

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Dear Ruth Raeburn:

We have a little neighborhood club meeting for an hour each week. This year I was one that was appointed to bring notes on subjects that would give us a new line of thought, and perhaps be a subject worthy of discussion. Anything you can give me through your column will be most acceptable. Thanking you for help given in the past I am, in anticipation of help,

LIMITED LUCY.

Dear Limited Lucy:

I will aim to give you once or twice a month a short talk on subjects that should be of interest to everyone and will aim to keep the articles limited in length. The first subject I have for discussion is

Adventuring

Many years ago there came to earth a little babe, who, when he grew to manhood proved to be the greatest adventurer the world has ever known. There were few people in his day who thought of Him in that way for He went not out to discover new lands but instead He went out and made adventures in humanity. He went in and out among all classes of people but particularly among the common people. In so doing he left to the world an example of ministering to others which has been unequalled by anyone else.

He made adventures in journalism by making a great many words beautiful carpenter, because he made his living at this task; shepherds, this was a mode of living despised by many in those days but today it is a word with a beautiful sound and a task that is not despised simply because Our Heavenly Father first made known to the shepherds the birth of Jesus. The Star in the East is always suggestive of a story of beauty because it was the Star in the East that guided the wise men to the lowly bed of the little Babe where they presented their gifts; fishermen, here among the lowliest of workmen He found those who were willing to follow Him and be His living witnesses; disciple, what word is there in our language more suggestive of love simply because love was the only remuneration He could give His followers: home, the home life as pictured in his own home, in the home of Mary and Martha and in every home He entered He left the impress of love. All down through the ages to many people "home" has the most ringing sound of sweet music of any word in our language.

His adventures in friendship were many and varied. John the beloved disciple, Lazarus, the Woman of Samaria, the Widow of Nain, Jairus the ruler of the synagogue, Mary Magdalene, the little children—these we find mentioned in the short biographies of His life, but we can easily read in these stories that wherever He went He made friends.

The advice He gave His disciples when He sent them out into the world shows clearly that it was not in the multitude of possessions that He expected them to find contentment, and this adventure is certainly in need of thought in this generation.

We only need to read the stories of the lives of those who have obeyed the command. Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel, to see that some of these disciples have become the greatest of the world's explorers. Certainly, they have been great adventurers in Service.

Then, because this great Adventurer ventured within the gate of death and rose again, we who believe in Him and love Him have no fear of death. It is a door that opens and ushers us into

another land where love dwells. So every one of us have opportunities to have adventures every day of our lives if we only look at life in that way. It might be a very interesting hour to each of you to give a glimpse at some of your adventures in humanity, adventures in journalism, adventures in friendship, adventures in contentment, adventures in exploration, adventures in service, adventures in understanding, and adventures in neighborliness. No doubt when you start out on this trail of adventures you will find there are many more than I have mentioned. I wish you abundant success throughout the year.

RUTH RAEBURN

ROMANCE

Not only gracing fiction's thrilling page Where tales of wonder and of love abound To weave their old enchantments, age to age, Is strange and splendid romance to be found.

The masters caught all valor and all fear, Set joy and longing in their magic lines

And life's swift challenge, every smile and tear, In matchless charm from out their pages shines.

But scrawled through history, too, the passions pass And leave their imprint on a land, a race;

The downfall of a people may but glass The favor wrought by some fair woman's face.

The pageant of the world is far more strange Than any tale of it since time had birth,

And all its centuries of ceaseless change Unfold the countless romances of Earth.

