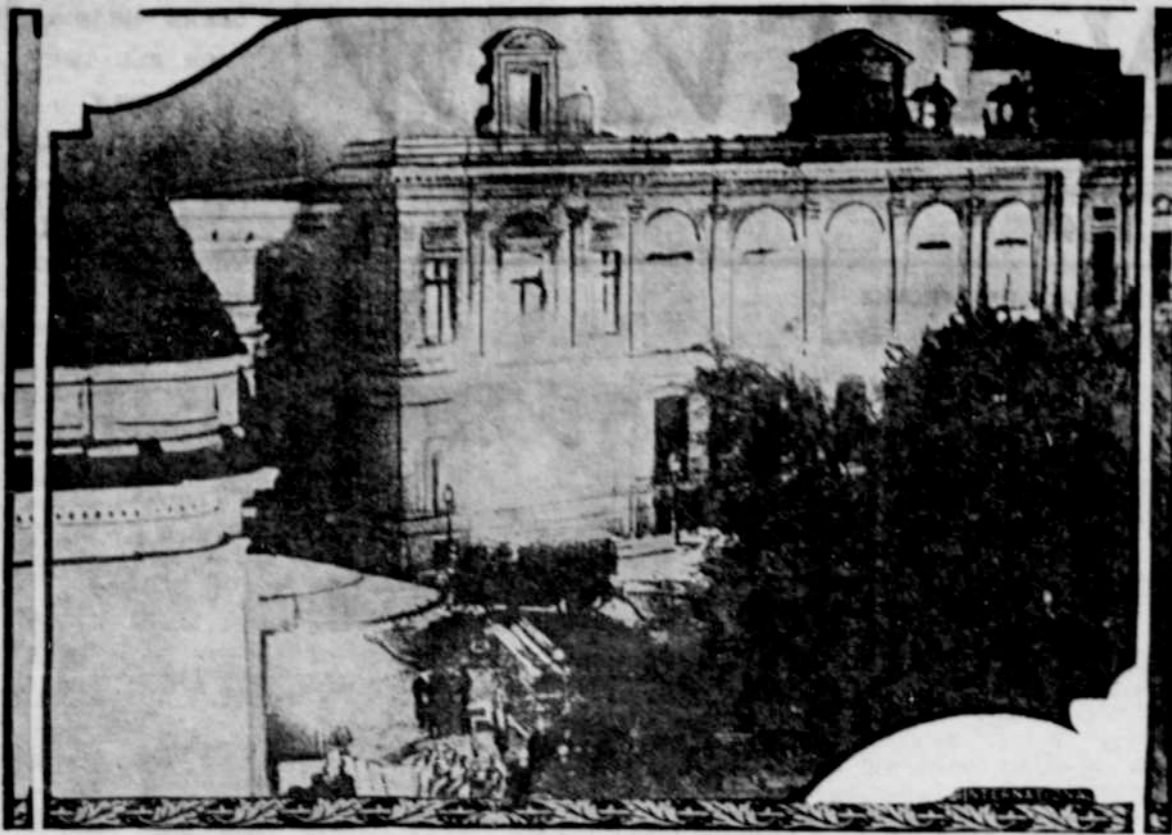


When Queen Marie's Palace Was Burning



Scene during the fire which demolished the palace of King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania in Bucharest.

Modern Jerusalem Shows Great Changes



Jerusalem of the Bible contrasts greatly with the Jerusalem of today, as is shown by this photograph of the Jaffa road, looking from David's tower.

War Hero and S. A. Commissioner



Sergeant Alvin York of Tennessee, famous World War hero, congratulating Commissioner William A. McIntyre on his promotion to commissioner of the southern states. York is interested in Salvation Army work and will give McIntyre many valuable tips.

Sail Skating on Beach Sands



Here is eleven-year-old Donald Avery of Daytona-Ormond beach in Florida with the skate sail which he devised to carry him swiftly over the hard sand on roller skates. His idea has been adopted by many other youngsters.

SHORT ITEMS TO REMEMBER

Glycerin can be obtained from petroleum.
 Ants move at a faster speed in warm weather.
 Cloth is made from pineapple leaves in the Philippines.
 Fire destroys \$150,000,000 worth of farm property every year.
 Practically all silver and black fox furs used in the United States are from fox farms.

Emery was used for grinding in the time of the pharaohs.
 Shoplifters and other forms of theft cost one London department store more than \$40,000 last year.
 When writing a book, Balzac sometimes worked 15 to 21 hours a day for weeks.
 A wireless storm detector in New York enables the city to receive warning of a storm 50 miles away.

