

Fresh Fragrance of Blossoms

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

A popular author gets all sorts of weird letters and usually isn't surprised at any request the postman brings him. But Hugh Walpole received one that indicates the trend of the contemporary novel.

"I understand from comments in the Press," read the letter, "that you are at work on your new novel. I am writing to inquire as to the fee you would charge for inserting a recognizable portrait of myself in the above work. I am ready, I may tell you, to pay a very considerable sum. The conditions are that my portrait must be recognizable to my friends, relations and, most especially, to my enemies. I need not say that it will be immaterial whether the portrait be complimentary or otherwise."

One of Arnold Bennett's little peculiarities, recalls E. V. Lucas (in "Reading, Writing and Remembering"), "in restaurants or in other people's houses, was to look at the trade-marks beneath the plates to see from which factory in the Five Towns they had come."

When H. G. Wells' two sons were small boys, George, the elder, after an operation, wrote this letter to his brother—Mr. Lucas says:

"Dear Frank—I hope you will not think me selfish, but I am in great pain that I think you ought to get me a small present—Your loving George."

Mr. Lucas tells a priceless story about Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate, a "downy man, scholarly, assertive, cranky, quarrelsome with a handsome fighting head." Having settled down at Yattendon in Berkshire, Dr. Bridges "in his zeal for church music, produced the 'Yattendon Hymnal' and led the choir." Later, the Rev. H. C. Beeching (afterwards Dean of Norwich and author of "Paradise of English Poetry") was presented to the living of Yattendon.

"At first all went well," says Lucas, "but Beeching, also a precisian, was not incapable of pugnacity, too, and when Bridges, as choirmaster, seemed to be taking too large a share in the proceedings, there was a row, culminating one Sunday in Bridges leaving the church in the middle of the service, with all his boys behind him. Thereafter he tended no more, but on Sunday mornings would stand at the gate urging the parishioners not to go in."

In the days before David Graham Phillips, the novelist, had made a name for himself, relates Isaac F. Marcosson (in his life of Phillips), he was asked what he did with his stories that had been rejected.

"I affix a new ticket on them with a greatly increased price mark and put them away," he replied. "Some day after I have made a real hit these editors will write to me and ask for a story, and then they are going to get back the manuscript they declined and pay four or five times what they could have for it today."

A sweet revenge—when it works out that way. But don't forget that most editors were only too glad to pay four or five times the price for a story by David Graham Phillips, "the well-known novelist," than for one by David Graham Phillips, "the unknown author."

Yes, sir, names do count.

Mentioning that Phillips' handwriting was "fairly clear but almost microscopic, which made it difficult to read," Mr. Marcosson adds that "John Buchan once told me that if his (Buchan's) Scots typist ever died he would be obliged to stop writing, as no other person in the world could decipher his manuscripts."

Horrible thought!

Which recalls a story about Warwick Deeping, the popular novelist, told by Coulson Kernahan (in "Celebrities").

"The only writer known to me whose penmanship is worse than mine," says Kernahan, "is that instantly gifted ex-medico writer of romance, Warwick Deeping. He was at one time in the Territorial Army, serving with distinction in the World War, and when I was writing a little book on the Territorial Army, I asked Deeping whether he recalled any

Gems of Peril

By HAZEL ROSS HAILEY.

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Harkness undertakes to trap the Fly, whom she believes "framed" her brother, Eddie, with the murder of Mrs. Jupiter, and later killed him to keep him from telling. At last she plans to use the famous Jupiter necklace, which the murderer failed to get. She is aided by Bowen, of The Star. Mary's fiancé, Dirk Ruyter, and his family, object to the notoriety. Bruce Jupiter, absent many years, returns from Europe, with a woman friend. His father orders him out and makes Mary his heir. Bruce swears to rout Mary. Mary and Dirk quarrel because Dirk is jealous of Bowen and refuses to believe in the existence of The Fly. Mary goes to Miami with Mr. Jupiter on his yacht, because Bowen tells her The Fly will be at Hialeah to see his horse run.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

The countess was unduly pleased over her winnings on a horse which she had chosen by the simple process of shutting her eyes and poking at the list of entries with a pencil. The horse, a 10 to one shot, had come home in the money. The countess seemed to regard her luck as a good omen, or perhaps she needed the money. At any rate, her gayer raptures Mary's advantage. Mary had watched the little black filly, La Mosca, who was touted as the favorite, stumble when the race was half won and lag home far in the lee. She was not superstitious, but she almost believed in signs, too, for the moment.

