Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

Happenings of the Week

His Honour Lieut. Governor DeBlois entertained at dinner Wednesday evening at Government House in honor of Lt. General Sir Richard Turner, V.C., D.S.O., K.C.B. K.C.M.G., and Lady Turner. During dinner soft violin music added to the pleasure of the guests. Daffodils and Iris were artistically arranged on the exquisitely appointed table.

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Mrs. Mathieson, wife of Chief Justice Mathieson entertained at luncheon, at her residence on Wednesday, in honor of Lady Turner, who is spending some weeks in the city with her distinguished husband.

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Mrs. Mould, wife of Manager A. H. Mould of the Canadian National Hotel, is entertaining at a bridge and tea this afternoon for her friends.

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Among those who always break off work for a cup of tea at 11 o'clock is the Queen, who after dealing with her correspondence for an hour or so, has a little break in which her famous silver tea service is brought into use. On many occasions she invites visitors awaiting audience to join her. Her Majesty was recently presented with a magnificent tea chest, which she loaned to the Exhibition of Industrial Art at Burlington House, where it aroused much interest. As a result of this the Queen has now given permission for this chest to be exhibited in various important provincial art galleries.

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Mrs. Mabel Jones of Halifax spent a pleasant week-end at her old home here and renewed many friendships during her brief visit.

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A jolly young peoples dance was given at Government House on Monday when Miss Helen DeBlois and Mr. Robert DeBlois entertained most enjoyably. Included among the guests were several young people from outside points who were spending the holidays here with school chums. The Troubador orchestra added zest to the occasion while a profusion of spring flowers lent a charm to the pretty supper table.

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Mrs. Charles Lyons and Miss Louise Lyons after spending the winter in Montreal are returning to Charlottetown early in May.

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Major Ernest C. Weeks, M.C., M.M., formerly of Charlottetown, accompanied by Mrs. Weeks and their little son, have returned to Ottawa after spending the past two years and a half in England and are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Elroy Forde. Major Weeks will be stationed in Ottawa as assistant director of signals. Mrs. Weeks is leaving this week to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Scott in Indianapolis.

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Miss Margaret Prowse has returned from a short visit to Miss Marjorie Reddin in Montreal.

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Mr. W. Chester S. McLure, M.P., and Mrs. McLure arrived home from Ottawa on Thursday night.

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Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Chipman, plan leaving Truro in the middle of May for Charlottetown where Mr. Chipman has been transferred as a representative of the Eastern Securities Ltd. Mr. Chipman has been located in Truro for the past three years where he has made a host of friends who will regret to learn that he is moving away. Mrs. Chipman in the short time which she has resided in Truro, has made many friends.

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The Thursday afternoon bridge club held their closing meeting this week at Mrs. J. S. Bagnall's pretty home, when the many lovely prizes for the season were awarded.

* * *

The Duchess of York is passionately devoted to music, and is a very fine pianist. She early resolved that Princess Elizabeth would receive a thorough musical training. But the little Princess has never shown any great enthusiasm so far for the piano, although for years she has loved to listen to piano music. Her first piano lessons were sore trials to her, and once she flatly refused to finish her exercises. The Duchess was sent for, and found Princess Elizabeth with a rebellious look on her face. If you don't finish your music lesson, Elizabeth," the Duchess said firmly, "you will go to bed at once and stay there until tomorrow night." The threat was sufficient to send the Princess back to the piano stool!

* * *

Mrs. Jonathan West left yesterday morning for Halifax where she will spend a month with her son, Mr. Louis West and Mrs. West.

Mrs. E. H. Cameron, wife of Captain Cameron, formerly of Charlottetown, dockmaster at Montreal Harbour and former commander on one of the C.N.S. Lady liners, spent the week-end visiting her sister in Moncton.

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Miss Nora Bateson, who is in Saint John for a few days spoke before the Women's Canadian Club meeting at the Dufferin Hotel on Thursday evening on Literary Extension and Adult Education.

* * *

Mrs. Louise Bonnell returned home Thursday evening after spending a very enjoyable winter in St. Petersburg, Florida and Springfield, Mass.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. E. MacLaggan, of Montreal, who have a host of friends here, are leaving this week on a trip to England. They will be in London to witness the King's Jubilee celebration.

