Anecdotes Recall

Delightful stories about famous people of the nineties—and after, are thick as autumnal leaves" and just liouse on one of her prolonged world as colored, in the reminiscences ("Life tours, she would go into every room Was Worth Living") of W. Graham and say god-bye to her birds and flowkeeping them—was for years the close be weeping. She would sit on a chair friend of Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen and pray, blessing her home in the Terry. And at one and the same Russian manner before leaving it. too! Then he knew, intimately, artistic world worth knowing.

One day Robertson found the di-

cried, with a flourish of the paper.

"The last of . . . ?" he gaped, unintelligently.

"The last of the doctors who gave me only one more year to live when I was a girl. There were any amount of them, and now they're all dead and here I am!"

Another time he was dining with Bernhardt and old Madame Guerard. who always lived and travelled with her. The conversation fell upon the roles in life which each should choose

"I should like to be a queen," said Sarah at once.

"My dear child," protested Madame Guerard, "what people do you think his little sister into the vacuum would ever stand you? You would find yourself with your head off in a

Ellen Terry had a collection of odd little cottages in unlikely places within reach of London and was perpetually disappearing, all by herself, into one or another of these burrows.

One was a tiny public-house (saloon) called The Atdrey Arms, and she was obliged by her lease to keep the business going! But she discouraged custom by the quality of the "swipes" she served, and the trade went to another little "pub" in the same row of cottages, which sold much better beer.

Just think of being served with a standard or into the capital, Amsterdam, enjoy a certain fame for their piscatory taste, and on many his life hung in the balance. Would the car crash or keep on a straight who in the early morning hours pedaj, with the steering to keep the car on a straight on their piscatory taste, and on the car crash or keep on a straight who in the early morning hours pedaj with the steering to keep the car on a straight course, the saw those two a their bicycles to their work very often nightmare "tires zigzagging wildly" into one or another of these burrows Just think of being served with a "pot of 'art an' art" by Ellen Terry! What bliss!

In due course, Graham Robertson was bidden by Ellen Terry to come down to The Audrey Arms for "a breath of fresh air."

ing my visit when we were at luncheon in the bar parlor," he recalls, "and I stepped out to serve him. It was my sole experience as a potman and I trust that I gave satisfaction and good measure.

A friend of Henry Irving's-Wal ter Pollock - who used to give a wonderful' exact imitation of the famous actor, was paralyzed one night when in the presence of convivial friends, Irving said, suddenly.
"Now let us have that imitation of

me that everybody is so fond of." "Oh, I couldn't . . . "I stammered the unhappy victim.

"Go on, go on," raid Irving, "Here," handing him a book, "read a page of this imitating me."

Pollock meekly took the book and began in a half-hearted and shame faced way, then warming to his work finished in his best manner amidst the usual applause, chuckles, Robertson.

Irving waited till the laughter had ceased and then said slowly and with perfect sincerity:

boy. I never heard you read so well before in my life!"

It is an old trick with reporters, trying to obtain an interview with a celebrity who doesn't appreciate the honor—and there are some who don't -to use flattery by asking their vic-tim for a "message to the people." A certain scribe once tried the dodge on Burne-Jones, the famous painter.
"Teil them," said the great man,

that I am pretty well"

And off he went.

Burne-Jones, in his younger days, asked Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the poet and painter, why he had introduced inexplicable object into a pi

"To puzzle fools, boy, to puzzle ls," came the unexpected reply.
"But," remarked Burne-Jones, re lating the incident to Graham Robert son, "I don't altogether recommend the practice."

Whistier had long wished to paint a portrait of Disraeli, and one day upon his longed-for model sitting alone in St. James's Park. Loudon, apparently absorbed in thought. Plucking up his courage (Whistler afraid!) he endeavored to ecall himself to the mystic Prime Minister and finally made his request Disraeli remained silent throughout then, after an icy pause, murmured

"Go away, go away, little man." raeli's chance of immortality on can vas, adds Graham Robertson.

Ann Pavlowa, world famous dancer was passionately fond of her beautiful home at Hampstead—adjoining good old Hampstead Heath—with its lovely garden and lake, the latter built specially for her swans. "Iv been the home of Turner, the cele brated painter, and Pavlowa would say, "I am glad to be living in a house that used to belong to an art ist!" Not because Turner was Tur ner, be it noted, but because Turner was an artist!

