

THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR

# Velvet and Steel

By PEARL BELLAIRS

**SYNOPSIS**  
Joan Denby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her secretary. She meets Piers Hannen, millionaire, who forces his attentions on her. Lord Edwards proposes to Joan.

Joan leaves Miss La Fontaine to become a mannequin at the Salon Celeste. Piers Hannen takes Joan and her family for a cruise aboard his yacht.

"They're a fine lot of fellows, the Moors," said Hannen. "Much better than the Algerians. We'll go into the desert to-morrow and look for sheiks."

"It'd be lovely!" cried Maude; but she still would not believe that sheiks had any more reality than Father Christmas.

Joan and she were standing at the rail looking across the mirror-calm should have the paper, for Hannen at their side. It was a lovely sunset, a thousand different hues changing and glowing on the low horizon of the mysterious continent. Captain Ancett came off the bridge and joined them, and it was to him that Joan turned to say, impulsively: "Isn't it glorious?"

They stood there, enjoying the beauty of the scene; but Hannen, with his hands clenched on the rail, so that the knuckles showed white under the tanned skin, stood with his head lowered, looking grimly down into the water below the rail.

"Isn't it heavenly!" Joan murmured, and she spoke harshly then, breaking the peaceful spell of the exotic evening.

"Why heavenly? I should say it looks more like the fires of hell than anything to do with heaven!"

There was nothing to be said to that; and Hannen went on to suggest that when they had finished admiring the sunset, they might all go ashore and have dinner. Joan, catching the changed note in his voice, wondered what had happened. His old manner, harsh, overbearing and reckless, had returned.

"What do you say, Senorita?" he asked Joan, with a challenge in his voice. He had never called her "Senorita" before. . . . She recollected, all of a sudden, the ballerina of the Buenos Aires Opera House.

Was it that spirit had awakened in him which was reminding him of that distant day? She was vaguely frightened of him again, and determined to stay close to Captain Ancett if they did go ashore.

CHAPTER XIV (Continued)  
"HOW WILL WE GET BACK?"  
When the port officials had been

out to examine the Corsair's papers, the party went ashore in the Corsair's launch and the launch belonging to the harbour authority, whose officer was inspired with inordinate courtesy at the sight of such a magnificent yacht. Joan carefully got into the launch in which were Maude and Captain Ancett, while Hannen went in the other with the port official. Mr. Denby, meanwhile, had decided to stay and keep the boys company on the yacht, and Joan realized that he rather fancied having an evening to himself in the saloon with Hannen's whisky and his cigars.

At the quay it was but a few steps to the hotel; and they walked under dim white walls, where white robed figures, swarthy faced, watched them with glittering eyes as they passed. The hotel was built in the Moorish style, with high archways, cool, elaborately tiled floors, and hangings and rugs of Eastern design.

Maude was too thrilled to speak, and Joan realized how wonderful it must be to her to be here. The two men, Captain Ancett in mess uniform and Hannen looking so distinguished in evening dress; the luxurious hotel, herself and Joan in evening frocks and wraps, for Joan had lent her a wrap, one discarded years ago by Miss La Fontaine, and now miraculously come back into fashion. It was like a dream to Maude; and Joan herself was conscious of the glamour of romance in it; this coming off the yacht from the windy sea into a suave atmosphere of European comfort transplanted to the midst of an ancient African city.

They dined in a room with arched windows, beyond which was the dark, velvety night of foreign things; the room was lighted by Moorish lanterns, while the food and the service were in the best French style. Maude in red fez and white coats waited upon them, but the head-faiter who took Hannen's order was a Frenchman. There were one or two Europeans dining there in addition to themselves, and American couple, a Frenchman, two gorgeously gowned Frenchwomen, and a party of Germans.

They drank champagne, but Joan, though tonight she felt light-hearted and happy, would not talk to Hannen. Here there was no awkwardness to be smoothed over, only Maude, who was too excited to be shy. Joan addressed herself mainly to Captain Ancett, who, though he had lately made up his mind not to be too attentive to her, because it did not appear to please the Corsair's owner, could do nothing but reply with equal amiability.

