KING TUT'S GHOST CALLS A HALT

King Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummified body is so firmly fixed in its coffin of massy gold that it cannot be removed, even to satisfy the curiosity of the twentieth century, remarks the Boston Transcript. He has done all he could to amuse the crowd, he has had his personal affairs from his religion to the number of walking sticks thumbed over, he has seen a world that prides itself on enlightenment pay far less respect to certain solemn matters than a Polynesian tribe, and now his majesty has decided to stop at a point of arrested motion. Perhaps he has heard about the inscription upon Shakespeare's funeral stone, or perhaps on general principles, the king and fate have decided to take a stand.

No one can say that these discoveries have not been of enormous interest; they absorbed the Egyptologist, the archaeologist in general and the admirer of beautiful things. They ripped the cover off the past and showed a sparkling magnificence on the banks of the Nile that held men breathless. They had their own legends, and they made more; they stimulated the superstitious and the followers of the occult; they gave a chance to Egyptian politicians to make political capital; they afforded diplomatists an opportunity to combine business with pleasure; they made it the fashion with the best society to go Tut-Ankh-Amening. They were chic. But after the first flush had passed, there appeared a certain fly in the ointment; here and there men said that after all it was rather that curiosity had to be satisfied at such cost to mankind's general ideas of what was fitting. It was not easy quite to define the feeling it has excited, but somehow or other, more than one had an instinctive impression that the frail young king and his lovely consort had been handled enough. Perhaps thought some, better let them rest with their faraway ambitions and their treasures. There were even found cartoonists to suggest a similar method applied by the future to the remains and tombs of present greatness might not appear in so grateful a light to us who might imagine their happening.

At all events, Tut-Ankh-Amen will be spared this last inquisitiveness. He will not be a trophy of taxidermy, he will stay put in that receptacle wherein men placed him years ago, he and they alike innocent of the Northern Isles or the great continents across ocean. Perhaps there is some sort of hint about all this, a courteous suggestion that even to the enthusiasm of the original researcher, the gods have set limits.

HOW THE MELTING POT MELTS

The runaway match between Ellin Mackay, daughter of millionaire Clarence W. Mackay and the Jewish jazz king, Isadore Baline, now known as Irving Berlinn, brings up the question as to when and how people become eligible to take their places in what is termed American society. Berlin, a four-year-old Jewish immigrant, landed in New York with the rest of the family some thirty odd years ago. He started life as a newsboy, then became a "singing waiter" in a saloon and later found his fortune in jazz music.

Ellin Mackay Berlin's grandfather, John W. Mackay, came out from Ireland, a poor immigrant, in 1840, went to California in 1851, and shortly afterward proceeded to Nevada, there to find his fortune in the Bonanza mine on the Comstock Lode, on the site of which Virginia City now stands.

It is said that John W. Mackay, together with his three partners, Fair, Flood and O'Brien, all Irish you will note, split between them as the result on the Bonanza and kindred operation on the Comstock Lode, some forty million dollars, and incidentally put Nevada on the map. Later Mackay moved eastward and with James Gordon Bennett organized the Commercial Cable Company and the Postal Telegraph.

Now we have the Roman Catholic granddaughter of the Irish immigrant, John W. Mackay, wedded to a Russian Jewish immigrant of this generation.—Toronto Saturday Night.

THE MOTOR CAR

A motor car's a handy thing
To have, but sake's alive,
If you would ever use it,
Don't teach your wife to drive.

On Monday she must use it:
That's shopping bargain day.
On Tuesday morn her bridge club
Is meeting far away.

On Wednesday, she's at luncheon,
The other side of town.
On Thursday, her dressmaker
Is fitting a new gown.

On Friday, country cousins
Must be shown round the city.
On Saturday, repair shop!
Spring busted, what a pity!

But Sunday, that is may day;
I hardly can restrain
Myself. But what's that rattle
Upon the roof? Just rain!

WATER
Iron Pumps of All Kinds
Renfrew Ranges and Separators
Brantford Windmills
Gould, Shapley and Muir
Gas Engines
Schutz Pump & Tile Co.
Phone 15 Durham, Ont.

World News Seen At A Glance

Daily Events as Told by Cable Condensed for Busy Chronicle Readers

Cabarets for working men, where tea, coffee and beer cost a few pence instead of pounds, as at the West End establishments, have been started in various parts of London.

