

**Willsiey**  
**Master Thief**  
**Arthur Somers Roche**  
 NEA Service Inc.  
**LEGER DEMAIN**

Have you ever been hungry? Oh, I wouldn't get some kind of a job if you wanted me. I could not debate the question with her. How many understand that comes when dinner is delayed. I mean hungry? Not for an hour, not for a day, not for a month, two months, three months? I mean a hunger that is a slow starvation, that is not content to melt the flesh and shrink the muscles, but works a fatal attack upon the heart and mind.

Perhaps you do not believe in such an alchemy. Nevertheless you will concede that the mind possesses great dominion over the body. And misdeeds are overturned by harsh masters. Why should not the body then be ruled, destroyed the mind that, perhaps, has made no success of its ruling?

I had never in all my life done a thing which the world calls dishonorable. I should have been able to look anyone in the eye. The consciousness of virtue should have sustained my glance. Instead, it fell before her unobscured glare. Then I made up my mind.

"All right, Mrs. Gannon; I'll pay you to-night," I told her.

"It's to-night now," she reminded me suspiciously.

"I mean in an hour," I explained.

She eyed me unbelievably. Then, reluctantly, she said: "Don't think you can do anything over on me. I'll give you my dollar in advance, like it's due, or you go."

I nodded to her apologetically, humbly. She pursed her lips, started to say something, changed her mind and let her words become an indistinguishable murmur, turned and waddled down the hall.

I mounted the stairs. I say mounted, but I mean that I climbed them by the most desperate effort. Silver zigzag lines appeared and vanished before my eyes; tiny points of light grew into great molten moons and

Even the flash that shook upon her as she waddled toward me was not the firm fat of the self-fish, but the greasy flesh of the fish. The fish who work too hard, and who replenish their wasted tissues with food of the wrong nutrition value.

Without a word she held out her hand to me. I could feel myself coloring, and marvelled that there was enough red in my atomic system to furnish my cheeks with a blush.

There is no humiliation more painful to a gentleman than this inability to pay his debts to persons dependent for their livelihood upon his financial integrity. Red with shame, I could only stammer: "I'm sorry, Mrs. Gannon."

I suppose that year before poverty and worry and disease had left their tell-tale marks upon her body and character, her mouth may have been pleasant, even smiling. It must have never seen Mr. Gannon, and vaguely understood that he had vanished from my landlady's den a few years ago, the presence of so many young Gannons argued the bestowal of carresses upon my landlady's lips.

But now her mouth was thin and sharp, in violent contrast to the overhanging cheeks and the double chin. Years of contact with impetuous lodgers had made a sneer of what might once have been a smile.

"Sorry?" she repeated, and her shrill voice cut my very soul. "I can't pay my rent with sorrow. Not even with my own sorrow, much less a secondhand sorrow that I get from you." Her own witticism amused her, but I could see that it did not soften her.

From the room at the end of the hall one of the broad saw me. He raved toward us, stopping breathlessly.

"Make a penny disappear, Mr. Ainsley," he cried.

"Let him make a dollar appear," suggested his mother.

"Ain't you got a penny, Mr. Ainsley?" asked the child.

I suppose my shame appealed to Mrs. Gannon. Anyway, she pushed the child away, hardly ordering him to go back to the kitchen. But pity for my humiliation could not make her forget her own needs.

"The rent of your room was due yesterday, Mr. Ainsley," she said. "I'm always willing to give anyone a fair chance, but with plenty of people waiting for rooms, people as is able to pay for them, you can't expect me to let you have the room free."

She told the simple truth. Even this grimy house had become attractive to me, because it afforded me shelter from the elements, because, for all its degradation, it was better than the hard benches of the park. Mrs. Gannon would have no difficulty in letting the room which I occupied, the rent of which was only a dollar a week, and yet a rental beyond my power to pay.

"Well, what you got to say?" she demanded. "It's a wonder to me that a good big strong man like you

Looking at her, as she shuffled her scuffed slippers over the torn and stained floor of the hall, one found at hand to believe that she had ever had youth, beauty and happiness. One seemed to know that she had stepped from girlhood into middle age, and that the step had not been the bounding stride of confidence, but a frightened, unexplained leap compelled by fate.

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Yet even this refuge was to be denied me unless I found means whereby to meet the debt that living in these quarters incurred. I had come to this room, stilling my contentment with difficulty. Now it was as desirable as an apartment in a palace.