SPANISH ATTACHE



An especially posed portrait of Commander Adolphe H. de Solas of the royal Spanish navy, Spanish naval attache in the United States.

QUEEN OF CARNIVAL



Miss Mary Cross, who will be queen of the Banff winter carnival for 1927, which takes place in the week of February 5 to 12. Miss Cross is a niece of Col. James F. McCloud of the northwest mounted police, who founded McCloud, Alberta, in 1874.

Life's Irony

Crowns come too late, as the aged poet who finally made a hit sadly remarked generally by the time a man gets to a point where he can buy his wife a string of pearls she doesn't want to attract any attention to her neck.—Ohio State Journal.

Palm Is Peace Symbol in Egypt

Palms are regarded by the people of Egypt as symbols of peace and rest and are held sacred.—Dearborn Independent.

THE KILLING OF BLACK DOE

By TRENTON CLURE

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

PERHAPS Dunn should never have joined the Northwestern mounted police, for of all types of men who are out of their element there, the moody, introspective, unaggressive man comes easily first. But Dunn had had a banking after the military life when he went out to Calgary two years before.

Now he was in for several years, and cursing his luck daily. What he liked best was the lonely patrols up in the Big Lake country.

He had met Marie Dufour there, the daughter of an old trapper who had retired, like his fur-bearing beasts, before the march of civilization. He had seen her three times during the past two years, and it had been understood that when he became a corporal he was to speak to her father.

But the coveted stripes would never be his so long as Sergeant Mitchell remained in the squadron. A hard-featured, service-bitten man, Mitchell made Dunn's life wretched. He inspected his uniform with an eagle eye that discovered the smallest speck or flaw, he hauled him before his officers on trivial charges; in short, he did his best to break Dunn or force him out of the service.

It was a long time before Dunn discovered that Mitchell had met Marie in the Big Lake country the year before and coveted her beauty. When Dunn understood this he privately resolved that some day he would even up the score between them. For the present he remained quietly in barracks, doing his duty and suffering under Mitchell's ill-treatment.

The quiet life was interrupted by one of those periodical excitements that descended upon the barracks. Black Doe had shot a police officer at Neverport, and was making for the Big Lake country. Mitchell was ordered to take two troopers and get him.

It was a journey of two hundred miles, in the slushy period of spring. But the police never postpones its vengeance when it can avoid it, and never abandons it.

Dunn could not imagine what it was that impelled Mitchell to select him along with Crum. Perhaps Mitchell wished to see the man he most hated in Marie's presence, so as to be more sure of his bearings. Whatever the motive, he selected Dunn, and he gazed at him all the way.

He found fault with him during the long and painful day marches, with his equipment, his care of his horse, his manner of riding. He detailed him on one-man fatigues in the daytime, and gave him all the difficult work. Dunn's rage smoldered, but the idea in the back of his mind that he would get even with Mitchell hardly assumed any tangible form.

In due course they reached the store at Big Lake. Their visit was a complete surprise. Black Doe had been seen in the neighborhood, and evidently was off his guard. Mitchell ascertained that he had made no purchases, without which it would be impossible for him to continue on his way northward into the barrens.

"We'll spend the night at Johnny Dufour's," he said to Crum, as the three rode away toward the shack.

Dunn's heart sank when he off-saddled. Marie was directly in the doorway to greet the visitors, and her eyes wandered with wonder from Dunn's face to Mitchell's.

"Take my horse to the stables," commanded Mitchell curtly. "And, say! Take Crum's, too. And see that they're well groomed before you come in to supper."

Dunn went away obediently, riding his horse and leading the two others. Now he began to understand, he thought, the reason why Mitchell had selected him. He wanted to humiliate him in the eyes of the girl.

At supper Mitchell kept up a cross-fire of chaff, banter and spitefulness, directed at Dunn. Dunn's acquiescence seemed to enrage him. He would have welcomed a chance either for a brawl or for punishment for indiscipline; but Dunn only sat silently, watching Marie furtively, while the sergeant's eyes were alight with triumph. He felt that he had won, had shown Marie his superiority over Dunn.

They retired to their bunks. They were to start up the trail at day-break, on the quest for Black Doe. Dunn slept fitfully; he was thinking of Marie, and his heart was full of passionate resentment.

He was the first up, and went to groom the horses. As he came back to the shack, he heard Mitchell's voice and the girl's behind the open door. Mitchell had his arm round her waist

and was drawing her toward him. Crum was nowhere in sight.

