

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

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"Why Didn't You Leave Me Years Ago"

Title of New Song Now Sweeping the Country

The latest song craze from the bright lights of Broadway is entitled "Why Didn't You Leave Me Years Ago Instead of Leaving Me Now." This ballad is now inundating Canada with a wave of song that promises to reach from Ontario to the wilds of the Northland.

The song is issued by Les. Feist, of New York and Toronto, who expect that "Why Didn't You Leave Me Years Ago" will rival in popularity some of their other big hits, such as "I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome," "Salvation Lassie of Mine," "Rose of No Man's Land," "K-K-Katy," etc. The cover of the song contains a beautiful picture of Mabel Normand, so popular with movie patrons.

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Mind progress helps wonderfully with the progress gained, by the hands.

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

"You're the first white man to do it," he said—an inflection of doubt in his voice. "It's not bad going up the Finly as far as the Kwadocha. But from there—"

He shook his head. He was short and thick, and his jaw hung heavy with disapproval. "You're still seventy miles from the Stikine when you end up at the Kwadocha," he went on, thumbing the map. "Who the devil will you get to take you on from there? Straight over the backbone of the Rockies. No trails. Not even a Post there. Too rough a country. Even the Indians won't live in it." He was silent for a moment, as if reflecting deeply. "Old Towaskook and his tribe are on the Kwadocha," he added, as if seeing a glimmer of hope. "He might. But I doubt it. They're a lazy lot of mongrels. Towaskook's people, who carve things out of wood, to worship. Still, he might. I'll send up a good man with you to influence him, and you'd better take along a couple hundred dollars in supplies as a further inducement."

The man was a half-breed. Three days later they left Hudson Hope, with Barea riding amidships. The mountains loomed up swiftly after this, and the second day they were among them. After that it was slow work fighting their way up against the current of the Finly. It was tremendous work. It seemed to David that half their time was spent amid the roar of rapids. Twenty-seven times within five days they made portages. Later on it took them two days to carry their canoe and supplies around a mountain. Fifteen days were spent in making eighty miles. Barea's trail followed them. It was the twentieth of June when they made their last camp before reaching the Kwadocha. The sun was still up; but they were tired, utterly exhausted. David looked at his map and at the figures in the notebook he carried. He had come close to fifteen hundred miles, and that day when he and Father Roland and Mukoki had set out for the Cochrane. Fifteen hundred miles. And he had less than a hundred more to go. Just over these mountains—somewhere beyond them. It looked easy. He would not be afraid to go alone, if old Towaskook refused to help him. Yes, alone. He would find his way somehow, he and Barea. He had unbonded confidence in Barea. Together they could fight it out. Within a week or two they would find the G.I.

And then—? He looked at the picture a long time in the glow of the setting sun.

Chapter XVI.

It was the week of the Big Festival when David and his half-breed arrived at Towaskook's village. Towaskook was the "farthest east" of the totem-worshippers, and each of his forty or fifty people reminded David of the devil chaser on the canvas of the Snow Fox's tepee. They were dressed up, as he remarked to the half-breed, "like fiends." On the day of David's arrival Towaskook himself was disguised in a huge bear head from which protruded a pair of buffalo horns that had somehow drifted up there from the western prairies, and it was his special business to perform various antics about his totem pole for at least six hours between sunrise and sunset, chanting all the time most dolorous supplications to the squat monster who sat, grinning, at the top. It was "the day of good hunting," and Towaskook and his people worked themselves into exhaustion by the ardor of their prayers that the game of the mountains might walk right up to their tepee doors to be killed, thus necessitating the smallest possible physical exertion in its capture. That night Towaskook visited David at his camp, a little up the river, to see what he could get out of the white man. He was monstrously fat—fat from laziness; and David wondered how he had managed to put in his hours of labor under the totem pole. David sat in silence, trying to make out something from their gestures, as his half-breed, Jacques, and the old chief talked.

Jacques repeated it all to him after Towaskook, sighing deeply, had risen from his squatting posture, and left them. It was a terrible journey over those mountains, Towaskook had said. He had been on the Stikine once. He had split with his tribe, and had started eastward with many followers, but half of them had died—died because they would not leave their precious totems behind—and so had been caught in a deep snow that came early. It was a ten-day journey over the mountains. You went up above the clouds—many times you had to go above the clouds. He would never make the journey again. There was one chance—just one. He had a young bear hunter, Iok, his face was still smooth. He had not won his spurs, so to speak, and he was anxious to perform a great feat, especially as he was in love with his medicine man's daughter, Kwak-wa-pisew (the Butterfly). Kio might go, to prove his valor to the Butterfly. Towaskook had gone for him. Of course, on a mission of this kind, Kio would accept no pay. That would go to Towaskook. The two hundred dollars' worth of supplies satisfied him.

A little later Towaskook returned with Kio. He was exceedingly youthful, slim-built, a whezel, but with a deep-set and treacherous eye. He listened. He would go. He would go as far as the confluence of the Pitman and the Stikine, if Towaskook would assure him the Butterfly. Towaskook, eyeing greedily the supplies which Jacques had laid out alluringly, nodded an agreement to that. "The next day," Kio said, then, eager now for the adventure. "The next day they would start. That night Jacques carefully made up the two shoulder packs which

David and Kio were to carry, for thereafter their travel would be entirely afoot. David's burden, with his rifle, was fifty pounds. Jacques saw them off, shouting a last warning for David to "keep a watch on that devil-eyed Kio."

Kio was not like his eyes. He turned out, very shortly, to be a communicative and rather likeable young fellow. He was ignorant of the white man's talk. But he was a master of gesticulation; and when, in climbing their first mountain, David discovered muscles in his legs and back that he had never known of before, Kio laughingly sympathized with him and assured him in vivid pantomime that he would soon get used to it. Their first night they camped almost at the summit of the mountain. Kio wanted to make the warm of the valley beyond, but those new muscles in his legs and back declared otherwise. Strawberries were ripening in the deeper valleys, but up where they were it was cold. A bitter wind came off the snow on the peaks, and David could smell the pungent fog of the clouds. They were so high that the scrub twigs of their fire smouldered with scarcely sufficient heat to fry their bacon. David was oblivious of the discomfort. His blood ran warm in hope and anticipation. He was almost smothered at the end of his journey. It had been a great fight, and he had won. There was no doubt in his mind now. After this he could face the world again. Day after day they made their way westward. It was tremendous, this journey over the backbone of the mountains. It gave one a different conception of men. They were like ants on these mountains, crawling ants. Here was where one might find a soul and a religion if he had never had one before. One's bitterness, at times, was almost frightening. It made one think impressed upon one that life was not much more than an accident in this vast scale of creation, and that there was great necessity for a God. In Kio's eyes as he sometimes looked down into the valleys, there was this thing; he thought which perhaps he couldn't analyze, the great truth which he couldn't understand, but felt. It made a worshipper of him—a devout worshipper of the totem. (To Be Continued)

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