Boyle
ILLUSTRATED BY L. H. WILFORD

A Thrilling, Pulsing Tale of Crookedness, in Which Love Plays a Part, and in Which a Convict and an Officer of the Law Astonish Each Other By Sensational Displays of Manhood.

THE great juke-mill of the San Gregorio penitentiary was in full operation. To the eye everything in the mill was as usual, and yet the guards were restless and uneasy. The Boston Blackie, university graduate, student, safe-blower and international crook, looked up and glanced around the mill. Covert eyes from a hundred looms were watching him with eager expectancy.

Boston Blackie leaned to the top of his loom, and flung up both arms the signal of revolt. The looms stopped; their deafening noise ceased as if by magic. In three minutes the convicts were in complete control of the mill, barred in from outside assault by steel doors, and brick walls.

Calmly, with arms folded, Boston Blackie still stood on his loom watching the quick, complete fruition of his plans.

Of all the officers in San Gregorio prison, Captain Denison, head of the mill-guards, was hated most. When he was dragged into the circle of captive guards, Captain Denison fell on his knees and begged pitifully for his life.

Boldness might have saved him; cowardice doomed him. A convict with a wooden bludgeon in his hand leaped to his side and seized him by the throat.

"We've got you now, curse you," cried the volunteer executioner, "Burch." Burch, "Tray, you pray! Do you remember the night you sent me to the strait-jacket to please one of your rotten snitches? In just sixty seconds," he snarled, "this club is going to put you where you've put many a one of us."

A roar of approval came from the stripe-clad mob. Burch raised his club, swinging it about his head. "Stop!" Boston Blackie snatched the club from Burch's hand and flung it on the floor.

"I said no blood, and that goes as it lays, Turkey," he said quietly. Burch caught up his club again. Boston Blackie seized an iron bar from a man beside him.

"All right," he said, "Croat him whenever you're ready, Turkey, but when you kill him, I kill you. It's your move."

The two convicts faced each other. Thirty tense seconds passed. "Why don't you do something?" Blackie said to Burch with a smile. Then he threw his iron bar to the floor. "Boys," he continued, turning to the crowd, "if we keep our heads, we win. If you want to pay for that crowd's blood, you want your Denison dies. But if he does, I quit you here and now. If you say so, he goes unharmed and we'll finish this business as we began it—right."

He turned to Burch, standing irresolute with his club. "You're the first to vote, Turkey. What's the verdict?" he asked.

The Convict's Revolt
Burch hesitated, then tossed aside his club.

"You've run this business so far, Blackie," he said slowly, "and I guess it's up to us to let you finish it in your own way."

There was a chorus of approval from the convict mob. "I knew you boys had sense. The first thing is to boot our dear captain out, those sores, and I nominate Turkey Burch to do it."

Denison was dragged to the doors. They were unbarred, and, propelled by Turkey Burch's square-toed brogan, Captain Denison shot through into the yard, where he was under the protecting rifles of the guards on the walls. The other captives were treated similarly.

"Take this message to Deputy Warden Sherwood," said Blackie as the last of the bound bluecoats stood ready to be kicked out. "Let him know that unless within one hour he releases from Punishment Hall the ten men he sent there yesterday for protesting against the rotten food, we're going to tear down his five-million-dollar mill. Now go."

The man shot out. The doors were banged shut and barred behind him, while the mill resounded with the joyous shouts and songs of the convicts.

Deputy Warden Martin Sherwood, disciplinarian and real head of the prison management, took grim, silent delight in inflicting punishment.

There was a reason for this strange twist in the character of a man absolutely fearless and otherwise fair. Years before, he had brought a bride to his home just outside the prison walls. She was pretty and young and weak—just the sort of girl the attraction of opposites would send to a man like Martin Sherwood. There were a few months of happiness.

Then came the crash. A convict employed as a servant in the deputy's home completed his sentence and was released. With him went the deputy's wife. From that day Sherwood was a man unfeeling as iron.

Punishment Hall and your promise of better food from now on, or he'll tear the mill down in an hour," the man reported.

A Display of Courage
SHERWOOD took his knife and a roll of bills from his pocket and looked them in his desk. "If I am not back in half an hour, Denison, call the warden at his club in San Francisco; tell him to call on the governor for a regiment of militia."

But for the next half-hour do nothing except to get your nerve back—if you can."

Sherwood pulled a straw from a whiskerbox on his desk, stuck it between his teeth, and started for the mill-yard as calmly as though he were going to luncheon.

White-faced guards tried to stay him. The uproar within the mill was deafening.

"Open the gates," commanded Sherwood. "Lock them behind me and don't reopen them again even if you think it's to save my life."

The deputy crossed the yard, neither hurrying nor hesitating, and hammered on the door with his fist. The clamor inside suddenly died.

"Open the door, boys," he commanded. "I'm coming in to talk to you. I'm alone and unarmed."

The man on guard unbarred the door, and Martin Sherwood stepped down into the mill-yard. For five minutes that seemed an hour there was dead silence. It was broken by an inarticulate, unhuman, menacing roar of rage that rose to a scream.

A man rushed at the deputy and spat in his face. Calmly Sherwood drew out his handkerchief and wiped his cheek, but never for an instant did his eyes waver from the inflamed ones of the man he faced.

"I'll remember that, Kelly, when I get you in the jacket," he said slowly. The convict laughed, but pressed backward, cowed by the fearless assurance of his antagonist.

Boston Blackie forced his way through the crowd. He was within ten feet of the deputy warden before he saw him. He caught the deputy by the shoulder and turned him toward the door.

Sherwood threw off his hand. "You may be able to command this convict rabble, Blackie," he said in a voice perfectly audible in the silence which had fallen on the mob. "I came to talk to these men, and I'm going to do it."

From the rear came a metal weight which missed Sherwood's head by inches. The screaming blood-cry rose again. One struck at the deputy's head with a shuttle, but Blackie bit and laid the man senseless at his feet. Then he jumped to the top of a loom.

"Men, if you want to hang," he cried, his voice rising above the bedlam, "I'll go along with you, if you'll listen to me first."

The outcry died down and Blackie talked to them.

All through the harangue Sherwood stood listening, his face impassive.

"Deputy," said Blackie, turning to him, "we have been told you said you would keep the men in Punishment Hall in the strait-jacket until they die, if necessary, for complaining about the rotten food. Is that true?"

"It is," said Sherwood.

"We make three demands, then," said Blackie. "First, the release of all the men undergoing punishment; second, your promise that no man concerned in this revolt shall be punished; third, your guarantee that henceforth we get the food for which the state pays but which the commissary-captain steals."

Sherwood's Victory
AND if I refuse, what then?" asked Sherwood.



Boston Blackie straightened his shoulders, and held out his wrists for the handcuffs. "Come, come," he urged. "Take me away!"

looked straight into Boston Blackie's eyes. "The next time you and I clash, I'm going to break you like this."

He jerked the straw from his mouth and twisted it apart; then he walked out of the mill.

A quarter of an hour later teahacked prisoners were welcomed back to the mill. With them came the deputy warden's acceptance of Boston Blackie's terms. In the midst of the turbulent jollification a half-witted, one-armed boy nicknamed "the Squirrel" drew out his mouth-organ, and tried to express his joy.

"Cut out the bum music," cried a burly convict. "Where'd you figger in this, you nutty Squirrel?"

"Better call it off!"

"Never till he begs," said Sherwood. The form on the floor ceased to roll and toss. The doctor stooped over him.

"He's out," he announced.

"Take him over to the hospital and bring him round," said the deputy warden. "We'll try it again tomorrow."

Hours later Boston Blackie, slowly and painfully, came back into a blurred and hideous world.

"He didn't break me," he said over and over to himself.

"When Blackie gets out of the hospital, put him in charge of the lawn in front of my offices," said Sherwood to the assignment captain the following morning.

It was the first time the captain had ever known the deputy to deviate from his inflexible rule that a convict once sent to the jacket stayed until he begged for mercy.

Martin Sherwood, from within his office, stood fixedly studying Boston Blackie, who was spraying the court-yard lawn.

"He's ill, without a doubt," mused the deputy warden. "The doctor's evidently right. No man could counteract his appearance; and yet—"

Sherwood's brow was wrinkled with perplexity. "Because he is Boston Blackie I'm puzzled. It's three months since I barred his wife from the prison and gave him the jacket. Why this calm?"

Sherwood turned to his clerk. "Phone to the doctor to come over," he said.

for me to-night, Squirrel?" he asked. "Will you play it all the time from lock-up till the lights go out? All the time Squirrel and loud so I can hear it plain. Here's a sack of tobacco for you. You won't forget? All the time, and loud?"

"Yes, all the time and loud," the boy repeated, doglike devotion in his eyes.

Planning Escape
BLACKIE'S plan for escape required that he sleep in the hospital dormitory used for tuberculosis patients and others unfit for the cell-houses, but not bedridden. To accomplish this he diluted prison laundry-soap, strong with lye, and drank it day after day until it ruined his stomach.

Blackie had been in the hospital dormitory two months. He wasn't ready to make his bid for freedom, but must make the attempt that night or never.

He took a spade and laboriously began to dig around the rose-bushes that flanked the lawn. No one saw him uncover a rude saw made with his hoe-file from a steel knife in the kitchen. The saw and a tobacco sack containing a single five-dollar bill were hidden in his blouse. The bill had come from Mary.

Next he asked permission to air his blankets on the clothesline in the outer yard. The toolhouse in which his garden implements were kept was near by. From beneath its floor he took a civilian pair of trousers, a blue shirt and a mackinaw coat and a cap. It had taken him one full month to steal them from the tailor-shop where the clothes of the new arrivals were kept after they received their prison stripes. The trousers Blackie put on under his striped ones, pinning up the legs well out of sight. When his blankets went to his cell, the coat, shirt and cap were hidden in them.

A half-hour before lock-up time Blackie rolled up his garden hose and carried it to the toolhouse. Once within its doors and alone, he cut off six feet of the hose and wound it around his body, tying it in place. Next from a pile of rubbish he unearthed a single rubber glove. Two hundred feet of heavy twine from the mill completed the list of preparations.

At five o'clock Boston Blackie and the other hospital inmates were locked in their cells for the night. At five minutes past five the Squirrel began to play on his mouth-organ.

Blackie chipped away the soap and lampblack with which he had plugged a half-sawed window-bar and cut it in frantic haste.

A mirror hung on the wall near the door warned Blackie of the approach of the guard each time he made his rounds. Hour after hour the Squirrel played, and hour after hour Blackie sawed.

The saw-blade cut into his hands and tore his finger-tips. Often it seemed as if he couldn't drive his tortured muscles another second. Sher will-power kept the saw moving.