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Student dances, hospital and club bridges are popular forms of entertainment just at present.

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The Duke of Gloucester, during his visit to Ulster in connection with the King's Silver Jubilee celebrations, will, on May 11, inspect and address 10,000 members of youth organizations, including Boy Scouts, Girl Guide sand the Church Lads' Brigade. On his arrival at Belfast Friday, May 10, the Duke will drive ceremonially to the City Hall to be received by the Lord Mayor and meet the Corporation. On the Saturday, he will attend the parade of Ulster youth organizations. In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn will give a dinner party in his honor. Sunday, May 12, the Duke and the Governor and the Duchess of Abercorn will attend a Jubilee thanksgiving service in Belfast Cathedral. on Monday the Duke will visit Londonderry and be received by the Mayor and Corporation. The same evening he will leave for London.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for You and Baby Too

6-34

BOOKS / ART / MUSIC

(By F. R. H.)

This week has marked the three hundred and seventy first anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. The exact day is unknown, but April 26th was the date of his baptism.

Shakespeare's anniversary has been most fittingly observed in Charlottetown this year by the presentation of "The Bond Story" from the "Merchant of Venice" by the Kirk Shakespeare Group. This is, I think, the first time a Shakespearean play has been produced by amateurs in the city and the result has proved highly satisfactory and merits great praise.

Dr. Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, the first woman ever to be appointed to a professorial chair in an English University, has completed arrangements for the American publication of her book, "Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Teaches Us." This book, according to British scholars, opens a new era in Shakespearean criticism.

Ten years ago Miss Spurgeon began to realize that it was through the allusions and metaphors of Shakespeare's imagery that the best insight into the playwright's likes, dislikes, interests, and glimpses of his personality could be obtained.

Miss Spurgeon has gone through Shakespeare's plays and selected and classified all the images of the poet's fancy. There were seven thousand of them, and she found that Shakespeare's absorbing interest was in nature. She could perceive, also, minor prejudices such as hatred of noise—"he invariably spoke of war in terms of noise, referring to the clamors of hell."

Miss Spurgeon found that Marlowe's imagery pertained mostly to learning— to classical history and characters, books and religion; Ben Jonson was interested in types of humanity and Bacon in the familiar surroundings of domestic life.

Miss Spurgeon claims that—"An image, unlike a phrase or sentence is the result of an unconcious habit of thought which no one else can copy. I am convinced that the image test is an unfailing test of authorship which scholars might well apply to the doubtful Shakespeare plays."

On April 29th the newly discovered Napoleon letters are to be published. There are about three hundred letters in the collection which will be entitled "Napoleon's Letters to Marie Louise."

In some of these letters appears the word "telegraph" and the publishers, Farrar and Rinehart, are asking readers not to, at once, take it for granted that the letters are not authentic. "Although the telegraph as we know it was not invented until 1844, there was a "telegraph" system in Napoleon's day made up of sun-flashing mirrors."

Between Bradenton and Sarasota, Florida, there is the second largest art museum in the United States. The building has twenty-two side-lighted galleries from forty to one hundred and ten feet long, and has been built by Mr. and Mrs. John Ringling as the representation of "the consummation of an ideal." This museum houses the largest individually-owned collection of Reuben's paintings in the world and is adorned by eighty-eight sculptured figures facing the formal and very lovely garden. In the centre space of the garden topping one of the largest stages in America stands the Michael Angelo "David."

The old Shakespearean theatre in Stratford-on-Avon was burned in 1926. Since then, a new Memorial Theatre has been erected on the site of the old one. This new building was designed by an English girl, Miss Elizabeth Scott and is of very modern style architecture. It is an imposing building, plain, well-planned and beautifully situated on the bank of the River Avon.

SUNNY LIVING

starts at the table

How you feel and how you look depend largely on the foods you eat. The balanced menu provides the "bulk" to prevent common constipation — caused by lack of this essential fiber.

