

# MAIN STREET

## The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

"I must say I don't quite get you sometimes, Carlie. Let him? They can't help themselves. He's a dumm old Dutchman, and probably the priest can twist him around his finger, but when it comes to picking good farming land, he's a regular 'wis'!"

"I see. He's their symbol of beauty. The town erects him, instead of erecting buildings." "Honestly, don't know what you're driving at. You're kind of played out, after this long trip. You'll feel better when you get home and have a good bath, and put on the blue negligee. That's some vampire costume, you wike!"

He squeezed her arm, looked at her knowingly. They moved on from the desert stiffness of the Schoenstrom station. The train creaked, banged, swayed. The air was nauseatingly thick. Kennicott turned her face from the window, rested her head on his shoulder. She was coaxed from her unhappy mood. But she came out of it unwillingly, and when Kennicott was satisfied that he had corrected all her worries and had opened a magazine of saffron detective stories, she sat upright.

Here—she meditated—is the new empire of the world; the North-west; a land of dairy herds and exquisite lakes, of new automobiles and tar-paper shanties and silos like red towers, of clumsy speech and a hope that is boundless. An empire which feeds a quarter of the world—yet its work is merely begun. They are pioneers, these awayfarers, for all their telephones and bank-accounts and automatic pianos and co-operative leagues. And for all its fat richness, there is a pioneer land. What is its future? she wondered. A future of cities and factory smut where now are loping empty fields? Homes universal and secure? Or placid chateaux ringed with sullen butts?

Willingness to sift the sanctified lies? Or creamy-skinner fat women, smeared with grease and chalk, gorgeous in the skins of beasts and the bloody feathers of slain birds, playing bridge with puffy pink-nailed jeweled fingers, women who after much expenditure of labor and bad temper still grotesquely resemble their own falconer lap-dogs? The ancient staid inequalities, or something different in history, unlike the tedious maturity of other empires? What future and what hope?

Carol's head ached with the ride. She saw the prairie, flat in giant patches or rolling in long hummocks. The width and bigness of it, which had expanded her spirit an hour ago, began to frighten her. It spread out so; it went on so unaccountably; she could never know it. Kennicott was closed in his detective story. With the loneliness which comes most depressingly in the midst of many people she tried to forget problems, to look at the prairie objectively.

The grass beside the railroad had been burnt over; it was a smudge prickly with charred stalks of weeds, beyond the undulating barbed-wire fence were clumps of golden rod. Only this thin hedge girt them off from the plains—short wheat-lands of autumn, a hundred acres to a field prickly and gray near-by but in the blurred distance like tawny velvet stretched over dipping hillocks. The long rows of wheat-shocks marched like soldiers in worn yellow tabards. The newly plowed fields were black banners fallen on the distant slope. It was a martial immensity, vigorous, a little harsh, unsoftened by kindly gardens.

The expanse was relieved by clumps of oaks with patches or short wild grass; and every mile or two was a chain of cobalt oaks, with the flicker of blackbirds' wings across them. All this working land was turned

into exuberance by the light. The sunshine was dizzy on open stubble; shadows from immense cumulus clouds were forever sliding across low mounds; and the sky was wider and lofter and more resolutely blue than the sky of cities. . . . she declared.

"It's a glorious country; a land to be big in," she crooned.

Then Kennicott startled her by chuckling, "Do you realize the town after the next is Gopher Prairie?"

III. That one word—home—it terrified her. Had she really bound herself to live, inescapably, in this town called Gopher Prairie? And this thick man beside her, who dared to define her future, he was a stranger! She turned in her seat, stared at him. Who was he? Why was he sitting with her? He wasn't of her kind! His neck was heavy; his speech was heavy; he was twelve, or thirteen years older than she; and about him was none of the magic of shared adventures and eagerness. She could not believe that she had ever slept in his arms. That was one of the dreams which you had but did not officially admit.

She told herself how good he was, how dependable and understanding. She touched his ear, smoothed the plane of his solid jaw, and, turning away again, concentrated upon liking his town. It wouldn't be like these barren settlements. If couldn't be! Why, it had three thousand population. That was a great many people. There would be six hundred houses or more. And—the lakes near it would be so lovely. She'd seen them in the photographs. They had looked charming. . . . hadn't they?

