

GIRL BRAVES STARVATION FOR CAREER AND RIVER BARGE

New York, July 25—A determination to starve rather than give up her artistic career was voiced by Miss Isabel Stone, daughter of a former Governor of Pennsylvania, who with her sister recently found living in poverty on a derelict barge off upper Manhattan.

Miss Stone said that the death of her father, the late William A. Stone, coal contractor and often referred to as "the best Governor Pennsylvania ever had," it was found that his estate, estimated at \$3,000,000 had dwindled to practically nothing through stock market speculations.

Had No Food

"We were left in the house," she said, "but we had no food. We had to go to work, but it had never entered into our lives. We imagined that money grew on trees."

Miss Stone took up her abode in the rent free barge more than a week ago with her younger sister, Mrs. Peggy O'Neill. She is a singer, studying for an operatic career, while her sister is a sculptor.

She said her sister first got a job in a box factory while she obtained a place in a chorus, later becoming a singer. She has since appeared in Broadway shows and night clubs and also made her debut in opera. Sickness, however, interfered with her career.

Peggy could not be seen by newspapermen and Isabel explained she had been frightened away by publicity and had gone in to town to stay with friends.

"But," she said, "it won't scare me away. I had no thought of a publicity stunt when we came to live here, but

I'll tell you frankly that if I can get any benefit out of that publicity, I am going to do so."

Judge Stephen Stone, a half-brother at Pittsburgh said the plight of the two young women was due to their "strong headedness" in insisting on artistic careers, and asserted, "any time they want to break away from this art business we will be tickled pink to listen to them."

COURAGE

(From the Commonweal)

They call me coward, since I always choose

The safest course, the deadly, dull routine

Nor ever stake my all to gain or lose

In one swift flight beyond—oh small and mean

I seem to those who know my daily part

Not forced on me but chosen by my will;

Content with trodden paths and faint of heart

When urged to think on words beyond my skill.

I dare not dream I dare not lift my eyes

For I have given hostage to fate

It may be that a certain courage lies

In quiet feet beside an open gate.

—SARAH HAMMOND KELLY

CHERRY TAPIOCA WITH MARSHMALLOW

1 cup granulated tapioca
1 cup sugar
2 cups pitted pie cherries
2 cups water
Pinch of salt

1 cup marshmallow whip
Add the tapioca to the boiling water and boil until clear; add the cherries, sugar and salt; boil five minutes. Pour into ice cream glasses when cold garnish with a spoonful of marshmallow whip, with a pitted cherry on top.

CHANSON D'ETE

(To Diane)
1890

Gibson girls,
Croquetlawn crises,
Strawberry and
Other ices,
Cakelets cut in
Opaque slices,
No athletics,
Dietetics,
Or discussion
Of genetics
Nuances of
Nostalgia
Were diagnosed
Neuralgia.

1928

Golfing girls wear
Brilliant flannels,
Amazons mus-
Needs swim channels,
Aqua-plane,
Play water-polo,
Fly their Curtiss
Flippers solo,
Sail their clippers
In the races
Ride to hounds,
Do steeplechases,
Smoke Egyptian
Caporal
And drink their chasers
A cheval.
And ev'ry modern
Innovation
In milady's
Occupation
Marks a subtle
Alteration
In the mode of
Fascination,
From the fragile
Fond flirtation
To delightful
Devastation.
—MARGARETTA MANNING in
Herald Tribune.

RATTLESNAKE FOR LUNCH

State College, Pa., July 25—The evidence is that fried rattlesnake is delicious. A college statement notes that some girl campers liked it so well they ate it four times in three weeks. The only thing necessary for full enjoyment is to forget what you are eating.

