

CHANCE IS EVERYTHING

She Won Success—and Cheerfully Turned Her Back On It
By Rene M. Worley

Old Sinclair had been doorknocker at the Rotunda Theatre for more years than any of the older members of the theatrical profession cared to remember. He was a familiar, well-beloved figure—bushy grey hair, and kind blue eyes peering with the expression of a wondering child from behind steel-rimmed spectacles. To the actors and actresses who made their brief visits to the small provincial theatre, he was "dear old Sinny"; but to outsiders, young men who pestered for entry and infatuated stage-struck young women, he was an embodiment of grim determination and curt reticence.

In the opinion of one young man, Julian Hartley, the old man was nothing more or less than a "confounded, pie-headed nuisance." Night after night, during the run of the Belgrave Repertory Company's season, he appeared at the stage-door and asked to see Miss Carol Maybury.

And night after night old Sinclair made the same laconic reply, looking over the top of his glasses in severe disapproval.

"It's against the rules for a member of the company to come out and speak to strangers."

Young Hartley made a gesture of impatience.

"Well, let me in, then! I'm not a stranger, hang it! I'm her fiancé!" he retorted testily.

Old Sinny's face expressed the opinion that he had "heard that tale before," and buried himself with unimpaired finality behind the evening paper.

Later, after the show, when Carol met Julian outside and they went to a neighbouring cafe for supper, the young man complained bitterly:

"That old man treats me like one of the usual stage-door hangers."

Carol smiled.

"Is a shame!" she declared, in teasing sympathy. "But really, Julian, old Sinny is acting quite justifiably."

Visitors are not allowed, except in the case of principals, of course. I'm only a very small portion of a crowd who is never likely to have her chance," she ended with a sigh.

Julian scoffed.

"Hot! You could play Marion Willard off the stage for all her reputation and outrageously extravagant salary," he declared loyally.

Her eyes were wistful.

"I should like to be able to prove that, anyway," she said slowly. "Until I have, my dear, I can't ever promise to marry you and settle down as the wife of a business man."

They had threshed this matter out some weeks ago. Until then, Julian had not realized how much her profession meant to this little auburn-haired girl, whom he loved, had loved for years. Carol wanted a chance to "prove" herself. When he had asked her to marry him, she had argued with him quite sensibly:

"If I marry you now and leave the stage, before even playing a decent part, it will mean that I shall be restless, perhaps dissatisfied, for the rest of my life. I wouldn't want to spoil our marriage—please understand, Julian."

And he had replied quietly:

"I do understand, darling, perfectly. But the disappointment had been terrible. Somehow he had imagined that he and Carol would be married quite soon, living in a home of their own, in the life that he had often dreamed about. Still, if Carol was ambitious, it would have been pure selfishness on his part to try to oppose her. Against this line of thought, however, was the vague, nagging, persistent possibility that perhaps, if she did get her chance, and made a success of it, her ambition would become even greater, to the detriment of more ordinary ideas, like marriage and a home of her own.

To-night, facing Carol across the artificial carnations on the cafe table, he felt a surge of impatient longing, an urgent desire to hasten along the opening which would give Carol proof of her ability as an actress. If only Marion Willard would develop a sore throat or flu, or something he thought fiercely, anything to keep her away from the theatre for a night, and so give her understudy the chance to appear in her place!

So urgent was this idea that it was almost a shock to Julian on the following evening when, as he was passing the theatre in the hope of "seeing Carol before she went in, he was arrested by the voice of old Sinclair.

"I've a message here for you," said the old man gruffly. He handed Julian an envelope on the back of which Carol had scribbled a few hurried lines.

"I'm so excited, and I hope you get this in time," she wrote. "M. W. is away ill, and I'm to go on in her place. I want you to see me, even if I'm bad. Love, Carol."

He folded the note, and his fingers trembled slightly. So Carol was sitting her chance!

Old Sinclair regarded him indulgently.

"It means a lot to Miss Maybury," he said slowly.

"It means even more to me," he said earnestly. "After this, Carol will tell me definitely whether we shall be married."

