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It's a waste of time to tell a wo-

## MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

SINCLAIR LEWIS

give piquancy to American drama She wailed, "I haven't a single solitthree or four years later, were only ary thing that's fit to be seen in," in embryo. But of this fast coming and enjoyed herself very much inrevolt Carol had premonitions. She deed. knew from some lost magazine arti- Kennicott went about casually lett cle that in Dublin were innovators ing people know that he was "going called The Irish Players. She knew to run down to the Cities and see confusedly that a man named Gordon some shows." Craig had painted scenery-or had As the train plodded through the he written plays? She felt that in the gray prairie, on a windless day with turbulence of the drama she was dis- the smoke from the engine clinging covering a history more important to the fields in giant cotton-rolls, in

ing in a Brussels cafe and going af- that she was humming. terward to a tiny gay theater under | She was the young poet attacking a cathedral wall.

polis paper leaped from the page to crowd of lumberjacks, farmers, and

tory, and Dramatic Art announces a parcels, their foggy crowding and programme of four one-act plays by their clamor confused her. She felt Schnitzler, Shaw, Yeats, and Lord rustic in this once familiar city, after

Kennicott to "run down to the Cit- taking the wrong trolley-car. ies" with her.

"Well, I don't know. Be fun to raic clothing-shops, and lodgingtake in a show, but why the deuce do you want to see those darn foreign plays, given by a lot of amateurs? Why don't you wait for a regular play, later on? There's go- closely fitted at the waist stared at tie of Two-Gun Rancho,' and 'Cops and Crooks'—real Broadway stuff. ban. He was a superior person, used with the New York casts. What's this to this tumult, Was he laughing at junk you want to see? Hm. 'How He her? Lied to Her Husband,' That doesn't listen so bad. Sounds racy. And, uh, well, I could go to the motor show, I suppose. I'd like to see this new Hup roadster. Well---"

She never knew which attraction nade him decide.

She had four days of delightful worry-over the hole in her one man that's it's a waste of time to good silk petticoat, the loss of a string of beads from her chiffon and





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THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T	The second secon

Ask to hear these new selections played on the Victrola

"His Master's Voice" dealers

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brown velvet frock, the catsup stain The little Theaters, which were to on her best georgette crepe blouse.

than the commonplace chronicles a low and writhing wall which shut which dealt with senators and their off the snowy fields, she did not look pompous puerilities. She had a sen- out of the window. She closed her sation of familiarity; a dream of sitt- eyes and hummed, and did not know

fame and Paris.

The advertisement in the Minnea- In the Minneapolis station the Swedish families with innumerous The Cosmos School of Music, Ora- children and grandparents and paper a year and a half of Gopher Prairie. She had to be there! She begged She was certain that Kennicott was dusk, the liquor warehouses, Heb-

houses on lower Hennepin Avenue were smoky, hideous, illtempered. She was battered by the noise and shuttling of the rush-hour traffic. her, she moved nearer to Kennicott's

For a moment she wanted the secure quiet of Gopher Prairie.

In the hotel-lobby she was selfconscious. She was not used to hotels; she remembered with jealousy how often Juanita Haydock talked of the famous hotels in Chicago. She could not face the traveling salesmen, baronial in large leather chairs. She wanted people to believe that her husband and she were accustomed to luxury and chill elegance; she was faintly angry at him for the vulgar way in which, after signing the register "Dr. W. P. Kennicott & wife," he bellowed at the clerk, "Got a nice room with bath for us, old man?" She gazed about haughtily, but as she discovered that no one was interested in her she felt foolish, and ashamed of her irritation.

She asserted, "This silly lobby 18 too florid", and simultaneously she admired ft: the onyx columns with gilt capitals, the crown-embroidered velvet curtains at the restaurant door, the silk-roped alcove where pretty girls perpetually waited for mysterious men, the two-pound boxes of candy and the variety of magasines at the news-stand. The hidden orchestra was lively. She saw a man who looked like a European diplomat, in a loose top-coat and a Homburg hat. A woman with a broadtail coat, a heavy lace veil, pearl earrings, and a close black hat entered the restsurant. "Heavens! That's 'he first really smart woman I've seen in a year!" Carol exulted. She felt metro-

But as she followed Kennicott to the elevator the coat-check girl ,a and thin and furiously crimson, in-spected here and under that supercitious glance Carol was shy again. She to precede her into the elevator When he snorted "Go shead!" all was mortified. He thought she was hayesed, she worried.

