

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Axel was not respectable and rude. He was still a foreigner, and he expected to remain one. His manner was heavy and uninterrogative. His establishment was more fantastic than any cross-roads store. No one save Axel himself could find anything. A part of the assortment of children's stockings was under a blanket on a shelf, a part in a tin ginger-snap box, the rest heaped like a nest of black-cotton snakes upon a flour-barrel which was surrounded by brooms, Norwegian Bibles, dried cod for luddisk, boxes of apricots, and a pair and a half of lumberman's rubber-footed boots. The place was crowded with Scandinavian farmwives, standing aloof in shawls and ancient fawn-colored leg mutton jackets, awaiting the return of their lords. They spoke Norwegian or Swedish, and looked at Carol uncomprehendingly. They were a relief to her—they were not

whispering that she was a poseur. But what she told herself was that Axel Esge's was "so picturesque and romantic." It was in the matter of clothes that she was most self-conscious. When she dared to go shopping in her new checked suit with the black-embroidered sulphur collar, she had as good as invited all of Gopher Prairie (which interested itself in nothing so intimately as in new clothes and the cost thereof) to investigate her. It was a smart suit with lines unfamiliar to the dragging yellow and pink frocks of the town. The Widow Bogart's stare from her porch, indicated, "Well, I never saw anything like that before!" Mrs. McGanum stopped Carol at the notions shop to hint, "My, that's a nice suit—wasn't it terribly expensive?" The gang of boys in front of the drug store commented, "Hey, Pudge, play you a game of

checkers on that dress." Carol could not endure it. She drew her fur coat over the suit and hastily fastened the buttons, while the boys snickered.

No group angered her quite so much as these staring young rones. She had tried to convince herself that the village, with its fresh air, its lakes for fishing and swimming, was healthier than the artificial city. But she was sickened by glimpses of the gang of boys from fourteen to twenty who loafed before Dyer's Drug Store, smoking cigarettes, displaying "fancy" shoes and purple ties and coats of various colors.

She saw them playing pool in the stinking room behind Del Snafflin's barber shop, and shaking dice in "The Smoke House," and gathered in a snickering lot to listen to the "juicy stories" of Bert Tybee, the bartender of the Minnieashie House. She heard them smacking moist lips over every love-scene at the Rosebud Movie Palace. At the counter of the Greek Confectionery Parlor, while they ate dreadful messes of decayed bananas, acid cherries, whipped cream, and gelatinous ice-cream, they screamed to one another, "Hey, lemme lone." "Quit dog-gone you, looka what you went and done, you almost spilled my glass water." "Like hell I did." "Hey, gol darn your hide, don't you go sticking your coffin nail in my leg." "Oh you Batty, how juh like dancing with Tillie McGuire, last night? Some squeezing, heb, kid?"

By diligent consultation of American fiction she discovered that this was the only virile and amusing manner in which boys could function; that boys who were not compounded of the gutter and the mixing-camp were mollycoddles and unhappy. She had taken this for granted. She had studied the boys in Gopher Prairie City first appeared at the head of a "charivari," hanging immensely upon a discarded automobile fender. His companions were yelling in imitation of coyotes. Kennicott had felt rather complimented; had gone out and distributed a dollar. Cy was a capitalist in charivari. He returned with an entirely new group, and this time there were three automobile fenders and a carnival rattle. When Kennicott again interrupted his shaving, Cy piped, "Naw, you got to give us two dollars," and he got it. A week later Cy rigged a tie-tac to a window of the living-room, and the tattoo out of the darkness frightened Carol into screaming. Since then, in four mouths, she had beheld Cy hanging a cat, steaming molasses, throwing tomatoes at the Kennicott house, and making ski-tracks across the lawn, and had heard him explaining the mysteries of generation, with great audacity and dismaying knowledge. He was, in fact, a museum specimen of what a small town, a well-disciplined public school, a tradition of hearty humor, and a pious mother could produce from the material of a courageous and ingenious mind.

RIGHT IN STYLE

Old Mother Mausit
She went to the closet
To get her poor
daughter a
gown



She could just sit
and moan
For the dress was
outgrown
But it was the
style in the
town.

which they could guffaw. No school-girl passed their observation-posts more flushingly than did Mrs. Dr. Kennicott. In shame she knew that they glanced appraisingly at her snowy overshoes, speculating about her legs. There was no youth in all the town, she agonized. They were born old, grim and old and spying and censorious.