Hannen talked to Maude, and Joan, who felt that she had found an effective way of dealing with him, talked on happily to Captain Ancett, never for a moment thinking of the harm she might be doing the young man in the eyes of his employer.

She looked so delightful in her simple white evening frock that Captain Ancett forgot his previous resolution to be discreet.

Hannen, if he was annoyed, did not show it. Then, as they were sitting over their coffee after dinner the curtains over the windows began to stir and billow out. Hannen drew Captain Ancett's attention to them.

"The wind is getting up."  
Captain Ancett looked a trifle worried.

"Storms come up very quickly in this part of the world," said Hannen, with a glance at Joan; a glance which made her suspect that he meant to imply that there might be a storm coming up for her, too!

(To Be Continued.)

Attorney—And what makes you think you are entitled to a pension, Mrs. Gnaggs? Did you do any fighting the war?  
Mrs. Gnaggs—Yes, my husband and I fought the whole four years.

## EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC  
By Dr. M. M. Lappin

### THOSE FITS OF DEPRESSION

I want to deal with a letter which I have received from a man who is suffering from depression. No, not that industrial and economic depression about which it was so popular to talk, but of which we are not hearing quite so much, perhaps, today. That may be a good sign for many of us. Let us be thankful.

My friend seems to be suffering from that sort of depression which settles upon everybody at some time or other. The difference between him and some other people is just that the others are able to rise above it, but he allows it to overcome him. "I am naturally an optimist," he writes. "A bachelor in middle life, and I have held my present position for eighteen years. My salary has always enabled me to live in a modicum of comfort. I never thought the sun would darken in my sky. But it has. Two years ago my mother died and since her going I have been conscious of an unutterable loneliness. I have kept on the old home. I go to business daily and return home and despite the entreaties of my friends, I feel I cannot drag myself out to a show or a party. All the old zest has gone. Nothing but that awful feeling of depression. It is with me constantly. I take it to bed with me and it gets up with me in the morning. Is there anything I can do to get rid of it and to regain my former cheerful spirit?"

Altogether it is a sad letter. But I think this poor fellow is taking an entirely wrong view of life. Is it the attitude that his deceased mother, to whom he seems to have been passionately devoted, would wish him to take? I can hardly think so. I think if he puts that question to himself he will see that he is acting in a wrong way.

But I have only quoted part of his letter. There are traces in his letter which would lead one to believe that, subconsciously, he himself feels that he is acting foolishly. It is not enough to know that one's views of life is wrong, however, one has to know how to correct it. And the terrible thing about one of those fits of depression is, that once a fellow has allowed it to get a hold on him it has the peculiar power of perpetuating itself until the victim feels that there is simply no way of escape, and he might just as well be dead.

But there is a way of escape. It lies within the individual. A man caught in the grip of such a fit of depression must be his own doctor. Things may appear to be gloomy, but there are never really as bad as they seem. Winter is a dull season. Everything is dead. No trees in leaf; no flowers in bloom; no singing birds—a dull, dreary, dead season. But it is followed by spring with its quickened and renewed life. And life is sometimes like that!

I think my friend wants to take a firmer grip on himself. The death of his mother was probably a shock to him that had physical effects. His vitality may be low, and that lowered vitality may have had a reaction upon his spirits. He should not keep himself so much to himself. He should get out among his friends. He should try to see the brighter side of life. He should remember that there is a work for him to do in the world quite apart from his actual calling or profession. And the greatest work that anyone can do is to cheer another soul and bring happiness to someone who does not know it. In the companionship of one upon whom he can bestow his affection, and in whose interest and for whose well-being he can lose himself in devotion and service, this man may find the sure cure for his fits of depression. And, for the sake of others who may from time to time be seized by similar fits of depression, perhaps I ought to add that the best way to overcome them is to forget self in unselfish thought for others. It is always true that "He that will save his life shall lose it, but he that is willing to lose his life shall always find life."

