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INSTALLMENT I
 The blast of a bugle announced the mad dash of the charioteers around the arena which would bring the main show under the big top to a close. "Heyah, Heyah!" cried the barker, who was endeavoring to attract the attention of those early leavers wishing to avoid the final jam "Heyah! Right this way. Look! Look! Queer people from queer lands, gathered from the four corners of the earth to startle and amaze you, Heyah! Look, look! Furnio, the human volcano. He eats fire and drinks burning oil!"
 On he went, extolling his attraction and proclaiming the powers of those mysterious individuals gathered within, accentuating his selling talk by pounding a bamboo stick upon the huge canvas banners stretching across the front. On the inside the objects of his lecture made ready to thrill the "Natives." It was a hot day. Beads of perspiration stood out on Tweedledee's forehead and, although he rubbed them away repeatedly, they would form again with military monotony and charge down into his eyes. Near him sat Madame Fatima, slumped over in her chair—a mountain of purple, painful flesh, fanning away the legion of summer flies and casting vindictive glances from her small pig-like eyes at the Human Skeleton on her right—a West Indian, who basked in the fierce heat like some bronze snake in the tropical sunshine, repaying her attention with a triumphant but sickly smile.
 On Tweedledee's face, first was mirrored the smile of the West Indian as he noted the discomfort of the fat woman, but as his glance followed hers and became fixed on the lizard-like figure of the Human Skeleton basking on his platform—when he perceived the full animal pleasure depicted in every loose-lying joint of that bony frame—the light of anger in Madame Fatima's eyes was as nothing to the red-hot torrent of fury that poured out of his. Jumping out of his toy chair and stretching himself to his full stature of two feet three inches, he shook his tiny fist at the Human Skeleton and cursed him heartily in a voice like a squeak. At this the West Indian's thin-lipped smile broadened, and shivering affectively he wrapped himself up to the chin in a heavy black robe which lay beside him. The dwarf's anger waxed into a consuming flame; his little round shoe-button eyes flashed and his soft chubby face writhed into a terrible mask. It was as though the expression of a baby had been suddenly transformed into the expression of a murderer. But his voice was pitifully weak and ineffectual. "I wish you were dead, you human clothes hanger!" he squeaked, shaking his fist at the skeleton. "I wish you were dead and that I had done it."
 A grinning attendant approached Tweedledee's platform. "Cut it out, Teedy," he said. "This ain't no way to behave! The people will be comin' in here from the big show and dwarfs with gouches don't make a big hit."
 "I'd kill him!" muttered Tweedledee with his eyes still fixed on the West Indian. "I'd kill him."
 "If you was big enough, sure. But you ain't." And so saying, he lifted the infuriated dwarf, placed him, none too gently, in his toy chair and went off to join a companion at the entrance of the tent.
 "Teedy's got 'em again," he explained.
 "It's lucky Hercules ain't that way!" said his friend. "We'd have some lively times around here if he was. But I wouldn't be handlin' Teedy rough when the big one's



around, Bill. They're pretty thick, the two. The big one thinks a lot of Teedy."
 "Who, old Hercules? Why, he wouldn't hurt a fly, God! But it's hot. Look at Lady Fatima. A piece of butter now."
 Martial music wafted in through the door. A half-witted negro, "The Wild Man from Borneo," part of the front ballyhoo, jabbered and danced. But far wilder than he, far blacker than he, were the thoughts that danced and jabbered on the fantastic floor of Tweedledee's brain.
 He sat in his toy chair, his chin resting on one hand—a ridiculous caricature of Rodin's "Thinker"—staring at the ground with black, unseeing eyes, while before his mental vision floated scenes of violence.

Province of Prince Edward Island
IN THE PROBATE COURT
 16th George V., A. D., 1925

In re Estate of Peter Stewart late of Charlottetown, in the County of Queen's, in the said Province, deceased, testate, Alexander Bannerman Warburton, Surrogate Judge of Probate &c., &c.
 To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's or any Constable or literate person within said County.

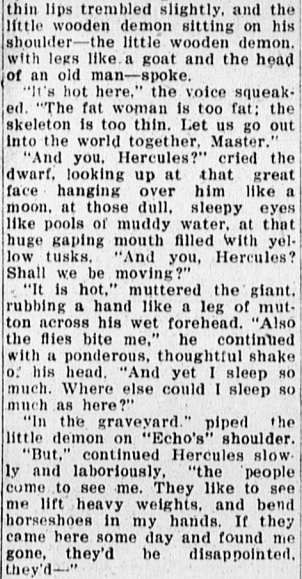
GREETING:
 WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Alexander W. Stewart of North Wiltshire in Queen's County aforesaid, and George H. Jones of Brackley Point, in Queen's County aforesaid, the executors of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose herein after set forth: You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on Thursday the twenty-second day of October next, coming, at the hour of eleven o'clock forenoon of the same day to shew cause if any they can why the Accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and said petition and on motion of Queen's County aforesaid, and in front of the said Court, a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely, in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, in front of the schoolhouse at East Royalty in Queen's County aforesaid, and in front of the schoolhouse at Brackley Point in Queen's County aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.
 GIVEN under my Hand and the Seal of the said Court this eighth day of September, A. D. 1925 and in the sixteenth year of His Majesty's reign,
 A. B. WARBURTON,
 Judge of Probate.

