

Helene Chadwick



Pretty Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, N. Y., where her father was president of the silk mills. She is the granddaughter of Lord Chadwick of England. She was educated in New York and spent all of her life there until 1916 when she heeded the call of the silent drama. In her first picture, as a "movie" star, Miss Chadwick played the part of a rough western girl.

THE RIGHT THING at the RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT

Who think too little and who talk too much.—Dryden.

WHAT would seem an indelicate or unsuitable subject for conversation in one age would seem quite proper in another. Our ideas about such things depend very much on the period in which we live. The girl of today would never hesitate to bring up and discuss in a more or less scientific way matters of human interest that our grandmothers would have regarded as too shocking to be spoken of in their own rooms, and then in a whisper. But those grandmothers when they were young would have discussed their petty household problems and gossiped about their servants and their neighbors in a way that the girl of today would regard as unpardonable.

"Since the war we talk about anything," a woman said a day or so ago in apology for having brought up a gossamer story at a dinner gathering. Another woman suggested that if our boys have been enduring such frightful experiences as they have we certainly ought not to feel squeamish about talking about these things. As a matter of fact, the boys who have been through the worst do not usually want to dwell very long on such subjects. Doctors and nurses returned from overseas service almost never recall their gossamer experiences in social intercourse, and assuredly it is in very bad form to force upon anyone the ordeal of listening to gossamer or loathsome experiences. But still there are some people who delight in just this sort of thing. They keep members of their families and their hostesses on pins and needles, too, for fear they will say something that is in bad taste.

In one respect we have made rapid strides of late years. We are far less inclined to mar the serenity of a dinner party or other social gathering by violent political discussion.

This much we learned during the first months of the European war, before we had weighed the situation in Europe as a nation and when there were sure to be violently opposed points of view on the whole subject. In Washington society at that time, especially, it was really regarded as most illbred to start a political discussion. People avoided talking about the war in social conversation. It was the only way that people could meet each other and find any kind of comfort or recreation in such intercourse. Our greatest danger now is in taking the joy out of our conversations by talking over the events and conditions of the war. Let's take this in hand the way we took the matter of political differences before the war. Let's make up our minds not to bring up and not to encourage in others subjects that are depressing or nerve-racking, save when by discussing them we can effect some good.

A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

IN GRATITUDE

I'M GOING to laugh and sing today
And as a soaring bird be gay
Not only for that smiles are good
But truly out of gratitude
For all the blessings spread upon
The highways I must travel on.
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The Romilly Roadhouse

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
A high-powered but dusty automobile slowed down on the main street of the little village of Brompton. The owner and driver elaborately removed his goggles and halted the only citizen who happened to be in sight, Bob Thorold.

"Say, young feller," called he, "what sort of a place is it out there on the turnpike? Can you get a decent meal, hey?"

"On the turnpike?" queried Bob Thorold. "To tell you the truth, I didn't know there was a decent place to eat anywhere around here. Motorists usually go on to Burton."

The driver-owner consulted the guide book that had been thrust at him by one of the occupants of the tonneau. "White house at first turn to right on Romilly turnpike after leaving Brompton," he read slowly.

"Why, that would be the Romilly house. Are you sure that is what the book says?"

"Those are the words."
"That's surprising," murmured Thorold. "It can't be right—"

"Drive on," came a voice from the tonneau. "I guess the young feller hasn't woke up yet. Look the place over and if it looks O. K. we'll try." And the man at the wheel obeyed, leaving Bob Thorold still murmuring that something must be wrong somewhere.

Bob Thorold, who kept up his ancestral home in Brompton and spent his vacations there, walked on and presently encountered Mr. Jenkins, postmaster of Brompton.

"Funny thing," said Bob; "I met some people who spoke about having meals at a white house at the first turn to the right on Romilly turnpike after leaving Brompton. That's the Romillys, isn't it?"

"Certain sure," quoth the postmaster. "Certain sure. You've heard how 'tis, han't you?"

"They haven't sold the place, have they?" inquired Bob. "I thought Miss Susan had vowed never to leave the old place; she isn't dead, is she?"

