

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Dyer's Drug Store, a corner building of regular and unreal blocks of artificial stone. Inside the store, a greasy marble soda-fountain with an electric lamp of red and green and curdled-yellow mosaic shade. Piled-over heaps of tooth-brushes and combs and packages of shaving soap. Shelves of soap-carbons, teething-rings, garden-seeds, and patent medicines in yellow packages—nostrums for consumption, for "women's diseases"—notorious mixtures of opium and alcohol, in the very shop in which her husband sent patients for the filling of prescriptions.

From a second-story window the sign "W. P. Kennicott, Phys. & Surgeon," glinted on black and gold.

A small wooden motion picture theatre called "The Rosebud Movie Palace." Lithographs announcing a film called "Patty in Love."

Howland & Gould's Grocery. In the display window, black, overripe bananas and lettuce on which a cat was sleeping. Shelves lined with red crepe paper which was now faded and torn and concentrically spotted. Flat against the wall of the second story the signs of lodges—the Knights of Pythias, the Maccabees, the Woodmen, the Masons.

Dahl & Olsson's Meat Market—a rook of blood.

A jewelry shop with tiny-looking wrist watches for women. In front of it, at the curb, a huge wooden clock which did not go.

A fly-buzzing saloon with a brilliant gold and enamel whisky sign across the front. Other saloons down the block. From them a stink of stale beer, and thick voices bellowing pigskin German or trilling out dirty songs—vice gone feeble and unenticing and dull—the delicacy of a mining camp minus its vigor. In front of the saloons, farmwives sitting on the seats of wagons, waiting for their husbands to become drunk and ready to start home.

A tobacconist shop called "The Smoke House" filled with young men smoking dice for cigarettes. Racks of magazines, and pictures of coy fat prostitutes in striped bathing suits.

A clothing store with a display of "ox-blood-shade Oxfords" with bulldog toes. Suits which looked worn and glassless while they were still new, flabbily draped on dummies like puppets with painted cheeks.

The Bon Ton Store—Haydock & Sons—the largest shop in town. Its first story front of clear glass, plates cleverly bound at the top with brass. The second story pleasant tapestry brick. One window of excellent clothes for men, interspersed with collars of floral pique. It showed native daisies on a green ground. Newsies and an obnoxious faction of neatness and service.

Haydock & Sons. Haydock. She had met a Haydock at the station; Harry Haydock; an active person of thirty-five. He seemed great, to her, now, and very like a saint. His shop was clean.

Axel Eggo's General Store, frequented by Scandinavian farmers. In the shallow dark window space heaps of sleazy ar'cens, badly woven gaiters, canvas shoes designed for women with bulging ankles, steel and red glass buttons upon cards with broken edges, a cottony blanket, a granite ware frying pan reposing on a sun-faded crepe blouse.

Sam Clark Hardware Store. An air of frankly metallic enterprise. Guns and churns and barrels of nails and beautiful butcher knives.

Chester Dabaway's House Furnishing Emporium. A vista of heavy oak rockers with leather seats, asleep in a dismal row.

Billy's Lunch. Thick handleless cups on the wet oilcloth-covered counter. An odor of onions and the smoke of hot lard. In the doorway a young man audibly sucking a toothpick.

The warehouse of the buyer of cream and potatoes. The sour smell of a dairy.

The Ford Garage and the Butch Garage, competent one-story brick and cement buildings opposite each other. Old and new cars on grease blackened concrete floors. Tire advertisements. The roaring of a tested motor; a racket which beat at the nerves. Surly young men in khaki union-oversalls. The most energetic and vital places in town.

A large warehouse for agricultural implements. An impressive barricade of green and gold wheels, of shafts and silky seats, belonging to machinery of which Carol knew nothing—potato planters, manure spreaders, silage cutters, disk harrows, breaking plows.

A feed store, its windows opaque with the dust of bran, a patent medicine advertisement painted on its roof.

Ye Art Shoppe, Prop. Mrs. Mary Timm.

"Ya, Ay got a job," said Bea.

"Vell, I'm glad to see you. How much you want a week?"

"Sex dollar."

"There ain't nobody pay dat. Vell, Dr. Kennicott, I think he marry a girl from de Cities. Maybe she pay dat. Vell, You go take a walk."