Should the world ever run short of coal, Russia will be little affected. Recent Government figures put Russia's total coal deposits at nearly 350,000,000,000 tons, said to be the largest in the world.

A disaster resulted in the Moabit district, Germany, Monday, when a workman's cigar ignited a tank of gasoline. Nine persons were killed and thirty injured. There was great damage to property.

Great damage to crops and the death of one woman were the results of a storm which struck Las Palmas, Canary Islands, on Sunday night after four days of torrential rains. The outlying sections of the city are flooded.

The Bucharest newspapers are protesting against Government censorship and other restrictions on the publication of their journal, as being contrary to the express stipulation of the constitution. The prohibition of the sale of foreign newspapers is also protested.

Nineteen bandits attacked the Rev. Henry Poppen and family, missionaries of the Reformed church of America, traveling from Amoy to Lung Yen Chow, China, and robbed them of all valuables in their possession. One servant was shot and wounded. The party otherwise was not harmed.

Famine conditions prevail in many districts of the central provinces of China, notably Hunan, Hupeh, Honan, Kiangsi and Szechuan, but have not yet reached the stage where outside assistance is considered necessary. This is the substance of reports reaching the international famine relief commission in Pekin.

The region in Italy, around Monte Amiata, in the Tuscan Subapennines which was the centre of a sharp earthquake early Monday morning, was visited by seismic disturbances at 8.30 o'clock on Sunday night and early Monday morning. Many towns report feeling the quake. Inhabitants are highly disturbed.

A vital meeting of members of the National Union of Railwaymen will be held in London, England, at the end of this week to consider the recent award of the National Wages Board on the wage question that has been under investigation for some time and which has threatened to develop into a serious dispute between the railway workers and railway companies.

The portrait of the late Nikolai Lenine has disappeared from Russian postage stamps. But it is now being furnace-blasted upon plates crockery and chinaware. The use of the revolutionary leader's picture on cigarette boxes, candy boxes, posters and advertising matter generally, however, is strictly forbidden. It is probable the government soon will engrave the Bolshevik idol's likeness on Russian coins.

Rev. Bernard O. F. Heywood, who has been vicar of Leeds, Yorkshire, since 1917, has been appointed Bishop of Southwell in succession to the late Rt. Rev. Sir Edwyn Hoskyns. Bishop Heywood, who is in his 55th year, was curate of Bury from 1894 to 1897; vicar of St. Paul's, Bury, from 1897 to 1907, and vicar of Swinton from 1907 to 1917. His father, Rev. Canon H. R. Heywood, was vicar of Swinton at the time of his death.

The Council of Ministers has decided to establish a strict censorship on all newspapers entering Roumania from foreign countries, owing to stories published abroad of alleged disorders there.

Eighteen persons were reported to be killed and twelve injured in a railroad wreck near Miyanoshita, Japan, on Saturday. None of the victims are foreigners. The train jumped the track and fell two hundred feet.

Having been advised that a state visit from King George and Queen Mary is likely during the coming spring, Gaston Doumergue, president of the French Republic is taking a strenuous course in etiquette and in English.

Attaching some blame to the captain of the Canadian Pacific liner, Empress of Asia, a naval court of inquiry at Shanghai, which inquired into the collision between that vessel and the steamer Tungshing, on January 11, decided that the main responsibility for the collision rested on the captain of the latter vessel.

Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the Dowager Empress Marie Feodorovna, of Russia, has returned to

HOW WAR DEBTS LOOK TO ME

The discussion as to whether or not the United States is justified in requiring the war allies to come up to the captain's office and settle for the money borrowed for war purposes will not down. It is singular how that country divides itself geographically upon this point. In a city like Baltimore, for instance, the general sentiment, as one gathers it from the public prints, is decidedly against demanding repayment, whereas out in Arkansas, the other view is expressed. Of course, it is generally admitted that the average of intelligence in the United States middle west is not of the highest order, whereas Baltimore on the other hand has possibly the most intellectual body of people to be found in any one community in that country.

It has always seemed to me that the position of the United States in the war was something like this: My wife has been insulted and my children murdered. For business reasons and political reasons, I am unable to go after the marauder. So I turn to my neighbors. "You go after that son of a gun," says I. "and I will foot the bill. In the interval, just sign that I O U as a matter of record. It will sort of keep the books straight."

