MURRAY "MUZZ" PATRICK

Ace heavyweight hope of Canada-and perhaps before long of the entire boxing world-remains Murray "Muzz" Patrick, 20-year-old son of hockey maestro Lester Patrick. "Muzz", who is Canadian amateur champion, won the Catholic Youth Association championship of New York with five straight knockouts. Reports have it that he may soon join professional company. He adds track, basketball and lacrosse to boxing activities and is captain and ace defenceman of New York Rovers, an amateur hockey aggregation. In fact he keeps busy sport-

BEAKS TENTH CHILD IN DERBY RACE



Her 17th child in 18 years has been born to Mrs. Hollis Timleck of Coronto, one of the leading contenders in the race for the Millar fortune. The child, a healthy girl weighing four pounds three ounces, is the tenth child born to Mrs. Timleck since October 31, 1926, the date on which Mr. Millar died, leaving \$500,000 to the mother in Toronto who had given birth to the greatest number of children between his death and its tenth anniversary. Mrs. Timleck claims this last birth places her in first posi-

Kaiser's Lost Brief Case Discovered in Winnipeg

Army officer "won" when ex-Emperor Fled

BY CENTRAL PRESS CANADIAN Winnipeg. April.—High in a Winnipeg office building reposes a handsomely tooled leather brief case, described by its present owner. se-the-former property of his imperial highness, Wilhelm II, emperor of Germany, king of Prussia, who now resides in lonely exile at Doorn, Holland.

Grenville G. Howard, known to his associates as "the major," now the proud possessor of the brief case, related one of the inside stories of the kaiser's flight to Hol-

"In 1918, I was American army representative on the French army staff when word came that the kniser was going to flee to Holland,"

Howard said. "As a staff officer, I pretty well wrote my own orders and travelling instructions, so I immediately commanded myself to travel with all dispatch to Spa and to inspect the

roval fugitive's train. "I reached the station just before. the train and when it drew up to a stop I climbed on board and began to look things over. During the course of my investigation, I spotted this brief case and decided that I needed it and the papers it contained. I guess you'd better say I 'won' it. The old soaks will understand that way of acquiring things."

Met "Capt. Windsor" "I also 'won' a whole care full of Iron Crosses and while they lasted my friends were freely bestowed with this decoration. At that, I suppose you could say they carned them as much as some of the other

The Iron Crosses and the brief I managed to get away with. picked up all sorts of things but the high command didn't take them some of my pals won them from me. "About the only other souvenir that I brought back is a memory of picking up a couple of British in Alberta years ago. officers-both staff cuptains-whose car had broken down near Rouen. Y me that he was the boss of the was introduced to one of them as ranch and now everybody know



GRENVILLE C. HOWARD

"Then it suddenly flashed upon

The Free Press Short Story

The Little House on Vine Street

for Mother's Day. Luxurious Amen." year to the sight of young fathers with chapel. children clustering joyously around them as they carried carnations wrapped in aniums to their own homes.

tion toward the Goodwill Industries. watching them bud and blossom for what the termed a still rainler day. Mother's Day.

skipping toward the little green and white house on Vine Street to wait for her beloved Miss Patricia Wentworth, was wildly excited, although the was motherless.

Patricia Wentworth, herself, at the same moment Mamle left the hovel of the Hollow, was coming out of vorgeous Wentworth apartments Blaine Avenue, carrying a plain little crucker box. It was tucked very close could not see It when she pulled back

This was not much of a lunch for any girl, especially one who lived on Blaine Avenue, but the two worn dollar bills in Patricia's purse had to buy fresh fruit and vegetables for breakfast and dinner for herself and her mother until Saturday. Her choice for lunch the rest of the week lay between carrying a randwich from home, or doing without anything. Her lovely mother, however, who now spent her days in a wheel chair in the tiniest of all the luxurious apartments in the big Wentworth building, must have the gorgeous roses Patricia had always given her on Mother's Day. Doing without things to have money to buy luxurles for Mother was a positive Joy to Patricia.

A glance at her wrist watch made the girl quicken her steps toward the Hollow. She wanted to have time this morning to stop at the little green and white house. Mamie would be there to meet her, but the little girl could finish laying the shells around the bed of old-fashioned pinks in the yard while Patricia had a few moments alone in the house.