"Dead, nothing. The how and the wherefore is, so folks say, that they've lost their money—every durned cent of it, and Miss Jane had to open up the place as a kind of roadhouse for motorists. Ought to make a good thing out of it, seems to me, being as there's no other such place hereabouts and the autos are as thick as spatter along the turnpike. It's kinder too bad, though, losing all their pile. I expect it was fool investment. I'll tell you, Mr. Robert Thorold, what them ladies need and needed a long time ago was a good business man in the family, eh?"

Bob Thorold was annoyed at the postmaster's rather facetious left-handed allusion to the affair, now ten years past, between Jane Romilly and himself, but greater than his annoyance at this was his concern over the loss of the Romilly fortune that had made it necessary for Jane Romilly, proud daughter of the always proud Romillys, to turn her house into a roadhouse, to turn her house into a roadhouse and to spend her strength supervising meals for motorists—rude, uncouth, parvenues, thought Bob Thorold, like the one he had just encountered.

Bob Thorold spent the afternoon in a long, slow ramble through the woods around Brompton. He was not much given to solitary rambles and when he did indulge in one it was when he had much thinking to do. Toward the close of the afternoon he turned his steps toward the Romilly turnpike, down the first turn to the right and up the pathway that led to the imposing white house built by the Romillys four generations ago. The door stood open and the screen was unlocked. Within he could see that small tables had been arranged in the front and back drawing rooms—ten or fifteen in all. Of these five were occupied—five cars were parked in the spacious driveway that circled around the house.

Bob entered and took his seat at a small table. Presently a white clad waitress approached him with a list of dishes offered for that day's dinner. Bob took it with a queer thrill—it was unmistakably written by Jane Romilly. The solitary meal followed, but Jane Romilly did not appear. After it was over Bob offered his card to the maid, and asked her to take it to Miss Romilly. He wished to see her.

The answer was that Miss Romilly would see him in the old dining room across the hall. She never appeared before the regular diners, said the maid, and her aunt remained in her room. This, thought Bob, was quite in keeping with the proud spirit of the Romillys even in the hour of their misfortune.

Jane was alone in the old dining room, and she rose from her desk at one side of the room and came swiftly to him with outstretched hand.

"How amazingly well you are looking," Bob could not refrain from saying.

"Yes," laughed Jane. "The work seems to agree with me, doesn't it?"

"But why didn't you tell me? I might have helped you. You know I once got you to promise that if you ever needed help you'd forget old prejudices and send for me."

"Oh, but it was too late by the time

I found out," said Jane quite cheerfully. "The harm was done and the only thing I could do was to face the music. Besides, it's been a wonderful experience. Aunt is very feeble, now. She keeps to her room with her attendant and really doesn't know. And the work and the people keep me from loneliness. I really don't know how it will all end—"

Bob Thorold shuddered. It was outrageous to think of Jane Romilly spending the years of her life feeding hungry motorists.

He sat beside her in the dusk and while she talked cheerfully of the weather and garden crops, Bob sat with his head bowed.

"Don't talk about such things," he burst out. "Jane, Jane—if this had only come sooner. I was in love with you—I always have been, but I never dared to ask you, because—well, because I did not think that a poor boy like me had any right to ask Jane Romilly to marry him. I was afraid of your money and your pride. I know you are still proud—"

"No, Bob, I confess the Romilly pride is slipping away. I've learned a lot in ten years, and this little business venture, which really has been absurdly profitable, has taught me that people are pretty much the same wherever you find them. No, Bob, the Romilly fortune has remained and I'm adding to it, but the old Romilly pride has spent itself—"

"Then you didn't lose your money?" gasped Bob Thorold. "But why did you start all this?"

"Why, that's the joke. People don't think I lost my money, do they? Well, that makes it all the more interesting. No, some one of the editors of the Guide Book just made a funny mistake. Probably thought our house looked like a roadhouse and assumed it was. And it does rather. So the people began to come, and they were hungry and it was such fun feeding them and so hard to explain the mistake every time, that I just started in. I wanted to see if I had any of the Romilly bump for business. Imagine those inquisitive old Brompton natives just making it up out of whole cloth that I'd lost my money—"

"I never would have come to see you if I had not believed them," said Bob. "For my own part I'm sorry that they were wrong."

Jane Romilly leaned forward and placed a fair, capable hand over one of Bob's resting on the arm of his chair.

"Perhaps I could manage to lose it—"

"You really will marry me—then?" stammered Bob.

And Jane said that she really would.