At first his heroes had been of a childlike character. He wished to be considered good, noble, brave. He ached to become a hero. He acquired a stately carriage, only to see the people before his platform convulsed with merriment. He soon learned that this was an impossible role to play. Whatever he did was humorous. When he gave to poverty, poverty laughed in his face. All professions, except that of clown, were closed to him.
 And so the materialistic children had closed their eyes to the inner workings of their doll, but the inner workings had changed so much—so very much. Every one who has the ability to love greatly also has the ability to hate greatly. Every one who has the ability for great goodness, has the ability for great evil. A murderer is often a perverted hero. Tweedledee, perceiving that his heroism was ridiculed by his audience, turned to the other side of his nature. He must be considered seriously at any cost.
 And this other self had answered him—this other evil self had grown in him for months; very gradually it had been gaining the ascendancy in his mind. Till now it sat, enthroned, in the crimson robes of sin—a monarch who called to life the evil spirits of his soul.
 Tweedledee, like all great egotists, must play a leading part on the stage of life; and if the audience were not pleased with him in the role of hero, off the boards, and hooted him off the boards, there was another part to play, as important, as serious, as awe-inspiring. If his personification of good had failed, his personification of evil should not fail. If his audience could not thrill to his heroism, it should tremble at his villainy. That could hold the centre of the stage; that too could clothe his naked ego.
 The body of Tweedledee had been formed by nature for a small part in the world's theatre, but the soul of Tweedledee had been formed on a larger scale. In it burned an insatiable fire—a fire that shone through his beady eyes as he sat staring at the floor—a fire that would one day flash out into the world. Before it nothing could stand. It would burn and destroy. Strong men would tremble before it. That day was coming fast. Already he could hear its footsteps in the distance. It would touch him on the shoulder; it would look into his eyes, and then—then—
 Through the open door a river of blaring music poured in like a cataclysm. The half-witted negro seemed carried away in it, and whirled about on his platform like a chip on a torrent. Occasionally there came a sudden lull in the music, followed immediately by a sound as though a thousand whips were snapping at once. The big show was drawing to a close.
 Tweedledee could see the whole scene as though it were being enacted before his eyes—the people leaning forward excitedly; the volleys of deafening applause; the thousands of eager eyes fixed on the flashing chariots, on the stalwart drivers beribboned and bedecked in the pomp of Rome, on the foamed-flecked horses. It was a soul-inspir-


ing sight; and for the moment these charioteers were heroes—heroes to the children, to the mothers, to the fathers, to the yokels of the town—heroes snatched from another world.
 Soon the throng would be jostling and shoving out into the Midway. They would come to see him—laugh at him—mock him. They would find humor in his weakness—his small body and squeaky voice.
 "It I only had a commanding body and a commanding voice!" he thought. "If I only had a commanding body and a commanding voice, why I would end it now!"
 And at that very instant a touch fell on his arm.
 Tweedledee started and a strange look came into his eyes—the look that a drowning man has when he catches at a straw. Two men stood before him—his two friends in the world—the only two who took him seriously. What matter if one were considered mad, and the other little better than a beast; what matter, for were they not his friends? They never laughed at him. No, they repeated him too much for that. They took him very, very seriously. And so Tweedledee's somber little face brightened slightly, and he gave each of them a tiny hand.
 "Tweedledee," growled the gigantic Hercules, bending down from his seven feet of stature till his lips nearly touched the dwarf's ear, "how's everything with you, Tweedledee?"
 "Tweedledee" said nothing, standing there with his large, luminous eyes fixed on the ground; but his thin lips trembled slightly, and the little wooden demon sitting on his shoulder—the little wooden demon, with legs like a goat and the head of an old man—spoke.
 "The fat woman is too fat; the skeleton is too thin. Let us go out into the world together, Master."
 "And you, Hercules?" cried the dwarf, looking up at that great face hanging over him like a moon, at those dull, sleepy eyes like pools of muddy water, at that huge gaping mouth filled with yellow tusks. "And you, Hercules? Shall we be moving?"
 "It is hot," muttered the giant, rubbing a hand like a leg of mutton across his wet forehead. "Also the flies bite me," he continued with a ponderous, thoughtful shake of his head. "And yet I sleep so much. Where else could I sleep so much as here?"
 "In the graveyard," piped the little demon on "Echo's" shoulder.
 "But," continued Hercules slowly and laboriously, "the people come to see me. They like to see me lift heavy weights, and bend horseshoes in my hands. If they came here some day and found me gone, they'd be disappointed, they'd—"
 "The people!" cried Tweedledee in a voice like a rusty hinge. "The people came to laugh at you. You're a machine to them. They put money in the slot, and watch it work. You're not a man, you're a machine—a plodding machine."
 "I don't know, Tweedledee," said the giant. "You may be right—you mostly are. But I heard a woman say once—'I heard this, mind you, with my own ears—she said to her little boy, 'Don't drink or smoke, and you'll grow up as big as him some day.' It pleased me, that did. It made me feel as though I was an example of what a man should be."
 "An example of what a beast should be!" broke in the dwarf. "A broken spirited elephant—that's what you are! You stand there, day after day, in the sun with the people buzzing about you like flies; you stand there quite content if they throw peanuts at you now and then. But 'Echo' and I are of other clay. We are going out into the world as to a dance. We will take Adventure by the hand, and she will lead us. We will fly about like the wind; and, looking back, we will see that, which we have passed over, has changed somewhat. We are ready for the road, eh, my 'Echo'?"
 (To be Continued.)