When she first glimpsed the little house this morning, she saw Mamie sitting on the front veranda steps. Before she reached it Mamie was callingto her, "One of the peonles is almost in bloom, and the clematis vine has growed

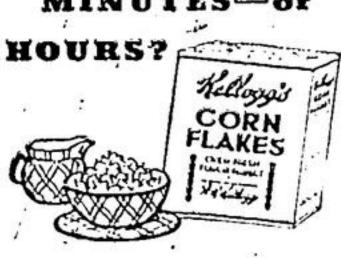
to another mark on the trellis!" The two of them, the tall, slender girl , with the glorious autumn hair and lovely sky blue eyes, and the little waif from Lantern Hollow examined the clematis together. They then turned to the peonles and almost sang over the bursting buds they found there.

The older girl then said to the younger one, "Mamie, while you finish laying the shell around the pink bed, I'll fuss around inside a minute or so."

In the little house Patricia did not stop to look at the pretty, gay paper on the walls, the wide window seat in the dining-room bay window, or the wanderful blue and white kitchen. She just crent into the little room at the side and knelt close to the window from which also-could-see-the-green-roof-of-the-now-Industries building

"O God," she prayed softly, "make it possible for me to keep my work down at the Industries and still have enough money to care for Mother darling as she has always been cared for. Please send some one to me to live in the little

MINUTES-or



THE breakfast your family likes best is the easiest to serve! Kellogg's Corn Flakes -- crisp and wholesome - are fully cooked and toasted. Ready to eat in an instant. Save hours of toil with this tempting, economical energy food. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Nothing takes the place of Kelloggis CORN FLAKES

Blaine Avenue was preparing A few minutes later she was out of old position would be open for her ti for great florists' boxes containing the little house, walking down Fourth first day of June. orchids, Talisman roses, and other rare Street toward Lantern Hollow, Mamie - "I should be happy," Patricia whisnowers to be delivered at its wealthy beside her, chattering gaily about the pered, 'but I'm not. The salary is big Vine Street, with its modest, cozy wonders of the Mothers' Day observ- enough to do away with money worries. little homes looked forward as on every ance they were to have at the Goodwill But the people at the Industries will all

It had not been easy for Patricla to tissue paper or pots of dalaies and ger- maintain the apartment before the big would give the children of Lantern Holstore had closed part of its advertising low the best Sunday School on Mother's Lantern Hollow was turning its atten- department, which paid her a salary Day they had ever known. almost double the one she now received where an elaborate Mother's Day cele- as secretary and general assistant to the bration was to be held. The children of superintendent of the Goodwill Industhe Goodwill Sunday School had planted tries. 'The little house on Vine Street geranium slips in tin cans painted a had been rented then, however, and she services. After lunch she had Mattle beautiful black or green, and were now had saved all the returns from it for take her out in her chair for the after-

Even Mamie Deasce, who was now little house had lost its tenant. 'The the best to-day." rent from it would pay half of that of their apartment in the Wentworth build- dress and hat when she reached the ing which Mother still thought belonged little Industries chapel. She looked

> hurt in the same automobile crash that board members of the Industries. had taken Father, Patricla could have told her that the bank crash a few weeks the afternoon's program, she heard a later had taken the Wentworth building, commotion at the decreay. She had

who had risen from janitor boy in a bank to president of the same institution. herself a position in the Warren store, is mine." and moved their beloved furniture and the Wentworth building to the smallest she had told her mother when they had

will come every day to clean." Mother had nodded her nuburn head loss now, not even the use of her trim pick the peonles for her!" little feet.

spend the rest of her life in a wheel chair, Patricia had wept stormily. She had lived in their honeymoon days. and gotten new interests so she will mais we live here, Patay dear?" your father less, your mother will walk All at once Patricia was sitting on

partment store had been forced to reduce house." its advertising department, laying off

Patricia and two other girls. Just as the had been ready to "tramp the streets for a job" as she termed Patricla had met Doctor Worth Benson. who had dropped in occasionally to see Mother. The tragio look in her beautiful eyes had struck him. He had led her into the park and soon had coaxed from her the ctory of her troubles. The Benson came. offer of the position at the Goodwill Edustries, of which he was President "Patricia's been telling me you're to help of the Board, had come the next day,

to helping older girls rise from gordid this evening so we can make plans?" surroundings; directing play hours for

little girk; like Mamie. "But Mother must never know I'm not sent her, felt his hand grasp hers. That at the store," Patricia had told Doctor Bencon the day she went to the Industries. 'If she knew we are so hard up, had become her sanctuary. She had to she would worry and grieve."