So my neighbors start out, but it is a bigger job than they thought, and it took a long time. In the interval, my neighbors were running short of all sort of things, cannon fodder for instance, and clothing and boots and food, but I told them not to worry. I would get the stuff for them at a price which must be admitted gave a nice profit, and would bookkeep the matter, provided, of course, they signed another little I O U.

Later on more of my family were manhandled by that marauder, but worst of all, my neighbors were running short of man power, so after a long discussion with the political boss and my business associates, I concluded that I would have to go after that fellow myself. So I got the boys together. Of course, the neighbors had all the experience and incidentally all the casualties, and we had to depend upon them for a long time to show us how the thing went. Of course the boys at home kept on making the things that the neighbors required, not forgetting to charge them up at cost, plus a liberal profit.

Later on, when the marauder was put in his place and the whole thing over, our head bookkeeper sent the bills in to the neighbors, and darn their hides if they didn't holler about it, claiming that they were fighting for me, and such being the case, they should not pay those I O Us.

Did you ever hear of such gall?—Frederick Paul, in Toronto Saturday Night.

A Martyr to Truth

When Freddy came home from school he was crying. "Teacher whipped me because I was the only one who could answer a question she asked the class," he wailed.

Freddy's mother was both astounded and angry. "I'll see the teacher about that! What was the question she asked you?"

"She wanted to know who put the glue in her ink bottle."

Mother let the Christmas tree stay trimmed until New Year's day. Father, however, will stay trimmed for a considerably longer time.—Border Cities Star.

Copenhagen from Germany declaring there is no truth in the report that Frau Von Tschaikowsky, recently discovered in a Berlin sanitorium, is really Grand Duchess Anastasia, daughter of the late Czar Nicholas.

New Dress Goods
THIS WEEK
Now is the time to get your spring sewing done
We have some good values in
GINGHAMS
C. L. GRANT

Pheasant Shooting

(P. W. Luce, World's Champion Pheasant Shooter)

It may be that in describing myself as the world's champion pheasant shooter I underestimate, but let that pass. I would far rather be modest than right. It is an attribute common to all great hunters and fishermen.

A mighty hunter, I!

It is more than twenty-five years since I shot my way to immortal renown. This happened the very first time I hunted pheasants, and the inside story is well worth re-telling. In fact, so well worth re-telling that I re-tell it quite often.

It happened in England, where pheasants are hatched in affection and brought up in loving kindness, where sturdy game-keepers shoo the wily poacher away from the lord's green pastures (unless there is some working agreement to the contrary), and where no expense in spared to keep the beautiful birds alive on earth until it is seasonable to shoot them in the air.

There having been a paucity of lords and knights and barons in my home district since the last Crusade to the Holy Land, pheasants scored these plebian parts. I knew the noble bird by name, but not by sight. It was, therefore, with keen delight that I received an invitation from an old friend of the family, Sir Persimmon de Cloves, to spend a few days shooting pheasants on his estate, Cinnamon Grounds, on the river Sauce, Worcestershire.

Sir Persimmon was a bit of a spoofer. The noble knight took advantage of my innocence and rather exaggerated the size of the birds he had so patiently trained to serve as targets. Their tail sweep, he boasted, was not equalled in the British Isles, and their beauty was a thing to dazzle weak eyes.

On the morrow, I wandered o'er the stubborn glebe and flushed many pheasants, but my imported gillie, under instructions, advised me these were all baby birds which could not be shot. It looked like a limp bag for me.

Then I got lost. Incredible though it may seem, I got lost on an English country estate. I wandered dazedly aorund for two or three hours, then found myself near the Tudor mansion.

Emerging from the woods, I started what I recognized as one of the big pheasants Sir Persimmon had boasted about. I very kindly gave him both barrels. He died noisily and rather fussily.

Believe it or not, that bird measured eight feet from beak to tail and weighed forty-one pounds.

Sir Persimmon rushed across the lawn when I appeared dragging my pheasant by the neck.

"You blithering idiot!" he yelled. "You've shot a peacock that's been the pride of this family for twenty years!"

"In all innocence—" I began. Then I saw it was no use.

Sir Persimmon was giving instructions to Jeames to pack my bag and to make it a rush job.

All the same, my record stands. A peacock is a member of the pheasant family, and until some hunter shoots a longer and heavier peacock on the wing during the open season, I remain the world's champion pheasant shooter.

Sometimes a man finds he can't make ends meet because they are loose ends.

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