At last it was done. The prison bell tolled out nine; the lights winked out; and silence settled over the dormitory.

At one o'clock Blackie waited for the guard to pass, then slipped out of his convict clothes and fashioned them into a dummy which he covered with blankets to resemble a sleeping man.

He dressed in his civilian clothes, with his six-foot length of hose still coiled about his body. He tucked his one glove carefully into his breast beside the ball of twine, and hung his shoes about his neck. Then he pulled out one of the heavy legs of his stool and tied it across his back. He took another stool-leg and, using it as a lever, bent the severed bars straight out. A moment later he stood outside on the window ledge.

Below him the wall fell away sheer for four stories. Six feet above his head the rain-gutter marked the level of the flat roof. With fingers

knocks. Finally the landlady took a package and opened the door.

"Gone," chorused the detectives. On the third day a detective brought in the information that an landlady identified Blackie's picture as that of a man who came with his wife and rented a room on the morning of the escape. They had two suit-cases. The next morning they had none.

"I thought so," Sherwood mused. "Boston Blackie don't stir from his place of refuge for weeks, maybe months."

Sherwood turned the management of the prison over to a subordinate. The police kept at the two streets. "The doctor said that illness was read," he pointed. "It's a long chance," he said to himself. "But it is a chance."

The deputy warden drove out to the edge of the roof-gutter. He swung his feet clear and raised himself to the roof by his arms.

Blackie crept silently to the edge of the roof nearest the wall, from which he was separated by a full hundred feet of space. Two glistening copper wires ran down from the roof at a sharp angle to a pole outside the wall above which they hung a full twenty feet. They were uninsulated, live wires which fed the prison machinery and lighting system with a current that was death to whatever touched them.

Blackie unwound the length of rubber hose from about his body. He laid the insulating rubber over the strands of shining metal. He bound and rebound the stool-leg to the dangling ends of rubber that hung beneath them.

The Disguise
T HEN he pulled out his ball of jute twine and attached it to a brick chimney; then seated himself on the bar of his trapeze. With his back toward the wall, he swung clear of the roof and began to slide down the wires, regulating his speed with the cord on the chimney.

The wires swayed and sagged, but supported his weight. Yard by yard he let himself down. Suddenly the chimney cord snapped. The hose trapeze shot downward.

With the hand covered with his rubber glove Blackie caught one of the wires and checked his fall. Slowly he slid over the wall and down toward the pole. When his shadows warned him he had almost reached it, he slipped the stool-leg from his trapeze, and dropped to the ground.

Shrouded in the early morning fog, a gaunt wraith of a man climbed a rear staircase to a tiny apartment on Laguna street, San Francisco, and softly rapped at the bedroom window.

The woman within awoke, sprang to the sash and threw it open, seeing in her arms the scarecrow of a man who stood there and dragging him inside.

"Mary!" he cried.

"Blackie!" she answered.

All the endearments of all the languages of the world were in the two words.

"We must get away from here at once," Blackie said. "The deputy warden's no ordinary copper. But, little sweetheart, I'll promise you this: whether he finds us or not, he'll never take Boston Blackie back to San Gregorio. Have you my guns?"

Mary nodded, shuddering.

They crossed to the other side of the city and rented a room on the edge of a good residence district.

"Mary," said Blackie the moment they were alone, "we're safe here until to-night, but no longer. Go down town to Levy's theatrical costumery shop. Tell them you're playing a grandmother's part in an amateur play and get a complete old woman's outfit—white wig, clothes shoes, everything. Get a cheap hat and a working-girl's hand-me-down, too. Draw every dollar we have in the bank. You better bring something to eat, too—just a loaf of bread, for I ruined my stomach with lye and I can't eat anything but crusts."

He drew two revolvers from their suit-case, looked carefully to their loads and laid them on the bed.

"I'm going to sleep while you're gone. I didn't get much rest last night," he said, smiling happily.

"At noon that day the police located Mary Dawson's Laguna street apartment.

The chief called in a dozen of his best men, armed them and sent them out in two autos.

"Well then?" The gun that covered the deputy warden's head swayed downward till the muzzle covered his heart. "Are you ready?"

"Any more?" said Sherwood. "Mary" Dawson, crying hysterically, turned away her face and covered her ears.

"Do you want to go, Mary, before I—I do what I must do?" asked Blackie.

"No, no," she cried. "I want to share with you all blame for what you do."

Sherwood turned his eyes curiously on the woman. He knew what he would have risked for such a woman and such love.

Slowly the convict let the muzzle of his weapon drop.

"Sherwood," he said in a broken voice, "I hate you as I hate no living man, but I can't kill you as you stand before me unarmed and helpless." He stepped backward and picked up the deputy warden's revolver. He pushed a tab between them. He laid the revolver aside by side on it, one pointing toward him, the other toward Sherwood.

"Sherwood," he said, "in three minutes that clock will strike. I'm exactly as far from the guns as you. On the first stroke of the clock we'll reach together for them—and the quickest hand wins."

Blackie and Sherwood studied Boston Blackie's face with something in his eyes no other man had ever seen there. Blackie deliberately had surrendered his advantage to give him Martin Sherwood, an even chance for life. For the first time the deputy was shaken.

"I won't bargain with you, Blackie," he said.

"You're afraid to risk an even break?"

"You know I'm not," Sherwood answered.

Boston Blackie reached toward his gun hoping the deputy warden would do likewise. Sherwood let Blackie recover his weapon without moving a muscle. Once more the convict's revolver rose till it covered Martin Sherwood's heart.

"He is a Man!"
S ECONDS passed, then minutes, without a word or a motion. The muscles of the convict's throat twitched.

"Pick up that gun and defend yourself," he cried.

"No," shouted Sherwood. "With a great cry Boston Blackie threw his gun upon the floor."

"You win, Sherwood," he sobbed. "You've beaten me."

He staggered drunkenly toward Mary and fell with his arms outstretched. "I couldn't do it," he moaned brokenly. "I'll go back with him. Everything is over."

"I'm glad you didn't," declared she, crying, clinging to him. "It would have been murder. I'll wait for you, dear one, wait till you come back to me again."

Boston Blackie straightened his shoulders as he turned to Sherwood, held out his wrists for the handcuffs. "Come, come," he urged. "Don't stand there gloating. Take me away."

Martin Sherwood reached to the table, picked up his gun slowly and dropped it into his pocket. He looked into the two grief-racked faces before him, long and silently.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you folks," he said, quietly at last. "I came here looking for an escaped convict named Boston Blackie. I have found only you, Miss Collins, and your mother. I'm sorry my misinformation has subjected you both to annoyance. The police officers who surround the house will be withdrawn at once. Had Boston Blackie been in this room and had he by some mischance killed me, his shot would have brought in a dozen armed men. Escape for him was absolutely impossible. But it has all been a blunder, and I can only hope my apology will be accepted."

Blackie stared at him with unbelieving eyes. From Mary came a cry of sudden relief.

"Good night, folks," said Martin Sherwood, offering Boston Blackie his hand. The convict caught it in his own, and the men looked into both other's eyes for a second. Then the deputy warden went out and closed the door behind him.

"He is a man," said Blackie. "He is a man even though he's a copper."

Martin Sherwood looked back at the windows of the attic rooms and spoke softly to himself.

"He is a man," he said. "He is a man, even though he is a convict."

Who Can He Be?
I T was in an old-fashioned village in County Cork, where a stary young man from London went to spend his holidays. During his stay he played havoc with the hearts of the fair sex.

One night, in the smoking room of the hotel at which he was staying, he confessed that he had kissed all the young women in the village except one.

A young farmer, who had quite recently married the belle of the village, overheard his remark, and went home and told his wife.

"Arrah, now, Patrick!" she replied, and a puzzled expression crossed her face. "and who in the world can that woman be?"

Had the Advantage
A PARTY of four business men in London often lunched together, and one of them, the only native-born Englishman among them, always took great delight in chaffing the others on their foreign birth.

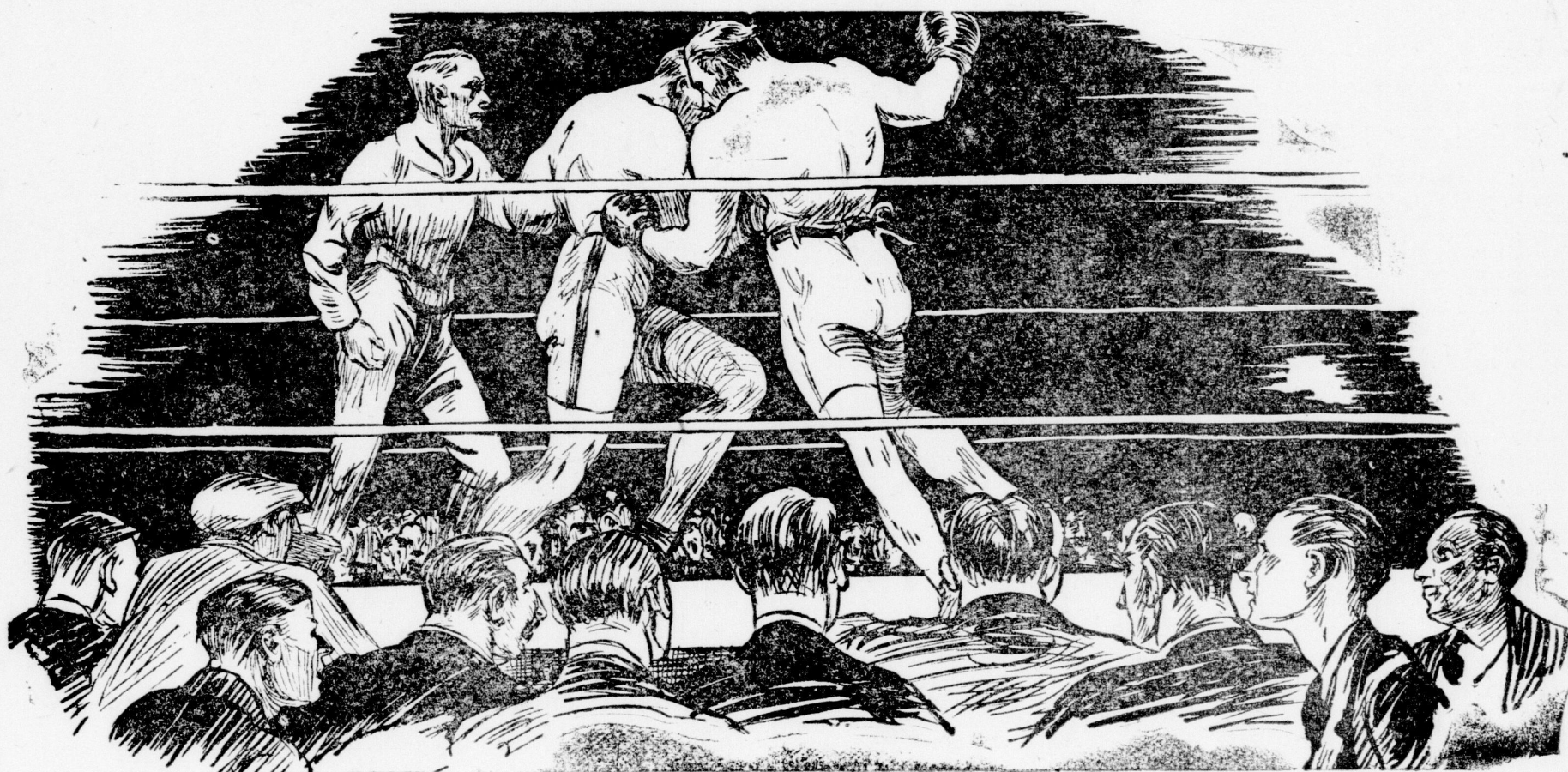
"It's all very well," he said one day, "for you fellows to talk about what we need in this country, but when you come to think of it you're really only intruders; not one of you was born here."