THE UNHOLY THREE
 by TOD ROBBINS

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 (To be Continued.)



Fashion Fancies



—From the Passing Show.
 By Marie Belmont.
 Navy blue rep, very simply tailored, makes an ideal dress for wear in the early Fall.
 The model above is a two-piece affair. The skirt has a kick pleat in the front for fullness, and the overblouse is made with a graceful V slit at the front and arranged to button at either hip so that the finishing band fits tight to the figure.
 The open neck, finished with a hand which extends into narrow ribbons that drop at the front has found great favor this season.

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WHITE ENGLISH SPARROW ... museum by J. A. Newman of this served it around the neighborhood for several days before bagging it. This is something new in the sparrow line and the specimen will be mounted and placed with other exhibits in the provincial museum, atchewan, but this is the first pure white sparrow found to date.
 REGINA, Sask. Sept. 19.—A white English sparrow has been presented to the Saskatchewan

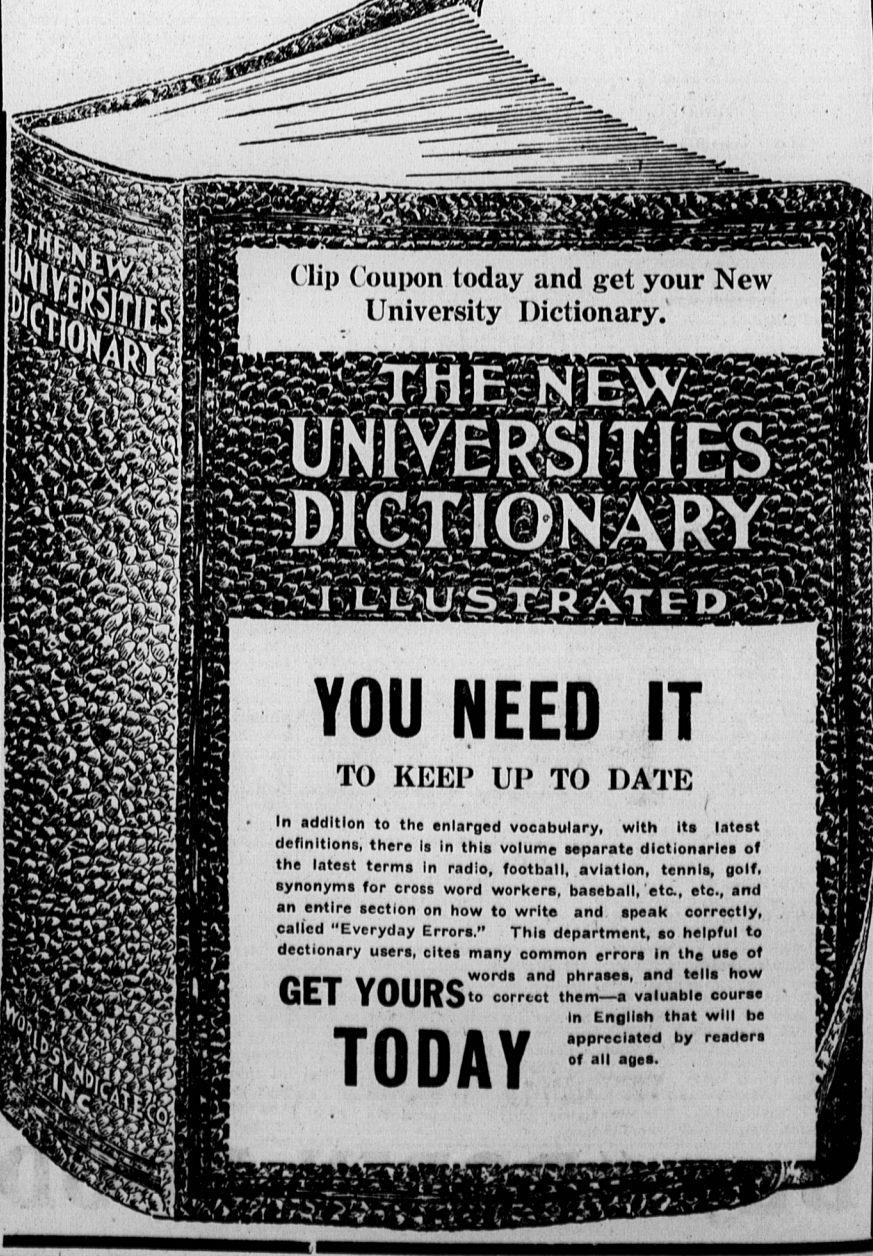
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