NOTE: The writer of this column is a trained psychologist and an author of several works. He is willing to deal with your problem and give you the benefit of his wide experience. Questions regarding problems of EVERYDAY LIVING should be addressed to: Dr. M. M. Lappin, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose a 3c stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Those Leisure Hours  
Why Not Employ Them Profitably? Specialized training leads to increased efficiency. Increased efficiency means increased earning capacity. Overcome inferiority complex, develop mental power, and equip yourself for better things. Study leisurely in the quiet of your own home. Write for particulars of fascinating correspondence courses.

The Institute of Practical and Applied Psychology  
910 Confederation Building  
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

## "Quads" Cost Great Britain \$75 A Day

Being Looked After Much As Dionne Babies Were

LONDON.—Great Britain is making almost as much fuss over its "quads"—quadruplets born to Mrs. Walter Edward Miles, wife of a truck driver in St. Neots, Huntingdonshire—as Canada did over its celebrated Dionne "quints."

It is costing \$75 a day to maintain the three boys—and one girl who were born to Mrs. Miles on Nov. 28. Four nurses from a London hospital, working in relays, are in constant attendance on the "quads," who were moved over the week-end from St. Neots Council House, where they were born, to the home of Dr. Ernest Harrison.

Harrison attended at the birth. The transfer was effected two at a time on cots in a specially-heated car. Their room at the doctor's house has been transformed into a giant incubator.

Every precaution is being taken to safeguard them from germs. The room was cleared of ornaments and unnecessary furniture. Persons approaching the tiny, white enamelled cots must wear masks. Human milk obtained from a London hospital is fed to the infants twice daily. Their father drives to London and back a 200-mile trip, daily for this milk.

Mrs. J. F. Crossley, daughter of Dr. Harrison, is a licensed pilot and has volunteered to fly to London for the milk in case any difficulty occurs in making the road trip.

"WHO SAID MURDER" by Charles W. Bell, K.C., (Macmillan's, Toronto) is a good, fat volume of crime in Ontario. "I have never defended a murderer in my life," blandly stated C. W. Bell, K.C., when asked by a reporter how he planned his defence of a murder. The statement is legally true of course, for the twenty-one persons charged with murder and defended by Mr. Bell all were acquitted. So of course they were not murderers.

But one feels that many of these persons would not be as fortunate in their present classification and status if they had been defended by less able counsel than Mr. Bell, who has reviewed a number of the important recent cases in his book. Newspapermen of the province have long recognized that when Charlie Bell was mixed up in a criminal case spectacular copy was sure to break. However, Mr. Bell has allowed little glamour to creep into his book. It is intense interest lies in the drama of the cases themselves, told clearly and unaffectedly and flavored only with the humane irony of the writer.

In only two of these cases does Mr. Bell appear in his popular role, defending a person charged with murder. Peter Bunce, his first client was saved from the gallows by a real Marshall Hall touch and twelve little froggies that did not die. The other is the recent famous Niagara murder case in which Mr. Bell defended Elliott and Gastle charged with the murder of Mrs. Hisley.

On interesting view of the other side of the picture is found in the stories of the two other cases where Mr. Bell acted for the crown. He gives an unforgettable picture of that piece of rural ghastliness, the murder of Leo Bergeron by Laviolette and Larocque in Renfrew County and the sordid drama, Dr. Pratt of Smiths Falls, the murder of Eve McLean and the uncovering of the Ontario abortion ring.

A clearly organized and graphic account is given of the Dorland case, and the comic opera atmosphere of the Labatt kidnapping would be laughable if a man who is widely believed to be innocent was not still serving a fifteen-year sentence in Kingston. Mr. Bell recites the whole history of the amazing case.

Besides his record in criminal pleading and his political record of three times member of parliament, Mr. Bell has to his credit the authorship and direction of many successful popular plays, including "Parlour, Bedroom and Bath," "A Dangerous Maid," "Paradise Alley" and other New York successes.

"THE TRAGEDY OF HENRY"

Prevent this SPLIT CUTICLE RED KNUCKLES CRACKED SKIN  
Do this  
HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM  
Issue No. 50 — '35

## Serve the Best Tea

# "SALADA" TEA

The First 25 Years Are The Hardest Says Pathologist

Amherst, Mass.—It takes a woman 25 years practice to steer an automobile as well as the average man, a professor of psychology at Massachusetts State College said last week.