Then Dunn knew what he meant to do. He crept back very softly to the stable and loaded his rifle. He took it in his arms, carrying it as a mother might her first-born, and approached the door again.

Mitchell held the girl in his arms now, and she was struggling as he tried to kiss her. Dunn, standing liberally, was conscious of the open door at the back of the shack, and a clump of dwarf fir about a hundred yards distant. Then he concentrated his attention upon Mitchell. Carefully he drew a bead on him so as to avoid hitting the girl.

Bang!

Mitchell leaped into the air, flung out his arms, and pitched head foremost. Dunn stepped into the shack. There was no need to look more than once at the dead face, or the blood oozing from the heart.

Marie ran to Dunn, sobbing wildly. "You did right, the beast!" she cried. "Come with me," said Dunn.

They raved to the stables, and in a moment he had freed the horses, saddled them, and placed her on the sergeant's. In another moment they were galloping across the barrens. At the time Dunn was conscious of wondering where old Dufour and Crum were. But a moment later they heard shouts behind them. They galloped frantically forward, anywhere, so long as they could win free.

Crum was a man of resolution, and Dunn knew that he would take up the chase and never leave it. He reckoned on the fact that Crum's horse was the slowest of the three. The freshly falling snow would hide their tracks if they could win the country across the river bed, where a series of hummocks swelled into the Big Lake mountains.

Far behind him, Dunn heard a shout. He turned and looked back as he rode. Crum was standing at the door of the stable, waving his arms to him.

A few minutes later Dunn, looking back, saw Crum mounted and in pursuit of them, a tiny figure upon a tinny horse. They rode madly for the dip toward the river.

"We must be careful," said Marie, as they began the descent. "The rocks are dangerous."

Even as she spoke her horse tripped on a projecting bowlder, stumbled, and flung her face downward upon the hard bed of the frozen stream. Dunn leaped from his horse and knelt beside her. She had been stunned by the fall; she opened her eyes and looked about her half-conscious.

The horse scrambled to its feet, ran up the bank, and raced back toward the stable, followed by Dunn's horse. And Dunn, kneeling at Marie's side, knew that chance had settled his particular problem. And in the distance Crum came on inexorably.

Dunn shrugged his shoulders as one who has played his last card. He carried the girl up to the top of the bank and waited for Crum, who came galloping up to his horse. He flung himself to his feet, panting, like his steed.

"What's the matter with you, to play this crazy trick after killing him?" he shouted.

Dunn smiled. "I guess you're right, Crum," he said. "Take the girl on your saddle. I'll walk. You can trust me."

Crum, staring at him in apparent perplexity, lifted Marie to the saddle before him. She had fallen into a swoon again. Then he rode slowly back toward the cabin, with Dunn walking a little distance in front of him.

He turned his horse away when near the stable, and went toward the little patch of stunted trees that had struck upon Dunn's attention at the moment when he raised his rifle. Dunn saw the motionless body of a man lying hidden among them. It was Black Doe.

"How did you get him, Dunn?" asked Crum, dismounting and turning the body over. "See! He had just fired. You were in the nick of time."

The dead man's fingers were clutched about the trigger; the rifle had been discharged; over his heart was a bullet wound.

Dunn, unable to speak, accompanied Crum back to the shack. Mitchell lay where he had fallen, and old Dufour was muttering in the corner, as if he did not understand.

"He got poor Mitchell a second before you fired," said Crum. "Over the heart, too. See!"

Dunn looked in horror now mixed with agitation. He saw that track of the bullet through the breast and out under the rib. The missile lay upon the floor beside the inert man. It was a battered .45, such as the Indians use. Dunn's bullet had been a .303. And it had been Black Doe whom he had killed, not Mitchell.

Sheep's Long Fast

Seventeen days after being missed by an Oswestry (Eng.) farmer, a sheep was found inside a large water pipe near the Liverpool water-works. The animal was quite frisky, in spite of the long fast.

Water on the Knee

Not only our knees, but all our joints are lined with membranes like little bags, which are filled with a fluid which they give off as a sort of lubricant to prevent friction, very much as a metal point has to be oiled. In the ordinary way our knee-joint bag, technically the "synovial sac," secretes just enough fluid to enable the gristle-ended bones to glide smoothly over each other, but with a strain due to a twist or a blow an inflammation is set up and an excess of secretion follows.

