

## At Home Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Dear Prudence,  
Your letter received and it is indeed a pleasure to hear from you again, and know something of your summer's adventures.

I note your request for more book reviews, so am enclosing one from my little Preston friend entitled "Pages from My Life" by Chaliapin. This brief account makes me feel that the book would be very interesting reading and not only interesting but encouraging and inspiring as well.

Will be glad to hear again from you. Yours, as ever,  
Ruth Raeburn.

### "Pages From My Life" by Chaliapin

The first book from the pen of Chaliapin—but as he infers, not the last. This is a volume so fascinating that we refuse to lay it aside. On and on we peruse its pages from the first crude days of his life, to the final chapters where success is assured.

We of a more civilized age and nation, wonder at the seeming hardness and cruelty of a lower class Russian to his child. Many were the beatings administered to the small and hungry Feodor by his drunken father; and these for no reason at all. For example, Feodor fell to the ground from a tree which he was climbing. Upon his father seeing his bruises, immediately a public beating was given. Whippings were also the order of the day at school. At the age of twelve, Feodor was sent to a school to learn the carpenter trade. And when the master carpenter wished to punish his charges, a plane, a rough heavy board, or whatever tool was nearest to hand, was used instead of the proverbial cane. After a great deal of this, Feodor decided to change over to the book-binding trade, for the very logical reason that it would be better to have a book heaved at one than a hammer!

As a boy Chaliapin rarely had enough to eat, and as a youth he was little better off. His training as a lad in choir singing served him in good stead when later on he joined the chorus of an Operetta Company. Here

### DO YOU KNOW THAT:

1. Scraps of soap saved and melted together make a splendid shampoo?
2. Talcum powder rubbed into grease spots on white or light colored material will usually remove the marks?
3. Cream will whip more easily and be much stiffer if it is allowed to stand on ice for a day before it is used?
4. A bouillon cube dissolved in a cup of boiling water and added to soup or gravy gives an unusual taste to the commonplace dish?
5. Cottage or cream cheese mixed with a little cream formed into little balls and rolled in chopped nut meats makes an attractive and dainty dish for luncheon or tea?

the pay, if any, was poor, and frequently the company would break up, leaving its players penniless, far from home. It was in Tiflis, where practically starving, he came to the attention of one Usatov, a vocal teacher. This good man seeing Chaliapin's possibilities, took him in and taught him gratis, much that was valuable about singing as well as other things. It was here too that Chaliapin learned not to eat with a knife and to take soup quietly. Usatov gave him his first lessons in social training.

It was after he left Usatov that success began to arrive. In Petrograd (then St. Petersburg) he became an artist of the Imperial Theatres. Then followed an Italian appearance in "Mefistofele". After this, his reputation was established. Chaliapin became a person very much in demand in musical circles. He sang in many European countries as well as America. In England he met King George. In Germany ex-Kaiser Wilhelm bestowed a decoration upon him. Then it was 1914—and war time.

The picture of Russia in war time is very vivid. The rich man was robbed of his possessions—from wine to automobiles. Overnight Chaliapin became a poor man and he and his family starving.

After seven years in Russia he again left the country, for succeeding triumphs in England and America. It was during this period that Chaliapin received the reputation of a very conceited and overbearing man. He was much grieved by this, but in no way managed to overcome it. Being the artist that he is, it was actual pain to see the characters in opera portrayed incorrectly, or a song sung likewise.

## World News Seen At A Glance

Daily Events as Told by Cable  
Condensed for Busy Chronicle  
Readers

Complaining because their booty was not larger, three men, two of whom were armed, held up office clerks of the Deco Refreshments, Inc., warehouse, Buffalo, N. Y., recently and escaped with \$1,800.

Dudley Little, motion picture machine operator, was burnt to death and several other persons injured slightly when a roll of film exploded in the Lamar Theatre, Sherman, Texas, last week. The few people in the theatre escaped before the fire, which destroyed the theatre and four adjacent buildings, gained headway.

