

## British Coast Guard Service Faces Incessant Hazards

Much of the Peril is Braved by Volunteer Crews and Tragedy Is Always at Hand

The hazards of Coast Guard service are thrown into fresh relief by the recent loss in an English Channel storm of seventeen volunteer life-savers—almost all the able-bodied men of the tiny Kentish fishing village of Rye Harbor.

Five minutes after the life-savers put out, word came that the shipwrecked crew sought off Dungeness had been safely picked up by a passing steamer. But it was too late for this message to be shouted to them—the lusty oarsmen were well beyond the roaring breakers.

Some hours later the anxious women and children, huddled on the beach, saw the lifeboat returning in the teeth of the gale. Once the boat, tossing like a chip, appeared plainly on the crest of a curling swell. A sail had been rigged up; the men were used to canvas, no matter what the blow. Suddenly the mast snapped under a blast of wind and the boat was capsized by a great wave from behind. The bodies were washed in afterward, the bereaved women forming chains in the surf to recover them.

### THE TOLL OF THE SEA.

The tragedy was called the worst in forty-two years of lifeboat work on the south coast. It increased that much the grim, immemorial score of the sea. But it also emphasized anew both the gallantry and the organization by which a seafaring people sought to co-operate on shore with imperiled mariners afloat, to the end that the seas score be kept down.

The ill-fated rescue attempt at Rye Harbor was therefore typical of Coast Guard service in the United Kingdom, particularly on stretches of coast where reliance must be placed upon volunteer assistance from the fisherfolk themselves. The S O S had

revealed that the beached vessel was beyond immediate reach of any main Coast Guard station. A shore signal station telephoned to the Coast Guard officer of the Eastbourne District of the Hove Division. The job devolved upon the lone volunteer lifeboat at Rye Harbor.

The communications tie-up for such emergencies throughout the United Kingdom embrace in all some 250 Coast Guard stations besides nineteen shore signal stations and forty-four auxiliary watchkeeping stations. A courier—a knock from door to door at Rye Harbor—a word that help was needed, and the seventeen best men of the cottages responded, just as their fathers had responded before them. For alacrity in such response is one of the traditions of the British coasts.

### ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

A mile from Rhossili last December the life-saving company caught up with a vessel driving ashore after parting her cable in a heavy ground swell. The crew of three were putting off in a boat. "The company thereupon descended the cliffs with belts and lines and wading out into the surf assisted the boat and crew to safety," reported the Board of Trade.

Nine of a three-masted schooner's crew, stranded on the Gaa Sands at Buddonness, were rescued the previous November by Carnoustie life-savers, who worked waist deep in water for seven hours. With rocket-lines falling short because of flood tide, the company formed a human chain to within hailing distance of the schooner. Telling the crew to take to boats, the company met the boats as they came pounding in.

Ships driven ashore thus on the British coast know that alarms will soon be sounded and that willing hands will attempt to give them all possible assistance.

borough Mayor suggests that it would hearten the people if the King paid them a visit. The women demand that the Queen be invited. They want first of all improvement of housing conditions.

The Royal Family is without fear. Queen Mary with gracious dignity consents to visit Shoreditch. There are no elaborate police precautions—there is no military display. The Queen is met by the Mayor at the street marking the limit of the borough and conducted through some of the houses.

Terrible places they are—without drains or sanitary facilities—the owners have refused to pay the rates and the tenants pay no rent. One of them tells reporters after the visit: "She was most kind and gracious, was Her Majesty. Not like my parish visitor. 'I'm sure you keep everything clean and tidy,' she said to me."

A crowd—not a too prepossessing looking gathering—is massed in the street as the Queen descends the steps of the last house she is to visit. If there is to be trouble, now is the moment for it. A little man can contain himself no longer—he means to lead a cheer for the Queen, but the words that he shrills out are: "Three cheers for the King—God bless him."

Yet on occasions when the King chooses to move among his people as a simple British gentleman instead of a sovereign, he is amazingly free from annoyance. One afternoon he went in this role to Wembley, where the British Empire Exhibition was housed. There he moved quietly about among the crowds and studied the exhibits from all corners of the empire just as the humblest person present did.

It was hard for an American reporter who had seen pre-election crowds in the United States break the police lines in a mad rush to get near a candidate, to understand the British attitude, much as he admired it. While his London friends were trying to explain it, an American rushed up to the King and thrust out his hand.

"Shake hands with an American," he urged the King. "I've never been this close to a King before."

While I stood quaking in anticipation of the rush of detectives which I expected would overwhelm my countryman and wondered whether I could do anything to help him, unmannerly or misguided fellow that he was, the King shook hands with him as if the incident was an every-day affair.

His Majesty did let fall a mild rebuke, however. Referring to the man's remark that he had never been so close to royalty before, the King said, "I see that you are unfamiliar with our customs, also."