Dizzily I clutched at the wall and worked my way around to the bed and sat down upon it. I was shaking and perspiring. It was as though I had been hungry, but to be homeless also, was unendurable. Well, I would do anything I had sworn never to do. I would pawn the miniature, painted upon ivory, of my mother. For the oath, that I had made to myself, as my other possessions passed into the hands of the pawnbroker, that I would do before I parted with the last remnant of different days, was no longer binding. My duty to Mrs. Gannon was paramount.

I had a shabby, worn-out suitcase in the room. I had thought when I came here that I owned the irreducible minimum of clothing possible to cover one's nakedness; but I had seen vanity, one by one, the articles of clothing and of the toilet that I had thought indispensable, not to luxury, but to life. Now, save for a shirt, an extra pair of socks and a collar or two, the suitcase was empty—save, of course, for the ivory miniature. I had no idea what a pawnbroker would consider the thing worth, but I knew, when I should part with it, I would also part with hope.

Looking at it, my eyes blurred, and with the tears of weakness, but with tears of grief, I seemed to see my whole life pass before me. I was a drowning man, sinking in the waters of failure and despair.

I saw myself as a child, winning my mother's smile by some playful prank. I saw myself as a fashionable school boy, at college, in Paris playing the part of a wealthy young dilettante. I could neither paint nor write nor compose, but I flattered myself that I had a cultured taste for all of these. Then I saw myself reduced to sudden poverty by the failure of a trust company to which the care of the estate had been entrusted. I remembered the blank bewilderment that had overcome me as I faced poverty, a bewilderment soon succeeded by confidence in my own latent abilities.

"The modern woman is hard," says a writer. But a diamond will make an impression on her.

The accidental locking of a pair of handcuffs prevented an actress taking her part in a London theatre recently. During an interval she slipped and on the handcuffs to test them, and then found the key had been misplaced. Her understudy had to finish the play for her.

There would be neither woe nor strife, but rest; As dream long ended, a long for slum, Blossom long spent. For you, whose hands I hold, Holding light, life, and all-if you were gone, The tale of all my wonder would be told, And only earth might take me to its breast.

—E. Caspary.

**The Oil War**  
 Baltimore Sun: The Royal Dutch Shell and the Standard Oil of New York are giants in the oil business, coming into competition in many countries. If they push their price war in all of them, this country will be drawn in, a development which could not be viewed here without grave concern by the oil industry. It is now in the doldrums and the astronomical reports of various American companies for 1927 leave no doubt that few of them are in position to stand up long under a drastic cut in selling prices of their products.

**Sees White Race Forced to Unite**

European Publicist Believes Study of World Map Shows a Double Menace For Common Agreement

London—A new line of approach to the consideration of world problems of the future is suggested in an article in the February number of the fortnightly review from the pen of M. Poliakoff, a European publicist whose contributions, under the nom de plume of "August," have for some time past been attracting considerable attention.

M. Poliakoff has given a new turn to the famous slogan of Lord Salisbury, "Study large maps of Europe," which in his day more or less represented the world with which he was concerned. He allowed for the expansion of European interests and ambitions to other continents, and his analysis showed the possible relationships between European powers and remote districts of the world were not barred from the study which he invited. But even Lord Salisbury did not call for the survey of maps on such a grand scale as M. Poliakoff does. In fact, the latter says: "Maps are misleading things indeed, and the science of geography is the mother of the worst prosecuted nations in politics. For the standard maps in daily use make it difficult for us to grasp the principles of race distribution."

There is but one map which M. Poliakoff invites the study of. This is the map of the world which represents the continents together in their respective positions on the surface of the earth. Thus, while Salisbury said, "Study large maps," Poliakoff in effect says, "Study Merganser's projection." From that it will be seen that the lands peopled by the white race of dominated by it are grouped in two blocks on both sides of the Atlantic. "On one hand is Europe with Africa, on the other America, South and North. In between we find Australia, a powerful racial outpost in the Pacific, while in the East are great territories in Asia exploited by the whites for their material advantage."

What is the deduction which M. Poliakoff draws? It is, in a nutshell, that the white races in Europe and the white races in America are bound by mutual interests in a mighty partnership which they may quarrel, but the interests of which as a whole they have to take into account as a first moral charge on any international policy they may set in motion.

Incidentally, it may here be observed that among the reasons for the skepticism as to eventual results of a class of good many European observers have regarded the "Outlawry" proposals for the "Outlawry" of war as the belief that the world of the future will present wider grounds for conflict than was apparently envisaged in the idea that some five or six of the greater powers, as they now exist, could by a common solution make war an impossibility.