The moment she was in their room, with the beliboy safely out of the way, she looked critically at Kennicott, For the first time in months she really saw him

His clothes were too heavy an provincial. His decent gray suit, made by Nat Hicks of Gopher Prairie, might have been of sheet fron; it had no distinction of out, no easy grace like the diplomat's Burberry His black shoes were blunt and no well polished. His scarf was a stupid brown. He needed a shave.

But she forgot her doubt She ran about, turning on the taps stead of dribbling like the taps at out of its envelope of oiled paper, trying the rose-shaded light between the twin beds, pulling out the drawers of the kidney-shaped walnut deak did come out cold. She flung her arms about Kennicott, kissed him . "Like it, old lady?"

"It's adorable. It's so amusing, I love you for bringing me. You really

He looked blankly indulgent, and awned, and condescended, "That's a pretty slick arrangement on the ator, so you can adjust it at any esture you want, Must take a big Curnace to run this place, Gosh, I

Under the glass cover guines hen De Vitresse, pommes de torre a la Russe, meringue Chantilly,

"Oh, let's— I'm going to have a hot bath, and put on my new hat with the wool flowers, and let's so down and eat for hours, and we'll

While Kennicott labored over ordering it was annoying to see him permit the waiter to be impertinent, but as the cocktail elevated her to a bridge among colored stars, as confident young woman, with cheeks powdered like lime, and a blouse low and thin and furiously crimson. Inyou only knew how wonderful it is not to have had to plan this dinner and order it at the butcher's and fuss and think about it, and then watch Bea cook at! I feel so free. And to have new kinds of food, and different patterns of dishes and linen, and

(To be Continued.)

not worry about whether the pud-



Saturday evening Brockvile lost good citizen when James passed away suddenly. He had no been in the best of health for some months but was able to discharge his duties as gateman at the G.T.R. crossing at William street.

The late James Potter was born Gananoque sixty-two years ago. was a son of the late Mr. and Mr. John Potter. He moved to Brock ville forty years ago, and entere the service of the G.T.R. as a train man on the Brockville-Belleville di sting the ice-water tap, and squeal- vision. He was a careful and skill apply when the water really ed railroader. Three years ago h accepted the position as gateman and had faithfully discharged the duties

Woman's Opinio

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy



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of the office. His wife died March she is survived by two sisters and with son, George Potter.

The Late Henry J. Kelly. The death occurred suddenly on merchant. Death was due with the fatal attack.

The late Henry W. Kelly was born a lingering illness. near Mallorytown sixty-five years The late Mr. Osborne was born at ing ingots to the desired size. ago. He was a son of the late Mr. Glen Elbe, son of the late Mr. and and Mrs. S. Kelly, pioneers of that Mrs William Osborne, and resided section. He was educated at Mal- all his life there following the oc- United States, where water wheels orytown and early in life entered cupation of farmer in which he was with a capacity of 9,243,300 horse the mercantile business with his bro-very successful. He was ther, the late John F. Kelly. For known some years they conducted a general store at Mallorytown. About twenty years ago he went to Napanee and since has conducted a grocery store medicines for fifteen years and in that town. He was a splendid

The Late Mrs. George M. Briggs. Brockville citizens learned with know from experience that regret of the death Tuesday morning after a brief illness of Mrs. George is far superior to any other. I M. Briggs. The late Mrs. Briggs would not put in a week's time was born at Belleville sixty-two in my home without it. For years ago, daughter of the late Croup there is nothing that excels Chamberlain's Cough Rem-Kelly, who resided with her daughter to the late sic your bowels when you have Headache Biliousness ter. The deceased resided in Brockville practically all her life.

wards, Buffalo, N.Y., and David Kel- Brockville is a brother.

riday at Napanee of Henry W. Kel- The Late George Frederick Osborne. Addison neart failure. He had been in his death occurred on Sunday of George ccustomed health when stricken Frederick Osborne, a highly es teemed resident, who succumbed to

His wife, who before her marriage wide enough to be used as a table

, 1921, and he is survived by one one brother, namely, Mrs. R. Pear- Waiter Osborne and Miss Ethel Osson, Brockville; Mrs. Harvey Ed- borne, at home. W. H. Osborne,

The deceased was an Anglican in religion, a member of Trinity church,

A new method for making hollow drill steel consists of pouring the melted metal around a steel tube filled with sand and rolling the result-

was Miss Sarah Percival, survives, under which is a swinging drawer.

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pletely by morning and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or gripe like Salts, Pills, Calomel, of Indisestion Sour Stomach Oll and they cost only ten cents Besides her husband and mother is candy-like Cascarets. One or to o box. Children love Cascarets too.