

# Scientifically Packed "SALADA" TEA

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## Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

THE THING ON THE HEARTH.

"The first confirmatory evidence of the thing, Excellency, was the print of a woman's bare foot."

It was an immense creature. He sat in an upright chair that seemed to have been provided especially for him. The great bulk of him flowed out and filled the chair. It did not seem to be fat that enveloped him. It seemed rather to be some soft, tough fibre, like the pudgy mass making up the body of a deep-sea thing. One got an impression of strength.

The country was before the open window; the clusters of cultivated shrub on the sweep of velvet lawn extending to the great wall that enclosed the place, then the bend of the river and beyond, the distant mountains, blue and mysterious blending indistinguishably into the sky. A soft sun, clouded with the haze of autumn, shone over it.

"You know how the faint moisture in the bare feet will make an impression."

He paused as though there was some compelling force in the reflection. It was impossible to say, with accuracy, to what race the man belonged. He came from some queer blend of Eastern peoples. His body and the cast of his features were Mongolian. But one got always, before him, a feeling of the hot East lying low down against the stagnant Suez. One felt that he had risen slowly into our world of hard air and sun out of the vast sweetering ooze of it.

He spoke English with a certain care in the selection of the words, but with ease.

It is necessary to try to understand this, because it explains the conception everybody got of the creature, when they saw him in charge of Rodman. I am using precisely the descriptive words; he was exclusively in charge of Rodman, as a jinn in an Arabian tale might have been in charge of a king's son.

The creature was servile—but almost a grovelling servility. With one felt that this servility resulted from something potent and secret. One looked to see Rodman take Solomon's ring out of his waistcoat pocket.

I suppose there is no longer any doubt about the fact that Rodman was one of those gigantic human intelligences who sometimes appear in the world; and by their immense conceptions dwarf all human knowledge—a sort of mental monster that we feel nature has no right to produce. Lord Bayless Truxley said that Rodman was four generations in advance of the time; and Lord Bayless Truxley was, beyond question, the greatest authority on synthetic chemistry in the world.

Rodman was rich and, everybody supposed, indolent; no one ever thought very much about him until he published his brochure on the scientific manufacture of precious stones. Then instantly everybody with any pretension to a knowledge of synthetic chemistry turned toward him.

The brochure startled the world. It proposed to adapt the lustre and



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beauty of jewels to commercial uses. We were being content with crude imitation colors in our commercial glass, when we could quite as easily have the actual structure and the actual lustre of the jewel in it. We were painfully hunting for the earth and in its bowels for a few crystals and prettily-colored stones which we hoarded and treasured, when in a manufacturing laboratory we could easily produce them, more perfect than nature, and in unlimited quantity.

Now, if you want to understand what I am printing here about Rodman, you must think about this thing as a scientific possibility and not as a fantastic notion. Take, for example, Rodman's address before the Sorbonne, or his report to the International Congress of Science in Edinburgh, and you will begin to see what I mean. The Marchese Giovanni, who was a delegate to that congress, and Pastreux, said that the only thing in the way of an actual realization of what Rodman outlined was the formulae. If Rodman could work out the formulae, jewel-stuff could be produced as cheaply as glass, and in any quantity—by the carload. Imagine it; sheet ruby, sheet emerald, all the beauty and lustre of jewels in the windows of the corner drugstore!

And there is another thing that I want you to think about. Think about the immense destruction of value—not to us, so greatly, for our stocks of precious stones are not large; but the thing meant, practically, wiping out all the assembled wealth of Asia except the actual earth and its structures.

Put the thing some other way and consider it. Suppose we should suddenly discover that pure gold could be produced by treating common yellow clay with sulphuric acid, or that some genius should set up a machine on the border of the Sahara that received sand at one end and turned out sacked wheat at the other! What, then, would our hoarded gold be worth, or the wheat-lands of Australia, Canada or our Northwest?

