

Between an Editor And His Columnist

Newspaper reporters who interviewed Col. Frank Knox, Chicago Daily News publisher, in Houston, Texas, recently, were interested in the publisher's "inside story" of how Howard Vincent O'Brien, Daily News columnist, had written in his column that his boss, Col. Knox, did not have a "Chinaman's chance" to be nominated by the Republican party.

Col. Knox laughed heartily when told that columnists and writers all over the country have lauded him and the columnist too, for the good sportsmanship and courage displayed by both parties. Col. Knox's version of the incident was published recently in the Houston Chronicle as follows:

"I want to tell you about that bird" Knox went on. "His name is Howard Vincent O'Brien. I brought him over to the News about three years ago to run my book page, and he did a very good job too. But after about a year, his health was not so good and he came in to me one day and said he'd like to go to Europe. (The Daily News has 11 men permanently abroad.)

"I said, 'All right Howard'—you can go but on one condition. You must send us some interesting little stories of the beaten track—different kind of stuff."

"Well, Howard spent that Summer roaming about Europe, and he wrote us some wonderful little stories all Summer—sprightly written stuff—clever and brilliant. I enjoyed them hugely.

"When he came back, I said to him: 'Howard that was fine. Since you can write so well about Europe, why don't you write in the same way about our own country? I give you carte blanche and you can go all over America—wherever you want to—but you must write interesting stuff.'

"Well, he's been doing this in his column for some time, and writing some wonderful stuff, too.

"Like all columnists, we carried for some time an editor's note over his column saying he was free to write his own views but they did not reflect the policy of the paper.

"The other day Howard got all burned up. A woman wrote him: 'How in the world you can pretend to be free and independent when you work for a man like Colonel Knox, an avowed candidate for President!' Boy, Howard got mad at that! He took his whole column that day to answer her.

"He said he was free and independent regardless of what she thought. Then he went on to tell her, in the column, 'the sort of bird I work for.'

"But he would not make a good President," he went on, and then told why—Howard is very much on the left, a quasi Socialist, but one of the most likeable fellows you ever saw."

"Then he wound up his column with this remark:

"The boss won't like this, but he hasn't a Chinaman's chance to be nominated for President."

"Well, later that day, one of my editors, who handles our features, gave me the copy Howard had just handed in and exclaimed: 'What do you think of all this?'

"I began reading it, smiling and chuckling, and then roaring with laughter at the wallop in the last line. I told the editor: 'Don't dot an "i" or cross a "t"—let her go.'—From Editor and Publisher, of New York.

Search Ends In Country Store

Where are the red flannels of yesterday? Legmen of metropolitan papers and scribes of the rural press joined the quest for colorful specimens from the olden fleece.

Reporters slipped up and down the sidewalks of New York from Fifth Avenue to the Bowery quizzing shopkeepers and muscated peddlers. Yes, we have no red flannels, they said. Wire the country correspondents, advised the city reporters as they returned to their office radiators and hung up their carmuffs.

So the country was combed for news. Other cities were queried. The crossroads stores were visited. Yes, they had occasional calls for "reds" this winter, but none in stock. No, they didn't know what had become of the remembered red flannels that were the joy of husky teamsters and lumberjacks but the bane of tender-skinned schoolboys back in the horse and buggy era. Anyhow, the old red flannels "ain't where they used to be."

But hold! A flash! The Associated ed Press has news for the shivering world. They've found 'em! And whence came the news? From Gallipolis, Ohio. Cecil Bradbury, a local travelling salesman, reported he had found red flannels, plenty of them, in a country store, "a stack two feet thick, and what's more, they're selling them."

The East may be effete. But not the Middle West. Glorious Gallipolis. The hardihood of the pioneers still lives. They can still "take it"—even red flannel underwear. — Christian Science Monitor.

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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR

Velvet and Steel

By PEARL BELLAIRS

SYNOPSIS
Joan Derby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgia 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 manumotee at the Salon Celeste. Piers Hannen takes Joan and her family for a cruise aboard his yacht.

Joan is horrified when confronted by Piers with a blackmail letter from her father. He proposes that she marry him.

He looked at her coldly. "Very well!" he said, adding brutally: "Not now, then, if you prefer it!"

She saw that she had made another mistake. But now she only wanted to run away. With a distracted desire to escape, she wandered through the rooms of the house, looking about, seeing how perfect it all was with the old furniture, the wonderful oak panelling, the exquisite taste and luxury of the place; she would have loved it, had not Hannen made her so miserable.

In the dining room was afternoon tea set out on a tea-trolley; and on the table was set a dinner for two, delicious cold dishes, game and salads and sweets, under covers only waiting to be lifted off. Obviously he had had everything put ready and ordered everyone to be out of the house before he and Joan arrived.