In Front of Their Faces.

Roy Barks, three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Barks of Columbus, Ind., had never seen an elephant until recently, when a circus exhibited in the city. Roy was taken by relatives to see the parade. He had never seen a circus parade, either, and was enchanted with the different attractions as they passed before him. Finally a herd of elephants came plodding along. They caught the eye of the youngster, and his expression of ecstatic admiration changed to one of astonishment. "O, mother," he shouted, "look at the funny animals with their tails in front of their faces."—Indianapolis News.

Brussels, an Air Line Center.

Belgium has become the center of aviation of western Europe. There are many air lines converging at Brussels and more are proposed so that the capital will be in touch with all the important cities of Europe. The same factor that made Belgium a railroad center will act to operate in the case of the airship. The surface of the land is of such a character that landing places are easily found in case it is necessary to make a hurried descent.

Rongbuk Monastery in Tibet.

The Rongbuk monastery is one of the holiest in all Tibet, the lama himself being an incarnation of the god Chenraylay. This god, although important, holds a minor place in the divine hierarchy. He has the extraordinary capacity of being able continually to change his face.

This wonderfully situated monastery lies at the head of the Rongbuk valley, in full view of Everest, and is probably the highest in Tibet. It is visited annually by large numbers of Buddhist devotees. No animals are allowed to be killed in the valley, and all sheep that are required for the consumption of the expeditions have to be killed as far down as the village of Chobu, which must be at least 15 miles from the base camp.

Marvelous Cure.

"That reminds me," said the jovial member of the party, "of the remarkable cure of a dumb man through a cycle accident."

"Through a cycle accident!" exclaimed several in one breath. "Impossible! How do you make that out?"

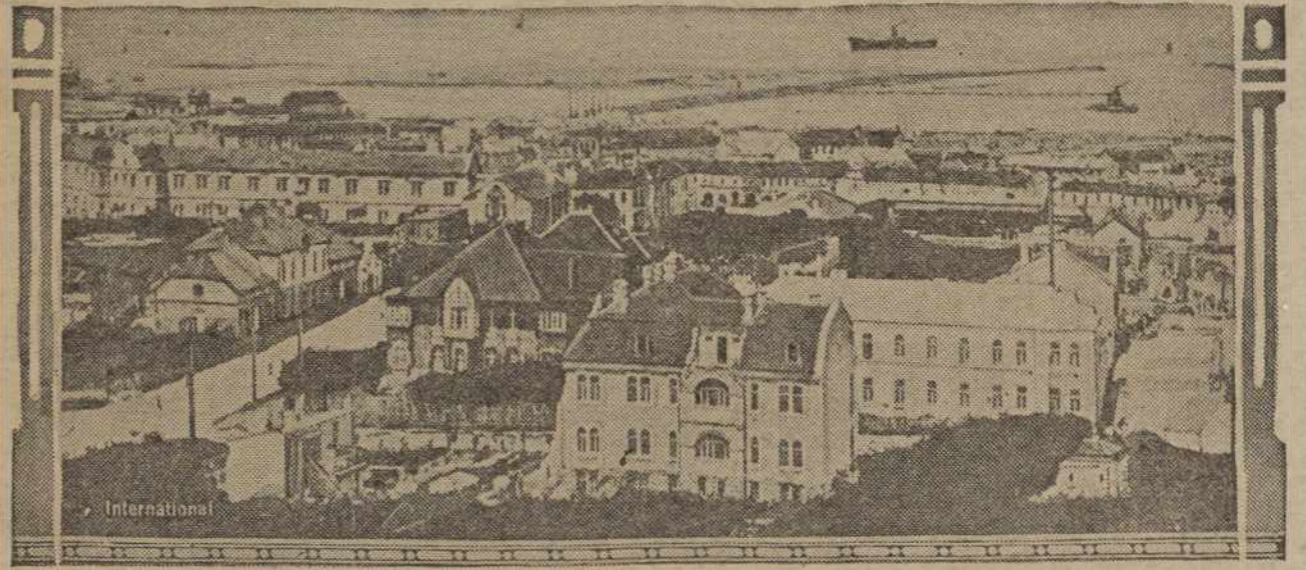
"Why," he replied, "as he was going along his machine ran away with him down a hill, at the bottom of which it ran against the side wall and was smashed to pieces. The dumb man was hurt rather badly and had received a good shaking, but he got up from the ground and picked up a tire—and spoke!"

