

# Lend Me Your TITLE

By ONOTO WANTANNA

Author of "Me," "Marion," "A Japanese Nightingale," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. F. PETERS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A few years ago a remarkable novel "Me" appeared anonymously, and much speculation followed as to the identity of the author. It is now possible to announce that it was the work of a well-known Canadian author, Onoto Wantanna. The story which follows is the first to appear in MACLEAN'S from the pen of this gifted writer.

## I—PROPOSAL

"**K**ITTY! . . . . Is it truly you?"  
"Go on, Hawley, without me. —Er—no—I'll finish another time. Kitty, do you know I ——"

"Why haven't I been around lately? Well, I like that, after the message you sent me by your mother."

"What! You n—— I knew — just fairly knew you weren't responsible for all that dashed snubbing. But when your mother said ——"

"Yes, that's true. But let's forget it. The main thing is you're here — we're here — together! — Alone at last! The first time in centuries."

"Knew I was going to play to-day, and came on purpose! Listen to me, Kitty. I love you. I'm perfectly crazy about you. I ——"

"I don't care who is watching us. It's none of their business."

"Let him keep his eye on his ball. There! Served him right. Do you see where it landed? But, Kitty, I'm proposing to you, and here you are up to your old tricks again — sidestepping the issue."

"Oh, hang it all, I'm not such a dashed golf enthusiast that I'm going to watch a ball in the middle of the only proposal I ever made in my life. Oh, Kitty, will you — What are you turning your head for?"

"Overlapping grip! Why, of course, anyone can do it. I'll show you —— What did you pull your hands away like that for? One would think I had burned you. Anyhow, the overlapping grip isn't practical for such little hands as yours. It'll strain your wrists. Don't try it. But I'm not going to talk about overlapping grips. I don't care anything about them — or anything connected with them."

"Now, look here, Kitty, this is the first chance I've had to see you alone for ages. Listen to me like a good girl. Look at me like an angel."

"I don't think so. He tee-ed it up too high. He'll not make — but Kitty, for the love of Mike, turn your back on that blank tee. Look at me, won't you? Will you —— Kitty! My God! You don't mean ——"

## II—REJECTION

"**D**ICK, I'd love to marry you, indeed I would. Don't! Don't! — Richard Bradley, if you don't let go my — Now listen to me, and don't interrupt."

"I'm not a flirt, you know that as well as I do, and I'm giving you an answer right out of my heart."

"Well, if you won't hear me out, I'm going to finish the course. That's right. Now, keep there, and don't interrupt. Dick, I would marry you if I could. Oh, don't bounce up like that. Just see how you made that man pull, so his ball is away to that side. I wish this bench wasn't so near the tee."

"No — not the woods. I prefer to speak right here."

"I can't, Dick! I can't! I wish I could."

"Oh, there's a reason — a very big one indeed. I c—can hardly tell it to you, but when I do, even you, dear old Dick, will see that we aren't for each other."

"I'm n—not crying! Well, you may hold it then — under the clubs; but you're not to come an inch nearer. Oh Dick, you're so poor! Mother says we'd starve on your income, and just think what a large family we have, and the boys starting in college and ——"

"That's just it! You see, if I married you, you'd have to support us all—eight of us, besides Mamma."

"Rich? We? Oh Dick, so we seem, so we are in fact, but there's a horrible string to it all. That's why I can't marry you."

"No, I can't! I can't, I say. You promised not to interrupt. Do you remember Uncle Dan Fisher?"

"Yes, it's his money we're living on in such grand style."

"Y—yes — n—no — yes — at least, no, he didn't exactly leave us his money. Give me a chance to explain. Do you remember how perfectly crazy he always was on the subject of titles?"

"But it has got something to do with this—every thing, in fact. Dick, I can't talk if you are going to put your arm there —— Oh! Oh! Those horrid little caddies saw you. There, they've told that man. Kick his ball into the brook. He sent it over here on purpose. That woman with him comes here just to take her fat down. Isn't it absurd to wear a narrow skirt on the links! Keep still!"