She went up to the bedroom, where a great four-poster bed, curiously carved, almost filled the room; she stood on tip-toe in the doorway, looking in, almost afraid to enter—and she saw her own trunks, those that Miss La Fontaine had promised to despatch for her, standing in the corner. In panic she turned and ran down the stairs, where she came face to face with Hannen in the hall.

"Nice house?" he asked, in a formal voice. "Yes, it's wonderful!" She went out to look at the garden, and he walked round with her. She found that he knew a great deal about gardens, and he told her the name of many flowers that she did not know; all in the same cold, formal voice. He took her into the hothouse.

"And there, in the warmth of the afternoon sun was a daphne bush in full flower. The scent of it filled the place. It brought such memories to Joan's mind that she forgot everything; and she turned from her contemplation of the lovely plant to look at Hannen with eyes in which there was an agony of appeal.

He picked a twig of daphne, and presented it to her with a smile and a slight bow. "Senorita!" he said; and added in a hard, uncompromising tone: "Or rather, I should say—Senora!"

His eyes, returning her look, were utterly unrelenting. Trembling, she fastened the sprig of daphne into her coat, and went out of the greenhouse. He followed. Silently they went back to the house, and kept up a casual

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conversation about indifferent subjects while they made a pretence of having afternoon tea. Then even formal conversation was lost between them; and in growing misery Joan sat the sun sink lower as they sat in the sitting room. She sat down and wrote a letter to Lydia Vaughn, conscious that it was so utterly beside the point in view of their last conversation, that she would probably never post it. But it passed the time. And then it was time to have dinner.

"Do you want to dress tonight?" he asked her. "Yes—that is, no, as we're alone." "Alone!" he repeated, with a bitter laugh, and added: "Do you remember, Joan, that I told you one day that I'd find a spot to ourselves—that we'd clear all the unnecessary people away?"

"I remember," said Joan, closing her eyes and feeling fainter than she had done even in the church. "I never thought that I'd have to resort to such methods to do it. Odd, isn't it?"

And when they went into the lighted dining room she saw that his face was deadly pale, though his expression was harder than ever.

They sat down, but Joan could not eat, and she refused everything that he offered her, delicious though the food looked.

"Drink, then!" he said, when she protested that she was not hungry, and hoping that it would strengthen her, she let him fill her glass with wine. He, too, she noticed, ate nothing, and they sat there at the table, drinking a little sauterne, and breaking up bread without eating much of it.

"What a poor imitation of a feast!" he remarked, drily, when they rose. And now he was smiling again, almost jaunty; his eyes mocked her pale face.

"Mrs. Hannen!" he scoffed. In the drawing room Joan sat down and read or pretended to read, a magazine. He sat opposite with a novel, and as he turned the pages regularly he seemed to be reading it. They hardly spoke; not even now, as during the whole of the time they had been in the house, did he attempt to come near her. Eight o'clock struck—nine o'clock—half-past nine—ten.

He read on. Joan glanced at him covertly, now and again; he looked up suddenly, and what she saw in

his face made her sick with fear. Panic seized her. Casually she rose, faintly smiling, and remarked with forced cheerfulness:

"Half-past ten!" With an appearance of ease she put her magazine in its place under a small Tudor table and went quietly to the door without another glance at Hannen.

Closing the door, she stood for a moment, motionless, outside it, listening. All was quiet inside. Silently, she tip-toed along the hall towards the open front door; her heart thudding away inside her she stopped again to listen, and hearing nothing, she slipped out of the door into the night, and down the front steps in panic-stricken haste.

A dark figure stepped out from the gloom of the shrubberies beside her, and an arm, strong as iron, barred her way, bringing her to a standstill with a jerk.

"Hello!" said Piers. Breathless, she fell back a step. She understood what had happened; he had guessed, he had stepped out of the garden doors of the sitting room, adjoining the front door, in time to stop her as she made her more cautious exit from the house.

Her breath came in sobs; she turned to go back up the steps, and he followed her, barring her way out through the door. She felt more than anything a fool! To be so frightened! And of a man one had willingly married!

But he was so cruel, so deliberately callous and hateful!

(To be continued)

Favors Hiring By Psychology

LONDON, Ont. — Because the breadth of eyebrows will not reveal what mental wheels are turning behind them, Dr. D. J. Wilson, psychologist on the staff of the University of Western Ontario recently offered business men a scientific substitute for their old fashioned eyebrows, to test the worth of their prospective employees.