Trying It on the Dog.

Thurston—Old Titus Wadde is mighty stingy with his private stock. Did he ever give you a drink?

Wetmore—Yes; once. He gave me a shot of a new lot he'd bought and then waited results before he drank.

Japs Leave and Tsingtao Becomes Open Port



With the relinquishment of control by Japan on December 1, the city of Tsingtao, on the Shantung peninsula, China, became an open port, as a self-governing municipality under Chinese sovereignty. Above is a view of the city and harbor.

Marines Teach Haitians to Shoot

Wonderful Development Is Shown by Gendarmier After Two Years' Coaching.

FOUGHT FOE WITH WILD YELLS

Natives First Had to Be Taught How to Wink—Officer Is Eager to Bring His Marksmen to Compete in United States.

Port au Prince, Haiti.—Haiti's first national rifle match, held recently on the rifle range on the capital's outskirts, not only settled the individual and team championships of the Gendarmier d'Haiti, but brought out shooting of an order that amazed those who, two years ago, saw the first efforts to make a straight-shooting soldier out of the most unpromising material. To add piquancy to the matches, they were shot over a field that, when revolutions were the favorite outdoor sport of Haiti, served as the scene for the many executions of political prisoners who had gambled on the wrong turn of the coin.

Two years ago it is doubtful if there was a gendarme in Haiti who could have hit the proverbial barn at 100 yards with a rifle. When the gendarmes took the field under American leadership in 1917, and came into contact with a band of Cacos, the procedure was simplicity itself. The two or three marines with the column or patrol got down to business with their rifles or a machine gun. The accompanying gendarmes shot wildly from the hip, usually aiming at the sky, but well content with the sound of their shots and their yells of defiance to the Cacos. The Cacos fought back in the same happy-go-lucky fashion so far as the rifle was concerned. It was Maj. James J. Meade, now assistant chief of the gendarmier, who first made a serious effort to develop the gendarmes of his department of the north into riflemen two years ago.

Would Bring Shots to U. S.

When the last shot of the recent team match had been marked, two marine officers who have captained teams in the big national matches at home were seriously championing the idea of entering the Haitian gendarmier in the international matches in the United States in 1923. That is an indication of how far along the road of marksmanship the untutored men who fought their foes with wild yells have traveled in the last two years. All the more remarkable is this progress, for, outside of the isolated effort of Meade, nothing of an organized nature was attempted until less than a year ago.

When Lieut. Col. Douglas C. MacDougal took over the Gendarmier d'Haiti a little more than a year ago, with the rank of major general in Haiti's nucleus of an army, he failed to see the logic of giving a man in uniform a rifle and not making a shot of him. MacDougal captained the winning marine corps rifle team in the national match in 1911, shot on at least three others and is a rifle shot of national reputation. At the time he began his campaign, there was, and for four years had been, a strong belief that the development of good rifle shots in the Haitian ranks was not only inadvisable but impossible. He indoctrinated his command, however, with his aims, and then the handicaps loomed large and unique.

In the first place the Haitian soldier had been the most atrocious of shots. The machete had always been his fighting weapon. Soldiers appeared on parade at the Champ de Mars not so many years ago with a man in the front rank the proud possessor of a rifle stock, while his rear rank file was content to grasp a barrel minus the stock. The Haitian armies that fought for control at the behest of agitators, politicians and foreign traders were armed with as many varieties of firearms as there are seeds in a Haitian grapefruit. They fought the marines in 1915 with American, British, German, Belgian and Spanish rifles that ran from muzzle loaders to repeaters; with sawed-off shotguns and pieces that the French army abandoned in 1804. Rifle sights were an impediment

that disappeared under the vigorous strokes of a stout machete.

The system determined on was purely American, and among the American officers and the gendarmier were many trained shots and rifle coaches. The usual troubles with recruit shots were discontinued, but up bobbed a handicap that had never been foreseen. For some reason the average Haitian is physically incapable of closing one eye or opening one eye without the other acting in sympathy. The Haitian can stare into the tropical sun with the boring glance of an eagle, though it would blind a white man. He can sleep standing up with the sun blazing into his face and never flinch. So it fell to the lot of the rifle instructors to overcome this peculiar defect by teaching their men literally how to wink. Winking is an unknown lure of the Haitian belle. In place of a sly, covert wink she stares with the direct gaze of a baby. In a few weeks the order to teach winking was showing progress, and all through the hill stations and at the big Dartignevue Caserne that flanks the marine barracks at the capital, gendarmes were mastering the art of the flapper.