"No, not here! I think you — er — sent it off there. It sliced off in that direction — just about five feet from where you drove."

"Not at all! — Did you see his face? She could have bitten me!"

"Yes, I'm coming to it. Where was I up to?"

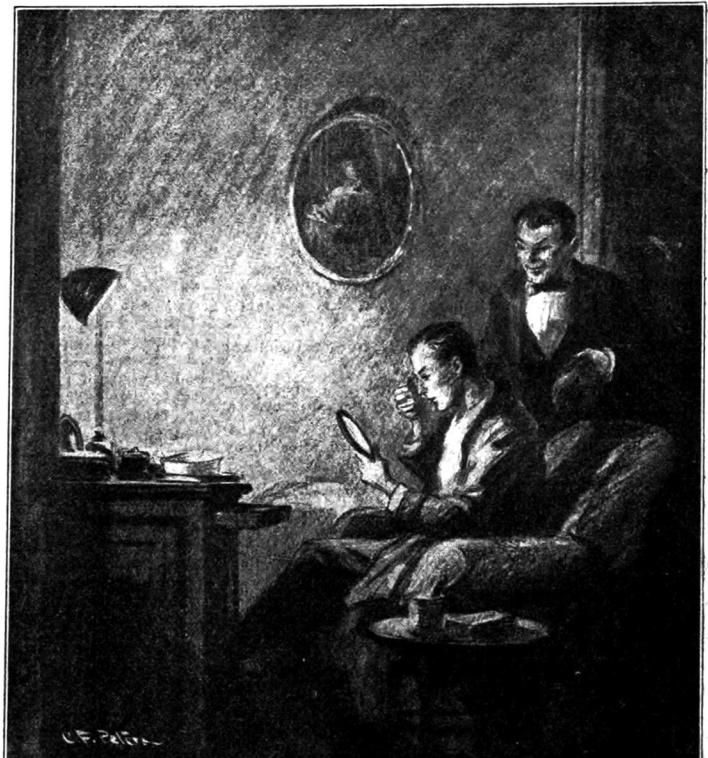
"Yes, titles. Well, when Uncle Dan was a cattleman out West, the Englishman who was his partner and had roughed it with him and been through all sorts of hardships with Uncle Dan turned out after all to be a real 'ginooine' Lord! Uncle Dan went over with him to England to help him claim the title—and he got it too, after all sorts of legal trouble."

"Yes, yes, don't be so impatient, Dick. Well, from that time on Uncle Dan became simply crazy on the subject of titles, and indeed Mamma's almost as bad."

"Oh yes, they are good Canadians, but the Englishman proposed to Mamma before Papa did, and in Uncle Dan's case it was a monomania—an obsession with him. So much so that when he died, leaving an estate of ten million, he left it all to me ——"

"Yes, indeed, I'm Uncle Dan's sole heiress, under certain conditions. Why Dick, how white you look. — Wh-why you've let go my hand."

"Did I? I th—thought I said not to, while those people were looking. Oh Dick, I can't marry you, I'll lose all the money if I do!"



"I'll make the best Japanese gent you ever capped eyes on."

"Oh! Oh! Glad! Prefer me penniless! But what of the others? Not only I — but my eight little brothers and sisters. And you wouldn't want to see all that money, that Uncle Dan worked so hard to make, go to found a home for Destitute and Indigent Men of Titles, would you?"

"Y—yes, that's exactly what he's done in his will. We're to have the income only till I reach the age of twenty-one, and then, unless I marry a man of title, it is all to revert to that horrid home for Destitute and Indigent Men of Title!"

"Your ten thousand? Oh Dicky, you are the loveliest, dearest, most generous boy on the face of the whole globe; but I couldn't — we couldn't do it. Don't you see, I've got to think of the others too, and Mamma?"