"Ya," said Bea.

(To be Continued.)

A. J. Meyers has been given the majority of Campbellford by acclamation.

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

Mexicans Appreciate Good Music. A visitor to Mexico if musically inclined, is apt to receive the surprise of his life, at least that is what a recent traveler through that country received. This visitor is in recent communication to his friends in the north tells of what he found there.

"In Mexico, I was fortunate enough to hear the bands of all the larger cities—Vera Cruz, Puebla, Mexico City and Guadalajara, and it was in this country that I received the surprise of my life as to what can be done by military bands. In Mexico City, for example, they give winter cycles of the Beethoven Symphonies in the Alameda, a lovely park in the centre of the capital. Fashionable folk, such as we see in our own country and elsewhere, and the incomprehensible (to Americans and Canadians at least) people, often ragged, sometimes dirty, usually sandaled, but never without the sombrero which enables him to think of himself as a caballero, listened with equal interest and apparent appreciation. It may be that beside the peon is a squaw with straight black hair and a papoose wrapped in a rebozo or slung over her shoulder. If so, and there are older children toddling about her, all are intent upon the music which speaks to them, if the printed page cannot.

"In Guadalajara, the western metropolis of Mexico, with a highly cultivated populace of a predominantly Indian type, I heard a Wagner concert which included "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde," the Magic Fire Scene from "Walkure," and the Metastaserger overture, all played with such consummate skill, and conducted with so much insight that it was difficult to realize that there were no strings."

Musical Notes.

A London, England, news note says that the former musical director of the Canadian overseas military forces has offered as a national song a composition with the title "O Canada! O Canada!" There is already in existence a song in French and English under practically the same title, he should have known.

A number of barber shops in Wisconsin use Phonograph music to help trade in their shops.

A new negro chorus of 23 voices, the Coleridge Taylor Society, has been found in Toronto and recently gave its first concert. Critics speak highly of its efforts.

A W. S. Congressman has started an agitation to compel both houses of congress to open their sessions by singing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The President of the United States in a recent pronouncement said his nation should get behind good music as an expression of national life.

Imperfect voice production, a defect with present-day actors on the stage, can be remedied and wonderful results can be achieved through lessons given by a good singing teacher, says "Equity" the organ of the acting profession.

Following the example of the United States, the Chautauqua movement has taken hold in Canada, particularly in Ontario. This summer the Dominion Chautauques will send musical artists into 111 Ontario towns.

Last year, 1920, there were 391 Chautauques held in Canada, attended by 3,574,875 people.

The "Hisophone," a device to synthesize music to moving pictures, rather vice versa, has been invented by a French engineer. By means of this instrument, the orchestra leader, or one of the musicians of the movie orchestra, can control the speed of the film being displayed in accordance with the music being played, either increasing or reducing the number of images per second thrown on the screen.

A news despatch from Ottawa says it is not altogether unlikely that carillon of bells will be installed in the tower of the new Parliament Buildings there as a national memorial to the Canadian soldiers who lost their lives in the late world war.

The problem before the teacher of music in schools ought to be one of developing a love for good music among children rather than teaching them only the primary rules of music and getting them to sing.

Arthur Friedham, the celebrated pianist, intends making his home in Canada and is to become a citizen of Toronto, where he will conduct master classes in piano.

Anna Pavlova, the Russian dancer, has engaged a Russian scenic artist to create a number of settings for her new ballets this fall.

Concert managers in the United States agreed in a recent convention on a standard contract for artists and on the centralization of the concert business.

One of the soloists of the Chicago Symphony orchestra is an eight-year-old girl, Anita Malkin, daughter of one of the musicians of the organization. She was recently presented with a famous Cremona violin, valued at \$5,500.

Syracuse, N. Y., recently held a most successful musical festival. So much so that plans are already under way to make the 1922 festival larger and better than any previous festival.

The New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, Mass., was recently the recipient of two large donations—\$5,000 to the orchestra and \$10,000 for two major soloists.