Fashion Fancies

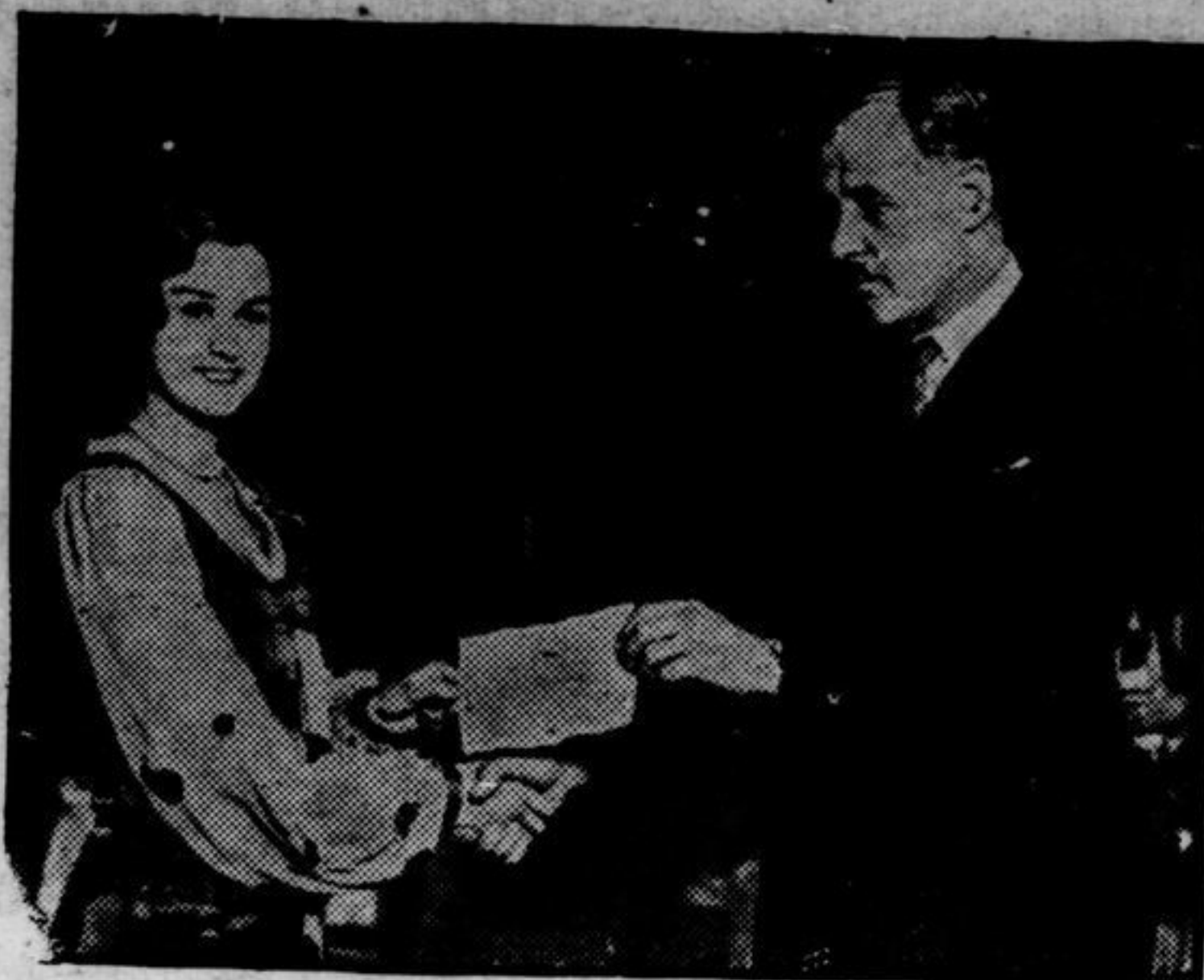


A Formal Evening Wrap

When one speaks of something formal for evening wear, one's mind immediately turns to black velvet and ermine. And with good cause!

What could be nearer perfection than this charming wrap of black velvet with its huge collar and stole front of ermine? Of three-quarter length, the ermine cape collar seems to form the upper part of the wrap and cascades down the right side, forming an alluring stole effect.

Particularly in this season of gaiety and happiness, such a wrap is bound to play an important part in the festivities, for its air of formal dignity is bound to have an effect.



CROWNED QUEEN OF ENGLISH BEAUTIES

After she had been adjudged the most charming girl in England, Miss Marjorie Ross, of Richmond, near London, was awarded first prize of approximately \$7,500 by Mr. Robert Pear. The coveted prize and distinctive honor was sought by more than sixteen thousand girls and women from all parts of the Kingdom.

MOVIES

"SHOW GIRL" HERE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

"Show Girl" the First National Alice White picture of recent date comes to the Star Theatre on Friday and Saturday is the first movie musical comedy to be made by any purchaser. "Show Girl" is just what the title indicates—a story of a Broadway show girl and cafe dancer, based upon J. P. McEvoy's best-seller novel.