The illustrations are fantastic. But the thing Rodman was after was a practical fact. He had it on the way. Giovanni and Lord Bayless Truxley were convinced that the man would work out the formulae. They tried, over their signatures, to prepare the world for it.

The whole of Asia was appalled. The rajahs of the native states in India prepared a memorial and sent it to the British government.

The thing came out after the mysterious, incredible tragedy. I should not have written that final sentence. I want you to think, just now, about the great bulk of a man that sat in his big chair beyond me at the window.

It was like Rodman to turn up with an outlandish human creature attending him hand and foot. How the thing came about reads like a lie; it reads like the wildest lie that anybody ever put forward to explain a big yellow Oriental following one about.

But it was no lie. You could think up a lie to equal the actual things that happened to Rodman. Take the way he died!

The thing began in India. Rodman had gone there to consult with the Marchese Giovanni concerning some molecular theory that was involved in his formulae. Giovanni was digging up a buried temple on the northern border of the Punjab. One night, in the explorer's tent, near the excavations, this insubstantial creature walked in on Rodman. No one knew how he got into the tent or where he came from.

Giovanni told about it. The tent simply opened and the big Oriental appeared. He had something under his arm rolled up in a prayer-carpet. He gave no attention to Rodman, but he saluted like a cooie to the little American.

"Master," he said, "you were hard to find. I have looked over the world for you."

And he spat down on the dirty floor by Rodman's camp stool.

The two men spent the remainder of the night looking at the present that the creature brought Rodman in his prayer-carpet. They wanted to

know where the Oriental got it, and that's how the story came out.

He was something, something among our nearest English words for it—in the great Shan Monastery on the southwestern plateau of the Gold. He was looking for Rodman because he had the light—here was another word that the two men could find no terms in any modern language to translate; a little flame was the literal meaning. The present was from the treasure-room of the monastery; the very carpet around it, Giovanni said, was worth twenty thousand lire. There was another thing that came out in the talk that Giovanni afterward recalled. Rodman was to accept the present and the man who brought it to him. The Oriental would protect him, in every way, in every direction, from things visible and invisible. He made quite a speech about it. But there was one thing from which he could not protect him.

The Oriental used a lot of his ancient words to explain, and he did not get it very clear. He seemed to mean that the creative forces of the spirit would not tolerate a division of worship with the creative forces of the body—the celibate notion in the monastic idea.

Giovanni thought Rodman did not understand it; he thought he himself understood it better. The monk was pleading Rodman to a high virtue, in the lapse of which something awful was sure to happen.

Giovanni wrote a letter to the State Department when he learned what had happened to Rodman. The State Department turned it over to the court at the trial. I think it was



THE TENT-FLAP SIMPLY OPENED AND THE BIG ORIENTAL APPEARED.

one of the things that influenced the judge in his decision. Still, at the time, there seemed no other reasonable decision to make.

The testimony must have appeared fantastic. No man reading the record could have come to any other conclusion about it. Yet it seemed impossible—at least, it seemed impossible for me—to consider this great vital bulk of a man as a monk of one of the oldest religious orders in the world.

Every common, academic conception of such a monk he distinctly negated. He impressed me, instead, as possessing the ultimate qualities of clever diplomacy—the subtle ambassador of some new Oriental power, shrewd, suave, accomplished.

When one read the yellow-backed court record, the sense of old, obscure, mysterious agencies moving in sinister meshes, invisibly, around Rodman could not be escaped from. You believed it. Against your reason, against all modern experience of life, you believed it.

There was one man in the world that everybody wished could have been present at the time. That was Monsieur Jonquelle. Jonquelle was chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Service de la Surete in Paris. He had been in charge of the French secret service on the frontier of the Shan states, and at the time he was in Asia.

(To be continued.)

**A Clergyman's Reply.**

A friend of the Rev. Mr. Ditchfield wrote a guide to Silchester, the ancient Roman city, and persuaded the bishop to write a preface to the volume. Staying at a squire's house, he was talking to the daughter of his host, and expressed a wish to see Silchester. "Have you never seen it?" asked the lady. "Why, you wrote about it!"