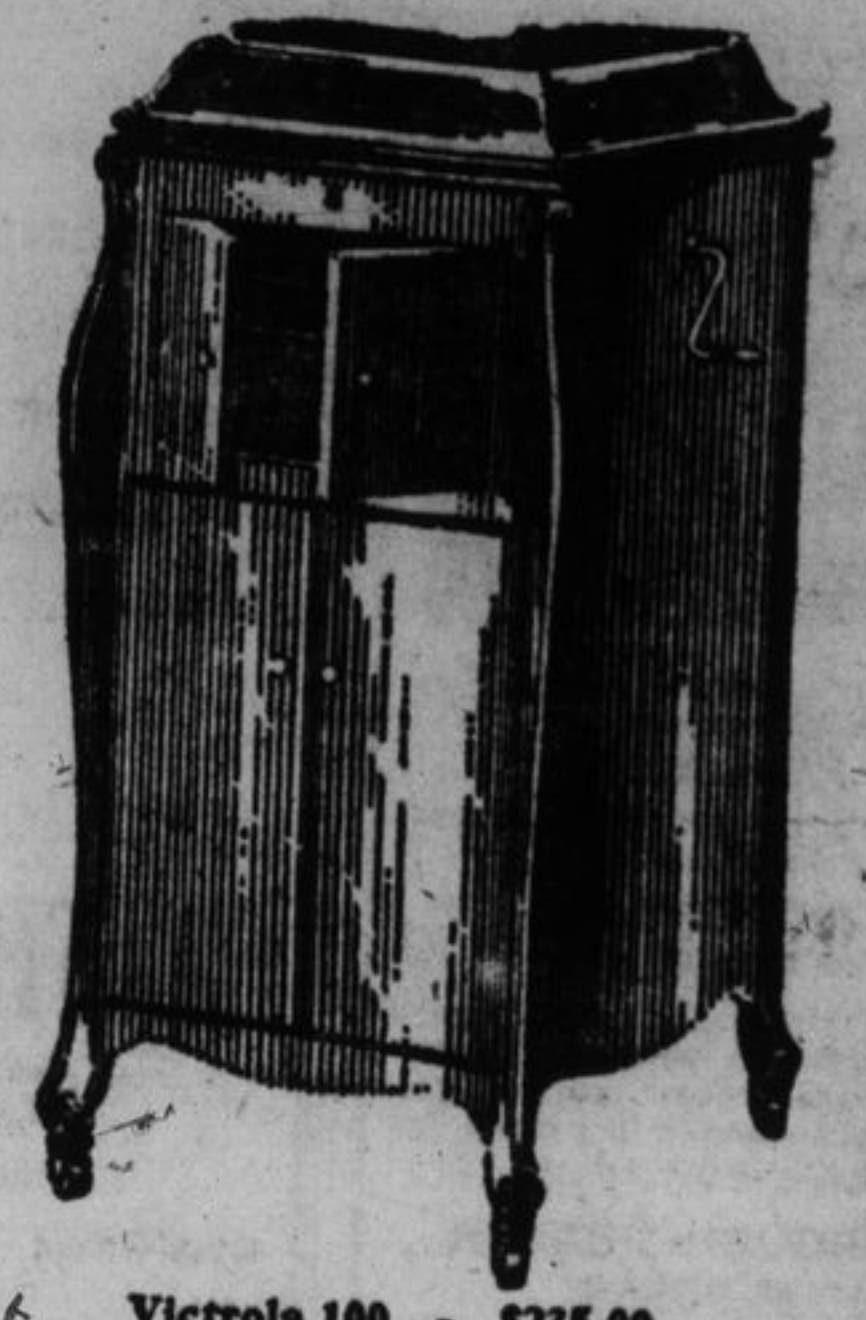
The city of Waterbury, N. Y., devoted \$500 towards financing a community singing in that city. Community singing has been a feature of Waterbury town life since 1915.

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whom 35 vocalists and ten instrumentalists passed. These will be given an opportunity throughout the winter to show what they can do. One of these musicians will appear once a week in concert. A fund of \$40,000 helps out the concert. The recent death of Mrs. Martha E. Crouch at Baltimore recalls the name of her husband Frederick Nichols, who in 1830 composed that popular Irish song, "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr. Crouch was an Englishman, and in his day met most of the brilliant musicians.