American teachers charged with disseminating religious propaganda in Constantinople, Turkey, last week were again sentenced to three days' imprisonment and a fine of three liras, when the case against them was retried.

Richard Loeb, who, with Nathan Leopold, Jr., is serving a life sentence for the "thrill murder" of Bobbie Franks, has lost his "soft job" at the Joliet Penitentiary. Loeb has been serving as secretary to an assistant warden. Last Thursday he found himself assigned to manual labor in the yards. The order also removed him from his private cell and placed him in the cell block with other prisoners.

G. K. Skinner, Guelph, Ont., market gardener, Saturday unearthed a valuable gold ring which he lost exactly nine years ago. It was while doing his Fall plowing in 1919 that Mr. Skinner dropped the ring from his finger. Saturday he spied the long-lost article roll from beneath a bunch of onions he pulled from one of his large onion beds.

Rose Ann Paquette, 32, of Montreal, is dead from a bullet wound in the heart, and police are holding Ernest Messier, 35, who they claim confessed to shooting his former friend Saturday night on St. Hubert street, Montreal, one of the main thoroughfares in the east end of the city. The authorities are also holding two men as material witnesses for the coroner's inquest.

At the earliest date for many years the first flock of Butter ducks came over Niagara Falls Saturday afternoon and evening and many of them are floating below the falls in maimed and injured condition. The early arrival of the birds has caused a rush for shooting licenses.

So popular was the concert and dance given by David Spence, M. P., Toronto, under the auspices of Ward 6 Liberal-Conservative Association last week, that one young couple, not having cards of invitation, presented, at the door instead, a photograph of themselves taken on their wedding day. The genial host, of course, accepted the bride and groom card. Later in the evening the bride confided to Mr. Spence that, by his hospitality, he had won her husband over to the right side. Mr. Spence gives credit to the bride, who helped elect him last time. He wishes there were more wives of her calibre.

Miss Phoebe Haggan, of Lakeview, near St. Thomas, dislocated her shoulder in a fall while fighting off some infuriated guinea hens that attacked her.

Caught in the swirling current of the Niagara River late Saturday afternoon, two duck hunters were swept to death over the Horseshoe Falls, while witnesses of the tragedy on shore watched their frantic signals, powerless to render aid.

John Griffin, painter, aged 55, of Toronto, Ont., is dead as the result of injuries sustained at Port Colborne last Thursday, when he fell from a scaffold while working at the Maple Leaf Flour Mills there. He was taken to the Welland County Hospital where he died an hour later.

Office boys of the Union Central Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, now skate about their work. Stout business men, walking sedately down the corridors of the Union Central's 28-storey skyscraper to their offices now stop, look and listen before they turn a corner. In leisure moments the boys practice figure-eight and other fancy steps on their roller skates. Officials first tried out steel and

Perhaps his manner may have been unfortunate, for when he attempted to correct these errors, he was promptly labelled a "know it all", etc.

Chaliapin himself thinks the reason his advice or opinions were taken with such bad grace, was because of the inferiority of his education. No one likes to be criticized by an inferior, opines Chaliapin, and we know this to be true. His musical education was not extensive. He was gifted naturally with a sense of rhythm, and knew instinctively how a song should be interpreted.

"Pages From My Life" is an autobiography informative as well as entertaining—a pleasing combination. We close the book convinced that few have overcome such obstacles as Chaliapin to attain the place which he holds in the musical world of today.  
CLARA BENHARDT.

wooden rollers, but now they have determined to use rubber-tired skates because they are less noisy.

Sault Ste. Marie's record sleeper, Cecil Chapman, 20, deckhand of Midland, was reported recently to be practically out of his trance after nearly two weeks of unconsciousness and partial consciousness. The patient is eating very well and has started to talk quite well, but at times still thinks he is riding the Lake Superior breakers on board the steamer Anna C. Minch, into whose cargo hold he fell 26 feet headfirst on September 16.