Well, anyway, there it was on the chart—"La Mosca, filly 3-year-old, trainer, K. Jones, owner, H. De Loma." At least, she had a name to go on. Had Bowen been there today to see the race run? She wondered where Bowen was and if he had given up the chase altogether. If he had come, as she said he might, she had seen nothing of him as yet but the "Gypsy" had docked only the day before.

She sent the car along at break-neck pace, swinging past car after car on the crowded road for her hurry to get back to Miami and ask for mail at the hotel. Dirk had not written but she had not given up hoping. The party had discarded the idea of staying on the "Gypsy," and had taken rooms at the Ambassador. Already the busy pens of society reporters had broadcast the party's presence. If Dirk had been uncertain where to write her, he need be no longer. Now if he did not write she would know why.

At the hotel Mary went immediately to ask for mail and as she turned away from the window, disappointed, found Bates at her elbow.

"They've gone into the bar," he said. "Listen, have you got a camera?"

"No. Why?"

"Can you get one? And cook up some excuse for taking that woman's picture? I want to send it back to the police department in New York. I've seen her face somewhere, either in the line-up or maybe on one of those posters the Surety sends over for us to look at."

"Maybe you've just seen her in the photo sections," Mary suggested indifferently. "She's a sort of minor nobility, you know. At least, her husband was."

"Yes, very minor," Bates agreed dryly. "Well, how about it?"

"I'll get one, of course, if you think it worth while. But hadn't you better forget the Countess and think of The Fly? Crook or no crook, you seem to enjoy yourself with her."

"Sure, I kid her along," he answered, unsmiling, "and you'd better, too."

A Chapeau Plus



Although felt still leads as the favorite fabric, this charming model of black straw has much to commend in the way of chic.

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal was marked by very interesting and forceful addresses by Sir Charles Gordon, President, as well as by W. A. Bog, Joint General Manager with Jackson Dodds.

Sir Charles Gordon, in his address to shareholders, pointed out that there is no need for a central bank in Canada. For all practical purposes such an agency already existed under the Finance Act, which for eighteen years had admirably performed its purpose. Furthermore a monopoly of the note issues by the Government would not increase by a single dollar the amount of currency in the hands of the public unless the notes were irredeemable and recklessly emitted.

Sir Charles also registered very strong opposition to any proposed plan that would bring about currency inflation.

"If there is one fact in finance more firmly fixed than another," he said, "it is the certainty that the unrestricted issue of paper currency culminates in disaster. I may point out, moreover, that we in Canada do not suffer from inadequate credit or inadequate currency. Trade has contracted in volume and value to a degree where much less currency and credit are required for its conduct. Our banks welcome borrowers to whom they can safely lend, and as trustees of depositors from whom their loaning resources are derived, banks ought not to lean on any other condition."

Under the door of her room she found a slip of paper, a printed blank headed "Telephone Calls." Beneath was written: "Call Mr. Bowen at Shore 61." So he was there! Happily she heard him answer her pleased "Hello!"

"Were you at the track this afternoon?" she asked. It seemed incredible that she could have missed him. Her eyes burned, her head ached, she was almost sun-blinded from that constant searching of faces. "Where were you?"

"Back in the paddock, sister, getting an earful. Want to buy a horse?"

"A horse? What on earth for?"

"For the price of her oats. She won't be much good as a racer. De Loma kicked hell out of her for throwing a hand. I understand. He must have had a wad of jack on her. Listen, is it true you've got the knick-knack with you?"

Mary hesitated. "What about it?"

"Well, he's flat. Stony. I hear the home's dogging him for his room rent. He tried to give them the old racket that his title gave the joint social glitter. He's calling himself Count De Loma. That's a laugh! The Ambassador's thrown out better titles than his. If it is his!"

"The Ambassador? He's here?"

"If they haven't chucked him out, bag and baggage. Better get the necklace out and give him a flash of it, quick. He'll leap at it. But lay your plans first, kid, for he'll mean business when he strikes!"

"You've got me rattled," Mary gasped. "Come and tell me what I ought to do. Why, he may be right next door, now, or—"

"Oh, no. He's in Parlor C. Throws a front, that guy. Where'll I see you? I am not stopping at the Ambassador, need I say?"

A bellboy stuck his head in the door in response to her "Come in," and said: "Your party's gone upstairs, Miss Harkness. They ask you to join them on the roof."

Mary nodded. She told Bowen her immediate plans, and arranged to slip away and meet him as soon as possible after dinner.

Mary dressed with great care. She always felt like a schoolgirl beside the experienced Countess, anyway, but it would help some to know she was looking well.

When she stepped out of the elevator she found Bates—a surprisingly altered Bates, resplendent in evening clothes—waiting for her.

