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CHARLOTTETOWN

$290,000 Lost In One Evening

(By British United Press.)

LONDON, March 15. — The heaviest baccarat gambling on the Riviera for years has caused a sensation in the Casinn at Cannes, which shares with Deauville the reputation of having the highest baccarat play in the world.

In one evening, an American named Day lost $290,000.

Monsieur Vagliano, the biggest baccarat plunger to visit the Riviera (he comes every year) was holding the bank with his syndicate in the rooms when the American expressed a desire to take over a bank like that." He was told that he could do so, and bought it.

He did not know the game well, he explained, and had not held a baccarat bank before, but doubtless they would assist him to run it .The syndicate agreed!

For the first coup under the new banker the syndicate put one million francs on one side of the table and two millions on the other side.

This alarmed Mr. Day, who intimated that he had not intended to run to quite that limit. He was told, however, that it being a banque ouverte he must cover the stake or forfeit. Later he could, of course, regulate the bank, but not this time. Accordingly he played and lost.

The game proceeded for several hours, at the end of which the American had lost a sum estimated by the syndicate at $375,000 though probably $290,000 is a more accurate figure.

There have been some very big baccarat wins in the Cannes Casino during the last few weeks.

A young Canadian won $20,000 in one afternoon recently and cabled the whole lot to Canada the same night—a strength of will-power only once before exhibited on the Riviera, when Mr. Jaggers, a Yorkshireman having won $400,000 at Monte Carlo, not only sent it home, but followed it, and never returned.

But nothing for years has equalled this coup of the great Vagliano syndicate.

Work on what will be the largest electric power generating station south of the equator is under way at Buenos Aires.

Gargle

ASPIRIN

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package. Look for the "Bayer Cross."

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Why I Live In Tahiti

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (April '26) James Hall

During a recent brief visit to America my Aunt Harriet showed deep concern as to my reasons for choosing a small tropical island in the mid-Pacific as a place in which to live. We talked through dinner, after dinner, and until far into the night—I warming up to my theme, becoming all but eloquent regarding the advantages of solitude and a simple, fairly primitive way of living; my aunt asking from time to time very pertinent questons. At length she brought the discussion round to the question of one's duties, rights and privileges as an American citizen. I said that I would always recognize my duty to go to the aid of the country in time of war; as for the rights and privileges, I was willing to forgo them to my own ideas of what constitutes living. My aunt was surprised that I had no deep feeling of patriotism toward America as a whole, but this seems to me natural, inevitable. Patriotism is based upon community of blood, language, tradition, ideals; and, needless to say, there is no longer such community in the United States, nor can it be again for centuries to come—if ever.

"I see now what is wrong," my aunt said. "You're an anarchist! You may not admit it, but it's true. If you had your way you would live in a place where there is no government at all!"

But is there any reason why one should not seek out a place where one may at least play at anarchy? This is possible in Tahiti, which is one of the reasons why I live there.

In order to play at anarchy with any success, two conditions are essential: one must follow an art or profession or trade which provides the necessities of life; and it must be of such a kind that it may be practised, for the most part, in solitude. I have such a trade. It is journalism.

How does one play at anarchy? One simply lives as though there were no government in existence The conditions are almost ideal in a small island colony. But you must have no axes of any sort to grind, or exchange, or expose for sale. When that is the case you may have very pleasant relationships with those who do. They realize that you are not competing or trying to compete with them; therefore they reveal to you only the best sides of their natures, and at length you are all convinced that they have no other sides to reveal.

"But you must find time hanging very heavily on your hands," you may say.

Never—but for the sake of absolute veracity it is well to qualify that. Boredom is a universal spiritual disease and all men suffer from it at times, no matter where they may be. But I can say, truthfully, that attacks of it grow increasingly rare in Tahiti. In America, the most virulent cause of boredom, in my own case, was to see multitudes of people engaged in useless, joyless occupations. To be sure, many of them did not appear to be aware of the awful tedium of their lives, but, being a sensitive man, I suffered vicariously for them. This is the least endurable of all suffering. In Tahiti I escape it, for, with the exception of the government employees, there is no one engaged in joyless work.

