

RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea"

People who want the very best
use Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea.

ONLY AIR IS A STRANGER ON A SIBERIAN TRAIN; POLICE SMUGGLERS AND PEASANTS BLEND

(By Junius B. Wood in Chicago News)
Sverdlovsk (formerly Ekaterinburg)
U. S. S. R.—The young man in high
boots and bushy hair, which resembled
a curly yellow sheaf of wheat on the
soviet coat of arms, banged the
door as he entered the lurching car.
He had the dignity of too many glasses
of vodka.

"Document, tovarish!" he demanded
of a stolid-faced citizen seated on one
of the hard benches, fixing the "com-
rade" with a stern official stare. Other
passengers stretched out on the benches
and peered around the open parti-
tions. The young man declared that he
must see all their documents, a duty
with which he had been impressed by
successive glasses. The car immediately
became vociferous.

"I'm from the 'Gay-pay-oo!'" the
visitor announced, but the disclosure
of his identity with the dreaded politi-
cal police did not still the clamor.
Secret police, traveling as ordinary
passengers, usually do not disclose
their identity. It afforded a grand
chance for argument.

Gives Official Stare For Stare.

The stolid-faced man did not wilt
under the official glare. He stared
back with unblinking eyes, not a mus-
cle twitching. Possibly there was more
behind the incident; an elbowing con-
test in front of a peasant woman's
roast chicken booth at a station, a
rival flirtation on a previous journey
or some affair of smuggling or con-
traband which neither cared to dis-
cuss.

Most of the passengers in that car
were regular trippers, deadheads at
that, who knew each other by sight,
and few persons shuttle back and
forth from Vladivostok to Moscow,
along the Manchurian border, ten days
and nights on hard benches, for pleas-
ure. Smuggling across the lonesome
Manchurian frontier is hard to stop—
silks, face powder, opium, lingerie and
much more—and the prices in Moscow
are many times the cost in China. The
baggage of those habitual travelers
would be interesting.

The others were doing the arguing,
for this had become a collective prob-
lem. Half an hour of it followed be-
fore the conductor appeared. It was
a pleasant diversion to the long jour-
ney, but the conductor interrupted to
lead away his noisy protegee to the
soft-seated car where he might cool
off his zeal and vodka with a night's
sleep. The conductor returned. Ap-
parently he scented either duty or
opportunity.

"Your document, please," he re-
quested of a buxom girl, alone, but
neither lonesome nor abashed.
"Are you another 'gay-pay-oo' man?"
she chortled.

Everybody accepted his silence as
assent and plunged into the debate.

"I have a right to ask any passen-
ger to show his documents," the con-
ductor insisted.

"Show me your own papers first,"
the girl countered, belligerently.

So the argument continued, aimless
and unending. The train rattled on
through the moonlight; forests of
birch and pines, white sentinels under
the matted leaves; villages of long
houses flanking a muddy road, roofs
and straggling fences faintly silvered;
occasionally a barking dog or a baying
wolf, and between them all miles of
tundra and plain.

The twice-a-week Siberian express
came to a gentle stop at a dimly lit
station, two stories of squared logs
painted brown. No passengers were
waiting, for all seats on the train, from
sleeping car to the hard benches, are
taken weeks in advance before the
train leaves Moscow. The station crew
and the food sellers—for a Russian
has the rare talent of eating and sleep-
ing when and where he chooses—were
bustling around. The conductor, tem-
porarily vanquished, but persistent,
departed.

He returned with two uniformed
militiamen. The girl produced her
document. It was in order. There was
no reason to suspect it would not be.
The debate was a draw. She had not
shown it to the conductor, but he had
seen it.

Must Have a Document.

"Document, pajaluista (please)!" is
almost a greeting in soviet Russia.
Everybody has a document, except,
possibly, the homeless children. If
you do not have a document, you just
don't exist. It may be a foreign pass-
port, a local registration card, a red-
covered union membership book of a
letter signed by an official, and always
stamped, or it will not be genuine.

Merely telling who you are is quite
casual. The document is necessary
for serious discussions. Two kopeks
worth of dried sunflower seeds for nib-
bling, or purchases for cash, may be
made without "the document," but
that is about all. If a boat is rented for
a few hours' rowing on the river; if a
call is made to see a guest of the Luxe
hotel, where only communists, includ-
ing "Big Bill" Haywood, live; if any
other guaranty, serious or trivial, is
required, the document must be de-
posited. If a photograph is taken, a
room rented in a hotel, a railroad
ticket purchased, or anything out of
the drab routine attempted, the docu-
ment must be shown on request.