It is psychological gold bricks the gullible business men are buying when they think they can judge the character and the ability of their prospective employes by the color of their hair, or the slant of their noses, said Dr. Wilson.

He offered them, instead, psychology—at a price. He told the students that business men must see to it that research in psychology is made possible, just as is research in other sciences.

The only exception he made was in the hiring of beautiful girls. It didn't need a psychologist, he conceded, to give advice on that question. It is obviously good practice, he agreed, to hire beautiful girls for the ranks of the employes who must meet the public.

He even offered them psychology to advise them how to pay their employes. It make a difference whether a man gets his money once a week or once a month. Some like it monthly, others weekly. The psychologist can advise on the subject, especially if his research opportunities are improved.



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Issue No. 17 — 36



Insects Will Never Rule Mankind

Which is fittest to survive, insects or man? "Insects," say the misanthropes, "Man," said Barton Eddy, naturalist, at a recent meeting of the Executives' Club at the Sherman hotel in Chicago.

With all the advantages insects have over man, physiologically speaking, they will never be able to gain supremacy upon this earth, he assured those who have nightmares of insect hordes winning in the titanic struggle some see going on between man and insects for the possession of the earth.

Among the advantages insects have over man, Mr. Eddy mentioned were "no lungs with which to get T.B., no arteries to harden, no appendix to rupture, no teeth to decay. They can digest more rapidly than man, some of them digesting four times their own weight in a single day. Their smelling organs are keener than a setter's and their nervous system is less capable of being out of order."

"Insects have an outside skeleton, which acts as a coat of mail to protect the vital organs," he said. "Man has most of his organs unprotected. They have a tremendous power to multiply. Some of them lay but one egg, from which sixty-five result."

"The common plant louse, if it were allowed to live and breed throughout a single season, and if its young were to do the same, would have at the close of the season, if all were to survive, over 560 quadrillion descendants. Prof. Glen Herick of Cornell university claims that the combined weight of these plant lice would be greater than the combined weight of all the people upon the earth."

Among the disadvantages of the insects which give man supremacy is the fact that the outside skeleton, or coat of mail, is dead and incapable of expansion as the creature grows. While shedding its skeleton it is absolutely at the mercy of its foes. While their digestion is better than man's, insects are specialists and if their diet specially is not available they starve.

Man also can invent machines which excel the smelling organs of the insects, and has a more sensitive if less stable nervous system. Besides insects are cold-blooded, and become involuntarily inactive at temperatures of forty degrees Fahrenheit or less, and are at the mercy of their enemies.

There is also marked dissension within the ranks of the insects. They are their own worst enemies. By presenting a united front against the insects man will retain his supremacy.—The Chicago Daily News.

Publicity "Out"

NICE.—One of the cases when it does not pay to advertise is when publicity concerns a reigning monarch.

Hotel keepers, restaurant owners, and casino managements on the Riviera are having this fact brought home to them by the authorities.

Two Kings are regular patrons of the Riviera—King Gustav of Sweden and King Christian of Denmark. Other royalties pay frequent visits to the Cote d'Azur also. Their presence swells the revenue of the various resorts by millions of francs.

Recently it was made known that King Gustav was annoyed by the fact that his presence at a private dinner was advertised in advance. The King asked his host to change the venue of the entertainment. He is said to have threatened to leave the Riviera if this sort of publicity is resorted to again.

There will be considerable restriction on advertising the presence of Royalty after the event, such announcements as "King — dined at the — Restaurant" being frowned on. This will be a blow, but a far bigger blow would be the departure of Royalty.

Manitoba Basin Expand Operations

Manitoba Basin Mining Company Limited has acquired a group of ten claims in the Florence-Wedding River Area, Northwestern Quebec. The new property is favourably located in the sector where Florence River Gold Mines Ltd. (Conings), Hollinger Cons., Wedding River Gold Mines, Gilbec Mines and numerous other mining organizations are carrying out intensive exploratory and development operations. Working plans as projected by the Directors of Manitoba Basin Mining Co. Ltd. will, in addition to proceeding with the development of the Florence-Wedding River group, include the opening up of the Company's property at Hutchison Lake. This property is located northeast of Hutchison Lake Gold Mines Limited which is being explored by the Ervington interests. A strong vein structure has been disclosed for a considerable distance over widths ranging from three to ten feet. Manitoba Basin Mining Company Limited is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares of which approximately 1,500,000 shares remain available for treasury purposes. The Company has nearly 5,000 registered shareholders and has been active in exploration throughout Canada.

"The intellectual function of trouble is to make men think."—John Dewey.

"When the peace army is larger than the war army, war will fade away like the dew before the morning."—Carrie Chapman Catt.



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