He had meant to use the words "when we shall be married," but the subconscious fear he always felt made him use the word "whether" without considering.

"I see," said old Sinny.

He took off his glasses and polished them, opened his lips as if to say something, and then abruptly turned on his heel and walked away.

"Rum old fellow," Julian thought, and forgot about him.

Sinny was thinking:

"He's a nice young fellow. Miss Carol could find a dozen worse," and he was still thinking about Julian when the curtain went up.

His thoughts were vaguely troubled. He had somehow taken a great fancy to Carol Maybury. She was so young, so joyous, fresh and eager, and disillusion had not yet touched her with mocking finger. In Sinny's private opinion she was wasted on the stage.

This touring business was not the proper place for girls like Carol, who were essentially "home" girls. Old Sinclair always wanted to "father" girls like these.

"Carol will tell me definitely whether we can be married," Julian had said, shiny-eyed.

"Poor young man!" reflected Sinclair, he little realizes that to-night might make a definite decision of another kind. If Carol was a success in Marion Willard's part, then she would be tempted by flattery, applause, and lavish contracts, long before she removed her grease paint for the night.

What was the use of an earnest young man offering a girl a nice little home, and dinner for two in the evenings, when against him stage managers, fellow-actors, and an eager, enthusiastic public were filling her ears and her mind with glittering, glamorous promises? Sinclair sighed so hard and deeply that it was almost a groan.

During the interval, between Acts One and Two, Carol came along to Sinclair's office. Her eyes were, seething.

"If Mr. Hartley comes round, I want to see him," she said hurriedly.

The old man's eyes were questioning, kindly, and she added huskily:

"I'm not much good, the audience are receiving me like a cold sponge."

"They're always unresponsive to start with. Wait until your big scene—"

She faced him, and beneath the make-up he could see how pale she was.

"I'm not doing it. Merton thinks I couldn't stand up to it, so it's being cut down to fit my limitations," she cried passionately. "It's no good! I'm feeling the part all; I want to laugh sometimes at the sentimental lines I have to speak—that's not how an actress should feel," she ended bitterly.

"There's more in life than feeling as an actress should," commented Sinclair philosophically. "If I were a young girl, I'd rather be a wife with a snug little home, and taps to keep bright, and other worth-while things to do."

The girl moved her shoulders irritably.

"The only man who has ever wanted to marry me I have kept waiting whilst I proved myself an actress," she said, half wryly. "After to-night he's probably laughing at me. Fancy living with a husband who will always have a laugh up his sleeve! I don't think I could bear it!"

Somewhere in the distance a bell rang and she left him.

Soon afterwards someone knocked on the door and a chauffeur put his head round.

"I've got a bouquet here for Miss Willard, sort of condolence wreath from a rich admirer," he said good humouredly. "I don't know where she is staying."

"Leave it here," old Sinclair cut in. "I'll send it along to her."

It was a large bouquet, carnations and roses tied with satin ribbons; a card dangled from it. Old Sinny deliberated for a few moments, and then muttering: "Well, it's a chance anyway," he cut off the card, selected a piece of notepaper, and scribbled on it in pencil:

"I think you're immense.—Julian." He chuckled to himself.

"It's a good thing now that that young man was so emphatic over my getting his name right every time he pestered me." He rang the bell, and when a call-boy came, he instructed him to take the flowers up to Miss Maybury's room.

They were waiting for her when she returned, depressed and nervous, from the stage. In that moment of burying her face amongst the cool, fragrant petals, it seemed to her that the flowers were a symbol of all that Julian stood for in her life. Love and loyalty and protection.

When she went on for the last act she told herself glowingly:

"I'm playing to Julian, he thinks I'm immense."

The thought stimulated her, lifting her to heights of emotional force which had been lacking previously in her performance. She felt a faint but warm response from the audience. When the big scene came, she forgot the arrangement made by the manager, and went straight through with it.

"I will marry you as soon as you like," she was telling the slender young juvenile lead. "I want to be married; it's the only thing that matters, the only thing that endures; success only satisfies the vanity—I don't want success."