Mamie took all her attention as they nurried down the street toward the Industries. "Miss Patsy," she began, her little voice troubled, "Jennie Ware wants my geranium for her mother because it's the prettiest of all. She says, seein' I haven't any mother to bring to the

"But you must berrow one, Mamie." Patricia hugged the little waif close to her, "You can get one at the old ladies" home just off Vine Street."

Mamie's smile returned. "I'll be hunting that home this afternoon," she said Just at lunch time Patricla noticed that her key ring was missing. same moment Doctor Worth Benson came into the office. "I'm taking you to lunch," he laughed. "Old Silas Warren of 106 persons. 'Yearly rent for a small gave me five hundred dollars, to-day for the Industries. We have to celebrate that gift with a party lunch."

Her blue eyes shone an Patricia climbed Into Worth Bonson's trim roadster. The doctor's eyes shone, too, when after they had stopped at the little house to hunt for the key ring and found it in most beautiful. I'll help you mow the has given you.-Carlyle.

lawn and twist the vines on the trellises." It was hard for Patricia, who wanted so badly to live in the little house and have Doctor Benson help her with the recreant vines, to tell him she could not move Mother from the luxury of the Wentworth apartments to the little house. That was the reason her voice was so cold; the reason the luncheon

became a formal meal instead of a gay

Worth Benson, who was hurt and puzzled by her attitude, bade her a very formal farewell at the Industries door. Patricia spent one of the most miserably afternooms of her life only to go home INDENDALE was getting ready house. The rent will help so much. to find a letter from the Warren store manager in the mail box. It said her

> forget me-forget they even love me Unless I can make them remember." That evening she made her plans. She

Mother's Day dawned a perfect day in Lindendele. Patricia wheeled her mother to the nearest church for the morning noon while, as Patricia told her mother, Those returns were gone now, and the "I shall go to the Sunday School I like

around ut the people in it—the mothers If Mother had not been so tragleally of the Hollow, their children, the older

Just as Patricia was ready to start

their stock in the Warren store, every- almost reached it when, propelled into thing except the little house on Vine the room, came the beautiful wheel chair Street and one of Pather's few insurance in which her mother lived. Mamie elicios. The friend who had settled pushed the chair directly to Patricia Futher's affairs had said. "I think your "Inn't she the loveliest mother you ever father bought this house to help its shw?" her proud little voice piped our. had packed it while she cooked breakfast cwner along. He bought it just six "I saw her in the park after the matron months ago from a mian who had lost his at the Old Ladles' Home said the old sandwich, a plain little cup cake, and an job and wanted to go back to his little lady I was going to borrow was sick. And when I asked her, she said she'd Bravely, Patricia, so like her father be delighted to play my .. mother this

> Patricia stooped to kiss Mother. "Shhad taken the insurance money, paid is the loveliest mother in my world, Mother's expensive hospital bills, hunted Mamie," she said softly. "You see, she

> After that everything went along as treasures from the largest apartment in in a dream. Patricia directed the program, the serving of refreshments, and one. "I wanted it because it's so cosy," even the distribution of the geraniums. "I think," Mother's voice was filled brought her from the hospital. "There's with pride when the party was over, "I'll just the two of us now, and Hattle, who take my adopted daughter home to eat dinner with us this evening."