As the train left Wahkenyan she began nervously to watch for the lake—the entrance to all her future life. But when she discovered them, to the left of the track, her only impression of them was that they resembled the photographs.

A mile from Gopher Prairie the track mounts a curving low ridge, and she could see the town as a whole. With a passionate jerk she pushed up the window, looked out the arched finger of her left hand trembling on the sill, her right hand at her breast.

And she saw that Gopher Prairie was merely an enlargement of all the hamlets which they had been passing. Only to the eyes of a Kennicott was it exceptional. The huddled low wooden houses broke the plains scarcely more than would a hazel thicket. The fields swept up to it, past it. It was unprotected and unprotected; there was no dignity in it nor any hope of greatness. Only the tall red grain-elevator and a few tiny church-steeple rose from the mass. It was a frontier camp. It was not a place to live in, not possibly, not conceivably.

The people—they'd be as drab as their houses, as flat as their fields. She couldn't stay here. She would have to wrench loose from this man, as she fled.

She peeped at him. She was at once helpless before his mature fixity, and touched by his excitement as he sent his magazine skittering along the aisle, stooped for their bags, came up with flushed face, and sloated, "Here we are!" She smiled loyally, and looked away. The train was entering town. The houses on the outskirts were dusky old red mansions with wooden porches, or gaunt frame shelters like grocery boxes, or new bungalows with concrete foundations limiting stone.

Now the train was passing the elevator, the grim storage-tanks for oil, a creamery, a lumber-yard, a stock-yard muddy and trampled and smelly.

Now they were stopping at a squat red frame station, the platform crowded with unshaven farmers and men with leathers—unadventurous people with dead eyes. She was here. She could not go on. It was the end—the end of the world. She sat with closed eyes, longing to push past Kennicott, hide somewhere in the train, flee on toward the Pacific. Something large arched in her soul and commanded, "Stop it! Stop being a whining baby!" She stood up quickly; she said, "Isn't it wonderful to be here at last!"

He turned her so. She would make herself like the place. And she was going to do tremendous things—

She followed Kennicott and the bobbing ends of the two bags which he carried. They were held back by the slow line of disembarking passengers. She reminded herself that she was actually at the dramatic moment of the bride's home-coming. She ought to feel excited. She felt nothing at all—except irritation at their slow progress toward the door. Kennicott stooped to peer through the windows. He shyly exulted.

"Look! Look! There's a bunch come down to welcome us! Sam Clark and the missus and Daye Dyer and Jack Elder and, yes sir, Harry Haydock and Juanita, and a whole crowd! I guess they see us now. Yuh, yuh, sure, they see us! See 'em waving!" (To be Continued.)

One reason why happy marriages often end disastrously is because the bride and groom so quickly learn neither the landlord nor the grocer will accept love as legal tender.

### Rheumatism—is Yours Acute or Chronic?

In either case you'll get some results from good old "Nerviline," which has five times the pain destroying power of ordinary remedies. Nerviline gives results because it penetrates to the source of the pain, because it contains ingredients that destroy rheumatic pains. It is the unusually bad case that proves the power of Nerviline. Suffered for young and old; used internally and externally for many purposes. 35¢, at all dealers.

## Brain Poisoning Menace For Those of Middle Age

### "Brilliant" Business Man May Wreck Enterprise Unless He Takes Enough Vacation

Business men the country over are coming to the habit of taking their vacations on week-ends and in some instances are arranging it so that their employees can do likewise. In New York City the big department stores close all day Saturday and many of the workers go to the beach or the mountains for the two days a week—Saturday and Sunday—to build themselves up from the toll of the week.

This practice has grown up more or less as a convenience because of the great week-ending fever that seems to have struck the country. New medical science has come to the support of this way of resting and says it is the proper one—especially for middle-aged business men.

A writer in the London Times goes a step further and says that the only way to keep the middle-aged from poisoning their brains is for them to take a weekly vacation the year round.