It is, however, in a less prominent position than might be suggested by considerations of this kind that M. Poliakoff foresees dangers against which the nations he includes in his combination of the white races would be well advised to reach a common agreement. Before a "desirable" can be formulated, however, will have to be fully adopted Europe will need to find a way of dealing with the competition of the powerful American creditor.

M. Poliakoff apparently believes that the persistence of this object will assist European nations to forget their domestic squabbles and troubles and, once met in common, thereby create the United States that a policy of isolation is incompatible with her own interests in a future world where the struggle will be between democracy and Bolshevism, between the white races and a gigantic league of other races that, remembering the theory ancient scratching a Russian and finding a Tartar, can be described as altogether white.

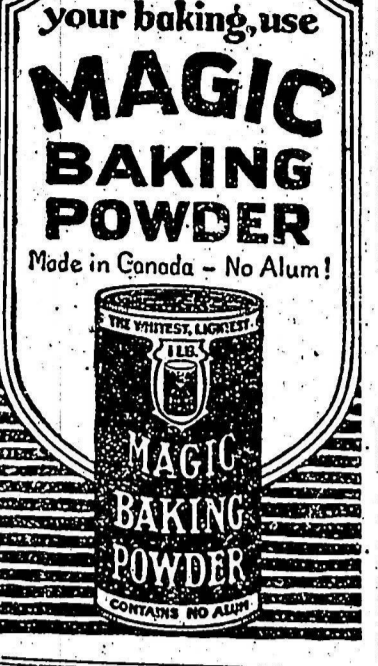
A class of children were wrestling with a lesson in arithmetic, and the scholars found that fractions were too much for them. "The trouble started when little Doris declared that she would rather have half a jam tart than two-thirds of it.

"How often have I tried to drive it into you," said the exasperated teacher, "that two-thirds of anything is more than a half? Now you all know," she went on, "that Doris prefers a small portion of tart to a large piece. Funny child, isn't she?"

Doris having been held up as a model of stupidity, put up her hand, clear, piping voice, "I don't like tart!"

**Mother Goose China For Tiny Travellers**  
 Special attention to kiddies, traveling with their parents, on trains of the Canadian National Railways, has for some time been a feature of service on Canadian National dining cars. The Nursery rhyme menus, illustrated with all the popular nursery rhyme characters, have been provided for the youngsters to select their own meals, and special meals, suited to the kiddies' tastes have been provided. Now another attraction for the children has been provided, with the placing on each of the diners of a special china services for the child, and dining car.

**FOR ALL your baking, use MAGIC BAKING POWDER**



**Chicken Feathers**

Dampness, filth and roach occupy the same quarters and are fast friends. The roach is whitewash is better than a chestful of medicine.

Painted Chickens.  
 Phil feared chicken thieves, so he took some green paint and spattered it on the feathers of his white fowls. As a result of those telltale spatters, Phil was able to locate 17 stolen birds and the thief had some tall explaining to do. The best he got (the thief—no Phil) was that, while awaiting trial, "When you want to drive a fowl in a chicken yard, you must be a broom. Don't rush after birds; just ambly slowly toward her, holding the broom by the end of its handle. If you wish the bird to go to the right, hold the broom out to the left. If the fowl runs too far to the right, shift the broom quickly to the right hand. Just as promptly, the bird will change her mind and run the other way. It's surprising how quickly a chicken or a whole flock, for that matter, will get the idea."

She was an essentially modern young woman on the way home from a special dance when a sharp attack of pain seized her. Knocking on the bell to attract the taxi-driver's attention, she hurried to the taxi and her round to her doctor's immediately. The doctor was rather amazed at being dragged out of his warm bed, but all the same, he examined his patient. "You have caught a severe chill," he said tersely. "Go straight home, dress, and get into bed."

Kentucky Paper—"A woman here was kicked on the chin by a milk-cansing her to bite off the end of her tongue, and her husband several times since has refused an offer of \$500 for the milk."

While face powder may catch a man if takes baking powder to keep him.

**Sonnet**  
 If you should die, I should live on and see Dawn rise and day end, and the weary moon Climb into heaven; hear the slum-broze hum Of stealing water; watch the Besameo-tire. Sleep to the river's brim; look up, and be Aware of strong whels blowing; of the thick, and of the sweeting snits of night— And yet there would be none of these in me.

