

FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS
Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, articulated to a solicitor, makes a brave but unsuccessful attempt to thwart three thieves in a barn-robbing raid. The bag was torn from the hands of Adam that it contains the day's takings of her father's shop.

He attempts to track the thieves and reaches an old warehouse. Adams enters the building while the girls watch the door. Suddenly he hears footsteps.

The man turns out to be Adam's employer—Corvill Perkins.
Adam, in his private hours experiments with short-wave wireless.
Walking homeward, Adam is nearly run down by a large swift car.

STING HIM FOR A REWARD
Mr. Perkins' announcement that he would take Adam with him to the police court, surprised the solicitor's managing clerk. While Adam got into his coat, Brewster bustled about equipping him with a number of documents and much low-voiced advice as to how he should conduct himself.

"Can't understand the boss taking you," he grumbled when he had exhausted the advice. "No hat, no collar, no tie. Lucky for you if you're not sent out for falling to show proper respect to the police court, but being Saturday morning, perhaps they will look at you with a charitable eye. But you'll have to smarten up, my son, if you're going to be allowed to accompany the gov'nor. You'd have had your turn long ago if I had felt that your appearance would have done us credit."

It was not the first time that Adam had listened to tirades about his unprofessional appearance. It was quite the first time, though, that he had listened with any sort of sympathy. Since last night the wearing of a hat had seemed to him altogether a more desirable thing and he had even considered going in for dollars. Hat, collar, and tie would all be needed by any gentleman who was called on by a lady's house on Sunday.

The magistrates sat in the Town Hall, a grey building on the opposite side of the square in which Mr. Perkins had his offices. Adam had to hurry after him, some minutes after. It was therefore a surprise to find him waiting on the pavement below, and still more a surprise to find him general. "Well, you don't look much the worse for your last night's adventures, Meriston," he remarked.

Adam assured him that he felt quite fit, but he tactfully refrained from any enquiry after Mr. Perkins' health in view of his last night's adventure. Until the subject was raised by his chief he intended to act as if that part of the adventure had never occurred. But Mr. Perkins displayed no delicacy in introducing the subject. His next words were: "Did you manage to restore that cash-bag to its owner?"

"Whom did it happen to belong to?"
"Someone called Norval. At least that was the name the girl gave at the police station."
"Norval? I wonder if that's the antique dealer in Cavendish Street."
"It is in Cavendish Street, sir. I've got the address."
"It must be old Norval, the antique dealer, then. I know the man suite well. He keeps some exceedingly good stuff, but he knows the value of it, I'm afraid. He's got some chairs that he positively won't sell, Spanish with the original leather. I'd a client who would have given almost anything within reason for them, but it seems to be Norval's idea that it will pay him to hang on to them, confound him!"

"Anything said about a reward?"
Adam, with difficulty, managed to conceal how shocked he felt by such a suggestion. Last night he had not given the idea that he should share the reward with his chief a moment's serious consideration. It had soured to him to like a cynical joke. Now the man was obviously in earnest.

"Nothing suggested so far, sir," he managed to state. "I only saw the girl, Miss Norval, of course, and she could not act since she was not the owner of the money."
He thought that gave his excuse a good business flavour, but Mr. Perkins did not seem to agree to this.

"Not very businesslike, I'm afraid," he chided gravely. "You ought at least to have made the police understand that you laid claim to any reward that was going. As it is they'll probably try to get it for themselves. Best thing you can do is call and see Norval at the earliest possible moment. Find out if he had

given the police anything, and let him know quite clearly that you feel you are entitled to your share. Any idea how much was involved?"
"None whatever, sir."
"Well call as soon as you can find out all you can. Half the reward, remember, belongs to me, and if you can afford to be careless about your own interests, I don't expect you to be careless about mine."
Adam admitted that he was thinking of calling on the Sunday afternoon.