A thick snowfall, beginning about 7 o'clock last Thursday morning, had covered the potato fields at Caribou, Maine, and had not abated at noon. The snow curtailed the digging of the potato crop. Heavy snow also was reported at Presque Isle, holding up potato field workers.

Thirteen civilian laborers were killed and four seriously injured when a boiler in the arsenal workshop at Piacenza, Italy, exploded last Friday.

Five persons were killed and five injured in an explosion at a dynamite plant in Orbetello, Italy, last Friday.

Private Bank, the second largest Danish private bank situated in Copenhagen, failed to open its doors last Friday. The bank has suffered heavy losses chiefly through interests in a German manufacturing plant. A conference which lasted all night at the Ministry of Trade failed to reach a basis for reconstruction.

Prairie fires caused considerable damage in various parts of Southern Saskatchewan over the week-end. Damage estimated at \$15,000 was caused by four fires which swept over 4,000 acres, and by one barn fire, which broke out in the country surrounding Weyburn, Sask.

Dykes at Neuport and the locks on Dykes on the Yser river burst Monday as a result of a violent gale on the North sea. The streets of Neuport were flooded. The high seas damaged the famous Zeebrugge pier.

Fire destroyed a barn on the farm of W. E. Calvert, near Brampton, on Saturday. Spontaneous combustion is given as the cause. Harold Maltby, a neighbor, noticed the flames, and with assistance was able to save an automobile and about a hundred gallons of gas and oil that were in the basement. The fire-fighters were successful in keeping the blaze to the one building. About one hundred loads of hay were destroyed. Mr. Calvert's loss is partly covered by insurance.

Charles McInnis, signalman with the Atlsa Construction Co., was instantly killed on Saturday at Welland when two guy lines supporting a gin pole broke. In its fall the pole crushed McInnis' head.

The Belgrade, Jugoslavia, newspapers said Monday that it had been learned from Durazzo, Albania, that eleven conspirators against King Zogu were summarily hanged in the market place at Durazzo recently. This was done on the new king's order within 24 hours of the discovery of a plot. Two hundred people suspected of being implicated were imprisoned. Martial law was proclaimed.

## TUNNEY AND WOLGAST CONTRAST IN CHAMPS

By J. V. McAree

With Gene Tunney, a millionaire and lecturer on Shakespeare, touring Europe and being received by Royalty, let us take a glance at another former champion of the ring. His name is Ad Wolgast, and his residence is the California State Hospital for the Insane. It is his last residence, too, until he changes it for a wooden box for Wolgast is hopelessly insane, and he is insane because of the many punches he received when in the ring, when he was fighting and beating such men as Young Kilrain, Johnny de Forest, Terry McGovern, George Memsic, Frankie Burns, Joe Rivers, Jack Redmond, Gene Delmont, Joe Flynn and Battling Nelson, from whom he won the title. Many of these names will mean nothing to the contemporary readers of the sporting page, but in their day they made ring history, and some of them at least will never fade from the records. Wolgast won the title from Nelson in San Francisco in 1910 after forty rounds of the most desperate fighting ever seen on the coast. Two years later he took a terrific beating, and the crown passed to Willie Ritchie.

In Asylum and Out  
Shortly afterwards he became deranged, or at least queer, and in 1918 was committed to a private institution in Michigan and declared incompetent to handle his affairs. His commitment was at the advice of Jess Willard. Later on this court order was set aside, Wolgast was released and he went to California where he has remained ever since. In 1920 some goat glands were grafted on him and his physical condition so greatly improved that he attempted a come-back. He fought Lee Morrissey to a four-round draw, but the contest was so lacking in color that the crowd hooted the one-time champion. Since then he has made no effort to return to the ring, though ever since he has harbored the delusion that he is training for a great battle. For years he frequented the gymnasium kept by Jack Doyle, who was a well-known sporting man of Los An-

geles. He would shadow box, skip, take road work, and otherwise condition himself, the result being that he was always in remarkable physical condition. Here he would meet the old-timers like Sharkey, Jeffries, Joe Rivers, and Tommy Ryan, all of whom would tell him that he was in wonderful shape and certain to regain his title.