"Maybe," said an Irishman in the party. "Maybe. But there's one thing you seem to forget. I came into this country wid me fare paid an' me clothes on me back. Can you say the same?"—Peggson's Weekly.

FIGHT!

TEX RICKARD TELLS THE INSIDE HISTORY OF THE RING

The inside story—about the last big fight, the coming one, that go of ten years back which has always been a puzzle to you. The inside story about the men, the conditions, the places, the millions that have changed pockets—about all the secret things that the most favored of us pick up twisted in chance gossip. The inside story told by the man who the knows the most. . . TEX RICKARD, greatest of all promoters, is going to tell his story from beginning to end; it's a romance interwoven with the history of the modern ring. CHAMPIONS; AND CHANCE, he calls it, and it starts on Saturday, January 19, in The Advertiser. A chapter a day—and they'll keep you waiting tiptoe for The Advertiser's sporting page.



TAKE the Dempsey-Firpo bout. You know all about it—of course. . . . But do you know that Dempsey didn't know he had won? And do you know why? Tex Rickard gives you ringside glimpses on things like that. Closer than ringside; it's like a referee's-eye view of the whole procession of fights through the greatest period in the history of the sport—by the man who has staked more than anyone else in purses.

ADVENTURE!

Tex Rickard knew all about gun fights before he ever saw a ring. What he tells—from the life—is the sort of thing that makes a romancer famous.

Cowboys—

A boy of ten, alone on the plains with the body of a cowboy killed in a duel—and wolves beyond the rim of light. A youngster working in the outfit that took the second herd ever driven north of 36. A man among cowboys; a buckaroo himself who knew all about it before there ever was a moving picture. The old-time cowpuncher, the real thing. That's Tex Rickard.

Bandits—

Jesse James and the belt that he never took off—till he forgot, just once. Roving gangs. Lone hands. Bandits who begged Tex to join them. Men he had worked with who stuck up trains and raced across the middle of America with \$60,000 in their saddle bags.

Lynchings—

The calaboose—the mob—the rope. And the sheriff, coming double quick. "Hold back, there, boys!" A mob cowed. Three shots that saved a hanged man's life. . . . From a novel? No. Tex saw it. Tex tells it.

Gold—

In Nevada—in Alaska. A man went to Tex with an old envelope that had some yellow stuff in it. You remember the Nome Beach gold excitement? Well, that started it. A fortune—flat broke—another fortune; that's the miner's life. Rickard lived it for years.

Gambling—

A gambling saloon; the civic center, club and sole amusement of the camp. Faro and roulette. A board for a bar and prohibition prices, paid in gold dust. Tex ran such places. The way he tells it you get a cross section of that rough life; you can't help knowing what it was like.

Bad Men—

What's that scar on Rickard's thumb? A trigger jammed on it. That was in Nevada—long after the bad men of Texas or those of Alaska. But it's a story in itself.

Chance—

A man sits in the tower of Madison Square Garden and cables offers of great sums. "Money's only a tool," he says. It's the same man who once was marshal of a wild little cow town in Texas. Tex Rickard is the king-pin promoter. That he is today because of his extensive and intensive experience in dealing with men.

CHAMPIONS AND CHANCE: the Story of the World's Greatest Fight Promoter, is filled with romance—the kind that really happens. And it's told in a way that keeps you reading.

CHAMPIONS AND CHANCE: the Story of the World's Greatest Fight Promoter, by Tex Rickard, is a good deal more than a string of records and gate receipts. And it's not the usual I-did-it stuff: "He says to me and I says to him." Rickard has something to say—and HE SAYS IT. . . . This is a story of success. The biography of a man whose career reads like a red-blood movie scenario. But it's REAL LIFE all through. The story of Tex Rickard, the cattle country kid of a few years back, who stakes fortunes on the most spectacular sporting events of the modern world. Cowboy, prospector, gambler, mining expert, promoter. When you get through YOU'LL KNOW LOTS OF FIGHT DOPE THAT'S NEVER SEEN PRINT except in this serial in

THE LONDON ADVERTISER

What is Rickard's secret of success? How does he call the turn when failure means the loss of a fortune?—He tells.

Is a grudge fight the best fight? Does it hold the public interest most? What makes 100,000 people pay \$1,000,000 or more to see a match?

Was the Jeffries-Johnson fight framed? There were wild rumors—what's the truth? Rickard tells that, too.

Who are the greatest men in the different classes in the last quarter century? Which of the lightweights would have been a match for Dempsey if he'd only grown to the latter's size? Could Jeffries have beaten the present titleholder if they had been of an age? What is Rickard's opinion of the whole lot—his list of top notchers?

Why did Carpentier and Dempsey play golf together before the fight? Why did Rickard listen for hours to Johnson playing the

bull fiddle? And go fishing with Jeffries? Is a pugilist harder to handle than a temperamental prima donna? If so, why? Tex ought to know that one by now—and he has an eye for the comic.

What was it Jeffries said to Johnson in the ring? Do you know that Jeff was not knocked out nor counted out in the Johnson fight—and Rickard was referee? Do you know the story of the picture of a jackass which made Rickard the biggest individual figure in the ring world today? Or what nationality produces the most fight fans? Or how a crowd is handled at a title bout? Why society women got interested in the sport? What Nolan tried to do to Gans at Goldfield? What Jack Johnson did when Rickard flashed a roll of \$1,000 bills? Why Rickard felt sorry for Dempsey when he first saw him before the Willard fight? Do you know the biggest fight thrill since Young Corbett's day? Ask yourself your own questions. The things many fans want to know are touched on somewhere in *Champions and Chance*.

Never before has such an epic of the ring been written. Never has the "inside dope" been spilled so liberally by a man who knew so much. And never has such a story had the human interest as that which tells how Rickard came to the top of the heap.

"Champions and Chance"—Tex Rickard's own story. A chapter a day. On the sporting page. It starts Saturday, January 19. Only In

THE ADVERTISER

Listen-in Under River; Skate Over Europe; Still Wyandotte King



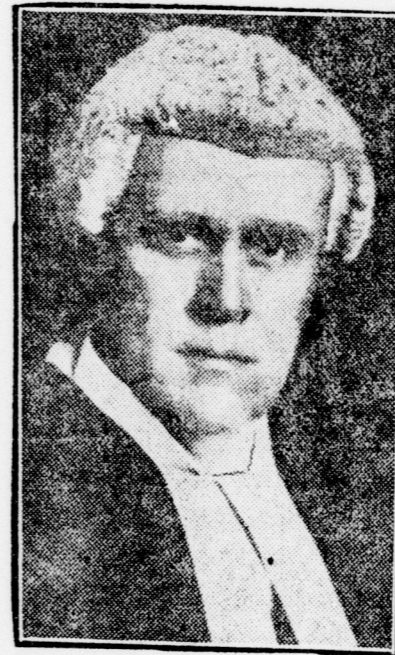
The indoor golf course came into prominence recently when Gene Sarazen, golf champion, aided by Ann Pennington of the Follies, showed just how to get distance right by using the new "knee-tee"



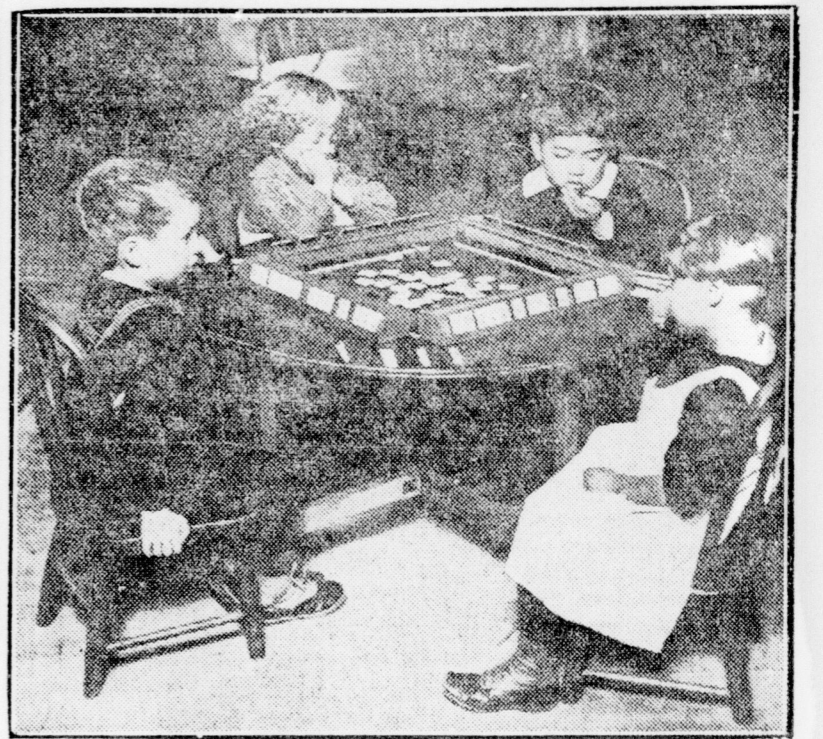
Ontario's minister of agriculture, Hon. John S. Martin, completely outclassed all American competitors in the White Wyandotte section of the Boston Poultry Show, which has just closed. He made one of the best records that he has ever attained



Abdullah, ruler of Transjordan, is one of the three kings of a proposed united Arab state. The government of these states is a family affair but it is the British influence that holds the kings on their thrones