Common constipation frequently causes headaches, loss of appetite and energy. Yet, in most cases, it can be overcome pleasantly and safely by eating a delicious cereal.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a natural food for normal individuals. It furnishes "bulk" in convenient and concentrated form. ALL-BRAN also provides vitamin B and iron.

Isn't this sunny way better than taking patent medicines? Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN daily are usually sufficient. Chronic cases, with each meal. If relief is not obtained, see your doctor.

Serve ALL-BRAN as a cereal, or use in cooking. Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Keep on the Sunny Side of Life

Shakespeare followed the example of his time by scattering songs throughout most of his plays. Some of them are light and delicate, some realistic, and others philosophical. Compared with the songs of his contemporaries those of Shakespeare are "more natural and spontaneous." His favourite theme was nature, especially the spring of the year about which he wrote with unfailing freshness and delight. "Midsummer Night's Dream," the most musical of Shakespeare's plays is a "real phantasy of spring."

In all Shakespeare's works there are exquisite lyrics, snatches of poetry, and songs in which he paints "truly and passionately the miutest glories of the eternal world.

After a sensational series of triumphs in the United States last fall and winter, the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company of the Savoy Theatre, London, came to Toronto in March and is now playing in Montreal.

The theatre-goers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit and Chicago lost no opportunity in attending these performances where they could see the Gilbert and Sullivan operas performed in the traditional manner set down by the creators.

The ovation which followed the drop of the curtain on the opening night in New York has never been equalled in the history of New York theatres. The New York success has been repeated everywhere, and in each city visited the time has proved far too short to meet the demand.

The first number of a "Gilbert and Sullivan Quarterly" has recently been published in New York City. The periodical features a number of contributions from prominent figures in the musical world and authorities on the subject of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Contests, news of amateur and professional Gilbertian activities, and interesting articles on the Savoy tradition will also be included in numbers of the Quarterly.

Albert O. Bassuk, author of "How to Present the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas" is the editor of the new Quarterly.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Should Girl of 17 Have a Latch-Key of Her Own? Don't be Jealous of Cemetery, Wife No. 2; Be Glad You Have No Living Rivals! — Patient Grieselda

Dear Miss Dix—Will you please help my father and me to settle a problem which is very embarrassing to me. I am nearly 17, but I have no latchkey and when I come home from a date I have to ring the doorbell for my Dad to come and let me in. All the other girls have latchkeys and the boy boy friends ask me why I haven't one. I suggested to Dad that I ring the doorbell to let him know that it is I, and not a prowler, coming in and that I would wake him up and tell him where I had been, but that he should give me a key as the other girls have, and he said for me to ask you about it. Please tell us what you think. EVELYNNE.

Answer:

I think your suggestion a good one and one that your father might fall in with, if you have got the notion into your foolish little head that it makes you seem more grown up to have your own latchkey. One of the things that we older people are likely to forget is the passion for conforming to a pattern that the very young have. Their ideal is the rubber stamp. They must all dress just alike and act just alike and have just the same things and say the same things. And inasmuch as this is a harmless vagary of adolescence it should be gratified whenever possible.

You feel that you are made conspicuous by not having the key, and so your father will be wise if he gives you one while still maintaining his check on the hours your keep. Parents who want to keep in touch with their modern children have to do it by meeting them halfway and trying to see things from the youngsters' point of view.

I am glad to see that you have the good sense and the good feeling to appreciate your father's attitude in trying to take care of you. So many resent their parents' efforts to protect them and consider it an unwarranted meddling in their affairs for their fathers and mothers to want to know where they have been and with whom they went and how long they stayed out. They little know how they cheapen themselves in doing this.

Just to know that her parents are standing behind a girl, that they are protecting her and that any man will have to answer to them for this conduct toward her, makes a man respect her and treat her entirely differently from the way he treats a girl whose parents apparently set no value on her, and who is nothing but a little alley cat that they can pick up and throw away when they tire of her. DOROTHY DIX.

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Dear Miss Dix—I am happily married to a splendid man, or I would be happily married if it were not for my jelousy of his first wife. I am obsessed by the feeling that perhaps he does not love me as much as he loves her, and when he talks about her I get so green-eyed that I am fairly crazy and sometimes refuse to talk to him for days. Do you think I am foolish in being jealous over his dead wife? MRS. M. K.

