A SINGLE MAN'S JOB

By Rowan Glen

Topping a steep rise in the road, Gray Shenton, who had driven his little two-seater all the way from London to Westmoreland, saw a signboard bear in big black leters the words:

"This Hill is Dangerous."

With all caution he slipped down the wickedly-twisting incline. He turned a sharp corner adroitly—and then forced his wheel round, saving himself and a motor-cyclist from grave injury.

Injury there was, however, and as so often happens, it was the innocent party that suffered. The motor-cyclist escaped with nothing worse than a damaged machine, but Shenton was thrown from the car on to the bank, up which it had run.

One of his wrists was bruised, and there was a nasty cut on his brow, but it was his leg that had been most badly hurt.

He heard someone speaking, and looking up, saw what he took to be a rather effeminate-looking youth, trim in leather cap and jacket, and neatly-fitting breeches and long boots.

Shenton regarded the motor-cyclist with disapproval in his usually good-humored eyes.

"Sorry?" he cried. "Hang it all, man! What's the good of saying you are sorry? You came tearing round that corner on the wrong side of the road. If I hadn't been crawling, we might both have been killed. . . . Look at my car, you idiot."

"I'm more than sorry, really," the other admitted. "And I don't blame you for being mad about things. But, you see, it's only once in the bluest of moons that I meet anybody on this hill. . . . I do hope you're not badly hurt?"

Wincing, Shenton hobbled towards the car. Although no bones were broken, his foot gave him considerable pain.

"Gee!" he exclaimed softly. "It's worse than I thought. I can't walk, and I don't believe I could drive even if the car were waiting in the road. And what's worse, I've an appointment to keep."

It was while he lighted a cigarette that he saw his companion remove the leather cap; saw, too, with astonishment, a mass of auburn hair.

Instantly the large blue eyes and the effeminate manner were explained. For a second or two Shenton stared at her.

"Good Lord!" he said at last. "You're—you're a girl!"

She nodded. "Yes," but I'm twenty-two, though. . . . Your legs hurting you badly, I can tell that. Luckily our house is quite near—at the foot of the hill. If you'll lean on my shoulder, we'll soon reach it. Then I'll phone for the doctor, and get our gardener, who knows all about cars, to fetch yours in, and my bike as well."

She managed to get him into the big, comfortably furnished house, and while he lay on a couch he heard her say through the telephone something which interested him very much.

"Yes," she said, "this is Dorothy Manning speaking, doctor, and if you can come across right away——"

The rest of the sentence did not matter to Shenton. It was the mention of her name which set him thinking.

When she rejoined him, he said, hesitatingly:

"I heard you give your name to the doctor, and if you're Miss Manning, I suppose you must be the daughter of Mr. David Manning? And this must be his house, Barrogate Lodge?"

For a second or two a little frown puckered her brow.

"Ah, I think I see," she said at last. "Are you the Mr. Gray Shenton who was coming to interview father about that engineering post in Peru?"

"Yes," Shenton admitted. "I knew I was near to the house, but I didn't know how near, and if——" he smiled as he said this—"we hadn't met as we did, Miss Manning, I'd have gone to the village to make inquiries."

There was a short pause before Dorothy said, half-defiantly, half-pleadingly:

"You've been tremendously decent about things, and I'm going to ask a favor. When my father comes in, don't give me away, will you? I mean about my coming up the hill the way I did? If he knew that I'd been to blame for this accident, he'd put a stop to my motoring."

"I'll promise that," said Shenton, "if you'll promise that you'll never take risks again."

"That's settled, then," she said, "and now I'm going to leave you for a bit. The doctor will be here soon."

Half an hour later, after the doctor had called, and told Shenton he must rest for several days, David Manning, of Manning & Hurst, Mining Engineers, was shaking hands with his would-be employee.

"No use your worrying about things, or thinking you'll be a trouble to us," he remarked. "I'm only thankful that it wasn't worse, and thankful, too, that my girl came off so lightly. She says that if it hadn't been for your coolness and courage, she might have been killed."

Later on that night Shenton discussed with his host his qualifications for the post that was vacant in far-off Peru.

"There it is, then," Manning announced at last. "You can start out immediately you're fit. By the way, you quite understand, don't you, that this is a single man's job?"

"Yes, sir," Shenton answered. "That was made clear in your advertisement, and you mentioned it when you wrote asking me to come and see you."

"Right! But so that there won't be any misunderstanding afterwards, I want to emphasize the point. The particular quarter you're going to is a roughish place, and the climate's not too good. When I send you fellows there, I send the kind that are willing to take chances—and a man who has a wife to look after isn't like that."

Shenton expressed himself as perfectly contented with that condition of his engagement; but before he had been in Barrogate Lodge twenty-four hours, he had begun to grow a trifle uneasy about himself.