"That dame gives me the creeps," he confided in an undertone. "They're fighting already. Young Jupiter thinks she's making too much of a play for his father, and she says what's he always hanging around after you for if he hates you so much."

Mary smiled and followed the head waiter across the room. The last man in the farthest corner was craning his neck to catch sight of her.

What he saw made him pause open-mouthed and put down his fork. He recognized the girl instantly and sat for a few minutes wrapped in deep thought. When he could, without making himself conspicuous, he managed to see who her companions were. . . . and a fresh shock awaited him. The woman in the silver dress . . . who was she? . . . could she possibly be . . . and what was she doing with the Harkness girl who was his own special prey?

He finished his meal hurriedly and looked again. The Countess looked up at that moment. After the first surprised instant of recognition she smiled and cried out, in her usual note of false gaiety, "Enrique!" and half rose to greet him.

The man came forward, a mask setting down over his own features, and bowed over her hand. An odd flush

In referring to the railway bill before Parliament, Sir Charles said: "It will be apparent that a scheme of operation and arbitration of differences under a system which continues the parties in competition presents difficulties, and it is to be feared that the Bill would not effect the economies which the situation imperatively demands. It will be apparent, also, that the maximum of economy can only be obtained by a union of interests which will make united administration possible, and it is to be hoped that some plan may be devised for this. Obviously, the more permanent such an arrangement can be made the more effective it will be."

W. A. Bog, Joint General Manager, dealt more particularly with the affairs of the Bank during the year, and the general trend of trade and industry in the Dominion.

Mr. Bog, in looking towards the future, declared that hope might reasonably be entertained of brighter days from now on. He said, "We have experienced a great contraction in our export trade, we have sustained substantial rebuffs in the form of lightened tariffs against our products, we have seen our dollar go to a heavy discount in the United States. A year with all this we have maintained as high a level of general well-being as any other country, and we are among the few nations of the world promptly meeting every obligation, including war indebtedness. These considerations should strengthen our confidence in our country and its future."

Adventurers And Actresses

In his breezy reminiscences "Yonder are Adventures," Colonel E. Alexander Powell, well-known traveler and war correspondent, tells of a "memorable occasion" when he was living in London—said memorable occasion being the cashing by him of a cheque from home at the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" (Bank of England) when "I found half a sovereign more than I expected in the scoopful of gold pieces poured upon the counter."

"It's all right, Yank," said the teller, smiling at my surprise. "We don't count gold pieces, you know. We weigh 'em. You're getting an extra one because of the abrasion."

Page Montagu Norman, please!

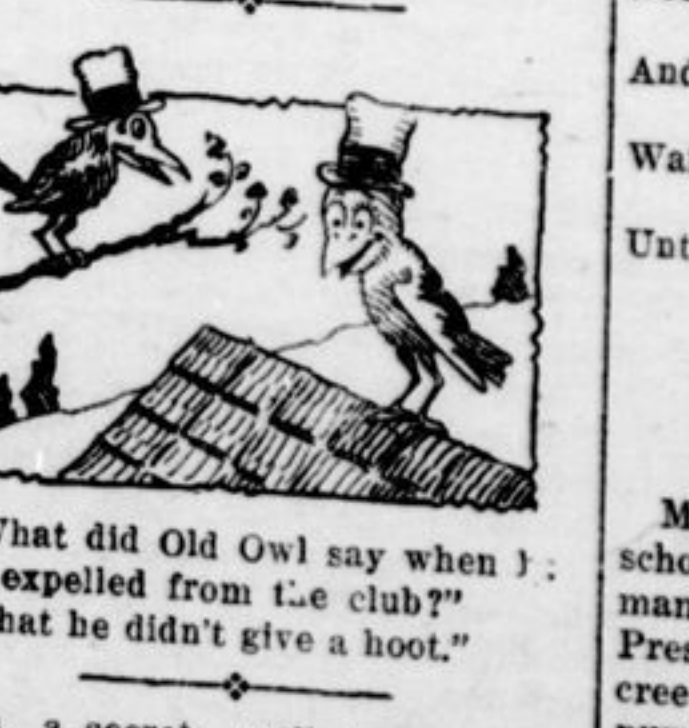
"Any suggestion of indelicacy in my treatment of a part always blighted me," says Ellen Terry (in her enchanting "Memoirs"—reissued with notes by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John.) Then she tells of an occasion when "Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll, of the immortal 'Alice in Wonderland') brought a little girl to see me in 'Faust.' He wrote and told me that she had said (where Margaret begins to undress): 'Where is it going to stop?' and perhaps in consideration of the fact that it could affect a mere child disagreeably, I ought to alter my business!"