She loved her swans and was quite unafraid of them, recalls Walford Hay-den (who for twenty years was with Pavlowa as a music director.) She would seize them rapturouslyl and play with them by the water's edge for hours and they never injured her other girls are jealous of her.

in any way. Despite the fact that she had danced "The Swan" dance in-Naughty Nineties numerable times, she never allowed herself to become self-conscious in her liove for the swans themselves.

Robertson, the painter. Mr. Robert-ers, says Mr. Hayden (in his book, son—he has a genius for making "Parlowa.)) When she would come friends and what is more difficult, back into the drawing room she would

Whistler, Sargent, Rossetti, Burne | She never failed to observe this rit-Jones, Henry Irving, Oscar Wilde and uni-except once. This was on the -well, pretty nearly everybody in the last occasion when she left Ivy House on her departure for the Continental tour during which she died. When leaving the house this time, Pavlowa vine Sarah in the highest spirits, evi-astonished everybody by her hurry dentify raised by some paragraph she She seemed to be running blindly had chanced upon in a newspaper.

"There goes the last of them!" she to see again.

Applied Genesis

Little Wilfred had been absent from Sunday school, and the teacher

called to inquire why.

"The real reason," said the boy's
mother, "is because I fear he is learning things that only tend to make him mischievous."
"Micchievous!" caclaimed the autonished teacher. "Really, I don't under-

stand how Sunday school could have that effect on him."

"You see," explained the parent, "it's like this. The last time Wilfred went to Sunday school he came home convinced that people are made of dust, and I found him trying to draw

Motor Age Claims One More

in Amsterdam street life as hot-dog spectacle of both his tires racing the stands in New York, coffee stalls in car down the beach. their bicycles to their work, very often pay a daily visit to the herring man. And it is quite usual for them to re-peat their visit in the evening, when going home, in order to swallow a nice idden by Elleu Terry to come to The Audrey Arms for "a going nome, in order Jo Swantow a five to The Audrey Arms for "a going nome, in order Jo Swantow at the total to the Audrey Arms for "a going nome, in order Jo Swantow at the total value of the total to the total to the first by oung salted herring, or a pickled cucumber. The owners of the herring stalls, straight course, though when he finally pulled up he said he felt as though he had been pummelled and in the bar agricult. evening—take great pride in the punched all over, equipment of the stalls, which are Another Tie kept spotlessly clean, with acetylene gas lamps burning brightly. But mediately fitted a different type of tire modern progress has not left the traditional herring stalls untouched. One peared on the scene of his daily activ ities as the proud possessor of motor-driven pickle cart. No more pushing for him! A two-cylinder mo-tor is doing the pushing now.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Moving Days in Berlin

Berlin.—All Berlin seems to be moving these days, writes a correspondent of The Christian Science Moni-tor In normal times this would be nothing unusual at this time of the year. But in the past fifteen years so few new apartments have been built owing to the war and the economic conditions in the years follow ing it, that moving had become almost obsolete. The German had almost for gotten what furniture vans look like. The latter were used for everything but moving household goods, merely as a convenient carrier of ad vertising posters. The heavy vans and their sturdy horses, or puffing their own again this fall. A general flight from the larger apartments has set in. People are flocking to the tiny flats which have been late. They are cheaper in rent, need Burne-Jones, the famous painter.

"Teil them," said the great man, "that I hope they are very well, and that I am pretty well"

And off he went.

"Teil them," said the great man, quite modern. It has been suggested that the big empty flats be split up for the speed record reads like a temptation of the went.

"Teil them," said the great man, quite modern. It has been suggested that I am pretty well"

Into a number of small apartments so pressure chart of a patient who is split up for the speed record reads like a temptation of the went. find occupants for them

Youth Can Teach

. Much to Grown-ups New York-Grown people have to

keep on learning in order to be of any use to young people with whom they come in contact, declared Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in an informal address at the fifth anniversary meeting of the Parents' Magazine.

"The things we teach young peo-ple are not nearly so important as what we learn from them," Mrs. Roosevolt said. "We must always be prepared to meet each new age as we come to it. That is what helps us to pass on an atmosphere of ex-perience and of a life livel with understanding, which, I believe is probably the best thing we can do for children.

tacts with young people in her own missed by seconds. Mrs. Roosevelt said that her confamily now range from one of 24 years to a grandchild of one year, which provide her with plenty of pportunities for diversification ecoming adjusted to them.