This writer claims that some of the seeming foolishness of big business men is not a showing of late "wild oats" but is due to brain poisoning because of an insufficient cleansing of the many tissues and cells of the body.

Must Stop Working The mental qualities which make for success in business depend on a sound constitution, he says. More than that, which depends on a sound, well-refreshed brain. The man who never stops working never can stop, he asserts; he earns so little. The big brains of business, on the other hand, often seem to work very little. You meet them not in offices, but on golf courses, in hotels, at pleasure resorts.

Business says the physician, despite such opinions, is not a matter of routine work. It is primarily a matter of what is called instinct, or imagination. Both of these are gifts; but both are gifts which require a great deal of cultivation. There is nothing easier than the loss of them. A clouded or choked brain ceases to be capable of the exercise of either.

This is not questionable in the doctor's view, when we come to examine the nature of the mental processes which determine success. They appear to be simple. They are, in fact, enormously complicated. When we say of a man that he seems on the surface to be in a situation or that he goes straight to the heart of a problem we mean that his mind has already tested all the other possibilities and discarded them. We mean, in other words, that the action of his brain is exceedingly swift as well as sure.

Sound Mind in Sound Body The physician postulates that swift brains are fresh brains, clean brains. There are also brains, he says, that are unbalanced by ulterior motives.

Young men, he says, are more reliable in this respect than middle age. Middle age is the great age of the brain. But the melancholy fact must be recognized that middle age is also too often the age of brain poisoning.

He put the proposition another way: "Until it is learned to write and draw, it is constructive; it is sure. A poisoned brain is slow and hesitant."

ing; it cannot construct; it cannot be sure. The combination of these qualities spells disaster. For, if a brain has been accustomed to quick decisions and daring, constructive action becomes overclouded, the result inevitably is indecision and vacillation, or what is worse, recklessness and a stubborn insistence on ill-considered action, the writer asserts. Sometimes, until the crash comes, such brains are spoken of as "brilliant."

Every one knows this kind of brilliance, and every one who has had dealings with it fears it, says the doctor. Its leading characteristic is instability. Not the salient feature of a situation, but all the features are seen by it. Like lightning, it illumines a vista only to plunge it again in deeper darkness. The layman discusses such a brain in terms of common knowledge. But to the medical man its tragedy is often too clear. It is a poisoned brain. Its owner is an unhealthy man.

If we study him we shall see. His muscular system is irritable. The controlled, steady movements of sound brains are lacking; instead there is spasmodic, jerky action, even tremulousness. Emotion breaks through on reasoned thought. There is irritability of temper. Flushing of the face is frequent. When the moment of crisis has passed, a tendency to exhaustion is evident.