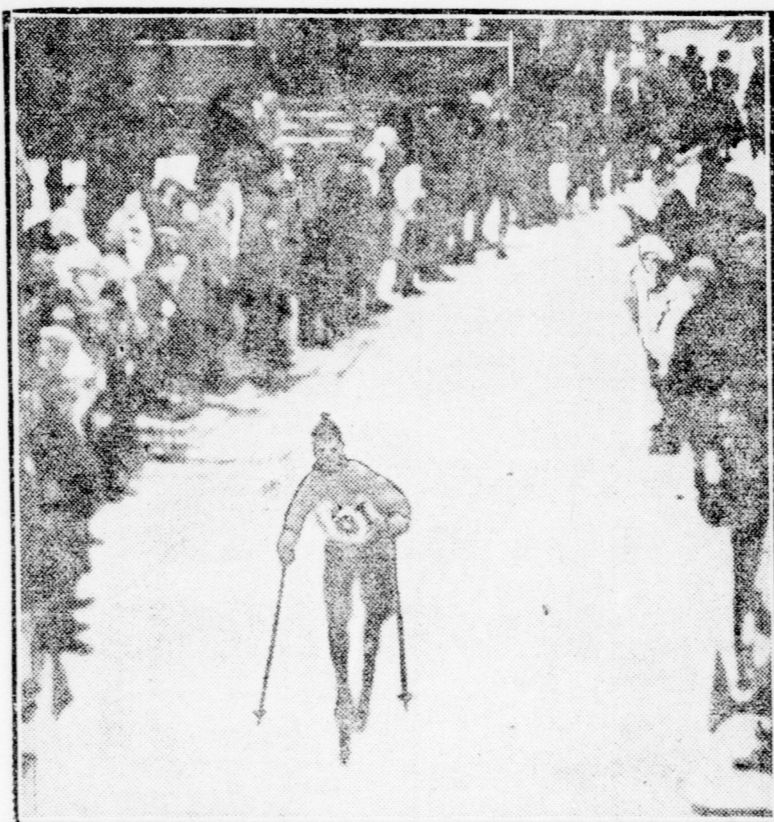
Justice Sir John Sankey, an important member of the English bench, is said to be Ramsay MacDonald's choice for the post of Lord Chancellor. MacDonald is expected to announce his cabinet at the end of the month



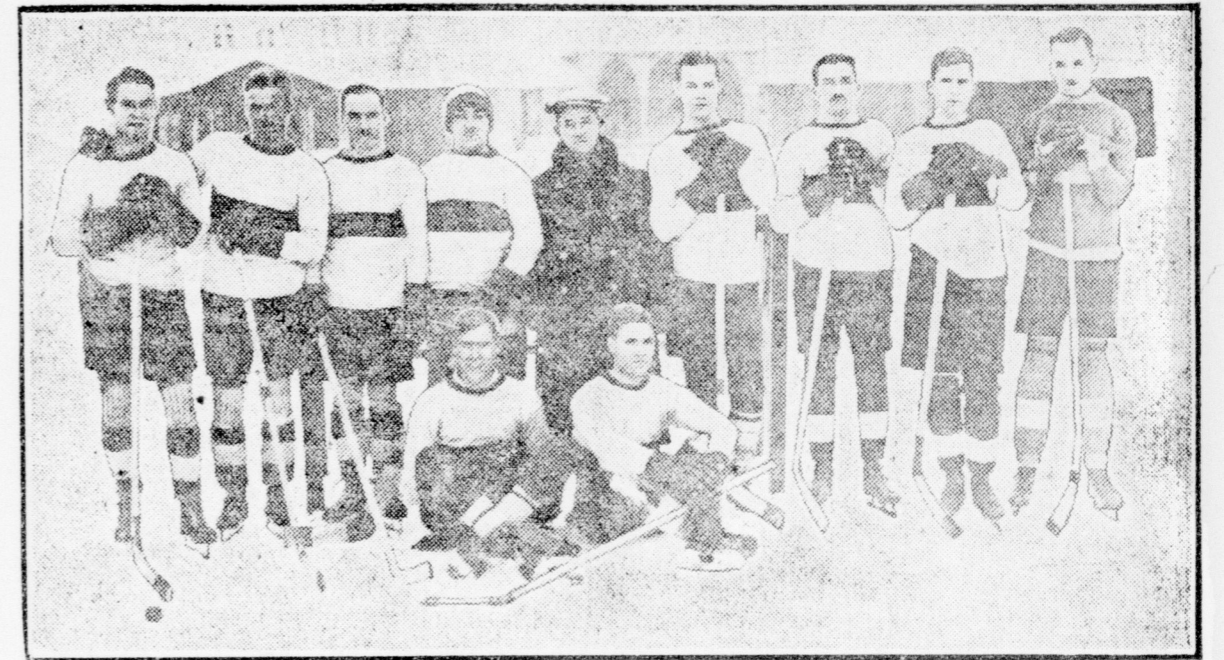
Although Albert Hum comes from the land where mah Jong was invented, the designation of a tile has him puzzled in a stiff game with some of his kindergarten contemporaries in St. Paul, Minn.



In a tunnel, one hundred feet under the surface of the Hudson River, engineers and newspaper men listened to a radio test from Pittsburg. The waves traveled through 500 miles of air, 70 feet of water and 30 feet of mud and steel casing



Edmund Gordon, of Ottawa, won the winter sports competition for the President Harding Trophy at Lake Placid recently. He is shown in the finish of the seven-mile ski event



The Oxford University ice hockey team, consisting of nine Canadians, won from the Cambridge team at Switzerland, and continued on a continental tour by defeating Berlin and also Vienna. In all the games the superior technique of the Canadians was evinced



Henry G. Chilton, charge d' affaires of the British embassy, received from the president of the American tree association, recently, 60,000,000 Douglas fir seeds as a gift to the British forestry commission



Here is an advanced design that threatens to bring about a revolution in umbrellas. The covering is almost flat and made in one piece. Brocaded taffeta is also featured in the model



Two beautiful members of the Ziegfeld Follies motored down to Jim Corbett's farm at Bayside, Long Island, to settle a cow-milking argument. Here are the contestants, the cow and the pail, with the referee looking on



Should the baseball business ever go bad, "Bullet" Joe Bush, of the New York Yankees, can easily qualify as a violinist. The instrument he plays is said to be a genuine Stradivarius, which has been in the family a long time



Ancient China was given the once over, when marines from naval vessels on patrol duty on the Yangtze River inspected the working of an ancient mill-wheel



Many persons were rendered homeless recently when the Ohio River, due to heavy rains, flowed over, carrying with it everything that was not stationary. The family in the photograph are removing some of their home furnishings from a second storey window



Manila, the capital of the Philippine Islands, has its own flood difficulties. The natives are shown walking knee-deep in water down a main street after a heavy rainfall



Wearing a tag to insure her being cared for en route, Veneta Fellouris, aged twelve, has traveled alone from Vata, Greece, to join her father in New Bedford, Mass.



Princess Larisse Kourakine, formerly of Russia, declares that it was the impertinence of male customers that caused her to leave two positions in restaurants that she secured on this continent for a living

WHEAT MARKET IS STRENGTHENED

Higher Cables and Fair Demand Cause Prices to Advance Fractionally.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Winnipeg, Jan. 11.—Higher cables and a fair demand gave strength to the wheat market early today, and prices advanced fractionally over Thursday's closing figures but this advance was not held, although there was an absence of pressure. The volume of new buying coming out was not strong enough to sustain the advance and towards the close of the session prices yielded. May closing 4c higher and July 1c lower for the day. Most of today's buying was in the nature of lifting hedges against sales of cash wheat at lower lake ports worked for 42c to 43c.

The future wheat market was dull and trade volume very light. There was no increase in prices in the cash wheat market, with offerings comprising a few cars from farmers. Stocks are being carried over from narrow led, which represents a carrying charge difference from the present time to the first of May. Cash course grains were dull and featureless.

Cash prices:
Wheat—No. 1 northern, 96c; No. 2 northern, 94c; No. 3 northern, 93c; No. 4, 92c; No. 5, 91c; No. 6, 79c; No. 7, 78c; No. 8, 77c; No. 9, 76c; No. 10, 75c; No. 11, 74c; No. 12, 73c.

WINNIPEG GRAIN FUTURES.

Reported for the Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum Co.
Winnipeg, Jan. 11.—Closing prices:
Wheat—Open High Low Close.
July 1924.....1.10 1.11 1.09 1.08
July 1925.....1.11 1.12 1.10 1.09
Oats—No. 2.....42 42 42 42
Rye—No. 2.....78 78 77 76

Canadian Press Despatch.
Winnipeg, Jan. 12.—Futures opened as follows:
Wheat—May, 4c to 4c higher at \$1.02 1/2; July, 1c higher at \$1.02 1/2.

Chicago, Jan. 11.—Strength in foreign markets gave wheat a substantial impetus upward here at the outset today, but selling on the advance took the edge off the demand, and prices were steady, at the same as yesterday's finish to 1/4c higher. May 42c to 43c, July 44c to 45c, and almost wiped out the early gains.

Corn averaged lower in price after a firm start. Better weather conditions led to some speculative selling, and demand to slow down demand.

CHICAGO GRAIN FUTURES.

Reported for the Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum Co.
Chicago, Jan. 11.—Closing prices:
Wheat—Open High Low Close.
July 1924.....1.10 1.11 1.09 1.08
July 1925.....1.11 1.12 1.10 1.09
Oats—No. 2.....42 42 42 42
Rye—No. 2.....78 78 77 76

DETROIT DISCOUNT RATE

Special to the Advertiser.
Detroit, Jan. 11.—Detroit clearing-house banks advised a rate exchange on Canadian currency for Saturday will be at a discount of 5/16 per cent.

A. E. REASON

INVESTMENT BANKER.
1524 DUNDAS ST.
(Over Street Drug Store)

We Serve Western Ontario With Victory Bonds

Bought Sold Quoted.
We have a special department to take care of Victory Loan trading, and shall be glad to have you correspond, telephone, or otherwise, for latest quotations received in Ontario over our Toronto wires. Bonds will be delivered direct or by any bank.

JONES, EASTON McCALLUM CO.