The theme song for "show Girl" is "She's One Sweet Show Girl," written by Ted Ward and Edward Crossman. Both songs have caught the public ear and been broadcast by radio, made into phonograph records and piano rolls.

Alfred Santell directed "Show Girl." The titles are in the best humorous vein of George Marion, Jr., and the cast is a brilliant one, including Charles Delaney, Donald Reed, Lee Moran, Gwen Lee, James Finlayson, Richard Tucker, Kate Price and others.

The orchestra accompaniment has been synchronized in sound and is but one of the many enjoyable elements of the picture.

"THE HOUSE OF HORROR"

Grotesque human characters, eerie settings, stirring noises, seemingly supernatural things and dark human plots—these are a few of the ingredients of a spine-tingling, scalp-tightening picture coming to the Star Theatre on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

"The House of Horror" is its title, and it is a First National Vitaphone attraction with a cast of real trouperes, headed by Louise Fazenda, Chester Conklin, Thelma Todd, James Ford and William V. Mong. Benjamin Christensen, a specialist in mystery pictures, directed it.

Incidentally, "The House of Horror" is packed with that ludicrous human comedy and "romantic thrills of a strange love affair which go so well with the hysterical emotions that tense mystery drama evoke.

Lines to a Friend

I thank thee, friend, for brightening my days, For shining thoughts that lightened darkened ways; For just believing—better far than daily bread; For gracious gestures and all kind words said. All these I can feel, I can hear—and see— But most, I thank thee For thy faith in me.

COLLAPSE OF RELIGION NATURAL IN RUSSIA

We read a good deal about the war of the bolsheviks on religion with a complete misunderstanding of what it means. At least we feel free to make that personal confession after having read the chapters dealing with religion in "Humanity Uprooted" by Maurice Hindus, one of the most valuable of books dealing with the present day Russia. Mr. Hindus was born in Russia but went to the United States as a youth and for the past several years has frequently visited his native land and travelled through it. He is merely a recorder, a reporter, not an attorney nor an editorial moralizer. He knows that what he sees in Russia is astounding enough without his personal comments or interpretations. Under the powerful influence of his chapters on religion we say that if religion is being abolished in Russia it is a good thing. The same kind of religion we should like to see abolished anywhere else. It was part of the slavery of the Russian peasants, an instrument used for their degradation by Czarism. It was never any use to the Russian people, and maybe if they had abolished it earlier there would never have been any need for a revolution. Really it was a religion only in the sense that the superstitious ceremonial of Hottentots or Bushmen is a religion.

A Religion of Externals

Speaking of the orthodox Greek church, Tolstol said: "I cannot but be hostile to this harmful sect . . . which is seeking to corrupt the dark masses and the young generation by instilling in them false notions of God and His law." The late Dr. E. J. Dillon, who knew Russia as well as any foreigner could hope to, said: "The Russian church is a museum of liturgical antiquities." Mr. Hindus himself listened to a lecture in Moscow by Archbishop Vvendsensky, the most eloquent and one of the most scholarly clergymen in Russia, in which he said: "The extraordinary Byzantine glitter of our orthodox services has been our greatest curse. Our church has striven after external gorgeousness at the expense of inner virtue, after showy splendor at the cost of spiritual perfection. It acquired pomp, power, riches, but lost its soul. Only now are we beginning to realize what a feeble spiritual infant our orthodoxy has been. That is why it is disintegrating." As the state church of Russia, it was protected from criti-

cism. As a mere appanage of Czarism it was never permitted, if it had the wish, to identify itself with the common people in the way other Christian churches have identified themselves in other countries.

Condemned Paganism

In 500 years it learned nothing and forgot nothing. It ignored science. It was blind to the light that reverent students have thrown upon religions generally and the Christian religion particularly. It took no note of new social conditions. It seemed to have no contact with human life and certainly none with the life of the Russian peasant but to tax him and provide him with a somewhat gaudy show now and then. It made no fight even against the paganism that remained in the heart of the Russian peasant. "It was tolerant" says our author, "of the witches, sorcerers, magicians, incantation-charmers that infested its villages and preyed on the muzhik. It saw him wallowing in alcoholism, thievery, in cruelty, in other vices and hardly made an effort to regenerate him." It never had any spiritual questionings or battles to strengthen its faith and so when the crisis came it was found flabby and inefficient, a very Baal to which the bewildered peasants turned and which was unable to give an answer. What sort of fellows its priests were Mr. Hindus does not say but we seem to remember that Rasputin began life as a priest, though we do not suggest that he was representative.