Dr. Harry R. Desilva said a series of tests disclosed that after the quarter-century of experience, women constantly improve, while men who have driven that length of time or longer do little better than beginners.

Dr. Desilva based his conclusions, he said, on tests given 2,500 persons.

"I decided to brush the dust off my slide rule and do a little figuring for you. In your article you mentioned 65 m.p.h. as a fair speed at which to have a nice sociable accident. That speed reduced to zero in the wink of an eye results in very nearly the same thing as jumping from the top of a 150-foot building to the street below. A trifling difference, 10.2 foot tons in the former case and 11.2 foot tons in the latter."

"And think of it, the 30 calibre Springfield Express rifle bullet, one of the hardest hitting army rifle bullets in the world, shot from a rifle or machine gun, hits you at a mere 1.47 foot tons — enough energy to drive it through forty 3/8-inch pine boards, or 1/2-inch of cold rolled steel. (Some detailed calculations.)

Now suppose that you select 40 m.p.h. to amiably nudge, head-on, another car whose driver also feels 40 m.p.h. to be a fair cruising speed. Total impact speed is 80 m.p.h. Now if you weigh 150 lbs. you hit the windshield at 32,000 ft. lbs. energy, which probably disturbs the tranquility of a splinter, or even a mob of splinters of glass, which might weigh as little as 220 grains (same weight as the 30 Springfield Express M.C. bullet). Said pieces of glass may be rude enough to spring at your face at 100 ft. lbs. of force, and were your face as hard as pine boards they would still penetrate to a depth of 1.2 inches. Pleasant thought, isn't it?

Perhaps forty miles an hour is too sluggish a pace for you. The salesman said the old boat would do 90 miles per hour. You try it. Forty — fifty — sixty are passed up like needy relatives. You lean on the gas throttle as if it were the rock of Gibraltar. You succeed in doing 90, the world's fastest automobile doing 300 m.p.h. on a western dry lake is capable of only about three times your present speed. Thrilling, what? Now perhaps you have a tire on the car of course, that contains a hidden flaw which escaped the factory expert's tests and it decides to give up the ghost. Your car goes crazy and you hit the ditch or inside of the car at any number of impacts from 40,000 ft. lbs. at 90 m.p.h. down to 18,000 ft. lbs. at 60 miles per hour — if you're still interested. Likely as not, you are in no position to be interested in anything from that instant. I thank you."

The way in which the above figures were presented, seemed very effective to your correspondent, and constitute an interesting sidelight upon the speeds of which modern cars are capable. There is just one point that might be emphasized.

The 30.1906 metal cased bullet weighing 220 grains, to which reference is made by Mr. Herriman, is used in one of the most powerful sporting cartridges commonly used in Canada. It is amply powerful enough for use upon anything that walks in North America, and for all but the biggest of African game. Data re the killing power of this cartridge has been thoroughly worked out, and many sportsmen have seen a moose, weighing perhaps well over half a ton, stagger and collapse after having been hit by a factory of energy of — 1.47 foot tons. Truly, we must consider ourselves most extraordinarily tough.

— Kingsley Aull, Ottawa.

## Just Like Jumping From High Building

To the Editor of the Ottawa Journal:

Sir: — In line with recent publicity given in The Journal to the rapid increase in automobile accidents in this province, the following letter addressed to the editor of Esquire is of considerable interest:

"I read the article 'And Sudden Death' by J. C. Furnas in the October Esquire with keen interest. Especially since I had my right arm amputated in a minor accident in 1922.

"After five surgeons said it had to come off, one specialist gambled on leaving it with me but promised it would never be useful. Three months in the hospital, plus two operations, plus six months religious exercise, netted me a good, hard-socking right arm except for a scar that looks as though a hungry lion had chewed on it for a while.

"I decided to brush the dust off my slide rule and do a little figuring for you. In your article you mentioned 65 m.p.h. as a fair speed at which to have a nice sociable accident. That speed reduced to zero in the wink of an eye results in very nearly the same thing as jumping from the top of a 150-foot building to the street below. A trifling difference, 10.2 foot tons in the former case and 11.2 foot tons in the latter."

