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DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

(Concluded) But finding Billy Wells did not prove to be the simple thing that Clay had hoped and prayed it would be. Three weeks after her tragic flight into the night, a short letter with two hundred dollars in bank notes came from New York to Mrs. Wells, addressed to the Poplar street house. There was no clew as to the writer's address, no explanation of how the money had been obtained, but T. Q. knew that Billy had sold her fur coat. After that the short, reassuring letters came regularly, once a week, each with its pitiful enclosure of a folded five-dollar bank note. After two months the weekly enclosure became seven dollars instead of five; within three months there was a ten-dollar bill in each weekly envelope. The letters themselves contained only the briefest reassurances and pathetically reiterated messages of love for the mother she had so neglected for a year.

Mrs. Wells wept over the letters and sent them to Clay, who was spending most of his time in New York. After failing to trace her herself, he hired a private detective to aid him in the search, but months went by without bringing a ray of hope to the distracted young man who was rapidly becoming a figure of importance in New York's musical circles.

Nyda Lomax Banning, whom Clay encountered on the street one day nearly a year after Billy's disappearance, gave Clay the first real reason to hope.

Clay hardly recognized the over-painted, over-dressed woman who came to his table in a night club. Clay sat alone, waiting to hear a girl violinist play in the hope that it might be his lost sweetheart.

Nyda gushed over him and seated herself at his table. Clay made no effort to conceal his distaste for her society, but Nyda, homesickness lurking in the languorous depths of her black eyes, held him in conversation.

"Sure, I ditched Eddie long ago. I was in the chorus of 'Naughty, Naughty' for two months, then a big butter-and-egg man convinced me that work was had for my health. So I'm taking things easy," she added nonchalantly.

"Clay leaned forward so abruptly that he overturned his own untouched drink. 'Where did you see her?' he demanded, his voice trembling with eagerness.

"Walking along Broadway one night with a fiddle case in her hands," Nyda answered. "For God's sake, don't shout at me! That's all I know! I was with my boy friend and I didn't speak to her."

No matter how desperately he pounded his questions at her, Clay could get no more out of Nyda. But he did leave the night club that night with hope burning high in his heart. If Nyda had seen Billy on Broadway, when she wasn't even looking for her, couldn't he who loved her so well and who was devoting more than half of his waking hours to looking for her hope to meet her, too?

"Blessed, plucky little angel!" he exclaimed. "I knew she was studying again. Working all day and studying at night. She'd I function! Take a music lesson, of course! God bless her!"

When his symphony, "The Song of Toll," was presented to the public for the first time by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra—now played.

"The greatest violinist in the world!" he gasped, as he sprang up the dark, steep stairs, almost upsetting a dirty child that scuttled resentfully out of his way.

On each landing he paused, listening, then plunged on until he had reached the top floor. His hand was about to close upon the door-knob without knocking when the violinist stopped abruptly in the middle of one of the closing passages of the music.

MANY ATTEMPTS WILL BE MADE TO MISREPRESENT PREMIER STEWART'S POLICY FOR BETTER TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION

When Premier Stewart first announced his policy for Government Control and an Improved Temperance Law he said that if his words were not written down in black and white they were sure to be misrepresented. So he read the statement which he had carefully prepared beforehand.

But notwithstanding this, misrepresentation is going on and is being participated in by those who believe they can legislate the people into righteousness.

PREMIER STEWART SAID: "The intent of the Prohibition Act is that no person in this Province shall consume any alcoholic liquid except for medical purposes. We naturally ask ourselves the question, has the Act accomplished its purpose? If it has, there can be no fault found."

"I am thoroughly in accord with the teaching in our homes and schools of the results of research work disclosing the nature and effect of injurious practices both of eating and drinking. I will not assert that this Act during the time it has been in force has not accomplished good work. I am simply asking myself—has this Act, during the time it has been in force brought the people of this Province appreciably nearer the intended goal—the banishment of intoxicating liquor as a beverage? After very careful and close observation taken from what might be termed a vantage point; after long and impartial consideration, so far as I am concerned I am driven to answer the question in the negative."

AND PREMIER STEWART SAID AGAIN:

"I have been asked by very many people—'Are you going to adopt a wet or dry policy?' There could not be a greater mis-nomer. I do not know of any public man in this Province who would advocate a wet-policy. I am putting forward what I really and sincerely believe to be a more practicable and workable temperance law, a law which by placing faith and confidence in the great body of our people, invites their co-operation for a better enforcement."