She cried again that their youth was senile and cruel on the day when she overheard Cy Bogart and Earl Haydock.

Cyrus N. Bogart, son of the righteous widow who lived across the alley, was at this time a boy of fourteen or fifteen. Carol had seen quite enough of Cy Bogart. On her first evening in Gopher Prairie City Cy had appeared at the head of a "charivari," hanging immensely upon a discarded automobile fender. His companions were yelling in imitation of coyotes. Kennicott had felt rather complimented; had gone out and distributed a dollar. Cy was a capitalist in charivari. He returned with an entirely new group, and this time there were three automobile fenders and a carnival rattle. When Kennicott again interrupted his shaving, Cy piped, "Naw, you got to give us two dollars," and he got it. A week later Cy rigged a tie-tac to a window of the living-room, and the tattoo out of the darkness frightened Carol into screaming. Since then, in four mouths, she had beheld Cy hanging a cat, steaming molasses, throwing tomatoes at the Kennicott house, and making ski-tracks across the lawn, and had heard him explaining the mysteries of generation, with great audacity and dismaying knowledge. He was, in fact, a museum specimen of what a small town, a well-disciplined public school, a tradition of hearty humor, and a pious mother could produce from the material of a courageous and ingenious mind.

Carol was afraid of him. Far from protesting when he set him mongrel on a kitten, she worked hard at not seeing him.

The Kennicott garage was a shed littered with paint-cans, tools, a lawn-mower, and ancient wisps of hay. Above it was a loft which Cy Bogart and Earl Haydock, young brother of Harry, used as a den, for smoking, hiding from whippings, and planning secret societies. They climbed to it by a ladder on the alley side of the shed.

This morning of late January, two or three weeks after Vida's revelations, Carol had gone into the stable-garage to find a hammer. Snow softened her step. She heard voices in the loft above her:

"Ah gee, lez—oh, lez go down the lake and swipe some mushrats out of somebody's traps," Cy was yawning. "And get our ears beat off!"

grumbled Earl Haydock.

"Gosh, these cigarettes are dandy. Member when we were just kids, and need to smoke corn-silk and hayseed?"

"Yup, Gosh!"

"Say, Silence, says if you chew tobacco you get consumption."

"Aw rats, your old lady is a crank."

"Yuh, that's so." Pause. "But she says she knows a fella that did."

"Aw, gee whiz, didn't Doc Kennicott used to chew tobacco all the time before he married this-hera girl from the Cities? He used to spit—Gee! Some shot! He could hit a tree ten feet off."

This was news to the girl from the Cities.

"Say, how is she?" continued Earl.

"Huh? How's who?"

"You know who I mean, smarty." A tinkle, a thumping, of loose boards, silence, weary narration from Cy:

Mr. Kennicott? Oh, she's all right, I guess." Relief to Carol, below. "She gimme a hunk o' cake, one time. But Ma says she's stuck up as hell. Ma's always talking about her. Ma says if Mrs. Kennicott thought as much about the doc as she does about her clothes, the doc wouldn't look so peaked."

Spit. Silence.

"Yuh, Juanita's always talking about her, too," from Earl. "She says Mrs. Kennicott thinks she knows if all. Juanita says she has to laugh till she almost busts every time she sees Mrs. Kennicott peering along the street with that 'take a look—I'm a swell skirt' way she's got. But gosh, I don't pay no attention to Juanita. She's meaner 'n a crab."

"Ma was telling somebody that she heard that Mrs. Kennicott claim-

Convalescence Requires Wingarnis

In a state of convalescence, while the crisis is over, the danger of relapse may not be over. It is then that strength and vitality should be restored as quickly as possible.

Fresh air, sleep and such nutritious articles of food as can be easily digested are required to restore the lost vitality and repair the wasted tissues. But as the system is too weak to absorb the mineral elements that compose the body—it is here that WINGARNIS is so wonderful. For it contains Iron and Manganese for enriching the blood; Phosphorus for Brain and Nerves; Calcium, Sodium and Potassium—Phosphates essential for Bone and Tissue-Building—in a form that promotes their ready absorption into the system.

Everyone recovering from illness should take WINGARNIS. If you would quickly restore rosy cheeks and the glow of health to friends or loved ones who have been ill, take them a bottle of WINGARNIS.