Once on the range, after the rudiments had so far advanced as to permit of actual firing, those who had not mastered the ancient lure sought the aid of a khaki-colored patch to wear over the left eye when firing. There were many such used in the recent matches. Another quaint turn came when, either by chance or good holding, the crack of a rifle was rewarded by the flashing of a white disk signaling a bull's eye on the target.

The Haitian peasant is a simple-minded person, full of superstitions and odd beliefs. The gendarme who once scored a bull pulled solemnly at his trigger the next time, confident that whether he held at the bottom or the top of the target, he would score another bull. He reasoned that the first shot had followed a groove in the air that led to the heart of the black bull's eye. The next bullet had only to find that groove. Time brought disillusionment and then the gendarmes, a corps full of esprit, settled down to straight shooting. True, in place of certain superstitions that the American rifleman is prone to, he was apt to consult the harmless charms of the witch doctor to bring him luck.

Leans Secret of Shooting.

All this time, however, he was learning the secrets of the trade, how to sight on a mark, to fire without flinching or closing both eyes, to apply windage and a change of elevation when a shot indicated the need, to hold the rifle like a vise with the rifle sling cinched tightly about his upper arm, to hug the ground and expel the air from his lungs and keep them empty until his shot had gone. He had learned the joys of competition and absorbed like a sponge the wis-

dom that his white officers imparted to him in his own native creole.

Slowly, as the jungle recedes before the patient, unremitting strokes of the machete, the gendarmes were learning to shoot. It was then that General MacDougal sought and won the interest of President Borno in the project of an individual match to correspond with the President's match, and an eight-man team match from the four departments to correspond with the National team match, the classics of the American rifle range.

The American high commissioner, Brig. Gen. John H. Russell, was thoroughly in sympathy with the idea, so MacDougal led up to the big matches with department matches in October. From these competitions came full assurance that the big matches would be highly creditable in their standard of skill, and from them the eight best shots of each department were formed into a team and placed under expert training. One of them, the department of the south, for instance, was coached by Capt. H. L. Smith, whose team of leathernecks won the national match at Camp Perry in 1921 from the best field in the United States.

The matches began with the 40 best shots in the gendarmes competing for the President's match. Sergt. Astrale Roland of Jeremie, a keen, soldierly gendarme, Smith's best bet, won it in spirited competition with the total of 227 points out of a possible 250.

Prizes for Winners.

At the conclusion of the match, which was witnessed by President and Mme. Borno, members of the Haitian cabinet and council of state, High Commissioner Russell and Brigade Commander Theodore P. Kane and their staffs, and the ranking officers of the gendarmier, the President presented Roland with a handsome gold watch, a medal, an autographed letter and the equivalent of a month's pay to take back to admiring Jeremie. Incidentally, Roland is now learning to read time.

On the following day the national team match got under way with the four teams firing in relays, one target to each team. Slowly the department of the south began to forge ahead and won out with the score of 1,738, or an average of 217 points out of 250. The other teams finished with the respective scores of 1,568, 1,641 and 1,590.

Again Astrale Roland demonstrated his right to the crown with the high gun of 234 out of 250, closely pressed as he was. In a special match for the benefit of President Borno, now a confirmed rifle enthusiast, and whose right shoulder is no stranger to the impact of a Springfield, Roland met Fadael of the President's own Palace guard. Fadael triumphed in the ten-shot match prone, scoring 49 to Roland's 48.

At the conclusion of this match President Borno, in a happy little speech complimenting the men on their application and skill, presented each with a medal and cash prize equal to a month's pay and ordered that all be given ten days' leave to visit their families. To the south went the national trophy, a plaque of polished mahogany with silver medallions to mark the victors of the yearly matches.

They Want the Whole World to Be Dry



Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington (left), United States secretary of the World League Against Alcohol, and Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie of Washington (right), superintendent of the national temperance bureau, are among the delegates attending the international convention of the league in Toronto. World-wide prohibition is the aim of the organization.