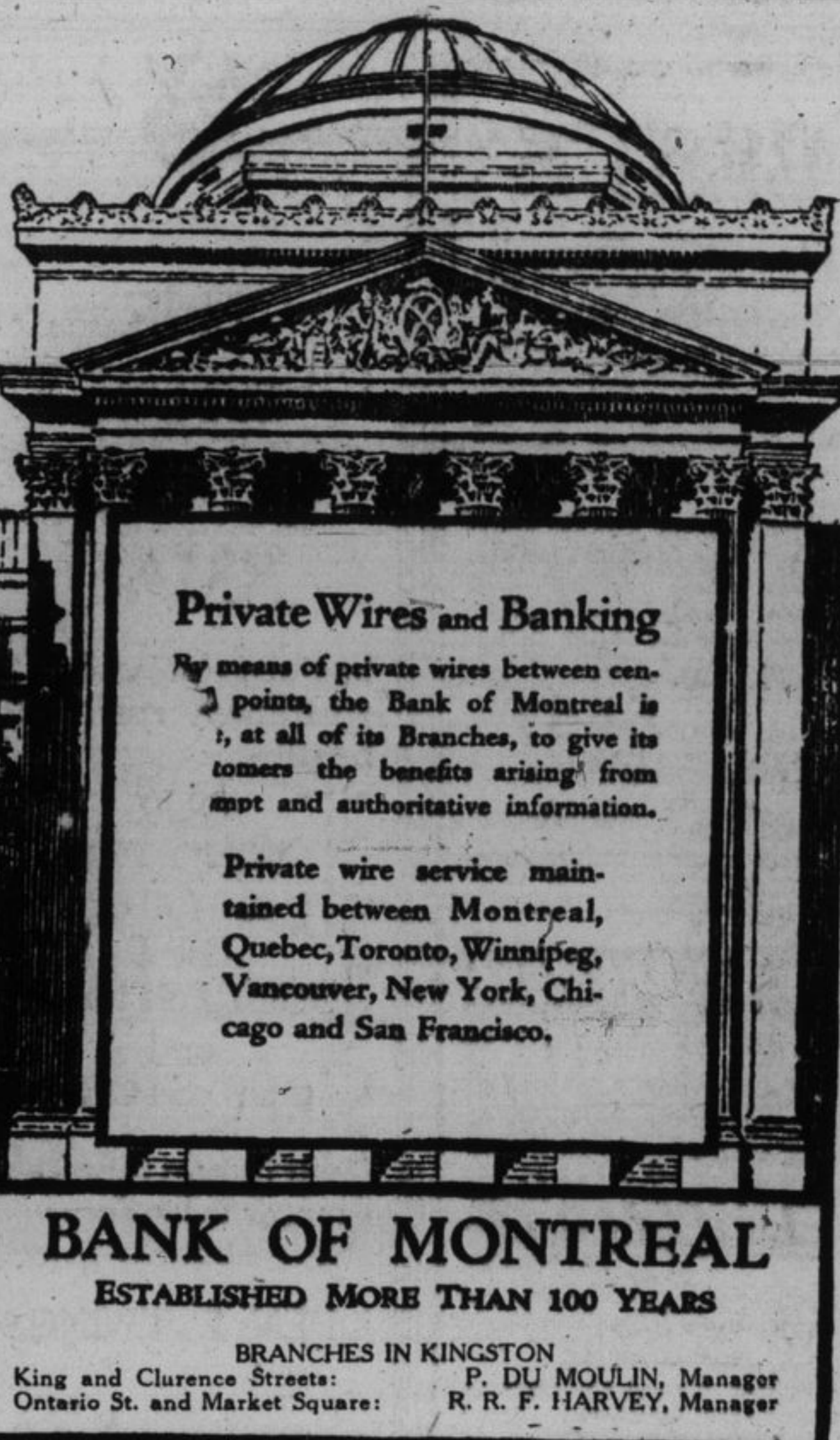
Threatens Middle Aged every middle-aged man, the physician declares. It is the chief of all his enemies and the most subtle. For the poison does not usually come from without. It comes from the very tissues and cells which it destroys. Medical men call it "auto-intoxication." A simpler term is insufficient cleansing. There is a gradual, very gradual, accumulation of waste products, the materials produced by former activity. Like a fire from which the burnt-out ashes are not entirely removed, says the writer, the brain becomes more and more inefficient.

Office life, says the writer, helps the poisoning process; muscular activity opposes it. The brain is swept clear. This is not the same process as occurs in sleep, where the brain is actually recharged. We are the victims of the sanitation of the house, not with its victualing.

A wise man, therefore, who has passed 40 will admit, no matter why he should not devote time to keeping his brain clean, says the doctor. This is a duty to himself, and if he occupies a position of responsibility, if he has a duty also to his fellow-workers. At least one day a week, he asserts, in addition to Sunday, is required for brain recharging. One of the greatest considerations ought to be given to weigh against this allowance of time.

The writer points out that a clean brain on five days a week is incomparably better than a poisoned one on six days or even on five and a half. If by anything indeed, he urges, the poisoner might be a graduate. A man's work is never measured by time alone; when he is engaged in brain work time alone becomes relatively insignificant.

This is a difficult lesson to learn and to inculcate, the physician concludes. "Until it is learned we shall continue to hear the silly chatter about the 'side needs' of great organizations."



**Private Wires and Banking**


By means of private wires between central points, the Bank of Montreal is, at all of its Branches, to give its customers the benefits arising from prompt and authoritative information.