"Splendid! Make a bee-line for any money you can get out of it, and by the way, it wouldn't be a bad thing if you could stike up a friendship with old Norval. There's a handsome commission attached to securing those Spanish chairs or his. If you can show that you have had any influence in bringing the affair to a head, I shall be happy to see that you were not forgotten when the commission is drawn. In any case it would be interesting if you could get a quiet talk with the man, and find out what his real reasons are for hanging on to the chairs. Sting him for a reward, eh? You're entitled to that, and get all the information out of him you can for me. You'll find you're doing yourself a bit of good."

THE CRIMINAL LAWYER
By the time this speech was ended Adam found himself actually thinking less of Mr. Perkins than he had when he listened to that obviously cock-and-bull story in Grail Street. Such cold-blooded commercialism of itself would have disgusted him, but the suggestion that he should visit her house in pursuit of mercenary aims was like a blow in his face. He endeavoured tactfully to turn the remark that they were, so far as he could judge, not at all well off. Mr. Perkins drily presumed that they would have been less well off if they had lost the money in that little cash-bag.

The two had been standing on the pavement all this time and Adam conscious that they were already late for the hour of opening the court. His employer seemed suddenly to wake up to this. He glanced at his watch and, saying no more than "By Jove!" made a dash across the square. Adam followed humbly, but on the steps of the Town Hall itself he found he was being waited for. Mr. Perkins having found time to give his assistant one final word of advice.

"You keep a quiet tongue about the firm's business, Meriston," he said, giving Adam a very significant glance. "Bear in mind what I've told you and play your cards right with old Norval, and you'll find you're on the right road to success in my office. I can look after those who put my interests first, and I think I can see that we are going to get on together, you and I."

Adam felt decidedly dubious about the prophecy, but as they were by this time in one of the big stone corridors further confidential speech became impossible and Mr. Perkins reverted into the unapproachable employer whom it was his duty to follow, as self-effacingly as possible, to his place at the little table.

It proved an interesting experience for him to watch his chief work on a case, to see how reserved and impassive he was at the opposition was undermining his client, but how he suddenly came to life when it was his turn to question a witness or to address the Bench; how instantly he seized on a weakness and how powerfully he used it to his client's advantage.

And then what an actor the man was, how polite he could be at one moment and how devastating the next; what admiration he seemed able to muster for his own client, what a scorn for the hostile witness! He understood now how it was that the man had come to be known as a first-rate criminal lawyer. He was keener than any of the clever lawyers present, more incisive, more, oh, infinitely more dangerous!

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Edmonton, Alta.—A plea for the comfort and safety of the family dog has been made to motorists by the Alberta Humane Society which seeks to discourage the practice of carrying dogs on the running board of the car.

If "Rover" or "Towser" or "Spot" grins as he perches precariously on the running board, it is because he likes being with the family and not that he enjoys the ride, according to the Alberta Humane Society's findings. "Let him ride inside" is their urgent plea to dog-owning motorists.

FALSE TEETH
Dr. Wernet's Powder
Dr. Wernet's Powder holds false plates so firmly and comfortably in place for 24 hours—they actually feel natural—eat, laugh, sing without fear of slipping. Prescribed by world's most eminent dentists—they know it's the best—just grinds. Inexpensive—any drugstore.

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Fresh from the Gardens
TEA

FAT CHILDREN ARE NOT ABNORMAL
Heredity or Large Appetites and Heavy Diet Responsible

A great deal of mystery has been made about the occurrence of obesity in childhood, and the pituitary gland is often blamed for excessive fatness when an inherited tendency plus abnormal appetite are clearly the main factors.

In a careful study of 50 fat children made in the children's department of the London Hospital and reported in the current issue of "The Lancet", it is made clear that the glands of internal secretion (the endocrine glands), such as the pituitary, and thyroid, play no part in the occurrence of such cases.

In 30 of these children there was a definite family history of obesity, and in 23 cases excessive appetite and diet alone accounted for the condition. There was present in others some sort of inborn tendency to store fat, especially noted where the condition dated from infancy.