The curtain came down on a roar of applause, and somewhere in the audience Julian sat, wondering whether he had just imagined that Carol had spoken straight to him from the stage.

When he went round to the stage-door old Sinclair took him on one side and told him about the bouquet that had been sent in his name.

"You should have thought of it yourself!" concluded the old man severely. "A young lady expects flowers now and again."

Carol came down the passage carrying her flowers. Her face was radiant.

"They're lovely, Julian, lovely!" she murmured softly.

"I thought you would like them," Julian answered weakly.

Old Sinny prepared to lock up his office.

"Well, Miss Maybury, congratulations on your performance," he said heartily.

Carol smiled.

"Save them, Sinny, save them; you will want to use 'em again soon, because I'm going to be married," she said gently.—London "Answers."

A Study in Expressions



Cepthorne, Sussex, baby show supplied this amusing photograph. Some kids take the judge seriously while others treat him as a pal.

Lie Detection

This new branch of knowledge is only ten or twelve years old and it seems that it is developing rapidly into an exact science.

Happily, it is also used to absolve the innocent by finding, when grilled, that they show no guilty reactions.

The liar's blood-pressure goes jumpy when he lies, for one thing; so does his pulse, his breathing changes; even his glands secrete more or less of their products into the blood-stream and cause symptoms that can be detected.

His chances of getting by are growing slimmer and slimmer.

Leonard Keeler, one of the early workers with Chief of Police Villmer in this field, writes an interesting article on the recent developments in "Hygeia" (Chicago). We are told:

"In the last two years Illinois and nearby States have provided a wealth of material for deception tests with the polygraph—a total of more than 2,000 suspects having been examined in that time. In 1925, at Joliet penitentiary, I examined 500 convicts. It was found that convicts' blood-pressure and respiration charges during deception were not, by any measurements, inferior in extent to those of an ordinary virtuous citizen. Even two old-time 'poker-face' card sharks were readily detected."

"Since the summer of 1930, through the Northwestern University Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory, polygraph examinations have led to confessions and clues to evidence in all sorts of thefts, varying from petty purloining of university groups to burglaries, robberies, and bank embezzlements, and in other crimes, from malingering for insurance collection and anonymous letter-writing to sex offences and murders."

"Much of the satisfaction derived from this work naturally comes from the clearing of innocent suspects. Two collection agents dropped into Black Creek, Wisconsin, one day last year and, before the day had passed, were arrested on a charge of bank robbery. The defending lawyer asked to have them examined on the 'lie detector.'"

"Both men readily submitted and gave clear answers. A report to the effect that the men were innocent was supplemented by a demonstration before the judge, but he saw fit to rule that the evidence was inadmissible. On the third day, two robbers who confessed to the Black Creek robbery were brought before the bank employees, they were positively and unhesitatingly identified."

"Although the practical polygraph deception test has been used successfully for the past ten years on thou-

sands of criminal suspects and others, a great deal of research remains to be done. New improvements are being developed in the apparatus, new indicators are being added, and month by month, the technique becomes more reliable. Some day, some form of deception technique based on the recording of bodily changes will probably be used by many law-enforcing agencies, as are the finger-print and radio systems, which have already become standard adjuncts to police departments."

Medical Progress

By Dr. David J. Kaliski, President Medical Society of the County of New York.

Shall we permit interference with the only possible means of success in the discovery of the basic causes and cure of cancer—namely, animal experimentation? Sentimental opposition to the humane utilization of animals in the service of humanity in such a cause is unthinkable.

Step by step the surgery of to-day has evolved as a result of animal experimentation. Had it not been for experimental procedure, first tried out on animals, the surgery of cancer of the stomach and intestines could not have achieved its present stage of technical perfection. Trials on human beings, instead of animals, would have taken so great a toll of life as to discourage even the stoutest hearted.

To those who would hamper medical research by obstructing animal experimentation must be charged all the aches and pains of humanity that would result therefrom. It is to suffering humanity we owe our first devotion.