After a month or two of this quiet, uneventful life you find that you are losing your old conception of time. It never intrudes itself as something not to be wasted. You do waste it,—prodigally, I suppose in the high-latitude sense: that is, you no longer make unremitting use of it to your own material advantage—but I am not at all convinced that this is to be deplored. Often you will go for an all-day ramble up some grassy plateau which rises gradually toward the mountains, climbing on and on until you reach a vantage point where, on the one hand, you have a view into the depths of a great valley dappled with the shadows of the clouds; and, on the other, of the palm-clad lowlands and the broad lagoons beyond; and, beyond them again, of the sea —50, 60 miles of blue sea. There, listening to the silence, busy with your own thoughts or deep in fathomless reverie, you will sit until evening, surprised that evening comes so soon; and the strange thing—from the old, high-latitude point of view—is that such a waste of time brings not anxiety but peace of mind. It is easy to believe that you have been fulfilling, during those long hours of idleness, a small but important function in the scheme of things. On such days you are convinced that loafing is a virtue and that three-fourths of the unhappiness of the world is caused by the fact that men ave forgotten how to loaf.

The strange thing, to me is that so few people seem to want solitude. They fly from it as though it were the wrath to come, and seem to have lost the capacity for being alone even during very brief periods.

Optimism is a crowd quality; and it is only fair to say that during my residence in Tahiti I have met but very few optimists. I have often wondered why it is that this small island should draw so many authentic pessimists. They are of all nationalities, from every walk of life, men of education, men of no education; but, diverse as they are in many respects, they have two qualities in common: they are all interesting men, and all are suffering from disillusionment. Almost without exception, these men are lookers-on at life, out of sympathy with the spirit of their times; and so, not being agle to act with any enthusiasm, they talk.

Many of them, through years of practice have become past masters in the art of conversation, and it is this that makes them such interesting companions. I used to wonder why it was that even small gatherings at home were usually so tedious. To be sure, words flowed perpetually, but they had little significance or interst. We were bored with each other without knowing why. The trouble was, I think, that we did not know how to talk or what to talk about. Things and events alone had importance as matter for conversation; so we discussed them, and, if you had had the courage and patience, you might have sat through an endless number of those so-called conversations without hearing so much as a fleeting reference to an idea

The best method of geting things done at home is to set aside a day for doing them. We have Mother's Day when we must think of our mothers, and Father's Day when we must think of our fathers. Well, why not have an Idea Day when those who are too busy during the rest of the year think and talk ideas to the exclusion of everything else?

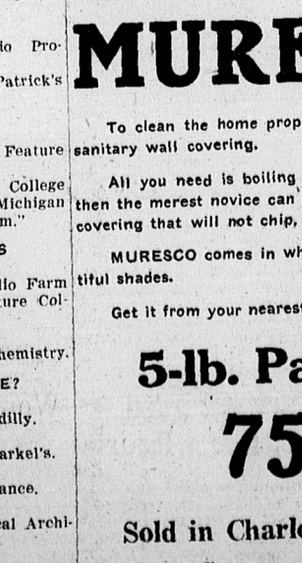
My experience leads me to believe that good talk is likely to result, even in groups of quite ordinary individuals, when favorable conditions lead to favorable occasions. In Tahiti one has ample leisure, not only to talk, but to think between periods of talk. Men came together after weeks or months of solitude, their minds surcharged with energy, their opinions carefully weighed and sorted against the time when they may be brought forth in company. During their lonely meditations, they are seized by great convictions or great doubts, and to share these is as necessary to them as breathing. The moment two or three of them meet, the conversation immediately centers around ideas, for things are conspicuous only by their absence, events by the rarity of their occurrence. What a satisfaction it is to escape the dominance of things—not to be perpetually reminded of them, stimulated to think of them or to want them or to acquire them without wanting them! Very few people here have accumulated possesions. As for the pessimist , have been speaking of, nearly all have achieved affluence in the Diognic sense, estimating their wealth in terms of the things they can do without.