At all druggists—16 oz. Bottle \$1.50

WINGARNIS

Proprietors: COLEMAN & CO., LIMITED
NORWICH, ENG.

Canadian Office: 67 Portland St., Toronto.
Frank S. Ball, Resident Director.

Keep a Bottle Handy

NADRUCO Syrup of Tar
with Cod Liver Oil Compound

It's more than a Cough Syrup—because it breaks up colds as well as coughs—relieves congestion in the chest—loosens the throat—loosens the phlegm—and quickly stops the cough. Excellent for Bronchitis and Whooping Cough. Children like it because of its pleasant taste.

All druggists have it.

Prepared by NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

"The Sheik"

By the exclusive Club Royal Orchestra, who also play "Dapper Dan," making a pair of Fox Trots that will surely win many admirers for this new organization.
His Master's Voice-Victor Record 18831, 10-in. 85c.

PAUL WHITEMAN and HIS ORCHESTRA
Play four wonderful new Fox Trots

"Weep No More My Mammy"
His Master's Voice-Victor Record 18825, 10-in., 85c.

"Everybody Step"
"Ka-Lu-A"
His Master's Voice-Victor Record 18826, 10-in., 85c.

Ask to hear them played on the

Victrola

at any "His Master's Voice" dealers

Manufactured by Berliner Gram-o-phon Co., Limited, Montreal

T. F. HARRISON CO., LIMITED. Phone 90
Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, Pianos, White Sewing Machines and Hoover Suction Cleaners.

MAHOOD BROS.
113 Princess Street

F. W. COATES Agent Victor Victrolas
(Jeweller) 158 Princess Street. Phone 301J.

R. J. RODGER
Victor Records and Needles 132 Princess St.

PRIZE GIVING SALE AT McINTOSH BROTHERS

101 PRINCESS STREET

To stimulate the business during the remaining days in January, we are having a "Prize-Giving Sale" commencing Saturday, 21st, ending Friday, 27th. Three prizes will be given. The First, a Toilet Set, value \$16.00, will be given to the customer with the highest purchase during the week; Second Prize, Ladies' Waist, value \$6.00; and Third Prize, a pair of Towels, value \$3.00. The prizes to be given away to the lucky winners are on exhibition in our windows, and are open for your inspection. Come and be one of the winners!

SPECIALS FOR THE WEEK

DRESS MATERIALS

Dress materials in shades of Grey, Fawn, Taupe, Blue, Brown and Red. Value \$2.50.
For \$1.45 yd.
Navy Blue Serge, 54 ins. wide. Value \$2.50, \$1.15
Navy Blue Serge, 36 ins. wide. To clear 80c. yd.

TOWELS

\$1.00 pair Huckaback Towels to clear 65c. pair
70c. pair Huckaback Towels to clear .45c. pair

TOWELLING

White Turkish Towelling—value 65c. .50c. yd.
White Turkish Towelling, 35c. yd., for .27c.

FLANNELETTE

25c. yd. White Canton Flannel 19c. yd.
Striped Flannelette, 36 ins. wide, value 30c. for 20c. yd.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR

\$2.25 All Wool Vests with and without sleeves \$1.75
Ladies' All Wool Drawers—\$2.25 for \$1.75
Ladies' Vests and Drawers—\$1.25 for 75c.
Ladies' Vests and Drawers—75c. for 50c.

HOSIERY

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose—regular 50c., 85c. pr.
Children's Black Worsted Hose—regular 60c., for 39c. pair
Children's Black Cotton Hose, reg. 35c., 25c. pr.
Boys' Corduroy Knickerbockers—all sizes—\$2.98, for \$2.25
Boys' Tweed Knickerbockers—value \$2.25, for \$1.65
Men's Flannelette Nightshirts, striped—\$1.75 for \$1.33
Men's Grey Work Socks—to clear 39c. pair
Men's All Wool Heather Socks—to clear 65c. pr.
Men's Wool Heather Gloves to clear .95c. pair
Men's Jined and Unlined Work Mitts and Gloves, 85c. To clear 45c. pair

SAWYER'S SHOE STORE

DISCOUNT SALE OFFERS SAVING OF 20% ON ALL OUR FOOTWEAR. ALL SALES FOR CASH. NO DISCOUNTS ON RUBBERS

The Sawyer Shoe Store

Phone 159 184 Princess St.