Pious Peasant a Fiction

What then of the legend of the pious Russian peasant, the most humble and devout of men, the Christ-like muzhik, who spent his money on ikons, who made incredible pious pilgrimages, who worshipped the czar not so much as the head of the state but as the Little Father who was the head of the church? We have often wondered in recent years especially about that Little Father adoration. But what of other legends? What of the legend of the horsehair which if left in a bucket of water would turn into a snake the next day? What of the legend of the angels that appeared at Mons? The answer is that there never was any such Russian peasant. He is certainly not to be found in the writings of the Russian realists, though if the Russians have, as they deserve, a Louisa M. Alcott or a Zane Grey, he will probably be discovered. The pious Russian peasant, in fact, is a creation of romantic, non-Russian writers who would be ridiculed if they produced such a character in their own country, but thought it safe and touching to discover him in Russia. That peasant is a fiction like the strength of Paul Bunyan or the chin of Andy Gump.

Monk Blames Muzhik

The Russian peasant is much like ignorant men elsewhere. Many of the virtues he has were imposed on him, like the blarneying of the Irishman. Let us take the testimony of a monk at Kiev, Russia's holy city: "At, this muzhik, he is a beast, that's what he is, this muzhik of ours. He is the ruination of our great country, he more than all the infidels and bolsheviks and other redds. He knows nothing. He never had God in his heart. That's the truth, my friend, the real truth. The muzhik never took Christ to his heart, because he never understood Him. Oh! this damned muzhik, this human beast." But for what the muzhik is the orthodox church is largely responsible. It neglected him, and assisted in keeping him ignorant and poor. It failed to inculcate him with any religious spirit, but depended upon supernaturalism to keep him in subjection. When the revolution came the muzhiks found that the lightning did not descend on them when they stripped the churches of whatever was valuable and could be carried away. They concluded that the religion which they had respected was a fraud, that it lacked power to punish or reward. So one

SEES BIG FUTURE FOR METAL AIRSHIP

Detroit Works Manager Addresses Border Cities Club on Feasibility of Metal-Clad Airships.

Declaring that the metal-clad airship shows greater promise than the fabric-covered zeppelin type—such as the Graf and the British R101—Edward J. Hill, works manager of the Detroit Aircraft Corporation, told members of the Border Cities Aero Club that the rigid airship is still largely in experimental stages although the feasibility has been definitely demonstrated.

Mr. Hill was connected with the construction of the ill-fated Shenandoah and construction engineer in the building of the ZMC2, which recently underwent successful test flights at the United States naval air station.

"Fabric-covered aircraft cannot be expected to attain a speed of more than 70 to 80 miles per hour," declared Mr. Hill, "because of the pressure at that nose of the vessel. To successfully compete with the heavier-than-air machine the dirigibles will have to attain greater speed. The obvious solution is the metal-clad airship, with which there may be a maximum speed of 100 miles per hour and a cruising speed of at least 90 miles. Ships like the ZMC2 are designed on the principle of pressure from within, which hold the metal hull in shape. This type is built of a thin duraluminum alloy covering, of great tensile strength sewed together with metal thread and heavily doped at the seams. Helium gas is used. The metal hull is both a hull and a container and experiments have shown that there is very little diffusion of gas from within. In the fabric type the gas is contained in gold-beater's skin bags within the fabric and there is quite a percentage of gas diffusion.

"Gas loss is particularly apparent in the fabric type when the craft is under sun rays. Gas expands and is lost through the escape valves. With the metal-clad the hull is highly polished and the rays of the sun are deflected so that there is little effect on the gas contained in the structure. Then again the metal-clad ship is practically impervious to lightning, which has proved so disastrous to fabric covered ships. This has been proven by exhaustive tests at the naval air station."

Referring particularly to the ZMC2, Mr. Hill said that much had been learned. The ship is 50 feet in diameter and 150 feet long and he said tests showed that the relation of length to diameter should be greater as the ship showed tendency to keep on turning around when swung in its own length.

"With a metal-clad airship of 3,000,000 feet of gas capacity we can compete successfully with the New York-Bermuda steamship lines," said Mr. Hill. He explained further that a synthetic form of hitherto expensive helium gas is now under study by the chemical engineers of the Detroit Aircraft Corporation.