Finally there was the case of a little wizened Cockney I met in New York in 1919. Those days occasionally proved stormy for stray Englishmen who ventured into places where De Valera's well wishers were strong.

The Cockney went into a shop to buy a collar and thought he pulled out a 25-cent piece as payment.

When the coin rolled across the counter it proved to be the King's shilling. The proprietor and his clerk were both of Irish descent. "That money's no good here," said one of them in ugly fashion—"we haven't any use for Kings here—take your bloody shilling."

The Cockney, as I have said, was little and wizened. I may add that he was poor, uneducated and in his own country had often gone hungry. He faced a bad beating for an injudicious remark, but he was game.

"Keep your bloody collar," said he, pocketing the shilling. "I'm for the King—God bless him." And they did and he did.

## How to Make Salads

Directions for the making of attractive and tasty salads are given as follows:

Pineapple, sweetbread, and pimiento salad is made by mixing cubes of cooked sweetbread, pineapple, shapes cut from pimientos, and bits of celery with mayonnaise, to which whipped cream has been added. Serve in a large mound on a silver platter and cover with the dressing. Garnish with pimientos and watercress.

Another lovely salad is sup fruit salad: Put into individual lettuce-cups 3 strawberries, canned or fresh; some grated pineapple, 1 teaspoonful of orange pulp and the same of grapefruit. Add a very little syrup made from preserved ginger, 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a few drops of maraschino cherry juice. Top with 1 tablespoonful of creamy mayonnaise and a maraschino cherry. Have thoroughly chilled before serving.

A thing of beauty in the salad line is the following salad: Serve on a large silver platter arrange quantities of crisp white lettuce. In the centre form a mound of cottage cheese, seasoned well with salt and paprika. Then surround it with the drained halves of canned peaches, cubes of canned pineapple and pitted Royal Anne cherries which have been stuffed with some of the cottage cheese. Pour over all a French dressing made with fruit juices (pineapple, lemon, and peach, with olive oil and a tiny speck of mustard as well as salt and paprika. Shake well). Serve with this following hot cheese sandwiches: Spread thin rounds of bread with prepared Welsh rabbit cheese. Put two rounds together like a sandwich, and toast on both sides.

### Who Gazes on the River

Who gazes on the river  
Forgets there is a sea.  
Who looks at every little shrub  
Neglects the taller tree.  
A candle may give light enough,  
But yonder is a star!  
We are so bound by little things  
We dare not travel far.

Who treads a narrow valley  
Forgets the mountain way.  
And in the water's fall will miss  
The rainbow of its spray.  
One cannot gaze from cellar walls,  
The view is from the tower.  
And he who dares not live and dream  
Will miss love's golden hour.  
Francesca Millen in Chicago Tribune.

Tact is getting back the engagement-ring without asking for it.

Styles by ANNETTE  
Paris—New York



THE SMART BOLERO

A becoming new fashion for the little miss of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, is the new bolero costume with circular skirt. It is simple enough for classroom, yet dressy for more formal wear. Style No. 334 copies the grown-up mode, both in cut and fabric. It chooses sheer tweed in beige and brown with sheer beige woolen bodice and collar. Brown velvetene is used for girdle, to pipe edges of bolero and for pert tie. Navy blue velvetene with white silk crepe bodice is fetching and can be made at a saving well worth while. Bottle green homespun, plaid woolen in red tones, navy blue wool repps, and patterned wool jersey in combination with plain jersey are lovely ideas for its development. The two-piece circular skirt is joined to bodice, that is cut from centre-front neck and finished for opening with piping. The bolero is sewed to armholes and neck edges. It's so simple! Pattern price 20c in stamps or coin (coin is preferred).

### 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. Patterns sent by return mail.

The hand that rocks the cradle fools the world.

Lady Asquith tells the following story of her old friend, the late J. K. Steven, the famous writer of parodies. One afternoon he was invited to discuss the future life with an assembly of curates. After listening for some time to a lot of foolish vapourings, he said: "Gentlemen, it is true what Wordsworth says: 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' but is that a reason why we should lie about Heaven in our middle age?"

## Beauty Culture Ancient Art

"Magic" Book 300 Years Old  
Concocted for Beauty  
Secrets by London  
Society

London.—Beauty secrets 300 years old are now being sought by actresses and society folk from a dog-eared and faded "magic" book of the seventeenth century.

Between it sworn covers are revealed the "concealed secrets" of famous beauties of past ages, which, judged by the mark their users made in history, have a potency little short of magic.

"Three centuries ago women made their own beauty preparations, which were handed down as a precious legacy from mother to daughter," said Miss Charlotte Bond, owner of the book. "They were concocted in the still-room with the coffee and were carefully guarded secrets."

Among the quantity phrased prescriptions in the book is a "pack" of rose leaves, made moist and bound on the face with muslin. It was left on over night, to beautify the skin during sleep. For those with thin or falling hair, a recipe is given "which maketh the hair to breed exceedingly."