Help

Those who are always lamenting over their hardships and misfortunes with the statement that they cannot help themselves, might try helping other people by way of a change. That at least is always possible and it is a process that reacts. When one can do nothing to further his own plans or carry out his own desires, he can still give a friendly and helpful push to his neighbor's interests and so help to swell the sum of human happiness. "Helping always brings happiness, and happiness always helps."

Women

You women are so kind, and in your kindness have such wise perception; you know so well how to be affectionate and full of solicitude without appearing to be; your gentleness of feeling is like your touch—so light and easy that the one enables you to deal with wounds of the mind as tenderly as the other enables you to deal with wounds of the body.—Charles Dickens.

New Service Will Carry Air Mail Across India

A company is being formed which will establish a new airway across India, according to the Simla correspondent of The London Times.

The service will supersede the present arrangement whereby the Delhi Flying Club has carried air mail between Delhi and Karachi. That service's contract with Imperial Airways, Ltd., expired at the end of last year, but the club, in conjunction with the Jodhpur Flying Club, which provides a link at Fala Junction with the Bombay mail, has run its service with only one lapse, due to a forced landing.

The new company's machines will fly by the shortest possible route from Karachi to Moghal Sarai, a short night's journey from Calcutta, where the mail will be transferred to the railway train for Calcutta. In default of facilities for night flying this arrangement will provide for as early a delivery in Calcutta as would be possible if the mail were carried the whole way by air. The mail for Delhi and other stations now served from there will be dropped at Agra.

For An End to Wars

By Henry L. Stimson, N.Y. Secretary of State.

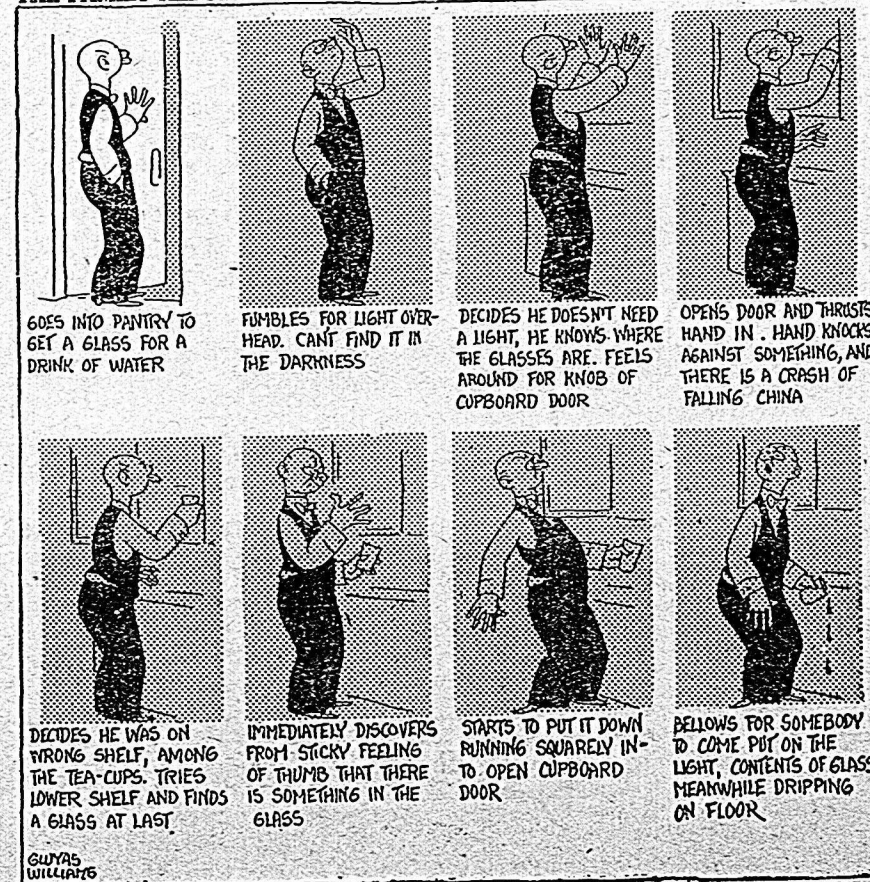
We have a right to take courage. For ourselves, we believe that eventually the reign of peace will come. There will be among nations in respect to public war, war between nations, the same development that has been seen in individual communities in respect to private combat between individual men. We do not delude ourselves as to the difficulty of the road that lies before us nor as to the obstacles and trials which stand in our way. We are well aware that it will require the utmost patience and faith. We know that all such developments in human organization are extremely slow. We realize that it took centuries to eliminate ordeal by battle in the settlement of the individual quarrels of individual men. But we are unshakably confident that the same process is on its way among the nations and will eventually arrive.