Every person in Russia is docu-
mented, business for the printer and
jobs for secretaries, but a futile for-
mality for those who wish to evade it.
It is a survival of czarism.

Pure Air Only Stranger.

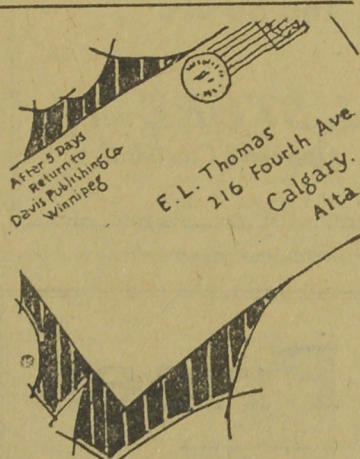
The question of the documents was
settled. The stolid-faced man was
stretched out on his bench snoring.
The girl was mangling half a steam-
ing fried chicken which an admirer
had presented. Other stragglers were
coming back with handfuls of fried
biscuits stuffed with meat, loaves of
bread, dripping cucumbers, bottles of
hot boiled milk, raspberries and straw-
berries in scraps of dirty paper, and
the other necessities for a midnight
lunch. Somebody had left a crack of
window open—much protest and it
was closed. The car was hermetically
sealed. Those troubled with insomnia
would be asphyxiated into a stupor.
Air is dangerous in Russia. Tempera-
ture never.

The train was again rolling through
the deserted moonlight as I jumped
the gaps between the dark cars, back
to my sleeper. The compartment had
a breath of air, for the window was
open an inch. My companion was in
his birth, the light shining down on
his closed eyes, an open magazine
clutched in one hand, a dead cigarette
between his lips—sound asleep. It's a
gift.

Estelle Taylor says Jack "must have
been given something before the
fight." It was pretty generally agreed
that Jack took a lot during the fight.

Sustained silence is frequently mis-
taken for wisdom, and, on the other
hand, a reputation for being broad-
minded sometimes comes from not
knowing what it is all about.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

Thousands of letters are delayed
in delivery from two to ten hours
in big cities because business men
do not place their return street ad-
dress on letterheads and envelopes.
Even though a company may be an
important one, all postal employees
do not have its address committed
to memory. Consequently its mail
will surely be delayed if persons
who must reply to its letters are
given no street address.



Of Interest to the Women

A COLORFUL SALAD.

6 slices of pineapple
1 cup green grapes
¼ cup jellied cranberries or cran-
berry conserve
Lettuce
Line individual plates with lettuce
and put a slice of pineapple in the
centre; around the edge put the
green grapes that have been cut in
half and the seeds removed. In the
centre of the pineapple where the
core has been put a ball or small
square of cranberry conserve or jelly.
Decorate with a pear, apple, or small
deep-grooved celery, filled with well
seasoned cream cheese; sprinkle with
finely chopped parsley, or dust with
paprika. Salad dressing of choice is
passed with it.

A NEW FRUIT SALAD DRESSING.

1-2 cup mayonnaise dressing
1 cup grated raw apple
2 tablespoons raw cranberries
Have all the ingredients cold and
mix lightly. Serve with fruit salad.
The apple is pared and grated on
coarse grater on the downward stroke
only, so as not to become mussy.

UNCOOKED CRANBERRY SAUCE.

Pick over and wash nice dark
cranberries then put through food
chopper and to each cup of cran-
berries, after chopping add 1 cup of
sugar, mix well and let stand a day
or two. This makes a very delicious
sauce and will keep indefinitely.

CRANBERRY DESSERT.

1 cup cranberries
1-2 cup sugar
2 cups water
2 oranges
Wash and pick over the cranberries
put on to boil with the water over
very hot fire, so they will boil at
once; cover for a few minutes; re-
move the cover and mash. Add the
sugar and boil 3 minutes; mash
through colander first, then through
fine strainer, so that no seeds are
present. Set aside until very cold.
Chip the oranges very fine, put in
ice cream glasses and pour over the
cranberry. This must be served ice
cold.

CRANBERRY JAM.

1 quart cranberries
2 cups (1 package) seeded raisins
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
Put the cranberries on in saucepan
with the water and bring to a boil
quickly. As soon as they begin to
boil, mash through strainer, add the
sugar and raisins, which have been
washed, dried and put through food
chopper. Return to fire and boil
slowly 30 minutes, or until it thick-
ens like sauce, stirring often.

CRANBERRY SAUCE TO SERVE WITH MEAT.