"But I can't. I've given Mamma my word of honor. Yes, it's come to that — a matter of honor now."

"Oh, Dick, dear Dick, how can I?"

"Why, it's wicked to talk in that way."

"No, there is no hope. I — I'm sorry, Dick. Forgive me — I never thought you'd ever t—turn your back on me! Please — p—please sh—shake hands with me anyhow, j—just to show you don't h—hate me!"

"Yes, I know you don't."

"Yes, I agree with you. Let us go then. It's getting late anyhow. No, you drive first. I'm always nervous when anyone drives after me —— Oh! wh—what a long, long drive! I—I—I'll be miles behind you, Dick. Please don't wait for me. I'd rather drive ——"

"Oh, very well then. —— There, I've sent it right into the bush."

"I don't want you to. I told you to drive first on purpose. I—I put my ball — th—there on purpose. Don't you understand? This is — good-bye! — Dick! Dick! Oh, he's running after his ball! Dick! — I—I am g—going after mine now. No one will see me there, and I've g—got to cry, or I shall die!"



TRADE  
**YALE**  
MARK



## All's well— "Yale" is on guard

THOSE near and dear—can they snap out the light, certain of their security? Easy in mind and undisturbed by the creaks and whispers of a house asleep? Have they the confidence resulting from the use of Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware?

Your plans for that cozy home provide for comfort and convenience. Add to these that comforting sense of security and freedom from intrusion by providing for Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware.

All this will be yours when you install Yale Builders' Locks and Hardware.

*Yale Products for Sale Throughout the Dominion*  
**Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd.**  
St. Catharines, Ontario



## COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

START THE DAY RIGHT

with a cup of this delicious Cocoa for breakfast. It makes a splendid foundation for the day's work.

Retains  
the  
Natural  
Flavor  
of the  
Cocoa  
Bean.



Made in Canada  
**THE COWAN COMPANY Limited**  
Toronto

G-3

hold down the men: Selfishness led the men to make exorbitant demands. But a *via media* has been found and it works to mutual advantage. Contented men, men who see open to them the goal of ambition if they can earn it, are the men who give good service, and who manifest and stimulate *morale*. It is true in railroading. It is true in national life.

The old-fashioned methods of handling men were bad. They have gone, never to return—at all events never in general practice. There was a time when the "sharp" official was supposed to be the successful man—always harsh, maintaining discipline on the German methods which proved so disastrous to them, who always nagged, indulged in fines, and kept men under suspension for long periods, in anxiety as to whether or not dismissal would follow.

That is old style man-handling. Today, under the Canadian Railway War Board, any complaint from a company or from an employee which is not settled locally is heard by a jury of twelve men, six managers and six labor union officials. The verdict of that court "goes." It is invaluable in keeping up the *morale* of the railway men of Canada.

So in National affairs I believe we have got to get down to justice and a square deal for our citizens, high and low, intelligent and less intelligent. The state that allows its weaker people to be maltreated or exploited by the stronger cannot develop a real, lasting, indigenous *morale*! I believe in labor unions, in the eight-hour day and in fair wages—wages sufficient to buy even the

poorest class of worker the necessities and at least most of the comforts of life.

"Morale" is a wonderful thing and I tell many stories to illustrate what, in my experience, makes it and breaks it. How the big executive, for example, can "keep after his lieutenants" without breaking their spirit or lessening their self-confidence; how a certain high officer of a certain road maintained his own intelligence department, not to act as spotters and tale-carriers, but to enable this officer to verify from time to time the reports from his assistants. I recall, as a junior official, being mystified by the precision of a certain senior official's knowledge of my work—and I was helped by his constructive criticism. Had I trouble in a round house he knew more about it than I did and wrote me accordingly. Were my trains running past signals or exceeding the authorized speed—he knew it. In time I learned his secret, and thereafter I knew before he knew and thereby—but this is a diversion from my theme.