"Why do you always attend opening performance at

So I can enjoy the show without thinking what the critics have

Nearly every girl believes a lot o

A Youth's Dream Of Speed Realized

Try and Try Again" Sir Sir Malcolm Campbell's Unspoken Code

One morning thirty years ago routh terrified two old ladies on Rickley Hill, in Kent. He shot past them on a bicycle—and his hands were in his pockets. Next day he was brought before the Beach at Bromley police court and charged with having driven a bicycle to the danger of the public. A constable estimated the speed at twenty-seren miles an hour. have endangered public life and prop-erty on the public highway," said the presiding magistrate. "If you com before us again we shall take a much more serious view of the matter. As it is, you will be fined thirty shillings. We hope this will be a les

not to travel so fast in future. But the youth-whose name was Malcolm Campbell-was deaf to this advice. On the contrary, he has been going faster and faster ever since making record after record until to day he holds the world's land speed record of over two hundred and forty ave miles au hour.

Racing His Tyres.

But if Sir Malcolm endangered his life in those early days he has done so dozens of times since, as his friend "Speed: the Authentic Life of Sir Mal colm Campbell." Take that time a he was trying to reach a hundred and fifty miles an hour. He came roaring along the sand and just opposite a dense section of the crowd, who were pressing as close on the track as they dare, both back tires flew off simul-Amsterdam.—Pickles and herring taneously... and Campbell saw, from stalls occupy nearly the same place the corner of his eye, the fantasic

> nightmare tires zigzagging wildly down the beach in front of him. They actually travelled faster than the car. Had either of them swerved in front the car would have been wrecked in-

Another Tire Flies Off.

try again. But first of all he asked enterprising pickle man recently ap- that the crowds of spectators should be moved further back; nobody listen-ed to him So once more he came shooting up the beach, over the first timing strip and into the measured mile, at more than a hundred and fifty miles an hour. Dead opposite the thickest part of the crowd the offside front tire flew off, bounded into the crowd, cut a boy's leg off like a knife, killed him instantly, bounded over the heads of scores of people struck the timing box and smashe it to pieces, and then shot a hundred feet into the air and was picked up a mile further on, having run into the sea.

By some extraordinary freak of luc not one of the officials in the timing box was hurt, although the whole box was demolished about their ears. The tire simply went through from side to side like a bullet. They missed de capitation by inches.

And once more Sir Malcolm, by ing broadside into the crowd. At the "iron horses," however, came into inquest the coroner completely exon erated him and commented scathingly on the fact that no notice was taken of his protest about the spectators being allowed so near the course.

A Record Missed By Seconds

Sir Malcolmn's succession of bids and fifty, then a hundred and seventy, then two hundred, and finally two hundred and forty-five. And at each fresh effort he took his life in his hands. One day on Pendine sands in 1927, says Mr. Wentworth Day, he actually managed, in spite of wind and wet sand, to get the car traveling at just over a hundred and eights The record seemed a certainty. Half a mile to go, and it would be covered

in seconds. Then suddonly the off-side rear tire burst like a gun. It had been cut to ribbons by sea-shells. The car swung violently to one side. Campbell tried to hold it on the course at full throttle hoping just to make the timing strip But she was swaying from side to side, rapidly getting out of control, so he had to slow down. The record

In 1922 he had been down at Saltburn-on-Sea, in Yorkshire, meaning to lower Boillot's record of 109 miles per hour, which had stood since 1914. With his huge three hundred and fifty horsepower car Sir Malcolmn reached 135 miles per hour on the outward

On the return fourney, travelling vell over two miles a minute, he su denly saw a dog walking across the track. Swiftly he calculated their respective speeds. If the dog kept on walking he would just miss him If the dog turned back there would be the most unholy smash. Ten pounds of dog hit at the rate of a hundred and thirty-five miles an hour is enough to wreck most racing cars Fortunalely the dog kept on walking.

The Ginger Cat. But little things like that are mere nothing to a racing motorist. Mr. Leon Cashman, the famous driver, was taking part in one of the Tourist

Trophy races at Belfast: Just past Newtownards he took a

Daughter of Dominions' Secretary Weds



Miss Doris Thomas, daughter of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas secretary for the British dominions, was married to Mr. Robert Feamley-Whittingstall at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields church in London, England. Here are the bride and groom leaving the church after the ceremony.

couple of hairpin bends as fast as he dare, speeded up with a roar, and came charging down the straight at ninety miles an hour. Sitting bang in the centre of the track was a ginger that speed might easily send the car

straight off the road. Another driver, in the same race, dashing along with his eyes fixed on the road ahead was suddenly completely blinded when the eddy of a passing car whisked up from the road a new-paper which wrapped itself round his Another Tire Flies Off. face like a mask. His mechanic pull-Nothing daunted, Sir Malcolm imed it off in a flash otherwise the car mediately fitted a different type of tire would have been ditched.