Private wire service maintained between Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

**BANK OF MONTREAL**

ESTABLISHED MORE THAN 100 YEARS

BRANCHES IN KINGSTON  
King and Clarence Streets: P. DU MOULIN, Manager  
Ontario St. and Market Square: R. R. F. HARVEY, Manager



Have plenty for Christmas next year

When you don't have "to rake and scrape and scrimp" to get enough money together for Christmas remembrances, then you feel the real joy of giving.

You can have enough—more than enough—for all the gifts you want to give, if you join our 1922 "Christmas Club" NOW—to-day.

Any amount you want to save makes you a member—and there are no dues or fees of any kind.

You decide how much money you want in the Bank by Christmas next year. You divide this amount by fifty, and save a fifth every week. That's the plan of the "Even Payment Christmas Club" in five words.

Join the Club—make your deposits regularly—and two weeks before next Christmas, you will have your Christmas money ready for Christmas shopping or for any other purpose.

Come to the Bank to-day, and get enrolled. We are waiting for you.

Even Payment Classes	Increasing Payment Classes
in which the same amount is deposited each week for 50 weeks	in which increasing amounts are deposited each week for 50 weeks
25c. weekly totals . . . \$12.50	1c. and increase totals \$12.75
50c. weekly totals . . . 25.00	2c. and increase totals 25.50
\$1.00 weekly totals . . . 50.00	5c. and increase totals 63.75
\$2.00 weekly totals . . . 100.00	10c. and increase totals 127.50
\$5.00 weekly totals . . . 250.00	
\$10.00 weekly totals . . . 500.00	You can join several classes if you wish
\$20.00 weekly totals . . . 1000.00	

Kingston Branch . . . . . E. A. Toffel, Manager  
Napanee Branch . . . . . C. H. Anderson, Manager  
Gananoque Branch . . . . . F. W. Bell, Manager

The MERCHANTS BANK Christmas Club




**JESSE'S**

Popular Price Store

SENSIBLE GIFTS

Boys' Worsted Hose . . . 75c. pair	New Silk Windsor Ties 65c. ea.
Men's Silk Ties . . . 75c. and \$1	Boxed Handkerchiefs . . . . . 50c., 80c., 75c., \$1.00
Men's Pure Linen Handkerchiefs . . . . . 40c. each	Infants' Silk Boots . . . 75c. pair
Ladies' New Wool Hosiery . . . . . \$1.00 and \$1.25	Children's Wool Scarfs and Ties . . . . . \$1.75
Hose at . . . \$1.00 and \$1.25	Ladies' Fine All Wool Cashmere Hose. Special at 65c. pr
Girls' Long Wool Scarfs . . . . . 75c. and \$1.25	

112 PRINCESS STREET

## Amberola Nights Beat The Arabian Nights



Edison's Amberola will give you thousands of nights of the most wonderful entertainment—all the world's best music—grand opera, ballads, hymns, comic numbers, band music, latest songs and dance hits—that will keep all the family happy at home 365 nights a year.

And you can own this greatest phonograph value in the world on practically your own terms! Thomas A. Edison has said so—he wants to bring music—real music—into your home. Come to our store right away and learn full particulars.

The J. M. GREENE MUSIC CO.  
"The Home of Good Music."  
160 Princess Street.  
Phone 1324.

## EDISON'S NEW DIAMOND AMBEROLA

PLUMBING WORK DONE RIGHT

For Plumbing and Heating Equipment, let us give a price on your work. Contract and Job Work given Best-class attention.

**H. APPLETON**  
617 PRINCESS STREET Phone 578v.

## OUR CHRISTMAS CARDS

CALENDARS, DECORATIONS, ETC., ARE WONDERFUL. BE SURE TO SEE OURS FIRST.

KEWPIE DOLL LAMPS  
STATUARY NOVELTIES, ETC.

ALL THE LATEST MUSIC NOW.  
75c.—BRUNSWICK RECORDS—75c.

EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR AEOLIAN VOCALION RECORDS. COME IN AND HEAR THESE.