"I had known dear Mr. Dodgson for years and years. He was as fond of me as he could be of any one over the age of ten, but I was furious. 'I thought you only knew nice children,' was all the answer I gave him. He would have seemed awful for a child to see him where he was; how much more so when she sees it where harm is not."

"But I felt ashamed and shy whenever I played that scene," adds the actress.

When Sir Henry Irving was a small boy staying with his aunt in Cornwall, she sent him one day to call in the cows. Walking along a dewy narrow lane, he looked up and saw the face of a sweet little lamb (says Ellen Terry) gazing at him from the top of the bank. The symbol of the lamb in the Bible had always attracted him (his chief companions in youth were the Bible and Shakespeare), and his heart went out to the dear little creature. With some difficulty he scrambled up the bank, threw his arms around the lamb's neck and kissed it.

The lamb bit him!



"What did Old Owl say when I was expelled from the club?"

"That he didn't give a hoot."

It is a secret, well known to all great men, that by conferring an obligation they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.—Fielding.

came into her shallow cheeks as she presented him to the others.

"This is my most dear friend, Count Enrique De Loma!"

(To be continued.)

Latest Discovery Proves Diet Stops Decay of Teeth

Two Young Canadians Acclaimed by U.S. Doctors—Vitamin D Main Factor

New York.—Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Agnew, of Toronto, two young Canadian missionaries to China, were acclaimed last week as co-discoverers of scientific proof of a diet that vanquishes dental decay.

A combination of phosphorus and vitamin D does the trick, 10 years of research, recently concluded at the University of Toronto, have shown. Vitamin D comes mainly from sunshine and cod liver oil, or their substitutes. In order of their richness, phosphorus foods are egg yolk, milk, meats, leafy vegetables and the seeds, grains, roots and tubers.

VICTORIA GRADUATE.

Dr. Agnew, graduate in arts from Victoria College and holder of a D.D.S. also obtained in Toronto, discussed the important discovery here before 100 leading scientists invited to a testimonial luncheon by governors of the West China Union University, a Protestant university supported by Canadian, British and United States churches.

Dr. Agnew is head of the department of Pathology at the university, located in Szechwan Province. Mrs. Agnew, a bio-chemist, also was a guest of honor at the luncheon.

LONG RESEARCH.

The young Canadian research man leading the learned group over his work step by step, said that, through experiments carried out in the diet of 350 children and thousands of rats over a two-year period at Toronto, and in earlier experiments on natives in China, he had been able to produce and prevent tooth decay in almost 100 per cent. of cases. The addition or subtraction of phosphorus or Vitamin D governed the course of the action.

Dr. E. V. McCollum, Professor of Bio-Chemistry at Johns Hopkins University and discoverer of Vitamin D, declared:

"What we have just heard constitutes an abstract from one of the most important chapters in the history of nutritional research. It marks another milestone in scientific progress toward bettered human health through knowledge of the biological effects upon us of the food we eat."

"In the light of this discovery it is likely that tooth decay, the suffering incident to it, and the many diseases which are directly or indirectly due to decayed teeth will be eliminated."

When You Were a Little Girl

When you were a little girl
And you went driving with Grandfather,
If it rained, didn't he braid up the horse's tail,
Binding it round with a bright silver band,
And fasten on the side curtains of the carriage
And pull the rubber "boot" over the dashboard?
And do you remember how the horse's feet
Went "Flop, plop," in and out of the mud,
And you felt the mist blow in your face
When you managed to peer out over the curtain?
And didn't you snuggle up close to Grandfather
And hug your Fairy Tale book
Which he was going to listen to
When the rain stopped and you lunched
Beside the road?
Didn't your Grandfather always drive over
To the cheese factory, and bring out
The fresh cheese curd to you?
Can't you remember the taste, even now?
And sometimes, when it stormed hard,
And thundered
And lightened, and the crashing made the horse
Want to run, wouldn't your Grandfather always say:
"Steady there, now, boy! Steady, boy!" so gently,
That neither you nor the horse were afraid after that
Because Grandfather said everything was all right,
And he knew. And wasn't your Grandmother
Waiting in the doorway watching a bit anxiously,
Until you two turned into the yard?
Mine was.

—Jean M Snyder.

More Men Teachers

Mexico City.—Mexico's public schools will have two women to one man on their teaching staffs, as President Rodrigues has issued a decree fixing that ratio. Heretofore, the number of male teachers has been insignificant in comparison with the number of women so employed and the President seeks to correct the unequal distribution.

Teachers for the primary and secondary schools will be taken exclusively from Mexican Normal schools. The system of choosing candidates will be based on grades the normal school students received during their attendance.