"And think of it, the 30 calibre Springfield Express rifle bullet, one of the hardest hitting army rifle bullets in the world, shot from a rifle or machine gun, hits you at a mere 1.47 foot tons — enough energy to drive it through forty 3/8-inch pine boards, or 1/2-inch of cold rolled steel. (Some detailed calculations.)

Now suppose that you select 40 m.p.h. to amiably nudge, head-on, another car whose driver also feels 40 m.p.h. to be a fair cruising speed. Total impact speed is 80 m.p.h. Now if you weigh 150 lbs. you hit the windshield at 32,000 ft. lbs. energy, which probably disturbs the tranquility of a splinter, or even a mob of splinters of glass, which might weigh as little as 220 grains (same weight as the 30 Springfield Express M.C. bullet). Said pieces of glass may be rude enough to spring at your face at 100 ft. lbs. of force, and were your face as hard as pine boards they would still penetrate to a depth of 1.2 inches. Pleasant thought, isn't it?

Perhaps forty miles an hour is too sluggish a pace for you. The salesman said the old boat would do 90 miles per hour. You try it. Forty — fifty — sixty are passed up like needy relatives. You lean on the gas throttle as if it were the rock of Gibraltar. You succeed in doing 90, the world's fastest automobile doing 300 m.p.h. on a western dry lake is capable of only about three times your present speed. Thrilling, what? Now perhaps you have a tire on the car of course, that contains a hidden flaw which escaped the factory expert's tests and it decides to give up the ghost. Your car goes crazy and you hit the ditch or inside of the car at any number of impacts from 40,000 ft. lbs. at 90 m.p.h. down to 18,000 ft. lbs. at 60 miles per hour — if you're still interested. Likely as not, you are in no position to be interested in anything from that instant. I thank you."

The way in which the above figures were presented, seemed very effective to your correspondent, and constitute an interesting sidelight upon the speeds of which modern cars are capable. There is just one point that might be emphasized.

The 30.1906 metal cased bullet weighing 220 grains, to which reference is made by Mr. Herriman, is used in one of the most powerful sporting cartridges commonly used in Canada. It is amply powerful enough for use upon anything that walks in North America, and for all but the biggest of African game. Data re the killing power of this cartridge has been thoroughly worked out, and many sportsmen have seen a moose, weighing perhaps well over half a ton, stagger and collapse after having been hit by a factory of energy of — 1.47 foot tons. Truly, we must consider ourselves most extraordinarily tough.

— Kingsley Aull, Ottawa.

Don't Waste Energy — Women Often Do

LONDON.—During a discussion on his annual report, Dr. Milton Jones, Medical Officer for Llanfyllin Rural Council, said he found girls under 20 less susceptible to tuberculosis than boys under 20 and said the reason was that girls wore scanty clothing, which allowed sunlight and fresh air to get to them. Older women, too, were less susceptible to tuberculosis than men because they wore less susceptible to tuberculosis because they wore less clothing.

When the doctor said that with correct diet nobody need suffer from indigestion a member remarked that doctors suffered from indigestion. Dr. Jones replied that that was because doctors were so often called away from their meals.

## EVERYBODY LIKES SHORTBREAD

and especially when it's Christie's Lorna Doone Shortbread. Deliciously crisp and crunchy, baked as only Christie's Bakers know how, it brings back sweet memories of the Old Land.

# Christie's Biscuits

"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

## Those Leisure Hours

Why Not Employ Them Profitably? Specialized training leads to increased efficiency. Increased efficiency means increased earning capacity. Overcome inferiority complex, develop mental power, and equip yourself for better things. Study leisurely in the quiet of your own home. Write for particulars of fascinating correspondence courses.

The Institute of Practical and Applied Psychology  
910 Confederation Building  
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

## HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Issue No. 50 — '35

## WANT QUICK RELIEF?

Then treat pain as authorities advise—with Omega Oil. Far better than internal dosing, it works down deep to correct the cause. Three times faster than ordinary liniments, safer and surer.

# Omega Oil

RUB IT IN IT WON'T BLISTER

## Northern Electric RADIO

See your N.E. dealer