Answer:

I think that any woman who has no rival nearer than the cemetery should be down on her knees thanking Heaven for her luck, instead of working herself up into a jealous frenzy. It is the live sirens a wife has cause to worry over, not the dead ones

Certainly a wife is going out of her way to hunt or trouble, who ruins what would otherwise be a happy marriage by resenting the affection that her husband gave his first wife. That is water that has passed over the mill. That is something that is gone and done, and nothing in the world can alter it, or change it, or bring it back, and if you have any intelligence whatever you will just accept it that way and forget it.

No doubt your husband did love his first wife. Probably his love for her was more romantic, more filled with dreams than his love for you, because it was the love of his youth. But while a boy's love may be more poetic than a grown man's, the mature man's goes deeper, is tenderer and more lasting. So you needn't feel that you have the worst of the bargain. In reality, you have the best.

Moreover, it is notorious that men almost invariably treat their second wives better than they did their first, because they learned about women from her and have more understanding and more sympathy with a woman than they had when they were boy husbands.

But if you encourage yourself in morbid thoughts about your predecessor, and especially if you throw jealous fits in which you refuse to speak to your husband for no reason at all that he can define, you are certainly going to make him regret No. 1 and think what a sorry contrast you are to her. DOROTHY DIX.

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Dear Dorothy Dix—I have a friend who during the entire five years of her married life has supported an able-bodied husband who has never done a hand's turn of work. She has turned over to him every cent of her salary except lunch money and carfare, out of which she buys small necessities. She doesn't even buy clothes, as her relatives keep her supplied. The husband never gives her a word of praise. Instead, he tells her how lucky she is to have him, of how many girls he could hape if he were not married and that she is a ball and chain around his feet. Once in a while she bursts out in protest, but only to beg his forgiveness for doing so when she sees that he is liable to break every piece of furniture in the house as a result of his nasty temper. This woman is only 22. What do you think of a case like this? MISS DISGUSTED.

Answer:

My first thought is one of contemptuous pity for a woman who is feeble-minded enough to waste her life slaving for a lazy loafer, who does not even throw her a kind word as one might pitch a bone to a hungry dog. My second thought is a truer one, and that is that my pity is wasted, for she is having the time of her life. She is doing exactly what she wants to do and enjoys doing, or else she wouldn't do it.

In these days of the emancipated female, when women drag their husbands into the divorce court for any sort of reason, or no reason at all, it is hard to realize that there are still some Patient Grisldas left. Some slave women who hug their chains to their breasts. Some women who are so humble that they will let their husbands kick them around without even resenting it. Some wives who will even kiss the hand that strikes them. Maybe they are a throw-back to our old cave foremothers who were wooed with a club by brutes and dragged by their long red hair to the lairs of their lords and masters.

How come, nobody knows. But there they are, as every one knows who has ever tried to get the wife of a drunkard to leave the sot who had dragged her down into the gutter; as every one knows who has ever tried to rescue a bruised and battered-up woman from a wife-beater; as every one knows who has tried to make a hard-working woman shut her purse against the grafter who lived on her.

For years and years a woman who was married to a man who was the very scum of creation used to weep upon my breast and tell me how cruel he was to her and how lazy and trifling, and how he used to take the pittance she earned to spend on other women. At last I succeeded in getting her the offer of an ideal job far from her troubles, but when I went to tell her the good news she turned on me in fury and hurled at me every invective to which she could lay her tongue.

So we waste our sympathy on the doormat wives. They are doormats because they enjoy being doormats and we have no right to interfere with their pleasure. DOROTHY DIX.

"I've only been here a few months—but I think I'm going to like it"

THE WORLD looks pretty rosy to this little lady.

She gets Castoria for a laxative. And she loves it! It is one laxative she takes willingly!

And that's very important! For if a youngster hates the taste of a laxative and struggles against taking it, her nerves are upset by the struggle. And her stomach, rebelling against the flavor, may be upset also!