To build up and maintain the *morale* of our Canadian people we must have equitable treatment for all citizens. We should be quit of the exploiter of low-class labor and the speculator in necessities of life. We should see that working conditions and living conditions for our people are right. Sooner or later we shall thus be enabled to wipe out the "boomer" tradition in Canada, and create a national consciousness capable of formulating plans for our future as a nation.

## Lend Me Your Title

*Continued from page 13*

"My looks? Oh, I don't know. I bet even in your finest days you never made as distinguished a looking Jap as I am. But to resume: Let's get down to more musical phrases. 'Sayonara!' Ah, sayonara! What a bird of a word. Means — 'If it must be!' Not with me, old man. It's too pretty to be wasted for any such use as that. I shall use it thus, looking deeply meanwhile into her eyes, Taku. Thus, with a sort of romantic version of the Japanese hiss: 'S-ss-s— Say—o—nara!'

"'Nuruhoda!' Fine. Has a dignified sound. Good to use when introduced to any one of importance. Means: 'Well, I never!' That's all right. I never!

"Danna-san, hi no de! Humph! 'Master, here is the sun!' Say, you've chosen some pretty good phrases for me all right—oh! Taku! Now I intend to use that when the real Sun — my Sun, Taku, enters the room!

"Now, let's see. I like those words ending in 'ura': 'Sakura! Numura! Popura! Loveura!' I tell you I'll make good use of 'em all right. And another thing, the names of the gods are all right."

"What do I care? Nothing sacrilegious about it. They come in handy, I tell you. Whenever I'm at a loss for a word, it's the easiest thing to remember the heathen gods and goddesses. Thus: 'Two lumps, Count Ichijo?' Count Ichijo: (Holding up three fingers) 'Ama-teras O-mi-kamai. In other words: 'Honorable goddess of the Sun!' And she's all that, and more, Taku. Hum! Talk of Sun goddess. You Japs have a nerve. Wait till you see a real one — with hair the color of the actual article.

"Now let's open the book at random. What do I see here: 'Chabu, chabu, komarimasu, danna-san dozo!' Ah—h!

"What are you cackling about? Stop it, stop it. I can't hear my own voice."

"Don't you worry about my pronunciation. Imagine the effect of those pleading words on the beautiful creature when she asks me to sit down. Think of receiving an answer like this: 'Please master, a penny, I am in great trouble for grub!' Thus the honorable translation.

"You've got to do some hustling now, Taku. Get into your best duds.

Japanese, understand. Japanese clothes'll lend elegance to the occasion. I'd wear them myself if they fitted me. Now hurry. Be ready by the time I'm through with this letter from my ex-self introducing my new self."

## V—A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

MY dear Mrs. Collins: The bearer of this does not speak a word of English. Therefore I feel safe in writing to you fully about him.

Count Taguchi Mototsune Tsunemoto Tadazukasa Ichijo is a dear old college chum of mine, of whom I think most highly. He comes of one of the greatest old families in Japan — in the entire Orient, in fact — his people being Samoros (Japanese for Kings and Princes) when the rest of the world were in barbarism.

The family seat of the Taguchi-Mototsune-Tsunemoto-Tadazukasa-Ichijo, notable for its wonderful collection of animals, is at Echizen.

Please let me commend to your hospitable attention my dearest friend, Count Taguchi-Mototsune-Tsunemoto-Tadazukasa-Ichijo. Any favors shown him will be deeply appreciated by

Most faithfully yours,  
Richard Sheridan Bradley.

## VI—A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

"123567 River."

"123456 River?"

"I want to speak to Miss Collins, please."

"Mr. Bradley."

"Yes, Bradley."

"Hello! Is that you, Ki——"

"Oh, good evening. Mrs. Collins."

"Yes, this is Dick Bradley."

"I'm sorry."

"One minute——"

"But I've something very important to say. It won't take a minute."

"Thank you. I'll be brief. I'm send-