"Surely no one will content that we have or we have had a dry condition in this Province. I do not suggest that the proposed change will bring about a condition of universal total abstinence but I do believe that it will result in a better situation and that it will prevent from getting liquor, those who misuse it."

"Let me repeat emphatically, this is not a change towards temperance. It is not a liquor law. It is a law which by recognizing and attempting to deal with conditions as we have them, will make for greater law observance, temperance and sobriety."

A Famous "Crusader" On Dry Follies

From Toronto Saturday Night.

The growing sentiment against prohibition which is to be noted among the intelligent circles of all the leading United States cities, has received support from an unexpected quarter. Many men and women of middle age will recall the famous "Crusaders against Vice," Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of New York, whose sensational campaign against "protected" vice and lawlessness attracted the attention in the early 'nineties. His methods were drastic and he was much ridiculed, but he did do something toward cleaning up the Bowery and the Tenderloin in the days when Tammany Hall was by no means the respectable institution that it is today.

Many readers will be surprised to learn that Dr. Parkhurst is still alive and hearty at the age of 85 and a keen reader of the newspapers. It is years since his name appeared in the public prints, but not long ago a reporter of the "Herald-Tribune" managed to "dig out" the man who at the time he was Minister of Madison Square Presbyterian Church, was known as the "Bible and Good Citizen".

The old gentleman said that he could not feel that matters in New York had improved much since his day. Like many aged men he takes an exaggerated view of the "indecentcy of love! And then I'm going to ask you for the fourth time to marry me."

"I love you!" she said solemnly, and raised her thin little white face for his kiss. "I wanted it to be a year before you found me," she said brokenly. "I wanted a year to regain my self-respect, to prove myself a genius—as you did. And now I want you, Clay. We've earned each other—now."

THE END.

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modern dress," but he is tolerant enough to regard Fundamentalists as persons who make a fuss about nothing. He is on sound ground when he says that a city which possesses 22,000 speak-easies selling liquor in defiance of the law is not much better than the town of thirty-five years ago, whose dives he endeavored to clean out. All authorities on New York's social history admit that by his own enthusiasm he considerably diminished police alliance with graft, and that the results of his good work lasted a quarter of a century. But with prohibition most of the evils he combated started to come back in greater force, and Dr. Parkhurst is not oblivious to this fact.

He says he was long the enemy of the saloon, but that he always sympathized with the "avern spirit" which draws men to drink in each other's society, and of the pet hobby of some later crusaders he has this to say:

"Prohibition is an awful mess. The law is un-American, and its system of enforcement is corrupt and tyrannous.

"I am in general agreement with the Eighteenth Amendment, but not with the Volstead Act. It runs counter not only to human customs, but to common sense as well. It is far too drastic.

"What do you do about it? I am sure I don't know. It is beyond me. The mess is growing worse all the time.

"I have fought the saloons, but it was a great mistake to attempt to end the saloon suddenly and in such high-handed fashion. It caused too much public resentment—a resentment that is perfectly easy to understand.

"I believe that the reins should have been drawn tighter and tighter on the liquor business until finally, perhaps, there could have been a prohibition law that would have merited and gained public support to make it work.

"As to what will be the fate of the present unworkable law—I don't know. Certainly it is having a bad effect. It injures the young, it corrupts the police and it is a prolific cause of dishonesty in public life."

It is perhaps bringing coals to Newcastle to present Dr. Parkhurst's views to an audience of Canadian readers. In this country



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WHEN, wearied and dust-flecked, the fair traveller of coaching days descended from her jolting conveyance her first thought was of the soothing, cleansing beauty of Yardley's Old English Lavender Soap.

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—By Arthur Chapouille

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LET'S LOOK BUT BE CAREFUL

HE CAN CERTAINLY MAKE A NOISE LIKE A SQUIRREL

YES, BUT HE'S A BOY AND HE CAN'T MEAN ANY GOOD

YOU BETTER WATCH OUT

COME ON, LITTLE FELLOW, I WON'T HURT YOU

HE MUST BE ALL RIGHT OR HE COULDN'T MAKE THAT SQUIRREL NOISE

SEE, I WOULDN'T HURT YOU LITTLE CHAPS, JUST WANTED TO FEED YOU

WELL, I NEVER!

COME ON, THESE NUTS ARE GREAT