"Well," said the bishop, "I thought of refusing to write that preface at first, as I had not visited the place; but then I reflected that many of my clogs have never been to heaven and may never be there yet they say a lot about it, so I consented to write about Silchester."

The hall resounded to the gentle and regular shuffle of dancing-shoes upon the polished floor. Seated in a shaded corner were two men. "See that tall woman with the sharp nose?" asked the first man. His companion nodded. "Well," continued the other, "I've been looking at her for some time, and she's a cat. The very last woman I'd marry." The other man gazed at him in admiration. "Shake!" he said at length. "We are in perfect sympathy with each other. That woman is actually the last woman I married."

Minard's Lintment for sore feet.



### "Doc" Kinkade

The Motor Expert Who Was Largely Responsible for Success of Polar and Atlantic Flights

HIS "O.K." MEANS "O.K."

When Bart Acosta climbed into the cockpit of the America on the morning of June 23 a few minutes before the big plane was to roar down the improvised runway on its scientific exploit, T. Harold Kinkade, known to the men who fly as "Doc," was sitting at the controls, his sensitive ears tuned to the hum of the three engines upon which was so depend the success or failure of the flight.

Upon him rested the responsibility of giving the final check on the motors which he had nursed from the day they had come from the Wright Aeronautical Corporation factory at Paterson, N.J., to be installed in the Fokker plane.

To know as much as any one else in the world about the operation of the motors selected for such an enterprise, and to be assigned to the task of seeing that those motors are functioning as perfectly as it was humanly possible to make them, carries with it a responsibility which cannot be taken lightly. The utmost patience, painstaking exactness, skill, confidence and bravery to say "O. K." when the lives of others depend upon your efforts are some of the qualities which are essential to the profession of the aeronautical service engineer. In Kinkade's own words: "When working on the final inspections I—as do all others—always put myself in the seat of the pilot who is making the flight and ask myself if I have done my best. It takes days and even months to accomplish the satisfactory results before we can say 'O. K.' It means life or death to the man or men who are going up, it means thousands of dollars to the sponsors of the flight and, of course, closest to all concerned, it means success or failure."

This is the creed in the profession of those who cry on the field while others are soaring to fame and accomplishment.

Hurries to Europe.

When Kinkade had adjusted the throttle on the last of the three big motors to undergo his scrutiny, when he had told Commander Byrd that they were as perfect as it was humanly possible to make them, it was evident that he wanted to go along to see how those motors would sound out in the middle of the Atlantic. Doubtless Commander Byrd would have risked allowing him to stow away in plain sight, but Kinkade was too much of an aeronaut to allow personal ambitions to interfere with his duties. So after arranging equipment in the fuselage of the plane, he slipped out of the cabin and waved good-bye to his comrades. Then he hurried to a steamer to be on hand in Europe should Commander Byrd want him.

Perhaps his part in the aerial undertakings which have made history during the last two months has not been a dramatic one, but pilots everywhere know that behind the quiet countenance of the stubby little man "who knows motors" are the qualities which have been largely responsible for the success of the undertakings.

Kinkade's knowledge of the Wright Whirlwind engine has taken him to many countries and the conscience with which he applies his knowledge has brought him much discomfort. In 1925 he went to Holland to install the engine in the first three-motor plane ever built. Then when the same plane was bought by Commander Byrd for the North Pole flight he went to Spitzbergen to care for the motors there. The following summer he went to northern Canada to take charge of the motors of an air line operating between mining camps. When Byrd prepared for his Paris flight he joined him again to work on the motors in the America. The responsibility of giving the final check for Chamberlain and Acosta in their record fifty-one-hour flight was his. When the Bellanca was ready to hop off it was he who had to give the word. And then came the flight of the America, with three motors to groom for their task of lifting seven tons from Roosevelt Field and carrying the weight across the ocean.