So pleasant taste is one of the important reasons why Castoria is the right laxative for children . . .

Here's another:

Like the carefully chosen food you give your child—Castoria is designed *just for* a child's delicate system. It contains no strong, purging drugs such as some adult laxatives contain.

It is safe for delicately-balanced young systems. It will never, never cause griping pain. It clears away waste matter thoroughly but very gently. And it is not habit-forming.

Whenever your youngster needs a laxative—from babyhood to 11 years old—turn to Castoria. Look for the name Castoria. And save money—buy the family-size bottle.

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

The heart is hard in nature and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.

—COWPER

WHEN WALTER MADE SOME SIMNEL CAKES

Walter was a pastry cook's boy, who lived in Lancashire, the home of the Simnel cake about the year 1861. His grandfather told him that for as long as he could remember thousands of people had flocked into Lancashire on the fourth Sunday in Lent to eat Simnel cakes, and Walter once asked him the reason of this.

"Well, son, opinions differ," replied the old man. "The word simnel seems to mean corn, and some folk think we eat Simnel cakes in memory of Ceres ,the old heathen goddess of corn. But we in Lancashire eat Simnel cakes in mid-Lent in memory of the fine banquet given by Joseph to his brothers when they visited him in Egypt."

"But why do some folk call Simnel Sunday 'Mothering Sunday?" asked Walter.

"That's another story," said the old man. "You see, in old times the church was the mother of us all, taking the place of that Ceres of the heathen, and in mid-Lent children gave presents of cake to their parents and the whole family went to church together ,and ate the cakes afterwards in joyful company."

When Walter was making the rich cakes, which were first boiled then pressed into tins, baked ,and finished off with almond paste, he asked his master the origin of the custom.

"Long ago, on Mothering Sunday," said the jolly pastry cook, "an old man called Simon and his old wife Nell expected their grandchildren to come and see them. Nell said she would make a cake, but Simon wanted a pudding, so they quarrelled. But they had to make it up because the children were coming, so Nell said she'd boil the cake first and bake it afterwards, and they were both pleased. Everybody liked this cake, which was called Sim-Nell after them both. Pastry cooks made mid-Lent cakes like that ever afterwards, instead of the dry flour and salt cakes of ancient days."

When Simnel Sunday came around, Walter was up and out betimes, but it seemed to him the crowd was not so dense or so noisy as usual. Many of the shops were shut, too, and there was a preacher going round saying that the public houses ought to be closed.

"It's the trains that have done all this," said Walter's grandfather. "Taking our cakes to other towns so that people have no need to come here and eat 'em."

That gave Walter a shock. He made Simnel cakes better than he did anything else, so he decided to leave Lancshire and make cakes in London before anybody else thought of doing it. He soon had a nice little shop of his own, and today you can buy Simnel cakes almost everywhere, but hardly anybody remembers why they are made or why they are eaten.

BEWARE OF THE CLOTHES MOTH

The damage caused by clothes moths in Canada every year is extensive and the prevention of that requires the exercise of care, forethought, and vigilance, states the Dominion Entomologist. Dominion Department of Agriculture. Articles of clothing and other material ssubject to attack should no be left undistubed for long periods, particularly during the summer months, in such places as cupboards, attics, and trunks, unless adequate precautions have been taken to protect them The articles after being thoroughly brushed, preferably in strong sunlight, should be placed in well-made trunks or chests with tightly fitting lids, or enclosed in cotton or paper bags, or in cardboard boxes sealed with paper strips. Wrapping clothing in two thickness of strong wrapping paper, taking care that the edges are turned down so that no moths can gain entrance, is also recommended as an alternative measure. According to the Dominion Entomologist one pound of fresh naphthalene flakes ,or a similar quantity of paradichlorobenzene scattered among the garments in an ordinary sized trunk assures perfect protection from moth injury. When cotton or paper moth-bags are used, one-half pound of either of the above chemicals may be enclosed in each bag as an additional precaution. When entire buiitings are badly infested with moths, superheating the rooms, or fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas, but under expert supervision only is recommended

WHAT HE LEFT BEHIND

Colonel Montague Cooke in his memoirs "Clouds that Flee," has an amusing story of Father Bernard Vaughan, whom he met at the house of his brother, Colonel train ,and in the crowded carriage there sat a very unpleasant traveller who in every way made himself objectionable. At last he got out and moved up the platform. Bernard Vaughan put his head out of the window and called to the man: "You have left some thing behind in the carriage." The man hastened back, looked in at the window and asked what it was he had left. "A very bad impression." said Fathe Berna-"

-: FASHIONS FOR SPRING :-

The caped costume is one of the leaders of fashion this season. And here's a model that flatters the fuller figure.