"Blue Bird."

One cannot think of Sir Malcolm without thinking also of the "Blue Birds," as the chariots of this modern Jehu have been called for many years. But why "Blue Bird"? In 1910 Sir Malcolm bought a big, ungainly car, capable of a hundred miles an hourunlucky, a change of name would be s well:-

That night Campbell went to a performance of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." son in London. Night after night the

nundred miles an hour, then a hundred hounds with him on his voyage to suitable labor.

Columnus brought twenty to turn to machinery owing to lack of suitable labor. Columbus brought twenty blood

FRED PERLEY THINKS

THERE OUGHT TO BE A

LAW REQUIRING NEIGHBORS

WHEN THEY GO AWAY ON WEEK-ENDS OR VACATIONS,

ONTO HIS FRONT LAWN

BECAUSE THEY ALL SEEM TO BLOW

TO STOP THEIR PAPERS

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

Bird Song and Weather

The song of birds is affected by weather changes, according to an English naturalist, H. G. Alexander the centre of the track was a ginger cat, washing its face. Cashman had to swing wide, narrowly escaping a skid to avoid it. Even a cat hit at that speed might easily send the car. vice feature, Why the Weather (Washington):

"Changes in weather, especially the onset of severe cold or snow, have an influence upon the amount of bird song, but the effects are different for "Freezing weather reduces

amount of song of the ground-feeding species, such as skylarks and thrushes, while cold winds have the same effect upon more arboreal feed-

ers.
"Some species, including the coalcouraged by rain. The investigator suggests that sunshine or rain may affect the food supply of these birds a real flyer in those days. He was and thus induce song, but rain stimu-just going to call it "Flapper III." lates blackbirds more than either when a friend pointed out that as his thrushes or robins, though the food other "Fiappers" had been singularly is very similar."

Tilling By Electricity

Favored in Far East Rural electrification in Algeria is beaudience rose to it. The augury seeming assiduously developed by the ed too good to miss. The car was authorities. The country depends to race at Brooklands the next day, largely on its vines and its agriculture expensely expenses and olives, and authorities. The country depends abroad by the 25 per cent. duty surlargely on its vines and its agriculture, especially cereals and olives, and
enthusiasm which occasionally breaks
the imperturbability of his character
like a gust of wind, Campbell determined to go straight home to his place
in Bromley, Surrey, paint the car blue
and christen her "Blue Bird." He
reached home after midnight and sat
up till the early hours of the morning smothering the car and himself
with blue paint.

Next day, with the paint still wet
and glistening, he went down to Brooklands and won his race! And the
"Blue Birds" have been winning ever
since.

The country depends abroad by the 25 per cent. duty surcharge, points to the possibility that
ture, especially cereals and olives, and
electricity is used for much of the
work in this connection. Electric
power is also being extended to such
operations as sawing, cream separating, dough kneading, and so forth, be
sides its growing use, generated by
largely on its vines and its agriculture, especially cereals and olives, and
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work in this connection. Electric
power is also being extended to such
operations as sawing, cream separating, dough kneading, and so forth, be
sides its growing use, generated by
largely on its vines and its agriculthe Indian government may be able to
dispose of its surplus silver within the
country.

Three Days

"I shall see her in three days."
So Browning But the moon has deviunity ones ways;
The sun wears out, and many stars go
wrong:
The old Earth totters, and none trusts
her long.

"I shall see her in three days."
The sun wears out, and many stars go
wrong:
The old Earth totters, and none trusts
her long.

"I shall see her in three days."
So Browning says.

But I: "To-day I make for her this
soil is turned to a depth from 40 to 80 soil is turned to a depth from 40 to 80

Algeria is being

All de womens in town Was gathered round me.

Langston Hughes, Negro Poet, in

Sylvester's Dying Bed

"Poetry." woke up this mornin'
But half-past three,

Sweet gals was a-moanin',

"Sylvester's gonna die!"
An' a hundred pretty mana Bowed they heads to cry I woke up little later, 'Bout half-past fo'. De doctor 'n' undertaker's

Both at ma do'.

Black gals was a-beggin'. "You can't leave us here!" Brown-skins cryin', "Daddy! Honey! Baby! Don't go, dear!

But I felt ma time's a-comin', An' I know'd I's dring fast. I seed de River Jerden A-creepin' muddy past-But I's still Sweet Papa 'Vester Yes, sir! Long as life do last!