> "Oh, ma'am! Oh, ma'am!" Mamie so much like Patricia's but her lips did clasped her hands tightly together. She not move. She was missing Puther to turned to Patricia. "And let's push her much that she could not feel any other past the little house on Vine Street and

That was how Mother again saw the When the city's most expelsive physi- little house on Vine Street, the little clans had told her that Mother would house Father had bought because it was so like the one in which he and Mother

had almost scoffed, however, when young "I had forgotten it," Mother's voice Doctor Worth Benson had predicted: trilled. "He said we were going to live "Some day when she has grown stronger here when we grew old. I love it. Can't

the arm of the chair near the pecny At first Mother's old friends came to clump, telling the whole story of the call on her; but their own interests weeks since Mother had been hurb, ever absorbed them so they came less and of the misunderstanding with Doctor less often. Mother knew many lonely Worth Benson. "I didn't dream you'd hours, how many Patricia hardly realized like the Goodwill, Mother," she ended. because of her other worries. The do- 'I didn't dream you'd love this little

> voice was brisk. "And you'll stay right at the Goodwill. You'll come home noons and some day I'll be coming to the Industries by myself. I'm sure that if I start on crutches in June, I'll be walking by Christmas."

While they were planning for delphinlums near the garage. Doctor Worth

Mother's hand went out to him. us move," she began wisely. "We want" It was right then that a wonderful to come the first of June. Won't you life began for Patricia, a life devoted come up to the apartment for dinner

Patricia saw the gleam of happiness flash into his eyes, caught the smile he was the reason she alipped back to the little house to go into the room which linger there a minute, not to make a request this time, but to give thanks.

RENTS A DOLLAR A YEAR

South Bayaria. They have not been empty since they were built 400 years ugo. Recognized as "the cheapest homes in all Germany," they are among 53 houses built by the German banket Jacob Fugger, in 1520, "as a remarkable social experiment." Endowed by the Fugger family, "the richest in the world in their day," the houses were for "respectable old couples who may thus spend their last days in peace and security." The Fugger settlement, states Reuter, has a very contented population house is only two marks six pfennings (about \$1). A large house costs twice as

WITHOUT A ROLPOSE

The man without a purpose is like a the peony clump, she told him the place ship without a rudder-a waif, a nothbelonged to her mother. "You lucky ing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, girl!" he cried. "It's empty now and and, having it, throw such strength of you can move into it while the yard is mind and muscle into your work as God

Any Time is Tea Time

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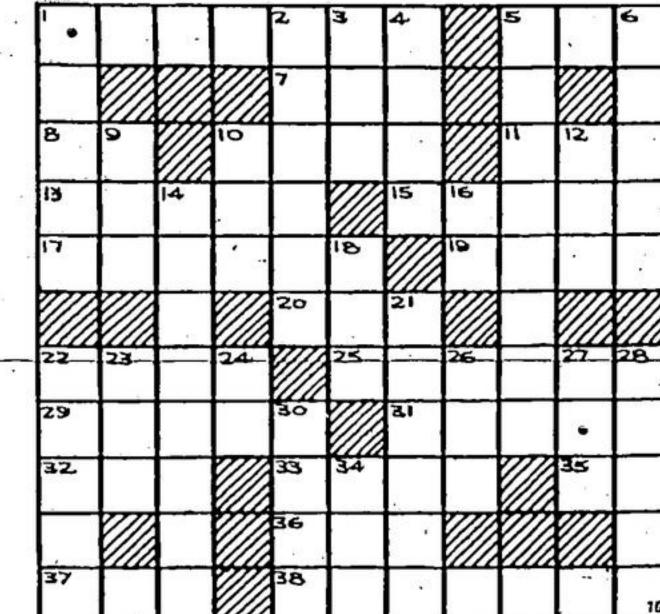
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ACROSS

(collog.)

(abbr.)

(reol.).

course at

military cap

the south

a meal

Inlet

1-Tuft of hair 22-A skin horse's hoof 25-To caper 29-Domineering

world 31-Wrath 7-Feminine 32-A little pronoun 8-Exclamation 33-An Egyptian

of pain

10-Large nea-\$5-For example golng vessel 11-Fear AG-A narrow 13-A drop 15-Conclude 17-Throws \$7-Title of ra-

19-A newspaper 38-The last paragraph 10-Help

1-Ornamental fastenings 6-Conscripting 6-A whale of on coats 2-A city on Lake Ontario 3-Greek letter 9-A rude cable 10-Sainte

ing to X 1-1 flat top

24-Compass 12-Tiny 14-Convey, as .26-Scraps of 16-Nickel

mountains

27-A lotter of the English 18-A alight alphabet 21-Plays 28-A fungue 22-Instinates 23-A depression 30-A measure of longth between two

34-Rocline