Just as he had been upset physically by a girl whom he had believed to be a boy, so now he was upset emotionally by that very same girl.

When he had been in the house for three days, and had arranged to leave in the morning of the fourth, he was definitely in love with her.

At dinner on the third night of his stay, he listened smilingly, yet with gloom behind the smile, to certain good-natured words of advice from David Manning.

"For your own peace of mind keep those views of yours about the bachelor having the best of it," Manning said. "I remember sending a very likely fellow out to the mines, and he gave up the job before he got there, because, if you please, he'd fallen in love with a girl travelling on the same boat. Take care that nothing of that sort happens to you, Shenton."

"It won't," Shenton answered, still managing to smile. "No matter how many girls there may be on the passenger list, and no matter how beautiful they may be, I shan't give a thought to one of them."

Dinner over, he and Dorothy sat in the little lounge together, while Manning, to whom a batch of letters had been sent on from the London office, went to his study.

There was silence in the lounge for quite a long time. It was broken by the girl.

"I suppose," she suggested, "you must be looking forward very much to getting over to South America? You go for three years, don't you?"

He nodded.

"Yes, for three years. It's what your father calls a single man't job, and three years is rather a long time. But if I make good, then——"

He hesitated so long that she said: "Yes, what then?"

"Oh, I was rambling a bit," he answered. "In three years I may change my views about certain things. I've an idea that when they're over, I'll be mighty glad to get back to England. I've an idea, too, that I'll be going then to a girl I know, and if she's neither married nor engaged, I'll ask her something that might make her happy."

"But I thought you couldn't be bothered with women? If you're keen about one, why don't you tell her before you go away? That's what I'd do if I were you."

Shenton shook his head. "No," he said. "If you were in my place you'd realize that you'd taken on a job which you couldn't hold if you were married. You realize, too, that as a poor man, couldn't ask the daughter of a rich man to become engaged to you, and wait for at least three years."

His highness the white rajah of Sarawak, with Kyan chiefs from Dutch Borneo. He rules over 40,000 square miles of territory containing a population of half a million.

"Oh, well," said Dorothy as she rose. "I hope that you get on splendidly. I'm—I'm going up to my room now, but I'll be sure to see you before you go off to-morrow."

With a smile and a "good night," she left him, and looking after her, Shenton said to himself, not without something of bitterness: "A single man's job! Ah, well! In any case a single man like me wouldn't stand an earthly chance of winning a girl like Dorothy."

On the morning of the next day he went to look over his car, which had been repaired. He was going to sell it in order to add to his tiny capital.

He had not thought to find anyone in the garage, but Dorothy was there in her trim motor-cyclist kit. Unseen, he watched her place a great bunch of flowers on the seat beside that which he would occupy.

He heard her say in an unsteady voice, as she laid them there: "You won't last long for him, but if only he'd give me the chance of waiting those three years. . . ."

Turning suddenly, she saw him.

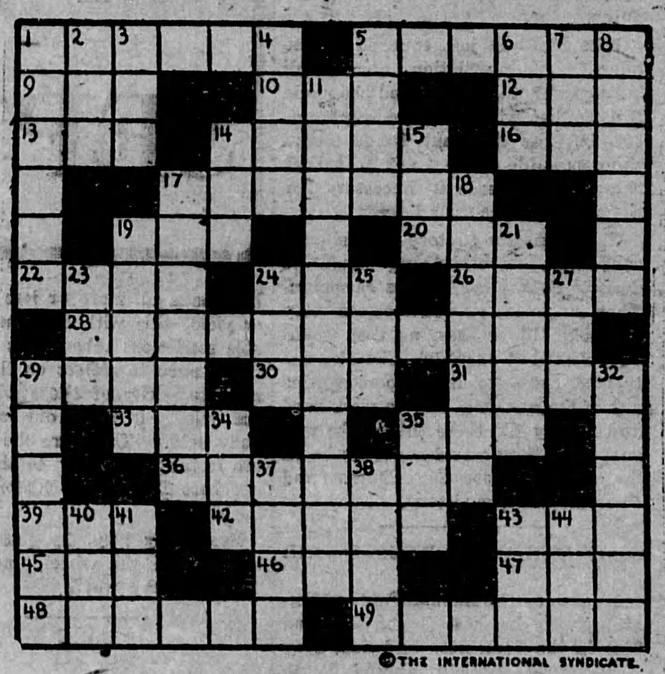
"You—you didn't hear?" she whispered.