So I hollers, "Com 'ere, babies, Fo' to love yo' daddy right!" An' I reaches up to hug 'em-When de Lawd put out de light.

Then everything was darkness
In a great big night.

To Visit Stratosphere

In Aeroplanes Vienna.-Travel in the stratosphere the thin upper reaches of the earth's envelope of air, where the Atlantic could be crossed with ease in 10 hours, is a thing of the near future, according to Prof. Auguste Piccard, the bal loonist who ascended to the record height of more than 50,000 feet last

Announcing that nother flight i eing planned for the summer of 1932 by a group of Belgian physicists, Proessor Piccard said his ascension re ulted in the obtaining of information bout the stratosphere which made high altitude travel a present possi-

Two airplanes for use in the strato sphere were now being constructed, be said. The received air aloft will require them to have engines three times as powerful as the usual airplanes motor, but on the other hand, the fine weather, calm and possibility of predicting weather for long periods in advance which were characteristic of the upper region will be great aids to fast long-distance flights, he added

Dropping of Gold Stabilizes Indias Silver Prices

Bombay.—The abandonment of the gold standard by Great Britain and other countries is benefiting India's millions by its stabilizing influence on the price of silver.

Most of the savings of the Indian are in the form of silver, and silver, tit, respond vocally to sunshine, and like other commodities, has gone up some, such as the blackbird, are ensince the recent currency changes. Financial circles here believe it will enjoy a growing demand when Indian the profits resulting from the sale of their products at higher prices.

It is doubted, however, that the ris ing silver market in India will benefit Mexico and other silver-producing countries. The government, as a result of the currency changes, has re-leased itself from the obligation to sell sterling for imports of bullion. This, together with the indirect restriction mposed on the inflow of silver from abroad by the 25 per cent. duty sur-charge, points to the possibility that

days be strong."

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

-T. E. Casson, in the London Observer

7-17 WIWN

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fur-nished With Every Pattern



Here are lovely slenderizing lines!

for the matronly figure.
You'll love the new skirt cut with. its clever diagonal lines to reduce hip bulk. The crossover bodice has ap-

A patterned crepe silk is an excel-lent medium for this model. Plain! blending shade crepe is used for bands and bow. Lace is used for the ting

vestes. Style No. 3173 is designed for sizer 36, 28, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 26 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 39-inch contrasting and 3 yard of 3-inch lace. Fashioned of black crepe satin it's tunning with white vest

Dark green patterned sheer woolen-is lovely with eggshell crepe used for

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Blood Might Have Been Green Instead of Red

It may have been only an evolu-lionary accident that mankind has red blood instead of green and pink cheeks instead of fares tinted like the leaves of trees, says Dr. E. E. Free in his Week's Science (New

York). He explains:
"Prof. H. Munro Fox of the University of Birmingh m has discovered, he announces, that came varieties of sea-worms, believed to be distantly related to the wormlike creatures from which mankind evolved, possesses a bloodlike Juid which is green instead of red, and which contains a green chemical called chlorocruorin, which apparently carries oxygen around the worm's body just as the red hemoglobin of blood carries oxygen through

out the human body.
"Many millions of years ago, when the highest forms of life on earth were some of these wormlike crea-tures, relatives of which still survivo in the sea, there may have existed, Fox's discoveries sugges two kinds of these sea-worms. One kind had the beginnings of red blood, and contained chemicals related to remoglobin. The other worm varieies apparently had green blood, containing Professor Fox's chlorocruoria or some of its close chemical rela-tives. The red pigment and the green one evidently served about equally

vell as carriers of oxygen. "For some reason, however, it happened to be the red-blooded worms which developed the beginnings of a backbone, and evolved, after millions of more years, into the higher animals and man. The green-blooded worms stayed about as they were, and now are represented by Professor For's

Only Turkish-Made Clothes

To Be Worn in Turkey Istanbul, Turk.—Turkish officials from President Kemal down, and their families, must wear clothes of Turkish manufacture, the Turkish Cabinet decided in a meeting at

Angora. \
President Kemal is required to forgo his London tailors and Andgora women their Paris gowns as a part of the Turkish Government's new economy measure.

Salaries of officials wil be reduced as one effect of the \$10,000,000 cut in the 1932 budget and duties on imported luxuries will be greatly increased.

TRIFLES

Could we bestow on the improvement of our souls the hours that we so vainly spend on trifles, our day would be short enough not to seem tedious and long enough, for us to finish our appointed task.

A fish in the hand is worth a dozen in the angler's story.