LIMITED.
Royal Bank Building,
Phones 313 and 294, London, Ont.
11-27

How Stocks Close at Noon

New York

Stocks	Open	High	Low	Close
Alcoa	18 1/4	18 3/4	18 1/8	18 3/8
Allis-Chalmers	45 3/4	46 1/8	45 3/8	45 7/8
Am Ag Chem	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Am Biscuit	12 1/2	12 3/4	12 1/8	12 3/8
Am Bosh Mag	28 3/4	29 1/8	28 3/8	28 7/8
Am Can Co	110	111 1/2	109 3/8	110 7/8
Am Car and Pdy	106 1/2	107 1/2	105 3/8	106 7/8
Am Cel	12 1/2	12 3/4	12 1/8	12 3/8
Am Int Corp	24 1/2	24 3/4	24 1/8	24 3/8
Am Loco	19 1/2	19 3/4	19 1/8	19 3/8
Am S & C	14 1/2	14 3/4	14 1/8	14 3/8
Am Smelting	37 1/2	37 3/4	37 1/8	37 3/8
Am Sugar Refiner	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Am Smta	26 1/2	26 3/4	26 1/8	26 3/8
Am T & T	12 1/2	12 3/4	12 1/8	12 3/8
Am Woolen	12 1/2	12 3/4	12 1/8	12 3/8
Anderson	37 1/2	37 3/4	37 1/8	37 3/8
Am C & P	23 1/2	23 3/4	23 1/8	23 3/8
Baldwin	127 1/2	127 3/4	127 1/8	127 3/8
Ball	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Balt and Ock	58 1/2	58 3/4	58 1/8	58 3/8
Bechtel	10 1/2	10 3/4	10 1/8	10 3/8
Bethlehem	32 1/2	32 3/4	32 1/8	32 3/8
Butte	17 1/2	17 3/4	17 1/8	17 3/8
Call Petroleum	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Cannon	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Cerro de Pasco	40 1/2	40 3/4	40 1/8	40 3/8
Chandler Motor	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
C M & P	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
C R I and P	25 1/2	25 3/4	25 1/8	25 3/8
Chicago & Alton	27 1/2	27 3/4	27 1/8	27 3/8
Consolidated	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Cosden & Co	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Cuba	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Cuban Am Sugar	19 1/2	19 3/4	19 1/8	19 3/8
Dupont	132 1/2	132 3/4	132 1/8	132 3/8
Eastern	13 1/2	13 3/4	13 1/8	13 3/8
Elgin	27 1/2	27 3/4	27 1/8	27 3/8
Flisk Rubber	10	10 1/2	9 3/8	10 1/8
General Electric	200 1/2	200 3/4	200 1/8	200 3/8
General Motors	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Goulding	25 1/2	25 3/4	25 1/8	25 3/8
Gulf & West India	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Hupp Motors	17 1/2	17 3/4	17 1/8	17 3/8
H. M. S. S. S.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Inter	32 1/2	32 3/4	32 1/8	32 3/8
Interior	39 1/2	39 3/4	39 1/8	39 3/8
Iron	27 1/2	27 3/4	27 1/8	27 3/8
Inventive Oil	10 1/2	10 3/4	10 1/8	10 3/8
Jackson	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
J. M. C.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Keystone Tire	14 1/2	14 3/4	14 1/8	14 3/8
Lincoln	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Maxwell A	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Middle States Oil	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Missouri Pacific	11 1/2	11 3/4	11 1/8	11 3/8
Mudstone	25 1/2	25 3/4	25 1/8	25 3/8
National Biscuit	51 1/2	51 3/4	51 1/8	51 3/8
National Lead	12 1/2	12 3/4	12 1/8	12 3/8
Norfolk	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
N. Y. N. Haven	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
North American	24 1/2	24 3/4	24 1/8	24 3/8
Northwestern	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Ohio	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Pan-American	24 1/2	24 3/4	24 1/8	24 3/8
Penn S & W	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Penn S S Steel	32 1/2	32 3/4	32 1/8	32 3/8
Pere Marquette	35 1/2	35 3/4	35 1/8	35 3/8
Phosphate	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Wabash Railway	35 1/2	35 3/4	35 1/8	35 3/8
W. A.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Procter	32 1/2	32 3/4	32 1/8	32 3/8
Punta Alegre	25 1/2	25 3/4	25 1/8	25 3/8
Pure Oil	24 1/2	24 3/4	24 1/8	24 3/8
Reading	75 1/2	75 3/4	75 1/8	75 3/8
Royal Dutch	52 1/2	52 3/4	52 1/8	52 3/8
Saginaw	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Standard Oil	25 1/2	25 3/4	25 1/8	25 3/8
Schulte	104 1/2	104 3/4	104 1/8	104 3/8
St. Paul	64 1/2	64 3/4	64 1/8	64 3/8
St. Louis	55 1/2	55 3/4	55 1/8	55 3/8
St. W. Warner	95 1/2	95 3/4	95 1/8	95 3/8
Stromberg	84 1/2	84 3/4	84 1/8	84 3/8
St. W. & S.	21 1/2	21 3/4	21 1/8	21 3/8
Davison Chem.	62 1/2	62 3/4	62 1/8	62 3/8
U. S. Steel	37 1/2	37 3/4	37 1/8	37 3/8
U. S. Steel	37 1/2	37 3/4	37 1/8	37 3/8
Texas	41 1/2	41 3/4	41 1/8	41 3/8
Tex. Pacific Oil	54 1/2	54 3/4	54 1/8	54 3/8
Houston Oil	70 1/2	70 3/4	70 1/8	70 3/8
Timken Roller	49 1/2	49 3/4	49 1/8	49 3/8
Tobacco	38 1/2	38 3/4	38 1/8	38 3/8
Transcon Oil	44 1/2	44 3/4	44 1/8	44 3/8
G. Northern Ore	29 1/2	29 3/4	29 1/8	29 3/8
Western	10 1/2	10 3/4	10 1/8	10 3/8
Union Pacific	130 1/2	130 3/4	130 1/8	130 3/8
U. S. C. I. Pipe	78 1/2	78 3/4	78 1/8	78 3/8
U. S. Steel	37 1/2	37 3/4	37 1/8	37 3/8
U. S. Steel	37 1/2	37 3/4	37 1/8	37 3/8
Utah Copper	62 1/2	62 3/4	62 1/8	62 3/8
U. S. Steel	37 1/2	37 3/4	37 1/8	37 3/8
Vivianad, n.c.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
Westinghouse	61 1/2	61 3/4	61 1/8	61 3/8
Woolworth	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
W. A.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
W. A.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
W. A.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
W. A.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
W. A.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8
W. A.	15 1/2	15 3/4	15 1/8	15 3/8

Toronto

Stocks	Open	High	Low	Close
At Six P	10 1/2	10 3/4	10 1/8	10 3/8
Abbitat	54 1/2	54 3/4	54 1/8	54 3/8
Brant	12 1/2	12 3/4	12 1/8	12 3/8
Brant	12 1/2	12 3/4	12 1/8	12 3/8
C Bred C	72 1/2	72 3/4	72 1/8	72 3/8
C Bred C	72 1/2	72 3/4	72 1/8	72 3/8
C Bred C	72 1/2	72 3/4	72 1/8	72 3/8
C Smet	27 1/2	27 3/4	27 1/8	27 3/8

EGG MARKET REVIEW

Ottawa, Jan. 11.—No further change is reported in prices. The market for fresh has an easy tendency, and in some instances prices are being shaded to effect sales. The storage situation remains unchanged.
Toronto—Fresh specials 6c, extras 23c. Storage extras 2c, first 36c, second 36c, third 36c, fourth 36c, fifth 36c. Montreal—Steady. Fresh extras 5c, first 5c, second 5c, third 5c, fourth 5c, fifth 5c. Quebec—Steady. Fresh extras 4c, first 4c, second 4c, third 4c, fourth 4c, fifth 4c.

PROVISIONS

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, Jan. 11.—Notwithstanding higher prices on hogs, provisions were still steady with the country with corn. Cash prices:
Lard—12 1/2 to 13.
Hides—60 lb average, \$9.87.

COTTON

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, Jan. 11.—Cotton futures closed 1/2 cent higher. Strong buying, March, 23 5/8c; May, 24 9/16c. Spot closed quiet. Middling uplands, 24 1/2c.

CHEESE

Associated Press Despatch.
Montreal, Jan. 11.—The cheese market was quiet. Finest western, 17c to 19c.

WEEKS INCORPORATIONS

Toronto, Jan. 11.—Authorized capital, \$8,832,600. Reported for the Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum Co.
Capital: \$8,832,600.
Winnipeg, Jan. 11.—Authorized capital, \$8,832,600. Reported for the Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum Co.
Capital: \$8,832,600.

EFFORT TO CORNER WHEAT IS CHARGED BY MINISTER

Paris, Jan. 11.—Minister of Agriculture Chéron has filed a charge against persons unknown, alleging an attempt to corner the wheat and flour market. The judicial authorities are also starting an investigation. The activity on the part of the officials follows the failure of the price of wheat to drop, despite the fact that the customs duties on grain have been reduced by five francs. On the day the reduction went into effect the market rallied nearly three francs. When the price began to decrease, but the next day again rose to its original point, all of which convinced the minister that a conspiracy was being held up wheat and keeping it off the market.

MARKET SIDELIGHTS

INTEREST IN MACKAY.
There was more than the usual interest Thursday in the shares of the Mackay Chemical Company. The stock makes its appearance at New York, but 900 shares changed hands. At current levels this stock is looked upon by many as a sure thing, with other 7 per cent issues of approximately merit, particularly in view of the substantial additions to revenue-producing lines in 1923. These large extensions were put in out of earnings while the dividend was being increased to 7 per cent and a cash bonus of 10 per cent was declared. These revenue-producing extensions might operate to make Mackay one of the 1924 favorites is the belief of many.

BELL TELEPHONE ISSUE.

The announcement of a new issue of stock by the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, Limited, is of interest to the public in general. To the former it means valuable subscription rights, and to the latter it bespeaks the progress of Canada, and it is a good augury for the country when it makes money coming in as making upon a utility of this nature.

THE OTTAWA BOND ISSUE.

The high price of 103 1/2 obtained by the Ottawa for its \$1,815,552 1/2 per cent debentures is expected to cause other municipalities to put their bonds on the market as soon as possible, according to some reports. It is pointed out that the price obtained is even better than Toronto got some time ago. The city of Toronto, it is stated, paid at the rate of 5.27, whereas Ottawa got a price of little better than 5.14, which compares with the rate of 3.2 last year. Arthur Ellis, chairman of the Ottawa bonds, says the present issue is the best price obtained by the city in ten years.

HAY AND STRAW

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Jan. 11.—Hay, extra No. 2, 11 1/2; No. 1, 12 1/2; No. 3, 11 1/2; No. 4, 10 1/2; No. 5, 9 1/2; No. 6, 8 1/2; No. 7, 7 1/2; No. 8, 6 1/2; No. 9, 5 1/2; No. 10, 4 1/2; No. 11, 3 1/2; No. 12, 2 1/2.

SEEDS

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, Jan. 11.—Timothyseed, \$5.50 cloverseed—\$18 to \$20.50 per cwt.

French Radical Favors Effete

Herriot Declares Financial Situation Most Difficult in History.