Although not yet among the truly opulent ones in this sense, I live much more cheaply than would be possible, even for a journalist, in America. In fact, my scale of living is about that of a small mechanic—even that of a day laborer —at home.

My disillusioned friends are great readers, and this is another important minor advantage of living here: one has both the leisure and the inclination to read extensively. Most men would agree that literature is the finest of the arts, music alone excepted. If this is true, then the time one gives to the reading of good books should be considerable, and here it is so. In America, although I got through many books during the course of a year, it was reading with the eyes for the most part—rarely were mind and spirit fully engaged. There were too many distractions, and even when most deeply absorbed I was conscious all the while of the likelihood of interruption, so that I entered only half-heartedly the world of the imagination, like a doctor who goes to the theater expecting at any moment to be called away. For reading, one must have solitude and the assurance of freedom from interruption, and in Tahiti as nowhere els I have been able to fulfill both of these conditions. I have a small house which stands on a peninsula about an acre in extent. No road passes through it—only a footpath used by two or three native families. The house faces the sea, with a northwest exposure, and the nearest neighbors in that direction are some 800 miles away. Those to the right and left are closer at hand, but they are the most discreet and thoughtful of neighbors and never intrude. Often I see no one for days, and in the secluded, sunny silence of the place it is easy to imagine that I am living on an otherwse uninhabited island. Here, many a time, secure from interruption, I have read for a solid week—mornings, afternoons, evenings, living in books more intensely than I have ever lived in the world of reality.

There is one more reason for living in Tahiti which has great weight with me: in a small island world one may comprehend all individual, social, and political activity at a glance. This adds enormously to the pleasure of living. One is bewildered by the complexity of life on a great continent. Here there is diversity without complexity, a mingling of races comparable to that in America, but on a small scale. To visit the Tahiti market of an early morning is to see the world in miniature: Polynesians, Chinese, French, English, Americans, Russians, Danes, Scandinavians; and it is of endless interest to see how these diverse elements accomodate themselves to their environment and to each other. But the ultimate result of this mingling is already clearly apparent. Within 50 years the Chinese have conquered Tahiti as completely as they will conquer all of French Polynesia before the conclusion of this century.

But the Pacific is wide, and spangled with islands as the sky with stars. Although there is but one Tahiti, other crumbs of land exist where the anarchists may still find solitude and peace of mind, scaling lofty mountains for a view of the world, or walking lonely beaches, deep in unprofitable thought.



British Heiress Defies Mother And Will Marry

Miss Duggan, 19, Escapes Imprisonment Planned by Marchioness With Butler As Jailer and Her Wedding To Attorney is Expected Shortly.

LONDON, March 15. — A family butler who was to be her jailor and a stern and unrelenting mother in the person of Machioness Curzon of Kedleston are reported to have had little success in stopping the marriage plans of Miss Marcella Duggan, one of England's richest heiresses.

Miss Duggan's marriage to Edward Rice, a young attorney, is expected shortly by her friends, despite a recent heated denial from the marchioness. Reports that her mother attempted to lock her daughter in a bedroom has spread throughout London, resulting in a buzz of gossip over the apparent failure of the marchioness to enforce her will.

The marchioness' butler had been asked to act as guard over 19-year-old Marcella, according to the stories. When he arrived at her bedroom door carrying the key which was to make her a prisoner, Miss Duggan had escaped. Apparently she had learned something of her mother's intentions and was unwilling to risk interruption of her wedding plans. Since then she has been the guest of friends.