### Trained for Imaginary Bout

He was without funds, but Doyle supported him. His orders were that no one should ever put on the gloves with Wolgast, but that he should be encouraged to keep up his training because it fully occupied his mind and kept him in good health. Year after year he worked daily at Doyle's, and then a change seemed to come over him. He became cranky, and would threaten to punch anyone who inadvertently crossed him. When he went into the club cafe he was querulous about his food. He insisted upon being treated like a champion, and demanded the best accommodation at the best hotels. Once he was knocked down in the street by a motor when mooning about. In the end he became a nuisance, and Doyle who had loyally supported him for years appealed to the State to provide for him. The doctors in the asylum report that he is not violent, his mental disease having advanced beyond that state, for he is dying from his head down. Only occasionally he seems to see an opponent, and will set himself to charge across the room when the expected gong rings. He washes dishes, sweeps and makes the beds having no idea where he is, and being willing to perform any task set before him. Physicians announce that there is no hope of him ever recovering his reason, and that future changes in his conditions will be for the worse rather than for the better.

### A Desperate Fight

The closing rounds of the epic battle in which Wolgast won his title were described at the time by a Western writer, who wrote:

"Nelson's face was punched all out of semblance to human countenance and great strawberry blotches about his stomach and hips bore testimony to the merciless battering of Wolgast's fists. Nelson was too feeble to fight on with any hope of success. Wolgast's eyes were snappy, while Nelson's were lusterless. The Dane had lost all sense of distance and direction and could only fling out his arms in a feeble way. The champion was a mere punching bag for the waspish Wolgast, and to have allowed the bout to continue would have been to incur the risk of fatality. At the end of even the thirty-fourth round there were cries of 'Stop it! Stop it!' At the end of the thirty-ninth round Referee Eddie Smith took the champion by the elbow and led him to his corner. There he told both Nelson and those who were handling him that it looked as though all hope were lost and, in a weary yet determined way, that the champion had better give up. Nelson shook his head and said, 'Never! Never!' At the beginning of the fortieth round Nelson put his arms in a position to fight, but the spectacle was pathetic. After he had been smashed full in the face and on the point of the jaw and was virtually helpless, Referee Smith stepped in and ended the fight."

A Costly Victory  
Wolgast's victory was won at terrible cost. He had taken almost as much punishment as Nelson, and this added to the batterings he had received in

**"I never  
knew  
it was  
so easy"**

It was a red-letter day in old Mrs. Jones' life — the day she made her first Long Distance call. But she simply had to speak to her son before he went abroad!

The operator was sympathetic and helpful. She asked Mrs. Jones her telephone number, name, the city and the telephone number of the party she wished to reach. Mrs. Jones didn't know the number, so the operator looked it up for her.

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his climb to the championship and to the beating that was inflicted on him when he lost his title were too much for his reason. His head had been punched so hard and so often that his brain had been affected, though there were no immediate signs of insanity. But it seems probable that it was the fight in which he was victorious rather than the fight when he lost that most seriously injured him, because it is the fight with Nelson that his darkened mind recalls and the prospective fight with the Battler which has inspired his phantom training for all these years.

A woman's idea of a fifty-fifty split is for her husband to give her half his money and then pay all the bills. —Kitchener Record.

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## MEDICINE FOR YOUNG GIRLS

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Pinewood, Ont. — "I constantly had pains in my back and side and spent two days in bed every month. I have taken three boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets. They have done me good and I always have them in the house. I have recommended your good medicine to several friends and have given it to my 17 year-old girl." — Mrs. ALFRED OUBLETTE, Pinewood, Ontario.



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