The important condition from what has been a most careful investigation is that fat children unless for the most part be left alone unless their extra weight is causing troublesome symptoms.

Dietetic restrictions (of starch and sugar in particular) will often reduce weight in a striking way, but it is pointed out, first, that such restrictions may seriously interfere with growth, and, secondly, that the type of diet suitable for fat-reducing is relatively expensive and more trouble to prepare.

MEASURING SLEEP
Time and Amount of Moving Recorded by New Device

I sleep like a log," may be your own evaluation of what happens when your head falls back on the pillow, but to Dr. Donald A. Laird of the Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N.Y., it means nothing. With his somnokinograph (sleep movement recorder) he finds no difficulty at all in proving that you twist and squirm throughout your heaviest sleep. If you do most of your twisting and squirming in the first hour you are what he calls a "diminendo type," and if you become more and more restless as the night wears on you are a "crescendo." The records of the somnokinograph place you where you belong as surely as your complexion and hair classify you as a blond or a brunette.

Despite its formidable name the somnokinograph is simple enough in principle. On top of your mattress is a small brass plate. A thin rod (it passes through the mattress) and a fish line connect the plate with the recorder. Lift your hand only two inches, turn your head only two inches, and you unwittingly change the tension of the fish line. A writing lever (or pen) in turn makes a record of the pulling and slackening on a paper tape which moves along at the rate of about three-quarters of an inch per minute. From the marks made Dr. Laird can tell exactly just when you moved in your sleep and how much.

It turns out from scores of records that the average sleeper moves about ten times an hour. One boy who slept in Dr. Laird's laboratory moved more than 150 times some nights, although the total actual time spent in twisting and squirming was less than five minutes.

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP
A pure, wholesome, and economical table syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

THE ART OF LISTENING
The art of listening, like the art of thinking, is an achievement. It is not everybody who can listen carefully, and learn thereby. Perhaps it is because few people can converse well enough to hold the average person's attention. There is something to that.

There may be times when one amongst a crowd of people talking like blue streaks, remains silent. The silent one might be termed a quiet fellow. He may be quiet, yet he is a good listener. Engage this quiet person in conversation and it might be surprising how much he knows.

LONG OR SHORT HOSE FOR GIRLS
The Battle Is On—School Officials Say Stockings—Mothers Say No

And now that the agitation over "shorts" has quit the spotlight, it's the question of stockings that's bothering school authorities in Halifax Academy.

Are they to be long or short? Around the question a battle is on already, with the new school term barely begun.

"Long!" say those in charge at Halifax Academy.

"Let us decide for ourselves" say the girls with an eye to comfort, and some of their mothers, with an eye to the family budget. For they point out the cost of keeping daughters in silk stockings runs into money.

Why not cotton stockings? "Well," says one mother in a letter to the newspaper, "whoever asks the question has no daughter over the age of 13!"

"It seems to me" she adds, "that there are people who take an insipid pleasure in blocking every loophole where a mother in modest circumstances can save a few pennies. To satisfy the modesty of our very modest and learned pedagogues and of our oh, so pure citizens we mothers with very small incomes sweat blood."

It would be better, she says if the school authorities turned their attention instead to finding a remedy for "overcrowded, antiquated and cold classrooms, where in winter colds and pneumonia lurk."

Principal F. G. Morehouse of the Academy figures it might be a good idea to let the school officials worry about the school. "We're running things up here" he says. And so the girls wear them long.

The Boston Herald has the right slant on the attitude of the peoples of the world with regard to war. Under the caption of the question "Who wants War?" it says: "It's not the people who were in the last war. It's chiefly the soulless manufacturers of munitions who have piled up millions for themselves over the graves of millions of their fellows. May the day come when such war material as must be manufactured shall be wholly taken out of the hands of private industry."

PROTECT THEIR TENDER SKINS WITH HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

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A pure, wholesome, and economical table syrup. Children love its delicious flavor.