This is the condition that is medically known as synovitis, its popular name being "water on the knee."

Increasing Use Made of Castor Oil Plant

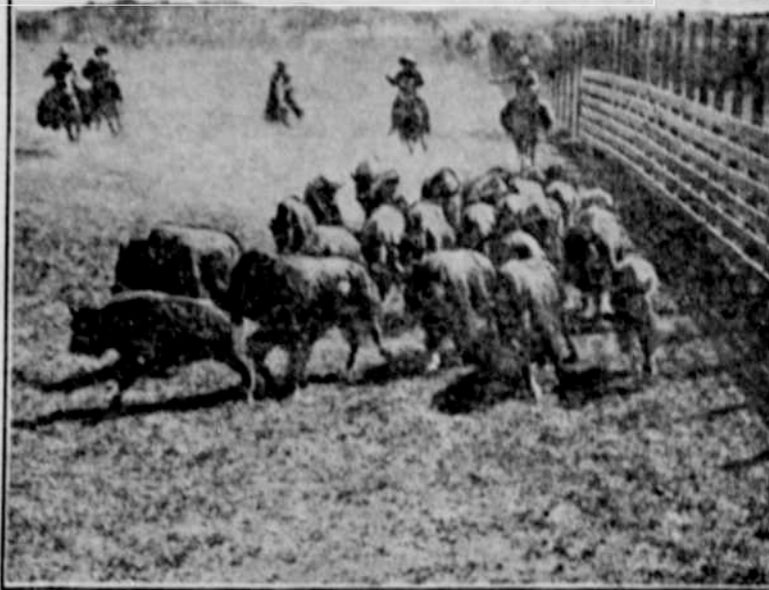
The rapid growth of the castor oil plant has become proverbial. Some commentators have declared that the plant known as *Jonass' gourd* was the castor oil plant. There are vast plains in Bengal covered with the oil-producing vegetable.

Immediately after the monsoon, when the water has receded, the peasant rakes the mire and puts the oil plant seeds in the ground, two by two. The plants rapidly develop their great leaves and produce their fruit, which grows in groups of capsules, acquiring a coppery green color mottled with purple and rich carmine. When the hot sun has dried the pods they burst.

Huge Shadow

"Mrs. Brown has got so that she starts at her own shadow."
 "Nervous?"
 "No, it brings home to her how terribly fat she is getting."
 The women and children watch the woods and when the first crack appears

Our Northern Neighbor



Round-Up of Buffalo in Western Canada.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE epoch-making decision of the so-called Imperial conference in London recently, that the principal dominions of the "British empire" shall become practically independent, completely self-governing states, centers particular interest on each of the three remotest big units, Canada, Australia and South Africa. Among these three dominions, Canada naturally looms largest and most important to Americans since for thousands of miles only a surveyed line separates its territory from our own. But Canada is actually the largest and most important of the three. Its population is close to 9,500,000, and its area is more than 3,600,000 square miles, placing it ahead of Australia and South Africa on both counts.

The Canadian government, as it is now constituted, owes its existence to "The British North America Act" of 1867. The act states that the Canadian constitution shall be similar in principle to that of Great Britain. Naturally nothing is said in the document in regard to the Constitution of the United States, but it is known that the members of the constitutional convention had our constitution clearly in mind and used it and its history as a guide.

The central government is made up of nine united provinces, and as with us authority is divided between the main government and its units. The legislative branch consists of a senate with a fixed number of members from each province, and a house of commons whose members are elected in proportion to population.

Here the superficial resemblance to the government of the United States ceases. There is no elected official comparable to our President. Instead, the executive is a governor general appointed by the British king. Heretofore this appointee has practically represented the British government in Canada, but as a result of the recent pronouncement of the Imperial conference he will hereafter be shorn of this status.

Senate Like House of Lords. The Canadian senate is a sort of dominion house of lords without the titles. Its members are appointed, not elected, and they hold office for life. The provinces do not have an equal representation as do the American states. There are 24 senators each from Ontario and Quebec, 10 each from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, 4 from Prince Edward Island and 6 each from Manitoba, British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Although the Canadians followed in a way the form of our Union, they directly reversed one important principle. In the United States the states retain all powers not specifically delegated to the central government; in Canada the central government has all powers not specifically given to the provinces.

Most of Canada's population is concentrated in a zone about 250 miles wide along the United States-Canadian boundary. And within this zone the concentration is heaviest quite close to the border. Inhabited Canada, then, is in effect a ribbon of territory 3,000 miles long, stretching from ocean to ocean.