Ears Pistols From Schools

Knoxville, Tenn.—The school board of Knox County, Tenn., has barred the carrying of pistols to school. Other published rules include: Use of tobacco and chewing gum in the schoolroom strictly forbidden; no intoxicants shall be permitted on school premises, and novels, papers and periodicals having no connection with the studies are not to be allowed.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—IN THE DARK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GOES INTO PANTRY TO GET A GLASS FOR A DRINK OF WATER

FUMBLE FOR LIGHT OVER HEAD. CAN'T FIND IT IN THE DARKNESS

DECIDES HE DOESN'T NEED A LIGHT, HE KNOWS WHERE THE GLASSES ARE. FEELS AROUND FOR KNOB OF CUPBOARD DOOR

OPENS DOOR AND THRUSTS HAND IN. HAND KNOCKS AGAINST SOMETHING, AND THERE IS A CRASH OF FALLING CHINA

DECIDES HE WAS ON WRONG SHELF, AMONG THE TEA-CUPS. TRIES LOWER SHELF AND FINDS A GLASS AT LAST

IMMEDIATELY DISCOVERS FROM STICKY FEELING OF THUMB THAT THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE GLASS

STARTS TO PUT IT DOWN RUNNING SQUARELY IN TO OPEN CUPBOARD DOOR

BELLOWS FOR SOMEBODY TO COME PUT ON THE LIGHT, CONTENTS OF GLASS MEANWHILE DRIPPING ON FLOOR

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Curability of Cancer

By Dr. Burton J. Lee

Cancer is a curable disease. This is a true statement, if the disease is discovered in its early stages. The symptoms of early cancer may appear of little importance to the patient, but their significance is readily appreciated by every good doctor. Pain is almost never a symptom of early cancer. The public at large must realize the importance of this statement, for over and over again the patient will say, "I thought this condition of little importance because it was painless."

If each individual in this country, 35 years of age or over would make it a rule to have a careful going over every six months, the cancer problem would be largely solved and many lives would be saved every year.

Truck Highway For Italy

Rome.—Work has been started on the great motor-truck road which is to connect Genoa, Milan and Turin. This highway differs from the other speedways which have been built in considerable numbers in Italy, as it is intended, primarily, for motor trucks.

The new road will enclose the most intensely industrial area in Italy, connecting it with the port of Genoa. It is therefore expected to give considerable impulse to industrial activities in Northern Italy.

The government has appropriated 22,000,000 lire (more than \$1,500,000) for the work this year. The undertaking is expected to cost about \$25,000,000.

So They Say:—

"If the hearts were right, there are lots of them who would be able to put things right in politics."—Bishop of Exeter.

"To become an opera star is no pink tea but means the hardest kind of uphill work."—Claudia Muzio.

"Wives are all either tightwads or spendthrifts."—Clarence Budington Kelland.

"No country can hope to escape the effects of the existing economic and financial crisis by isolating itself."—Nicholas Murray Butler.

"We are being brought appreciably nearer to the day when there shall be no unnecessary deaths."—Dr. William J. Mayo.

"Marriage, home and family still seem to be the Mecca of the average woman, whether of the self-sustaining or society butterfly species."—Fannie Hurst.

"We need a new type of institution distinct from hospital provision, namely, a health hostelry."—Lord Dawson of Penn.

"A great deal of what is described as the killer instinct is merely a burning desire to win, to win brutally or skillfully, fairly or foully."—Gene Tunney.