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CULINARY VOYAGE
An Unusual Autumn Dinner That Ordinarily You'd Have to Visit Monaco to Get.

An exciting and interesting voyage to foreign lands to eat their favorite foods may begin right at home in your own kitchen and end at your own dinner table, with all the thrill of adventure and only the cost of materials and effort.

The tiny principality of Monaco on the northern shore of the Mediterranean and off the southeastern coast of France, is famous not only for its great gambling casino at Monte Carlo, but also for its cuisine especially that many interesting and appetizing ways its cooks prepare lamb.

An unusual and delicious dinner for one of these cool autumn nights may also become a trip to Monte Carlo, by building the menu around the celebrated dish known as "Lamb Cutlets a la Monaco."

MENU
Lamb Cutlets a la Monaco; Green Peas and Caper Sauce; Nut Bread or Graham Rolls; Autumn Salad; Old-Fashioned Apple Tapioca Pudding; Coffee.

Recipes: Lamb Cutlets a la Monaco—Sauté the cutlets for 5 minutes, remove from the pan, and bread thoroughly with seasoned crumbs. Return to pan and fry slowly until done. Green Peas and Caper Sauce—Open a can of French peas, pour into saucepan and bring them to a boil. Strain and pour over them a sauce made by mixing together 2 tablespoons melted fat, 2 tablespoons whole capers, and 1 teaspoon caper vinegar. Serve with the lamb.

AUTUMN SALAD
A fitting salad for the meal is made by mixing together ½ cup of diced tart apples, ½ cup chopped celery ¼ cup mixed nuts, and ¼ cup seeded raisins. Moisten with mayonnaise to which a small amount of cream has been added. Season to taste. Arrange in the centre of a large plate and mound your mixture in the centre, garnishing with canned grape fruit sections which have been rolled in powdered sugar and two or 3 quartered maraschino cherries.

APPLE TAPIOCA PUDDING
Put ½ cup of quick-cooking tapioca, 1-8 teaspoon salt, and 4 cups of boiling water and cook until the tapioca is transparent. Core and quarter 6 tart red apples and arrange in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with 1 cup sugar and 1-8 teaspoon spice, dot with butter, and pour the cooked tapioca over the apples. Cover the dish and bake for about ½ hour or until the apples are tender.

Our menus show a decided tendency to vary from the old-fashioned heavy meals with their rich desserts of our forefathers. It is not that we eat so much less nowadays, but that our menus are better balanced and our tastes a little more sophisticated. Our closer relationship with other countries have broadened our culinary horizons and introduced us to many new dishes. The delicious commercially prepared products have speeded up the preparation of our meals, and the growing knowledge of women as to what part various foods play in our diet has influenced their selection.

In this menu, the requirements of a limited budget and of a well-balanced meal, as well as the variety and novelty of dishes have been kept in mind.

Nutrition the Best Path to Good Health
Importance of Getting Proper Foods With Small Budget

People should be taught to use their smaller budget to their most healthful advantage and should learn how to get the proper foods, declared Miss Elizabeth Smellie, C.B.F., while in Edmonton. As chief supervisor of the Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada, Miss Smellie is on a tour of western cities. She is also chairman of the nursing section of the Canadian Public Health Association and Fellow of the American Public Health Association.

"The western provinces have made great advances in public health, and compare well with the eastern centres," said Miss Smellie. "We have no deficits, and there is no professional antagonism to our work."

"There is a more acute interest in the subject of health than there has ever been, I think, but I would like especially to stress the need for greater knowledge of nutrition. Several home economic departments of the universities are taking special interest in this phase just now, and are forming voluntary clubs among their dieticians to study the subject."



HIS AMAZING LOVE

(By JOSEPHINE KANE)
I was hurrying across the small plot of grass between the Hospital and the Nurses' Residence one fine morning on the way to my office, when I encountered a youth loitering around.

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