There were hardships to all of the tasks. They meant sleepless days and nights. They meant hours without food, for Kinkade never stops working till his job is done. But the most strenuous task of all was the preparation of the Josephine Ford for its dash to the pole.

With the thermometer hovering below zero Kinkade's technical task was complicated. He was in an unknown field, for no one could guess just how the motors would behave in the temperatures. And with the complications of the task were the higher stakes, for if one of the motors had failed over the polar sea Byrd and Bennett could never have gotten back. In the Atlantic, with all its perils, there were steamship lines, radio advice, collapsible boats and mild temperatures. In the Arctic

there was nothing but man and his skill.

At King's Bay, when the take-off was to be made, there were problems to be met before the question of motor performance was to be considered. The planes had to be taken ashore through shifting ice floes on four lifeboats as a raft, a runway had to be tramped down in the snow and a camp had to be set up on the ice. The planes had to be assembled without derricks or tackle. To all of these problems Kinkade devoted his twenty working hours a day. Then his task came.

It was impossible to instal and adjust the motors with blaves on. He worked barehanded, dipping them in stinging gasoline to wash off spark plugs, setting up tape, measuring clearances. He paused every few minutes to warm his hands in his pockets or to dip them in warm kerosene, but he worked on two Arctic days and nights without sleep, until the motors were purring to his satisfaction and he gave Commander Byrd his "O.K." His hands were frostbitten when he saw the big Josephine Ford rise from the last drop in the runway, but under the spell of the romance of his job he was not aware of it.

Yet even the life of a service engineer is sometimes tinted with the spectacular. During his long career as an engine expert Kinkade has spent much time at army and navy posts as a technical expert. It was in that capacity assigned to Langley Field, Virginia, in February, 1922, when the dirigible Roma was to undergo her tests with new Liberty motors, replacing the Italian engines. Kinkade was to go along "to see how they sounded." He was on board as she was about to take off, but an army officer sent him back to the hangar to get a parachute. He hurried back, only to find that the ship had risen without him. A few minutes later he saw her come down in flames when she dropped on a high-tension wire. Thirty-four of the forty-five aboard her were dead.



Would Only Be Pleased With Success He—"Would you be angry if I tried to kiss you?" She—"Yes, certainly—if you only tried."

### Information on Waterpower Resources

The official information available at a central source regarding the water-power resources of Canada, as to capacity, and availability is most complete. The Index Inventory System of investigating and recording water-power resources, originated by the Dominion Water Power Branch of the Department of the Interior and developed and carried out in full collaboration with the provincial governments, has resulted in all possible information on this subject respecting any river or district being available at the head office in Ottawa for any interests concerned.

**Ontario Main Source of Cobalt**

For the past twenty years the Cobalt silver area of Canada has been the main source of the world's supply of cobalt. In the period 1907-1925, both years included, the total output of cobalt was 21,84,764 pounds.



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Minard's Lintment for sore scalp. Peggy always sticks the stamps on her envelopes upside down. "I'm not surprised. You know how Peggy enjoys turning a man's head."

"Do you think early rising is good for your health?" asked the languid city visitor. "I don't know about my health," replied Farmer Hawkins, but next to sun and rain and fertilizer it's the best thing there is for crops."

"Now, there's work, I think which we have had a little of." The impulse sometimes disappears and it is this scientific re-appears.

"Now, I needence like this kind of re-appears of all I and live stock have been to these matters the crops of the fifth, are sacr some kind of wise—every y Enormous

"Now, nearly within the trees of what it Empire. But things like and from vary you suffer fro badly at times other pests crops. If you mendous was will be doing humanity.

"We started a new kind of they are work cover, to bree the Empire the to attack the age.

"Then poult thing to whic ing itself. We lay more and t an enormous o tain, of which for ourselves, we are gettin of camp from to see all the e