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, Jan. 11.—Edouard Herriot, leader of the Radical party, and the most formidable opponent of the present French government, delivered a speech in the Chamber of Deputies today, in which he deplored the present financial situation of France as "one of the most difficult in her history."
M. Herriot advocated as close an entente between the French and British nations as existed during the war. He pleaded with the present French leadership to reduce the deficit, which has been widening between France and British governments. The attitude of the Radical party toward Germany, should the party obtain direction of French affairs in the elections next May, M. Herriot declared, will be for an equitable settlement of the reparation situation through economic and financial agreements in which the allies and their associates concur rather than strong measures of coercion.

Butter and Eggs

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, Jan. 11.—Trade in eggs was steady. In the butter market continues strong. Butter—No. 1, pasteurized, 42c to 43c; No. 2, 41c to 42c; No. 3, 40c to 41c.

CHEESE

Associated Press Despatch.
Montreal, Jan. 11.—The cheese market was quiet. Finest western, 17c to 19c.

FLOUR

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, Jan. 11.—The flour market was without change. A fair business was reported in milled and in rolled oats.

SUGAR

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, Jan. 11.—While not very active, raw sugar was firm today, with spot and futures prices steady. The only sales reported today were 32,000 bags of Cuban prompt shipment at 60c, duty added. For first half February shipment, believed to be for an output refiner, at 64c, duty added. The market for sugar futures were stimulated by the firmness of the spot market and the increased buying of raw sugar by interests and houses with Cuban connections were the principal buyers, and after opening on 2 1/2 points higher, prices continued to rise, closing at 41 1/2c, up 1/2c from 41 1/4c, and from 41 1/4c to 41 1/2c. Thursday's closing was 41 1/2c. Improvement was noted in the domestic demand for refined sugar, but a better export business was reported. The market for refined sugar was unchanged from the previous day. Refined futures were nominal.

Local Market

The inactivity usual after Christmas was still evident in the local market this morning. The square was only sparsely settled, and vegetables, apples and oranges were fairly plentiful, but constitute the bulk of the offerings. A lot of choice onions was brought to the market. The price asked is \$2.00 for a 100-lb bag.
Potatoes continued to be scarce, and the market for them was very tight. The price for a 100-lb bag was \$1.10 to \$1.15, while the retail price centered around \$1.25. The demand for dressed pork is again keen, with the coming of colder weather. Hind and fore quarters sold well at 10c per lb for the former and 14c for the latter.

Grain, Per Bushel.

Oats, new, per bushel	\$ 1.75
Barley, per bushel	1.54
Wheat, per bushel	1.54
Hay, new, per ton	11.00
Straw, per ton	9.50

Fruit and Vegetables.

Apples, per bushel	1.25
Brussels sprouts, qt.	1.50
Carrots, per bushel	1.00
Cabbage, head	1.00
Onions, per bushel	2.00
Parsnips, per bushel	1.00
Sage, per bunch	1.00
Turnips, per bushel	1.00

</



Child's tongue shows if bilious, constipated

GIVE "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Dependable Laxative for Sick Baby or Child — Harmless!

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, peevish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup—Advt.

GUARANTEED RETURN

OF

SIX YEARLY PREMIUMS

After 20 premiums have been paid on a Northern Life 6 P. R. Policy—the Policy is paid up and the last six premiums are returned in cash.

Note the results of a \$5,000 Policy:

Age	Premium	Cash Value end of 20 Years	Paid-up Policy	Total Paid-up
25	\$146.50	\$3,205.00	\$5,000 and 6	\$6,885.00
30	162.25	3,560.00	800.00	6,885.00
35	180.80	3,945.00	975.00	6,895.00
40	202.60	4,365.00	1,220.00	6,935.00

*Subject to evidence of insurability.

NORTHERN LIFE

20 Payment Life 6 P. R.

(Six Premiums Returned)

Issued up to \$2,000 without medical examination.

Double Indemnity and Total and Permanent Disability clauses may be included in a Northern Life Policy.

Sign _____ Name _____ Age _____
 Street _____ City _____

For further particulars tear out and send to Home Office.

The Northern Life Assurance Co. of Canada
 Hon. Manning W. Doherty, President
 S. C. Tweed, Managing Director
 Home Office—London Ontario

NOTED PREACHER OF NEW YORK CITY SPEAKS IN LONDON

Three Times On Sunday At Adelaide Street Baptist Church.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK

Announcement that J. Aspinall McCuaig, celebrated preacher and lecturer of New York City, will speak in London on Sunday, will be of interest to many who have heard Mr. McCuaig in other cities of Ontario.

At 11 o'clock a.m., he will occupy the pulpit of Adelaide Street Baptist Church, when he will speak on "God's Need of Man."

The interest of the day will continue in a mass meeting of men to be held at 4:15 p.m. in the Adelaide Street Church.

At this meeting the lecturer will discuss one of the great social issues out-reaching from the war. His subject will be "Man's Relationship to Woman." It is expected that this meeting will be representative of the male citizenship of London, irrespective of church or church affiliation.

Tells How To Love.
 At 7 o'clock in Adelaide Street Church he will speak on "How to Love."

"Tragedies of Marriage" will be the subject of the final lecture of the day, when at 8:30 p.m., at the close of all the regular church services of the day, in the King Street Presbyterian Church, Mr. McCuaig will address a great union mass meeting of all the local churches.

Mr. McCuaig comes to Ontario in pursuance of a nation wide educational campaign for the strengthening of home and marriage standards which have been seriously menaced by war conditions.

As educational head of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity, university lecturer on hygiene, and teacher of right living, Mr. McCuaig enjoys an international reputation.

Speaks During Week.
 Of his ministry, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis of Brooklyn says: "Dr. McCuaig has the greatest message of the twentieth century."

Mr. McCuaig will speak in London Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings. The afternoon lectures, which will be held at 3 o'clock each afternoon, will be for women only, and will deal with the general subject of "Home Standards." The night lectures, which will be for both men and women, will deal with "Marriage Standard."

All of the week afternoon meetings will be held in Adelaide Street Church.

All of Mr. McCuaig's addresses are community lectures, nonsectarian, and free to all.

U. S. DESTROYER AGROUND IS BEING BADLY FOUNDED

Associated Press Despatch.
 Beaufort, N.C., Jan. 11.—A United States destroyer has run aground on the beach half way between Beaufort Bar and Cape Lookout Light, according to word received here from a tug in Cape Lookout cove, which is attempting to reach the vessel and render assistance. A strong wind is blowing and it is feared that unless assistance reaches the vessel, it will be badly pounded.



J. Aspinall McCuaig, noted preacher of New York City, will speak three times on Sunday at the Adelaide Street Church. Special interest centers around a mass meeting for men to be held in the afternoon. His subject will be "Man's Relationship to Women."

The Farmer's Wife:

She Visits the City With Six Children.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"
 "I've been to the city to look at the screen."
 "Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?"
 "I saw Charlie the funny and Mary the fair."

Last week, acting upon the advice of city relatives, we pressed our best clothes, shined our shoes, brushed the hayseeds out of our hair, hired a neighbor to do the chores and embarked on a hundred-mile train trip. You would be surprised if you could look just like real people, and I think that the only thing that makes every one stare at us when we are traveling is the size of the family. It was quite a business getting the said family ready for the trip—six children and three big dolls need a good many clothes—but when we once got settled in the train there was a long breathing space. The train was a new experience for the three youngest children, for we have done most of our tripping by motor, and how they all did enjoy it. Everything thrilled them—the paper drinking cups, the big box of sandwiches, the passengers who were so much interested in them, the man who lighted the lamps with a long torch. Then being met at the station and driven for some miles along brilliantly lighted streets, past gorgeous shops and lovely houses— not a child closed an eye, though it was past ten o'clock.

At the Movies.
 And now we are here and having a beautiful time. When we go to the movies we add interest to the proceedings by our very evident enjoyment, how we shriek with laughter when the funny man catches the custard pie with his face, and how we weep over the trials of Cinderella. Any tired business man who goes to the movies when we are there surely enjoys our whole-hearted pleasure as much as the film itself.

Going downtown is another thrilling business, though here isn't much shopping done on the days the children go, as there is so much for them to look at. The long ride on one of the big new street cars is a treat to begin with, past miles of the most interesting of which are the flower shops and the fruit stores with their big windows full of masses of color. City people hardly realize how their country cousins miss frost-free lettuce and radishes, parsley and cress are so tempting that we don't know which to choose. And we had to go right inside the florist's to investigate with our noses before we could believe they were really-true flowers. Another exciting thing downtown is riding on the elevators and escalators in the big stores. There are so many of them that we can go from one to another all afternoon without the men in charge realizing that we just came for the ride.

The gray stone arch at the corner thrills us very much, too, and when we attend service there we are awed into exceptionally good behavior. The huge, softly lighted building with its lovely stained glass windows, its sweet flowers banded on the altar and its big organ is very different from our own little church; but when the white-robed choir begins a familiar hymn it seems like a friend from home and we join lustily in the singing.

Snowstorms Differ.
 A big snowstorm in the city is quite a different matter from one in the country. At home it means shovelling through big drifts to get from the house to the stable, the mail man may not be able to make his rounds for a day or two, the doctor puts his car away, and more or less cheerfully struggles through the drifted roads with a horse and cutter, the children wade to school through snow waist-deep and come home wet to the skin. Here the snow hasn't much chance to drift as the buildings break the wind, it may lie thick on the streets, and sidewalks, but sweepers and shovelers are soon at work and business goes on as usual. It makes a nice lot of work for the army of unemployed and they look very happy as they work in large gangs clearing sidewalks in front of city-owned property. When the children saw the snow in the busy downtown streets they thought it was sand as the traffic soon reduces it to a substance resembling brown sugar. Some people really like snow. I knew a man who was quarantined while his children had scarlet fever, and he said he used to pray for snow every night so he could get some outdoor exercise in the morning.

Things Are Changed.
 I get many a thrill out of this

spree myself, in just a few years this big city has grown quite out of my memory, and I can lose myself even on the main street. There are new car lines, new streets, old streets widened and made over, new telephone exchanges and new residential districts, so that things have grown beyond recollection. Parties and dances are going on in the same old way, and although they don't excite me as much as they used to do, I love to see my young friends and relations in their pretty clothes and wonder if I ever flirted with pneumonia in my own youth the way they do now. Wouldn't the children get spanked if they went out in such chiffon stockings and thin slippers? This is a gay life; there seems to be something doing every minute—people going out and coming in and movies and theatres until our eyes ache and our simple country minds are dazed. How will we ever manage to get our noses back on their respective grindstones after all this dissipation?