Approaching from the east, one first reaches the maritime provinces, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. (Newfoundland, adjoining these three, it should be mentioned, is not a part of Canada, but a separate colony.) The maritime provinces, all small, are the only ones which are fairly evenly settled throughout.

Quebec province has a population of nearly two and a half millions, but most of this is in the region close to the St. Lawrence river, and south of the Canadian National railway. From this inhabited zone the province stretches off northward, beside Hudson Bay and on the Hudson strait, farther north than the southern tip of Greenland.

Up to Hudson Bay. Even Ontario, southernmost of the larger provinces and most populous of them all, is undeveloped and very

meagerly settled in its northern half. It reaches Hudson bay in the north. The third province to touch Hudson bay is Manitoba. This province, like the other two named, is marked by a populous southern zone around Winnipeg, and the almost deserted lands to the north nearer the bay. Just north of the developed region in all three of these provinces are dense forests, in which clearings are beginning to make their way as they did in the Middle West of the United States in pioneer days. Much farther north, wherever the ground is low, is the "muskeg" country, a region of grassy marshes in summer, and frozen wastes in winter.

Hudson bay, surrounded by Canadian territory, is one of the most characteristic features on the map of North America, standing out as strikingly as the Gulf of Mexico.

On the west coast are Port Churchill, the bay's best port, and about a hundred miles to the north, Port Nelson, both in Manitoba. These ports are to be connected by railroads with Winnipeg and the wheat and cattle country to the west. Sailing vessels ply Hudson bay between July 15 and October 1, and steamers for a slightly longer period. When the railroads increase the importance of the Hudson bay ports it is believed that ice-crushing ships will make possible the shipping of cargoes between June 15 and November 1. By the Hudson bay route Edmonton, Alberta, is 1,000 miles nearer Liverpool than by the Montreal route. The country in every direction from the bay is rich in the history and traditions of the picturesque old Hudson Bay company.

The Prairie Provinces.

The three prairie provinces of Canada—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—may well be considered together, for among them they cover all of Canada which is in process of being settled, west of the older Great Lakes province of Ontario and east of the Rocky mountains. This is Canada's "West," where restless pioneer spirits from all lands are carving out an empire as kindred spirits of a generation ago wrought the wilderness of the Missouri valley and the "great American desert" into the rich states of today.

The Canadian pioneers have advantages over those who won the American West in that they have better railroad methods and equipment, telephones and wireless. But they have a relentless new enemy in the bitter cold of the northern regions of the provinces.

The predominant part of the population and development of the three provinces is in their southern halves. In this region Winnipeg, capital of Manitoba, with its population close to 200,000, is Canada's Chicago of a generation or so ago; while Edmonton, capital of Alberta, is the St. Paul of a similar period. The northern portion of the provinces is a region crossed by many rivers and dotted with numberless lakes.

Even more of a wilderness are the territories of Keewatin and Mackenzie, which extend from the prairie provinces northward to the Polar sea. Most of this region has been explored only along the largest rivers and lakes. Innumerable lakes are to be found there, and between them much of the region is muskeg country. Farther west, adjoining Alaska, lies the Yukon territory, well-known for its gold rushes. This is a mountainous and plateau region, rich in many kinds of minerals. As yet it is practically without railroads.

The extreme western province adjoining the United States is British Columbia, Canada's Switzerland. The crest of the Rocky mountains forms the eastern boundary, and the entire province westward to the Pacific coast is mountainous. The coast is deeply indented with fjords that rival those of Norway. In the southwestern corner of British Columbia, hard by the United States border, is Vancouver, Canada's great Pacific port, and the western terminus of her chief transcontinental railway. By virtue of Vancouver and the important trade routes that converge there, Canada becomes one of the nations vitally interested in developments on the Pacific.

Powerful Machine

The largest testing machine in the world is in operation at the bureau of standards in Washington. It exerts a pressure of 10,000,000 pounds, and can crush a brick wall as easily as an egg-shell. This tremendous force is applied with little visible effort. There is none of the fuss of a locomotive climbing a stiff grade. The pump which supplies the oil under heavy pressure to the great cylinder which

operates the testing machine moves quietly. The motion of the machine itself is so slow as to be hardly perceptible.

Duty of Possession

All possession, great or small, of the means of life is just so much responsibility to use the power for life's sake and not for the sake of self-indulgence; any of one thing we may be sure; nothing can ever be economically desirable that is morally wrong.—Edward Howard Griggs.