"The art of democratic government is the art of rationally exploiting mass unreason."—Aldous Huxley.

"All arguments for corporal punishment spring from anger, not from scientific understanding."—Bernard Russell.

"It is said that there has been a moral breakdown; but let us be comforted, it is only a mental breakdown."—G. K. Chesterton.

"New ideas can be good or bad, just the same as old ones."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"We're building character in these days."—Henry Ford.

"The achievement of national strength can only come from uninterrupted processes of character building."—Newton D. Baker.

"Few if any, have the gift of prophecy."—Charles E. Hughes.

"The attainment of an ideal is often the beginning of a disillusion."—Stanley Baldwin.

"Fascism in idea, doctrine and realization is universal."—Benito Mussolini.

"Civilization is a tree which, as it grows, continually produces rot and dead wood."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

"Democracy requires a schooling which is possible only in times of peace and prosperity."—Andre Maurois.

"No one could have the audacity to say that elections are the best means of choosing the best men."—Benito Mussolini.

"There is no case for corporal punishment, whether statistically or as a matter of the psychology of individual criminals."—Bertrand Russell.

"The trouble with the present system is that it treats man as though he were made for economics, but like the Sabbath, economics were made for man."—Aldous Huxley.

"No one accuses the electorate of not being intelligent, but it is not altruistic."—William Travers Jerome.

"A man who thinks he is a dog will tend to live like one."—Harry Emerson Fordick.

"My doctor has ordered me to cut out wine, women and song and I'm going to be strong-minded enough to cut out the singing."—James J. Walker.

"We are suffering from a breakdown in social management."—Glenn Frank.

"Americans have the best voices in the world."—Claudia Muzio.

"The world will emerge from its present economic ordeal healthier, stronger and happier than before."—Sir Arthur Keith.

"It is apparently easier to grow old gracefully than it is to keep young gracefully."—Fannie Hurst.

South African Gold Reef Extended 40 Miles Further

Johannesburg, Union of South Africa.—Potential gold ore deposits, estimated roughly at 278,000,000 tons and possibly of vast importance to the Rand gold mining industry, have been discovered in a forty-mile extension of the famous Witwaters Rand main reef, it was announced recently.

This announcement was a confirmation following an elaborate survey that has been going on for two years. The main reef series now is known to continue beyond the present western limit for forty miles, and the operating company has obtained an extension of options on a line of farms occupying the entire belt.

The venture at present is regarded as a gamble holding the promise of big developments.

Traveling Power Plants Built for Railway Use

London.—Work is now nearing completion on the first of four great Diesel-electric power units being built for the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway.

Each of these units is the largest of kind ever constructed in Europe. One is a locomotive, seventy-two feet long, for passenger and freight service; the other three are "traveling power houses," which will supply electricity to long-distance passenger trains, the coaches of which will have electric motors on the axles.

All four units will be capable of a speed of seventy miles an hour, and will have a cruising range of 1,000 miles, at forty miles an hour. Since they are being built to a five-foot six-inch gauge, it will be impossible to submit them to extensive trials in this country, where a different track width prevails.

A man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach, either of real good breeding or good morals, than appear ignorant of the most minute points of fashionable etiquette.—Scott.

For the College Miss

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



3081

It's time to be considering some of the smart swagger type sheer woolen dresses for early fall.

Today's pattern is a particularly chic little affair. It's so youthfully becoming.

It can also be carried out in crepe satin, rough crinkled crepe silk and dull silk crepe, so exceedingly modish.

Style No. 3081 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 33 inch material with 1 1/2 yards of 35-inch contrasting.

It's an excellent type for the school girl and college miss carried out in wine-red tweed mixture.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c 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.

Spain Welcomes Help of Foreigners, Club Told

Madrid.—Miguel Maura, former Minister of Interior, told the American Club that republican Spain "welcomes foreign capital and technical direction of its reconstruction programs."

"Spaniards are still deeply steeped in tradition and legend and do not understand huge co-operative enterprises," Deputy Maura explained. He said there would be no possible mutual loss involved in commercial and cultural interchange between the old and new countries.