A print silk in beige and brown made the original. You'll find it very inexpensive. It tubs beautifully.

A coin spot cotton, say in soft handkerchief-finish lawn would also make up very effectively.

Tub pastel silks in dusty pink, aqua blue or yellow, are lovely and practical for this easily made model for summer.

Style No. 406 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inches bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 39-inch material.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

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THE FAMOUS RUBBING LINIMENT

Rub on—pain gone. Get the new large economy size—Also available in smaller, regular size.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

65

Few Minutes Eases Neuritis Pains Now!

DISCOVERY BRINGING QUICK RELIEF FROM PAIN TO MILLIONS

Remember the pictures below when you want *fast* relief from pain. Demand and get the method doctors prescribe—*Aspirin*.

Millions have found that *Aspirin* eases even a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain often in a few minutes!

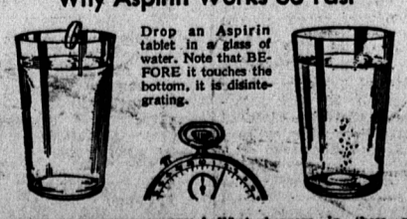
In the stomach as in the glass here, an *Aspirin* tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it.

Equally important, *Aspirin* is safe. For scientific tests show this: *Aspirin does not harm the heart.*

Remember these two points: *Aspirin Speed* and *Aspirin Safety*. And, see that you *get ASPIRIN*. It is made in Canada, and all druggists have it. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every *Aspirin* tablet.

Get tin of 12 tablets or economical bottle of 24 or 100 at any druggist's.

Why Aspirin Works So Fast



Drop an Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches the bottom, it is disintegrating.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH

An Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach—ASPIRIN tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

When in Pain Remember These Pictures

Aspirin is the Trade Mark of the Bayer Company Limited

THE COOK'S CORNER

PINEAPPLE UPSIDEDOWN

2 tablespoons melted butter, ⅓ cup brown sugar, put in a medium sized pudding dish or frying pan and let sugar dissolve. Then add 1 cup shredded pineapple (and ¼ cup nuts if desired.)

Cover this with a batter made as follows: ½ cup granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 cup flour, 1 large teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Put batter on top of first part and bake in a moderate oven about 30 minutes. Turn out, let cool, cover with whipped cream, and decorate with fruits may be used if you like.

DATE BARS

Filling—1 lb. of dates, 1 cup brown sugar, 1½ cups boiling water. Boil until thick and be sure to cool before spreading.

Date Bars—2 cups flour, 1 cups lard, 2 cups oatmeal, 1 cup granulated sugar, 1 teaspoon baking soda, ¾ parts of teaspoon salt.

Mix all together and rub in lard as for pastry, spread ¾ of the dry mixture (crumbled) in a pan 12x12. Spread the filling and add the rest of crumbs. Grease pan and bake until brown.

A Morning Smile

"Weren't ye fear't in the airy plane, Sandy?"

"Aye, I was fear't! I cried oot to the pilot, 'Five poun's if ye'll put me doon safe an' sound!' . . . Fortunately he didna hear me."

TOO LATE

The liner quivered from stem to stern, and then with a harsh, grating sound it came to a full stop.

A man in a long, flowing white nightshirt appeared from a cabin and dashed up to a steward. "What's happened?" he shouted. "Have we struck an iceberg? Shall I get into my lifeboat? Won't you lower the boats?"

"Too late," the steward answered. "We've done all we can for you, and you'll have to look out for yourself now. You see, we've just tied up in dock."