AERO MECHANIC SUCCEEDS IN DARING AND BRAVE FEAT

Jim Cusator Saves Own Life and That of Pilot by Risking Life on Side of Plane.

Aviators in the northland have a new hero. He is Jim Cusator, a quiet and reserved air mechanic, who is one of the most daring and brave feat in aviation annals most probably saved his own life and his pilot's at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, just before dusk. In defiance of the relentless laws of gravity, Cusator dangling by his arms in face of the 70 mile an hour blast from the propeller righted a tilted left ski and held it in a horizontal position until the machine had come to rest in safety on the ice locked surface of the river here.

Intimation of the perilous situation of the plot, Geo. Homesay, and Aero Mechanic Cusator came first to pilot and mechanics of other machines who stood by to watch the graceful Stinson-Detroit take off from the river on a test flight a few minutes after it had arrived from Saskatoon. Due to the soft snow the pilot had experienced difficulties in getting into the air and had narrowly averted hitting the bridge after a run of almost a mile. As the aeroplane circled back the watchmen airmen were horror stricken to not the right ski had been damaged. In stead of being parallel to the fuse lage, the front end dipped down at a dangerous angle. Experienced pilot knew in landing the tilted ski must strike the snow in such a way it would snap off and cause the machine to spin about the axle and probably turn over. Jack Wight, leaped into the cabin of his machine, the engine of which had been left running. Opening the throttle wide he sent the plane plunging through the snow and then nosed it sharply upward shortly after it left the river's surface. He zoomed it through the frosty air towards Homesay's plane just as it was circling to make a landing and bringing it to horizontal position when level with the other machine leaned out of the cabin, waved his arms and pointed to the tilted ski.

Cusator promptly perceived what was wrong, opened the cabin door, grasped the handles securely and lowered his body through the opening. Observers breathlessly watched him attempt to reach the ski three times each time to have the powerful breeze from the propeller whip his body back. Finally he succeeded in grasping the ski with his feet and then held it horizontal by hooking the back stay wire with one foot. While dangling in mid air he enabled the pilot to make a safe landing.

When the plane came to rest the hero mechanic was covered from head to foot with the soft snow thrown up by the skis in the landing and was unperturbed as if he had just stepped from the cabin.

Others that religion as the Russian peasant understood it decayed because it was rotten at the core, and not because it was smothered by the atheism of the

A SAFE AND SURE REMEDY FOR AILING CHILDREN

MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

CONTAIN NO NARCOTICS. EARLY TAKEN, QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY CLEANSE EVEN THE MOST DELICATE SYSTEM. AS SWEET AS SUGAR.

"FEEL WELL AND STRONG"

MRS. J. MALIN
R.R. No. 5, Barren St. East, Hamilton, Ont.

"I have to work in the store and do my own housework too and I got nervous and run-down and was in bed nearly all summer. The least noise would make me nervous. I was told to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken seven bottles. It has made me stronger and put more color into my face. I get along nicely now with my work and with my four children. I would like to answer letters."—Mrs. J. Malin.

MRS. FRANK LUKES
R. No. 1, Box 56, Lanark, N. Dakota

"I had two babies which I lost at seven months. Before my third baby was born my husband advised me to take your medicine and he bought me three bottles of it. When I had taken the first one I began to feel better so I kept on during the whole period. We have a healthy baby boy and we are so proud of him and praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the help it gave me. I feel well and strong."—Mrs. Frank Lukes.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rail Heads Aid Amateur Sport



1.—Mr. E. W. Beatty.
2.—Mr. A. D. MacTier.
3.—Mr. George McLellan Brown.

Included among a number of prominent Canadians who are supporting the move to popularize British Rugby football in the Dominion are E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway; and honorary president of the newly formed British Rugby Union of Canada: A. D. MacTier, vice-president eastern lines of the railway, and honorary vice-president of the Union and donor of the highly prized and hard fought for MacTier Cup; and Sir George McLellan Brown, European general manager of the company, who will accord representation at the London headquarters of the British Rugby Union. It is hoped to bring together in Canada amateur teams from all over the Empire. J. Fyfe-Smith, of Vancouver, is president of the Canadian Union.