There would be neither woe nor strife, but rest; As dream long ended, a long for slum, Blossom long spent. For you, whose hands I hold, Holding light, life, and all-if you were gone, The tale of all my wonder would be told, And only earth might take me to its breast.

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**Japanese Turn Light of Science On Industries**

Research Brings Modern Methods to Every Field in National Transition; Many Economies Effected

Transition from hand labor to mass production, from oxen as a vehicle of power to high tension transmission lines, from firebricks to motor cars, represents the pace in the present-day industrial development of Japan and foreshadows an economic advance of great significance to the Western world.

In her industries, social life, amusements, press and publications transition is the keynote. The nation is impelled by the forces of research and applied science with such power that she is passing through an industrial phase of her activities. Young Japanese engineers—50,000 of them—recent graduates of Japanese universities, are gradually taking over the control of processes and methods in electrical, chemical, aeronautical, silk and other industries.

**Leads in Fisheries Technology.**  
 In fisheries technology, Japan leads the world. The high degree of perfection of scientific process in this field of industry is attested by the success of aiding the oyster by a surgical operation to grow a pearl where none grew before was originated and practiced exclusively by the Japanese. It was long a guarded secret of one family. It is only in recent years that foreigners, and but few of them, have been permitted to visit the pearl culture farms.

The pearl culture process consists essentially, according to Maurice H. Searl, director of the National Research Council, in a recent copyrighted report published with the aid of the Japan Society of New York, in inserting a perfect sphere of Missouri River mussel shell, about three thirty-sixths of an inch in diameter, in the mantle of the living oyster. Upon the skillful execution of this delicate surgical operation the success or failure of cultured pearls depends. After the nucleus is inserted the oysters are sorted in a cage of iron shelves, which is lowered about fifteen feet below the surface of the water. In the season, 200 diving bells are employed to clean the oysters, remove foreign growth and act as "nursemaids." At Gokasho there are said to be 50,000 of these pearl oyster cage incubators in operation with an average yield of 110 pearl oysters to the cage.

**Pearl Yield is Profitable.**  
 The life cycle of the oyster is twelve years. The nucleus is not inserted, however, until the fourth year, as the check of the operation is too great for young oysters. The pearl oyster remains in cultivation for five to six years after the operation, this being the period of prime activity and maximum production of pearl essence. The Mikimoto pearl stations, owned by the family of the originator of the science, have a total area of nearly 11,000 acres. Three million pearl oysters are planted yearly and the annual value of pearl production averages \$1,000,000.

Reversing the figures for America, where ten pounds of meat are consumed for every pound of fish, the Japanese eat ten pounds of fish for every pound of meat. Japanese dieticians and economists therefore are insisting on a 200 per cent. increase in local production during the next five years. Research and science

**Some people still use bulk tea—They think it cheaper—it isn't—for they are paying for dust and siftings and for wanting flavour—They have not discovered "SALADA"—dust-free, flavoured—sealed in metal.**

**"SALADA" TEA**

Wilson Patenting Company

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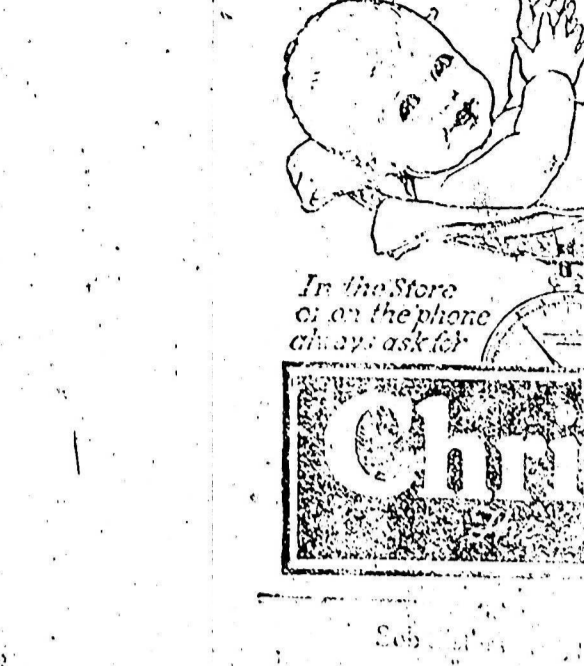
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**Children Cry for**



**Castor Oil**

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**PURITY FLOUR**  
 BEST FOR ALL YOUR BAKING — Pies, Cakes, Buns and Bread — DOES ALL YOUR BAKING BEST