MAIL-CARRIER HAS NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH

Ripley, Jan. 11.—W. Hine, local rural mail carrier, had a discomforting experience when delivering the mail in the heavy snowstorm last Saturday afternoon.
 When crossing the C.N.R. track Mr. Hine had a narrow escape from being run down by the wayfreight which he did not see because of the blizzard. Although he succeeded in avoiding the train, his horse took fright, and breaking away from the cutter, proceeded at a terrific rate of speed around its customary route, leaving the mail behind. It was captured near the end of its beat, Mr. Hine having made other arrangements for delivering the letters.

MONEY TO LOAN

The London Life serves the community by loaning funds

- ☐ A well-managed Life Insurance Company will naturally always have surplus funds, which, in the interests of its policyholders must be invested on first-class security.
- ☐ The London Life has always loaned money to assist the individual in building or purchasing a home and its loaning board holds daily sittings for the purpose of considering applications for first mortgage loans.
- ☐ The Company's loaning service is well-organized and prompt in action.
- ☐ No inspection fees are charged.
- ☐ Loans, if favorably reported, are made with the least possible delay.
- ☐ Repayment terms are suitable and liberal.
- ☐ Ask for Mr. Tufts at the Head Office, Wellington Street, opposite the Y. M. C. A.

The London Life Insurance Company

Policies "Good as Gold"
 HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ONT.
 Agencies in all principal cities

INTEGRITY SERVICE

The 1924 Model Studebaker Big-Six Seven-Passenger Sedan
\$3665
 f. o. b. Walkerville, Ont. Exclusive of taxes

Into the Studebaker Big-Six closed cars have gone, without compromise or stint, the finest design, materials, workmanship and the best of Studebaker's 72 years' experience.

Nothing has been left undone to make them as fine enclosed cars as can be built.

Certainly no car performs more brilliantly or is more reliable. None possesses greater beauty or is more luxuriously comfortable. None is more enjoyable to drive or easier to steer—and none is more completely equipped.

To pay more is extravagance. To pay less means a sacrifice of service and comfort.

Phone or call for a demonstration.

Terms to Meet Your Convenience

STUDEBAKER

FRANK McLACHLIN
 86-88 KING STREET.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

POWER COMFORT

THE RIGHT INDIVIDUAL

Are you seeking the opportunity to meet just the right individual whose assistance you need to accomplish what you most desire?

Is it essential that you meet any of these needs—

- A Roomer For a Vacant Room.
- A Boarder or Two For the Home Table.
- Capable Workers For Home or Business.
- Customers For What You Have To Sell.
- A Tenant To Whom You Wish To Rent.
- An Employer Who Needs Your Services.
- The Return of a Lost Article.
- Opportunities To Buy, Sell, Rent or Exchange To Advantage.

Each day dozens of messages reach "Just the Right Individual" through

Advertiser Want Ads

Phone 3670

Demand

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy—Genuine

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians over 23 years for

Colds Headache Neuralgia Rheumatism
 Toothache Lumbago Neuritis Pain, Pain

Genuine → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
 Handy "Bayer" boxes of twelve tablets
 Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

BAPTIST. BAPTIST. ADELAIDE ST. BAPTIST. J. ASPINALL McCUAIG. OF NEW YORK. 11 a.m., subject—"GOD'S NEED OF MEN."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE — CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. First Church of Christ, Scientist. SUNDAY SERVICES, 11 IN THE MORNING, AND 7 IN THE EVENING.

Egerton Street Baptist. Rev. A. Burgess, Minister. 11 a.m.—"Fear Not." 3 p.m.—Church School. 7 p.m.—"The Power of Character."

ASKIN ST. METHODIST. REV. J. T. COSBY MORRIS, B.A., B.D., — PASTOR. DEDICATORY SERVICES of Secondary School and Gymnasium.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN. Cor. Clarence Street and Dufferin Avenue. WILLIAM BEATTIE, D.D., C.M.G. PASTOR. GEORGE LETHBRIDGE, Director of Musical Services.

COLBORNE ST. METHODIST. REV. HERBERT J. UREN, Pastor. 10 a.m.—Brotherhood. 11 a.m.—E. J. Moore, Esq., of Toronto.

Hamilton Road. M. Fraser, B.A., Minister. 11 a.m.—"Grow in Grace." 3 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.

DUNDAS STREET CENTER. REV. JOHN GARRUTT, Minister. 11 a.m.—Rev. W. E. Millson, President London Conference.

Christ Church. Corner Wellington and Hill Sts. C. R. Gunn, Rector. 11 a.m.—Holy Communion. 3 p.m.—Sunday School. 7 p.m.—Evening Prayer.

FIRST METHODIST. REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor. Rev. E. W. Jewitt, B.A., Director of Religious Education.

St. John the Evangelist. Wellington and St. James Sts. REV. A. L. G. CLARKE, Rector. 8 a.m.—Holy Communion. 11 a.m.—Morning Service and Junior Congregation.

Centennial Methodist. 11 a.m.—O. Hezlewood, Esq., both of Toronto. 7 p.m.—E. J. Moore, Esq., both of Toronto.

St. Paul's Cathedral. Rector, the Very Rev. Dean Tucker, D.D. Organist and Choirmaster, Harry T. Dickinson.

Empress Ave. Church. Rev. J. F. Chapman, B.A., Pastor. 10 a.m.—Fellowship Meeting. 11 a.m.—Rev. W. H. Hiles, B.A.

ASKIN STREET CHURCH WILL OPEN GYMNASIUM. Week of Celebration Planned As Result of Great Effort. PROMOTE ATHLETICS. Special Service To Be Held Tomorrow, Dealing With Work.

ASKIN ST. METHODIST. REV. J. T. COSBY MORRIS, B.A., B.D., — PASTOR. DEDICATORY SERVICES of Secondary School and Gymnasium.

COLBORNE ST. METHODIST. REV. HERBERT J. UREN, Pastor. 10 a.m.—Brotherhood. 11 a.m.—E. J. Moore, Esq., of Toronto.

Centennial Methodist. 11 a.m.—O. Hezlewood, Esq., both of Toronto. 7 p.m.—E. J. Moore, Esq., both of Toronto.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist. 10 a.m.—Brotherhood. 11 a.m.—Rev. Herbert J. Uren. 7 p.m.—London City Council Night.

Ridout St. Methodist. J. A. AGNEW, Pastor. Res., 87 Windsor Ave. 11 a.m.—Rev. R. J. McCormick, M.A.

United Holiness Meeting. Every Friday evening, 8 o'clock. 11 a.m.—Rev. W. H. Hiles, B.A.

PRESBYTERIANS VOTED FOR UNION. Moderator of Assembly Says Church Has Twice Favored Move. REGRETS OPPOSITION. Canadian Press Despatch.

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REV. W. E. MILLSON, Minister of the London Methodist Conference, who will dedicate the new gymnasium of the Askin Street Methodist Church at a special open session of the Sunday school tomorrow afternoon.

Week of Celebration Planned As Result of Great Effort. PROMOTE ATHLETICS. Special Service To Be Held Tomorrow, Dealing With Work.

A week of celebration follows the grand opening of the new gymnasium of Askin Street Methodist Church tomorrow. On Tuesday there will be a grand concert and a pageant.

When it is opened the gymnasium building will include not only every up-to-date facility for the athletics which have become an important branch of the young people's activities of the church, but in addition a junior Sunday school, capable of accommodating between two and three hundred children. This will open off the main school, and will be above the gymnasium proper.

Develop Athletics. In the development of athletics as an important branch of the young people's work the Askin Street Church has been continuously active. The result of this continued interest is that they are now able to open a modern gymnasium of regulation size, equipped with showers, baths, dressing rooms, a gallery and the extra accommodation for the junior school, all of this being steam-heated.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, Jan. 11.—In reply to appeals from leading anti-unionists that another vote be taken on church union, Principal Gandier, moderator of the Presbyterian general assembly, issued a statement today in which he points out that the membership of the Presbyterian Church has already voted twice for union, and that the church has acted through its representative courts in strict accordance with the constitution.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, Jan. 11.—The weakness that has characterized the sugar situation since the beginning of the year, still continues to be the main feature of the trade both here and in the United States, and in consequence of which local refiners today made a further reduction in prices for all grades of refined sugar of 15 cents per 100 pounds, which is the fourth decline for the year to date, amounting to fifty cents per 100 pounds. Even, however, at today's level, the price is still \$1.55 per 100 pounds more than at this period last year.

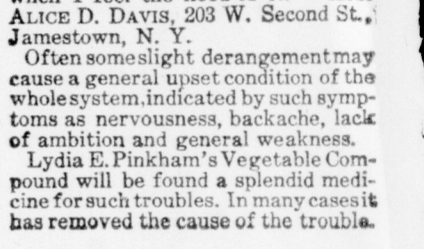
Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, Jan. 11.—The recent order by Chief of Police Dickson barring reporters from the police offices except at certain hours and curtailing the distribution of police news, is permitting thugs to roam about the city unhampered by the warning which the press usually supplies, according to Toronto papers tonight.

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WOMAN BATTLES MAD ATTACKER. Mrs. A. B. Barr, Toronto, Courageously Fights Assailant, Who Later Fleed. Girls! It's All the Rage Now. Moistening Your Hair Brush! Hair becomes Beautiful.

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA. MOTHERS—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Wind Colic, To Sweeten Stomach, Flatulency, Diarrhea, Regulate Bowels, Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates.

TODAY I AM REAL WELL. So Writes Woman After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Jamestown, N.Y.—"I was nervous, easily excited and discouraged and had no ambition. Part of the time I was not able to sit up as I suffered with pains in my back and with weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, both the liquid and tablet forms, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash for inflammation. Today I am real well and run a rooming house and do the work. I recommend your medicine to every woman who complains, and you may use my letter to help any one else. I am passing through the Change of Life now and I keep the Vegetable Compound in the house, ready to take when I feel the need of it."



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine for such troubles. In many cases it has removed the cause of the trouble.

CORNS. Lift Off—No Pain! FREEZONE. Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your drugget sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.—Adv.

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DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE.
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER LXVIII

The Visit.

She wore a black hat with a wide brim; fresh, white collar and cuffs on the dark suit. She looked slim, pale and very young when Denny came to meet her.

He was a trifle nervous after his impulsive invitation. She must think it funny; must wonder why he was taking her. For he hadn't a chance to explain, and he hadn't seen her again since the date was made.

Joan, fastening the clasps of her white glove, smiled. "You see, I've dressed up. Do you think your sister will like me?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Well, I hope so, seeing that I got up at the break of day to wash and starch these cuffs in her honor!"

There was a merriment about her that had none of the constraint of their last meeting. Strange the way her moods varied. Denny felt as though he were a kid and she a kid, too, and they were off for a lark together.

"It's mighty nice in you to come, Joan, in this offhand manner."

She seemed surprised. "I was just thinking it was so spontaneous in you to ask me. Isn't it strange that I feel so easy with you and I don't very much with other people?"