"DISTINCTIVE STATIONERY"

FOUNTAIN PENS - SILVER PENCILS

LOTS OF THINGS—COME IN AND LOOK AROUND.

**The Song Shop**

PHONE 979w. 216 PRINCESS STREET

OPEN NIGHTS NEXT TO OPERA HOUSE  
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS

HINTS FOR THE MOTORIST

By ALBERT L. CLOUGH.

The Quickly Carbonizing Engine

A "Wet" Mixture Is One Cause Of This Faulting

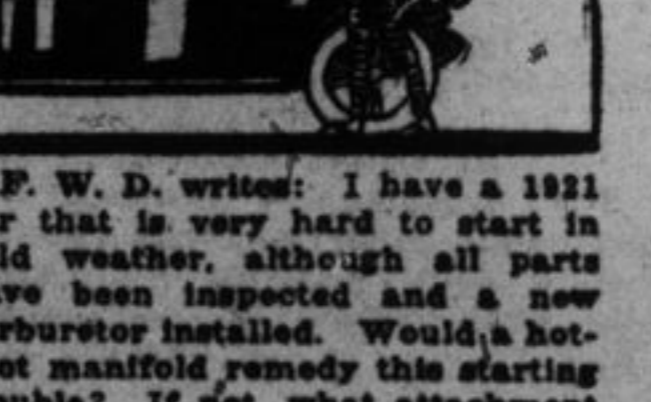
IT IS NOTICEABLE THAT SOME ENGINES have to have the carbon scraped or burned out of their cylinders at exasperatingly short intervals, while others run up large mileages satisfactorily without need of decarbonization. The full explanation of such differences is not available, but the following statements give some inkling as to the reasons. Carburetor and intake design are one factor and operation is the other. An engine has to be decarbonized when it loses power and knocks on account of dirty cylinders and high compression engines usually have to be cleaned at the shortest intervals, because they are almost on the "ragged edge" of knocking even when free of carbon and need of decarbonization. The spark-plugs are required to make them hammer very badly. There is now a fairly general agreement that while lubricating oil is a factor in carbonization, the main cause of it is the fuel. Invaluable gasoline, that goes into the cylinders in "gobs" and "fres" into solid matter on the piston heads and other hot surfaces of the combustion space, is now chiefly blamed for the deposits. The fuel ought to go in as a vapor or at least as a fine mist, but it doesn't and in so far as it falls applied to the intake passage or faulty manifold, lack of heat seems to be more rapid. Thorough spraying of the intake manifold or "hot spots" and the avoidance of long and complicated manifold passages, seem to retard carbonization by eliminating the presence of masses of liquid fuel that are capable of distilling and leaving solid residue. Excess oil in the combustion space, if it is of such a quality as to so, through ignition passages or faulty manifold, lack of heat and even oil in its normal condition may collect and hold the dry carbon produced by the incomplete combustion of over-rich mixture, so that the presence of oil above the pistons is certainly to be avoided.

REPLACING IGNITION COIL S. K. L. writes: The spark-coil on my car has given out and I find that the concern that made it is not out of business. Will a coil of any other make take its place?



Answer: Probably not. The coil winding, condenser, etc., depend upon the characteristics of the make-and-break device, that is used, and a coil selected at random would not be likely to conform to these requirements, but there are a number of concerns which make a specialty of furnishing replacement coils for ignition systems, from any one of which you can probably obtain what you require. In taking the matter with them you should give full data as to your present system, such as make, year, type, serial number and make and model of the car upon which it is used. Your supply dealer can give you the names of replacement coil manufacturers.

AIDS TO EASY STARTING



F. W. D. writes: I have a 1921 car that is very hard to start in cold weather, although all parts have been inspected and a new carburetor installed. Would a hot-spot manifold remedy this starting trouble? If not, what attachment will do so?

Questions of general interest to the motorist will be answered by Mr. Clough in this column, space permitting; if an immediate answer is desired, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

A fibre board base for ink bottles to prevent them upsetting has been patented by a Kansas inventor.

A Seattle man is the inventor of a double egg beater that can be operated in two receptacles at once.