SIX TO EIGHTEEN MONTHS ARE NECESSARY TO TRAIN BOULE CROUPIERS AT GAMING TABLES

By BOB DAVIS In

The New York Sun

8:30 P. M.—Like a monster jewel set on the edge of the Cobalt sea the Casino de la Jetee, gleaming with a thousand lights, hangs in midair. The theater, the concert hall and the restaurant are alive with kaleidoscopic color. At the gambling tables, where boules will soon be in full blast, a handful of croupiers are indulging in professional gossip awaiting the hour when the perverse red ball will begin to spin its uncertain course around the glistening bowl.

Into the tigers' mouth I wander, primed with a deficit of francs and a surplus of queries. "Parlez Anglais?" I inquire, addressing all hands. The Chef de Service, a sharp-eyed hawk in evening plumage hovering over a case of metal and celluloid chips, answered, "Oui, monsieur."

"How long must one serve in order to become an expert croupier?" I ask, inserting a ten franc note into the kitty. Abroad talk is cheap.

"From six to eighteen months," was the response. "We have training tables for the beginners so that they are brought face to face with the same conditions that occur in actual play. Mental arithmetic, making change, paying the winners, raking in the losses, calculating the value of the different colored markers, tossing the chips accurately, observing each separate play and co-ordinating with the wheel constitute the course. If a croupier allows himself to be affected by outside influences he breaks. Every gesture of the players must register on his eye and in his brain. There must be no delay, no uncertainty, no errors. Winners and losers alike have their rights."

"How many plays an hour are made at a boule table?"

"From 150 to 200. The profits of the house are based upon the swiftness of the croupiers. Seconds mean money. When the play is high and the tables are full the revenues increase in proportion. But if the movement is impeded at one table the effect is felt throughout the whole room."

"Are the croupiers ever rattled by temperamental players?"

"We never look at the faces of the players. We watch only their hands noting the sums placed on each number or group of numbers. Our interest is in the money and the markers, not in the individuals. So much is won or lost on each play. When the ball comes to rest the whole mathematical result for or against the house is reduced to francs to be collected or disbursed immediately."

"If, let us say, nine players place different sums on No. 7 and that number wins, do you pay out the sum total to those winnings in one lump or pay each player the separate sum won by each player?"

"Individual bets are paid to all winners. We rake off the losses in lump sums, but the winners must be settled with separately. The croupier who makes mistakes is no longer a croupier. Instinctively the right thing must be done and at once. One must pay out with both hands and in perfect rhythm. We will give you a demonstration of speed in payment." He turned to a croupier and asked him to pay out 361 francs over five numbers on the layout in sums ranging from 11 to 24 francs.

What that amounted to ambidexterity the man addressed made a lightning-pass across the case of coins. Instantly, as though by magic, the air became alive with glinting discs. They rained upon the green batize in piles of fives, sevens, tens; here and there a single or a pair, with white, blue and red celluloid chips coming to rest with a precision that seemed almost human. The Chef de Service nodded his approval. Swish! Like a serpent's tongue the rake flashed across the layout and like a flock of homing pigeons the loose change came to roost under the croupier's hand. With another deft manipulation of flexible unerring fingers, the different denominations were reassembled in the case. Fast work. Quick thinking.

A boule table in full blast will

handle two hundred thousand francs a night, 10 per cent of which is expected to remain with the house. Some steady losers estimate the profits at 20 per cent. The wages of a croupier average eighty francs a night, which means a little more than \$3 in American money. The kitty, swelled by grateful players celebrating a run of good luck, is split up monthly among the croupiers. What it yields is a secret.

Like tennis players, boxers, pianists and golfers, the up-to-date croupier must take his morning exercise pitching coin, calculating distance, paying out and raking in the cash and the celluloid equivalents. Inebriety, irregular hours, evil associations are taboo. One black ball, one scandal and the croupier ceases crouping.

"When a player starts an argument?" I asked.

"The customer is always right. That is the rule of every gambling table in Europe. There must be no loud voices, no discordant demonstration. If a player is prone to make trouble and is beyond reason, and prefers to be ill-mannered—well, the police in plain clothes tap him gently upon the shoulder and say—'Good night.' But the game is not delayed. Crooks? All known. 'Out, monsieur!' Very simple; no commotion; no explanation. Just 'Good evening.'"