He chuckled. "What's so strange about that, Joan? Time was when I was the only man friend you'd ever had."

"How you remember! Did you write all those things down?"

"I was young and impressionable then and they cut deep."

"It was true," wistful note in the fine, clear voice. "And I've thought of you in that way ever since."

"As a friend?"

"Yes. With her astonishing frankness she leveled her eyes to his. "You helped me a great deal in those six years."

"I? How?"

"Oh, sometimes I had work, you know, dancing. That was very hard, and I never would have done it only we had to have the money. Sometimes things that were disagreeable happened." She broke off.

"How did I help you, Joan?"

"I remembered things you said, but mostly the way you looked—so strong. I had an idea you would always choose the better way, even if it were the harder. I had that idea about you."

A flush crept over Denny's face. It was as though she had come upon her kneeling—heard her whispering a prayer. He felt his eyes sting.

"Thanks, Joan. It was all he could think of to say."

"But will your sister think this very odd—your bringing me? I've been wondering."

"No—she knows you're coming. You see, Joan, she's alone a great deal. You see, Katy fell off a tree when she was little and she's never walked very much since. She's alone too much. That's why I asked you to come. I thought, perhaps, you'd be friends."

She put out her hand to him, a faint, beautiful color sweeping into her face. "Oh."

When she glanced up a light

seemed to come out of her eyes like a smile. "There are just you and your sister?"

He nodded.

"And she was with you while you were working?"

"Yes—sure."

"You never told me this before and you pretended everything was so easy for you."

"Say, Joan, you're not going to weep, are you? Everything was easy enough. Wait till you see Katy."

Because he knew that Katy was in a fever of anticipation that she was spending the whole day fixing the barn in all its glory with flowers in every vase and every corner and something mighty good for tea, Denny felt a hot dry jubilation.

"Now, you'll see, Joan." He swung across the lawn. "This is our barn and this is Katy's willow tree. Hurry up!"

The blue silk sweater that Stephen had brought and that was reserved for all state occasions had been brought out. Katy wore it with a fine lace collar and vest. The bright chestnut curls were glossy and all in place. Denny gave her a quick look that said, quite plainly: "Humph! Fixed yourself up pretty spiffy, didn't you?"

So Katy was delighted, and when he brought Joan over she put out her hand, saying with her quaint formality, "I'm pleased to have you, Miss Lewis. Denny and I are most delighted to have you come."

"We're to be friends, Miss Brooks, if you're pleased to like me," Joan answered. "Did you know that?"

Katy held her hand, looked into Joan's face. "Yes. You're just exactly like I pictured you, isn't that a revelation?"

Denny burst out laughing. "Don't mind her, Joan. Katy gets revelations. She's specially chosen by Providence to listen in on all the secret sessions."

"Just the same," Joan laughed. "I could have drawn your picture, Miss Lewis."

"If you'd only been born an artist instead of a poet, eh, Katy?"

"He's been doing it for a fifth of a century. I'm not bankrupt yet. But, won't you just take off your hat and pretend we've known each other for always and let me say 'Joan,' because that's a beautiful name and suits you. Besides, I can't get along with strangers. We never have any in our house. Never. Only friends. Isn't that so, Denny? And we're going to have something awful good for tea—ever so good. See how mighty lovely the table is and wait till you see what's coming out of the oven."

Joan laughed merrily, warmed by Katy's childlike sweetness. "Am I the one to see it coming from the oven, Denny?"

"No. Denny's the one. Here we have the new order and Lord Denny waits on the ladies. While he's doing it, I'll tell you a little about me and you tell me a little about you."

Katy began with the barn and how they had come there. She was almost intoxicated with the rare pleasure of the visit. Joan was the first girl near her own age, excepting Fay and Lizzie and a few neighbors, who had ever chatted with her for more than a few minutes. Joan went about fingering the books, touching the flowers.

"This is the most beautiful room I've ever been in, Katy."

"Do you know why, Joan? Well, this is what I think—everyone who comes here leaves a dear thought or a feeling after them. What she does eat distresses her, headaches and dizziness follow, there is a fluttering of the heart, and the complexion becomes pale. In cases of debility of this kind building up the blood is generally effective. By improving the quality of the blood and increasing its quantity, nourishment is carried to the shattered nerves. The appetite invariably improves and gradually the exhausted system is toned up and the whole outlook of life is brightened. Mrs. George Gran, R.R. No. 1, Markdale, Ont., tells for the benefit of others the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were to her in a run down condition. She says:—'If anyone could strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I feel I can. For over four years I had been troubled with my nerves, and for weeks at a time I would suffer terribly with headaches. My blood was very thin, I had no appetite, could hardly go about. I was afraid to stay alone in the house as I feared something would happen to me. Finally I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have made me a new woman, as I am now the picture of health. I have increased in weight, the headaches come no more, and my nerves are as good as ever they were. Before I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills life was a burden; now I enjoy living, and I hope some other woman will take courage from my experience, for I feel sure that what this medicine did for me it can do for others.'"

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv't.

HERE'S A PAGE that puts "U" IN HUMOR

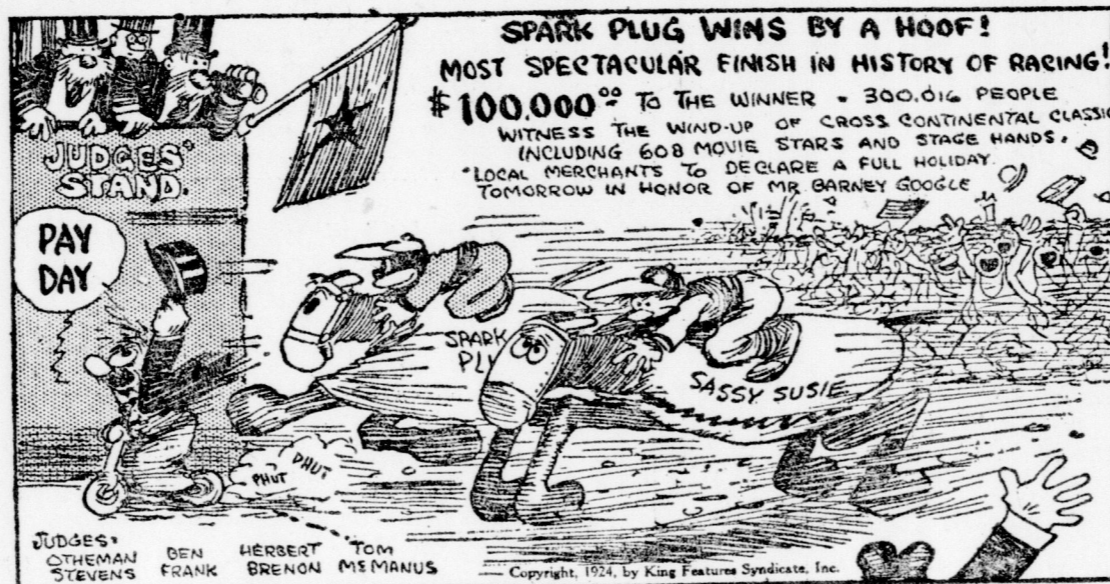
THE GUMPS—THE BURNT CHILD



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

And Now Barney Connects With One Big Pay Day.

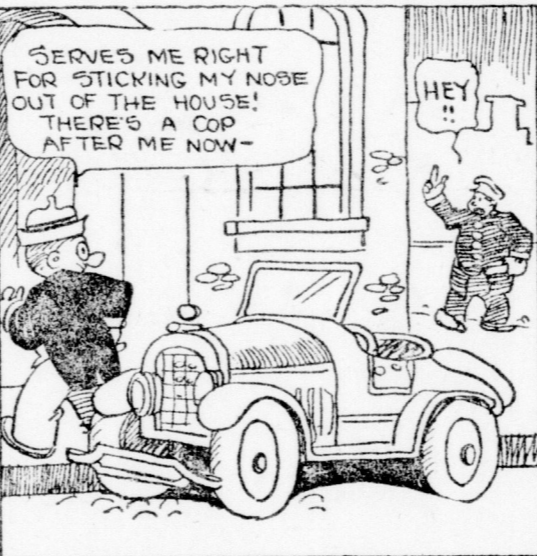
BY BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper Establishes an Alibi.

BY JIMMY MURPHY



HEADACHES FOR WEEKS

They Soon Disappeared After Using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every woman, at times, finds the routine of household duties. But how much more difficult are the daily tasks of the home to the woman who is nervous and rundown? She prepares meals for the family, but has no appetite for food. What she does eat distresses her, headaches and dizziness follow, there is a fluttering of the heart, and the complexion becomes pale. In cases of debility of this kind building up the blood is generally effective. By improving the quality of the blood and increasing its quantity, nourishment is carried to the shattered nerves. The appetite invariably improves and gradually the exhausted system is toned up and the whole outlook of life is brightened. Mrs. George Gran, R.R. No. 1, Markdale, Ont., tells for the benefit of others the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were to her in a run down condition. She says:—'If anyone could strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I feel I can. For over four years I had been troubled with my nerves, and for weeks at a time I would suffer terribly with headaches. My blood was very thin, I had no appetite, could hardly go about. I was afraid to stay alone in the house as I feared something would happen to me. Finally I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have made me a new woman, as I am now the picture of health. I have increased in weight, the headaches come no more, and my nerves are as good as ever they were. Before I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills life was a burden; now I enjoy living, and I hope some other woman will take courage from my experience, for I feel sure that what this medicine did for me it can do for others.'"

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Why Have Skin Trouble Cuticura Will Prevent It

In the treatment of all skin troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently, and apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected parts. Do not fail to include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

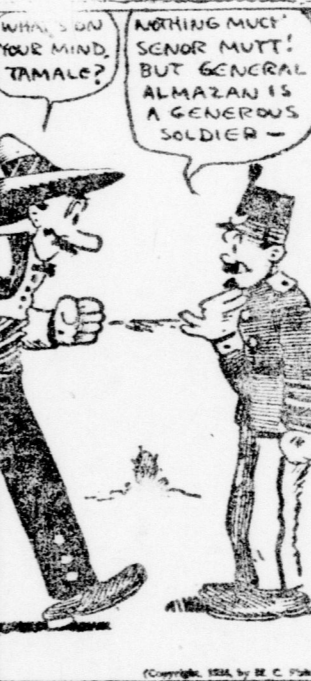
Sole U.S. Distributors: 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: The London Dispensary, 344 St. Paul St., W. Montreal.

Trade-Mark: Cuticura Soap shaves without a mug.

MUTT AND JEFF

Yes, Class Will Tell.

BY BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

Salutation By Proxy.

BY GUY W. BARNES