Aids to beauty had to be potent in those days, for, said Miss Bond, "in 1623 women did not use much powder on their faces, but they blackened their eyebrows and painted their faces pink. There was no lipstick; that is a modern production."

The book is dedicated to Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter, by a "true admirer of her noble virtues," and is said to contain "all the virtues which ought to be in the complete woman." The "complete woman" must have had her hands full, for, in addition to the beauty recipes her "virtues" covered a range of knowledge including solutions for every conceivable difficulty of domestic life, from remedies for toothache to cooking a dinner that even a husband of long standing would be glad to eat.

Toothache, we are told, will yield to "a handfull of daisy rootes" suitably treated, but if the remedy should fail the tooth may be painlessly extracted by the following method: "Take some of the elder tree or the apples of oak trees and, with either of them, rub the teeth and gums and it will loosen them so you may take them out."

## Cicero's Secretary Is Called Father of Stenographic Art

Former Slave Preserved Senate Orations by System of Notes, Says Tampa Girl

Tampa, Fla.—Miss Beulah Zinn, a stenographer, of Tampa, is not only versed in the arts of her trade, but in its history, as well.

Shorthand, Miss Zinn says, had its origin in Greece, whence it came to Rome. Xenophon is said to have taken down the lectures of Sophocles in a crude system of shorthand.

"The learned slave, Marcus, Tullius Tiro, freed by Cicero, and later employed as his secretary, might be called the father of the art of stenography," Miss Zinn says. "Cicero's orations were preserved for all times by means of the Notae Tironianae, or Tironian notes, taken down in the Roman Senate by the former slave."

"Tiro's system, like the Chinese alphabet, was ideographic and was made up of some 5,000 symbols, each representing a word. A prodigious memory, as well as infinite patience, must have been necessary to master such an intricate system."

"Atticus, a Roman bibliophile, trained a force of slaves in this art and by apportioning five manuscript readers to each group of 100 stenographers, published a great many books. The pay of the slave was a pound of grain and a skin of wine daily."

"The sermons of some of the early church leaders—Origen, Chrysostom, St. Augustine and Savonarola—were preserved in shorthand. Samuel Pepys mastered the art and wrote his diary in that manner. Charles Dickens used the Buerny system in early days when he recorded the proceedings of the British House of Commons."

Stenography died out during the "dark ages" from the tenth to the seventeenth century, Miss Zinn says, when it was again revived.

"John Willis devised the first alphabetical system of shorthand in the seventeenth century," she concludes, "and many others, mostly imitations of Willis, made their appearance in that and the next century. In 1837, thirty years before the advent of the typewriter, Isaac Pitman devised a system of hooks, curves and dots, which was followed later by the Gregg system."

## The Prince in Africa



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TALKS WITH WHITE FATHERS

An incident at Helma, Africa, on the Prince's recent tour before he was recalled owing to the King's illness. The "White Fathers" are an order who devote their lives to teaching the natives Christianity.

## Gentlemen, the King!

By Arthur N. Chamberlain

In the New York Herald Tribune.

The adjutant, despite wind, rain, mud and the other minor hardships connected with life at the airdrome just back of the front lines, looked fit to pose as the model for "The Perfect Soldier." We saluted snappily and tried to remember the regulation reporting formula. But the

care of all that. "American flyers, eh?" he said genially. "Well, come in and don't try to be military. We're glad to see you but it's a wonder you wouldn't commit suicide on Broadway without coming all the way over here to do it."

They gave us a party that night. It wasn't a W.C.T.U. affair, but some of those boys were going out in the morning with the dawn patrol and there wasn't any guarantee that the return trip tickets would be honored. If you had asked one of those handsome youngsters drinking a double whiskey and soda why he was offering his bright young life so eagerly, he couldn't have replied. You had to read the answer in the way they drank that first toast: "The King—God Bless Him."

To this loyal, gallant and rather inarticulate group of British gentlemen the king symbolized everything they wouldn't put into words—duty, honor, country. This was wartime of course and the Crown has always held a particular appeal for the gentry in times of strife.

But two years after the Armistice a half dozen British and American veterans are celebrating the anniversary at a small restaurant in a third-class town on the French Riviera. One of the Britons, the host, spent four years in a German prison camp after being horribly wounded—you can pick him out by his shattered look.

He waxes confidential for an Englishman—"I'm washed out," he says in an aside to a guest. "They told me to-day—it was the prison camp did it—I'll never see England again—it's just a matter of time—hours at the worst—weeks at the best."

Then the moment for toasts and he wraith arises. "Gentlemen, the King—God Bless Him."

Unemployment is rife in London and the question of the dole seems uppermost in the workingmen's minds. A few nights ago batons were issued to the police, a most unusual proceeding, and they charged with drawn clubs, a labor meeting in Trafalgar Square where the red flag was waved.

Shoreditch, one of the poorest boroughs of London, has most of its men drawing the dole and there is talk that followers of the red flag are growing more numerous there. The