While the engagement has not been announced, it is generally admitted that the young couple are planning a wedding very soon. The determined bride is a daughter of the marchioness by the latter's first marriage, her father having been the late Alfred Duggan, of Buenos Aires.

The marchioness was a daughter of the late J. Monroe Hines, of Alabama, who was in the United States diplomatic service.

Tomorrow's Radio Program

FRIDAY, MARCH 18

International Radio Programs

EVENING CONCERTS

6.00 P. M.

KDKA (309) E. Pitts. KDKA Sextet.

7.30 P. M.

WGY (380) Schenectady. Remington Band.
CFCF (411) Montreal. Battle's Concert Orchestra.
WSAI (326) Cincinnati. Request Program.
WMCA (341) N. Y. Masta Entertainers.

8.00 P. M.

WBAL (246) Baltimore. Musical Program.
KDKA (309) E. Pitts. Concert.
WEAF (492) N. Y. Goldman Band to WEEI, WJAR, WGR, WLIT, WRC, WWJ, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WGN and WCCO.
WTAM (390) Cleveland. Studio Recital.
WMCA (341) New York. German Songs and Music.
WBZ (333) Springfield. Musicale.

8.45 P. M.

WABC (316) New York. Organ Recital.

9.00 P. M.

WJZ (455) N. Y. Brunswick Hour.
WGR (319) Buffalo. Musical.
WMCA (341) New York. Entertainers.
WEAF (492) New York. National Concert Artists.

9.15 P. M.

WABC (316) New York. "The Pagoda of Flowers."

9.30 P. M.

WPG (300) Atlantic City. Studio Feature.
WBAL (246) Baltimore. String Quartette.

10.00 P. M.

WEAF (492) N. Y. Whittall-Anglo Persians ,to WJAR, WTAM, KSD, WWJ, WCCO, WDAF, WGR, WEEI, WTAG, WCAE, WOC and WLIT.

10.30 P. M.

WTAM (390) Cleveland. Studio Program.

11.00 P. M.

WMCA (341) N. Y. Studio Program.
CNRA (322) Moncton. St. Patrick's Day Program.

12.00 Mid.

KNX (337) Hollywood. Feature
WABC (316) New York. College Feature "University of Michigan 90th Anniversary Program."

FEATURE TALKS

7.00 P. M.

WTIC (476) Hartford. Radio Farm Course. Conn. Agriculture College.

8.30 P. M.

WRNY (259) New York. Chemistry.

WANT TO DANCE?

7.00 P. M.

WCAU (278) Phila. Piccadilly.

8.00 P. M.

WBZ (333) Springfield. Markel's.

9.30 P. M.

WEAF (492) N. Y. La France.

10.00 P. M.

WCAU (278) Phila. Musical Architests.

10.30 P. M.

WPG (300) Atlantic City. Van Doren.
WJZ (455) N. Y. Commodore.

11.00 P. M.

WABC (316) N. Y. Casino.

11.30 P. M.

WEAF (492) New York. Greenwich Village.
WPG (300) Atlantic City. Casino.

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Ellerslie, L. A. Burelgh.
Ellerslie, A. A. McCaull.
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Elmsdale, A. L. Rennie.
Emerald, J. W. Fyfe.
Emerald, John McEntee.
Freetown, Auld & Baker.
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Millview, Jenkins Bros.
Miscouche, J. P. Gaudet.
Montague, Poole & Thompson.
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Morell, H. H. Cox.
Morell, R. W. McEwen.
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Murray Harbor South, Prowse Bros.
Murray Harbor South, W. J. Johnston.
Murray River, McDonald & Son.
Murray River, Cook & Son.
New Annan, H. R. Mouse.
New Glasgow, L. H. D. McCoubrey.
New Haven, S. H. Colvill.
New Haven, R. A. McPhail.
Newport, Phillip Sloan.
New Wiltshire, McLeod Bros.
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North Tryon, J. F. Lord.
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