"Are the croupiers under bond?" Amid a ripple of laughter that went around the table the wizard on the left answered that question. "You will observe that our evening clothes seem to be of the latest design and pattern. Coat, vest, trousers with the regulation number of pockets, flaps on the outside coat pockets. Sacre bleu! They are all blind pockets! What have the surety companies to do with us? It is all settled in advance. We bring nothing to the game and we take nothing out. Very simple."

The expiring squawk of a soubrette echoed from the concert hall. Between the heavy curtains broke a stream of players and flowed around the tables. Every croupier came to attention and set himself for action; each in his own sphere just as good a man as Walter Hagen, Bill Tilden, or Babe Ruth.

There are only two rules: Keep your eye on the ball and your hands out of your pockets.

I won thirty or forty mental bets and then stopped thinking.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George Street and University Avenue.
- 56 Lansdowne and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey Street and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smythe Sts.
- 113 Northumberland and Argyle Sts.

Here and There

(98)

With concrete now up as far as the first bedroom windows and steel up to the fourth, the Royal York C. P. R. monster hotel in Toronto is well up to schedule and is expected to be completed in time for the opening next May, notwithstanding the short strike of the steel and building trades.

W. M. Van Valkenburg, president of the Regina Board of Trade, says that his city and province are out to capture industries. That is one reason for his visit to Montreal and the Eastern States. He figures that the mineral resources of the province should provide the basis of a number of industries, as 42 per cent of the provincial area lies within the pre-Cambrian shield.

Inauguration of the new New York-Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, passenger ship service recently represented the first entrance of a vessel from New York into Yarmouth harbor for the past 20 years. This was the S.S. Evangeline, of the Eastern Steamship Line, carrying 150 passengers. She is of 5,000 tons and her sailing connects with the Dominion Atlantic Railway and so enables tourists to reach Nova Scotia sea and holiday resorts.

This summer will witness a great deal of activity on the part of the grain companies as well as the Wheat Pool in the construction of elevators at country points in Alberta to take care of the larger harvests which are expected. Another company which has just announced its intention to enter on a construction program is the Gillespie Grain Company. According to John Gillespie, president, the firm plans to erect six new elevators each with a capacity of 40,000 bushels.

Musicians under the leadership of Flight Lieutenant John A. Amers, forming the band of the Royal Air Force, Britain's youngest military band, landed recently at Quebec from Canadian Pacific liner Montclair, for a tour of Canada from coast to coast, as did the band of the Coldstream Guards last year. This aggregation was formed in June, 1920, and since then has fulfilled engagements all over the British Isles. The band will play in all the principal centres, military centres and garrison towns of Canada during their tour here.

"First call for dinner!" "Last call for dinner!" The old monotonous warning to the hungry traveller is a thing of the past on the Trans-Canada Limited. C. P. R. trans-continental crack train from Montreal to Vancouver. To-day a nattily attired waiter in white coat and apron with a smart black bow tie walks through the cars ringing "chimes" on a dulcimer, an appeal at once more pleasant to the ear and more likely to attract attention than the former method. In time, there is no doubt, the idea will be adopted on all dining car trains of the railway.

Advertised to make the trip from Montreal to London in nine days, the Canadian Pacific freight ship Beaverbrae actually completed the run in eight days and twenty hours, making record time for a freight vessel between the two ports. This ship is one of the five "Beaver" ships making up the new fast freight steamship service of the Canadian Pacific. They have refrigerated cargo space and are of 10,000 tons dead weight. The service is between Montreal and London, and there is a sailing from the Canadian port every Friday, the vessels as a rule making better time than most passenger vessels on the London route.

TRUTH WILL OUT

Visitor—They say that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

Little Girl—There's a dead cat at the bottom of ours.

Mother—Oh Gladys how can you say such a thing?

Little Girl—Well it's the truth.

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may not make
the man but they
improve his
appearance

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