1 quart apples
1 pint cranberries
1-2 cups sugar
Cut the apples into quarters, re-
move the stem and blossom, put into
saucepan with 1-2 cups water, add
the washed cranberries, cover and
bring to a boil quickly; remove the
cover and as soon as they begin
to get soft, mash with wooden potato
masher; then mash through strainer;
add the sugar and cook three minutes.

CRANBERRY SALAD.

1-2 cup glazed cranberries
6 slices pineapple
1 cream cheese
1 cup cranberry mayonnaise
Lettuce
Line individual salad plates with
lettuce, put a slice of pineapple on
the lettuce and surround the pine-
apple with the glazed cranberries.
In the centre of the pineapple put
a cheese ball, which is made as
follows:
Mix the cream cheese with a pinch
of salt and 2 tablespoons of cran-
berry sauce, which is made from the
uncooked cranberry. Roll into balls

the size of a filbert (hazelnut) and
place on pineapple. Serve with the
mayonnaise, made as follows:
To 1 cup of mayonnaise or salad
dressing of choice, add 1-2 cup of
uncooked cranberries, and mix well.

IMITATION.

Gather yellow leaves and red
from the leaf and hill
Press them in a gilded book,
Keep them if you will.

That is not October, for
All Her joys are free,
Who can close Her in a book
Love and Liberty?

Gather golden rod and place
Beauty in a jar,
But you can not capture all
Things that living are.

Paint a sunset Autumn fair,
On a canvass white,
You shall find the likeness poor
Of an old delight.

Imitate October skies
Hold them if you may
Singing Poet in your lines
Words shall fade away.

Gather scarlet leaves and gold
Press them if you will
Life is never held for long
Love is freedom still.

—PEGGY REID in Detroit News.

GEOGRAPHIC NOTE.

The English channel
Is the place
Where dwells the well-known
Swimming race.

Crandall—Have you heard about
Grimes? He was arrested today on
the golf links.

Greenbank—For driving while in-
toxicated I suppose.

Counter Check Books

ALL SIZES AND STYLES

All Orders Filled Promptly and at Lowest
Possible Prices.

Mail Orders Receive Careful Attention

The Mail Printing Co.

MRS. MARY D. COLBY

Public Stenographer

333 CHARLOTTE STREET

Work Done Neatly and Promptly

TELEPHONE NO. 951-41.

Trap Nests

If you are in the Poultry business go
at it systematically.
Keep tabs on your hens by trap nest-
ing them.
It's the only way to pick out the
boarders.

I make a complete set of
four nests for only \$4.00.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Send me a trial order.

FRED LYONS

260 Aberdeen Street
FREDERICTON, N. B.

Frederick H. Peters

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Representing

THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK

Offices: York Street, over Royal Stores
Phone 947.

GET RESULTS

When you join a business school
you are after one thing and
there is but one thing that will
satisfy your yearning for prac-
tical training. That one thing
we furnish—RESULTS.

FREDERICTON BUSI- NESS COLLEGE

Write for full particulars

Address:
F. B. OSBORNE, Prin.,
P. O. Box 928—Fredericton, N. B.

Try Our

ICE CREAM

ONLY 50 CENTS A QUART!

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR
TEMPERANCE DRINKS.
TRY OUR OLD ENGLISH
GINGER BEER.

STRICTLY FRESH EGGS

from my own Hennerly

Fred. H. Ferguson

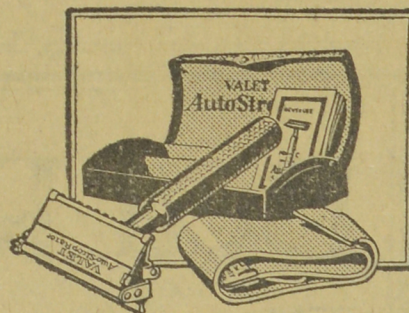
Corner Northumberland and Brun-
swick Streets.

HERE IS A

REAL BARGAIN

A Valet Auto Strop Safety
Razor at Less Than Cost!

.35



.35

(30 Cents if no Postage is required)

CUT
OUT
THIS
COUPON

Mail Printing Company
Fredericton, N. B.

Enclosed find the sum of thirty-five cents
for which please send me, A Valet Auto Strop
Safety Razor and case.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

AND SEND IT TO

THE DAILY MAIL OFFICE

327 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Cook's Regulating Compound
A safe, reliable, regulating
medicine for women. Sold in
three degrees of strength: No. 1, 2,
No. 3. No. 3, No. 4. Sold by all
druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt
of money. Free pamphlet.
THE COOK MEDICINE CO.
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg,
Ottawa, and other cities.
Registered.