"I did," he said. "I heard, but I can't believe it. I didn't dare tell you, Dorothy. It was you I was talking about last night. I wanted you to guess, and yet I didn't want you to guess. It didn't seem fair, but now—now if you'll wait——"

"I won't need to," she told him. "I made a fool of myself last night in front of father. I told him how I felt about you, and he said that if you said anything. . . . Gray, I can't believe it, but now you're going to stay in London, and work at the head office. And I—I shall live where you work."

Shenton did not return to London that day. He waited till the end of the week, and when he did go, he had two companions, his employer and future father-in-law, and—his future bride.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



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SUGGESTIONS FOR SOLVING CROSS-WORD PUZZLES

Start out by filling in the words of which you feel reasonably sure. These will give you a clue to other words crossing them, and they in turn to still others. A letter belongs in each white space, words starting at the numbered squares and running either horizontally or vertically or both.

HORIZONTAL

1—Commotion
5—Ecclesiastic
9—Individual
10—Non-professional
12—Likewise not
13—Outfit
14—Rushes tumultuously
16—Stain
17—Milk-like
19—Container
20—Yelp
22—Imitation
24—Spanish title
26—Scrupulously exact
28—Looks
29—Novice
30—Large sized
31—To engrave with acid
33—Ionic (abbr.)
35—Scrutinize
36—Announcements
39—Tibetan gazelle
42—Young dog
43—Through
45—Member of ancient Tartar race
46—Employ
47—Hail
48—Taxing the patience
49—Enclosed

VERTICAL

1—Steeds
2—Combining form meaning "one"
3—Implore
4—Group
5—Funeral pile
6—Terminate
7—Kind of bean
8—Threefold
11—Ruling powers
14—Cooking utensil
15—Allege
17—A written satire
18—A dance
19—Mediterranean island
21—Religious devoutness
23—Dried grass
24—Small soft lump
25—Harass
27—Conspicuous Service Cross (abbr.)
29—Instructed
32—Detestation
34—At present
35—Ginger (slang)
37—Ruffian
38—Ball of yarn
40—Belonging to us
41—Some
43—Chum
44—Biblical character

HAVE YOU WRITTEN A SONG?

Traps for Amateur Poets and Composers.

The popularity of broadcast concerts has given a tremendous impetus to song-writing by amateurs.

Everybody knows that a song may make a fortune. "A Perfect Day," of which more than four million copies were sold, founded an immense publishing business.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many people make their first flight in authorship by writing a song. Since there is no recipe for popular songs, who can say that they may not hit on the right ingredients and produce something that will sell like hot cakes?

For such literary novices there are many traps, and unless they are wary they are likely to fall into one or more of them.

A common dodge is fradulently offering to compose music to words. Many tricksters are practising this swindle, and consequently amateur authors should be careful in sending money to persons of whom they know nothing.

An everyday occurrence, too, is stealing songs. Swindlers get hold of songs on some pretext, and then, with perhaps a little adaptation, pass them off as their own.

This kind of theft is very difficult to cope with, because of the difficulty of proving it. There was actually a big lawsuit in the U.S. over the authorship of "Tipperary," an old lady claiming that she had been robbed of it. She was under the impression that Mr. Harry Williams, of California, fathered it, whereas its author was Henry James Williams, living in Birmingham. When an English publisher gave evidence to this effect her case collapsed. Generally, indeed, a writer has no remedy for theft, and consequently he should guard his manuscript.

But the most serious method of exploiting amateur song-writers is one carried out by bogus music publishers. These men advertise for manuscripts, on receiving which they write in glowing terms to the authors, expressing confidence in the success of the works, and "accepting" them on condition that a certain sum is paid towards the cost of production.

Sometimes this request for money makes an author suspicious, with the result that he holds his hand. In general, however, the amount asked for is sent, and there the transaction, as far as the dupe is concerned, ends. He hears nothing more from the "publishers," and if he writes to them his letter is returned, endorsed "Gone away."

Thousands of amateur song-writers have been swindled in this way. One of them, a woman, believing the stock yarn that a production of her was a "winner," raised twenty-five dollars, partly by pawning certain necessaries, and partly by borrowing, and sent this sum to the "publishers." Since then she has both written to and inquired at their former address, but she has been unable to get into touch with them.

In a similar manner a man was robbed of one hundred dollars, which, by the exercise of much thrift, he had put by for a rainy day.

Amateur song-writers, therefore, should beware of bogus composers and music publishers. The only safe course for them is to treat with men and firms of repute, who are certain to deal with them honorably.

What Causes "Singing" in the Ears?

Hearing is due to vibrations of air beating upon the tiny drum of our ear, which are translated into sounds to be picked up by the brain.

The "singing" may be due to several causes. It may not be real sound at all, but an inflammation which makes the nerves work as though responding to sound. In this case our brain gets the impression of hearing when there is really nothing to hear. Certain drugs, too, will produce this effect.

Again, the tube whose purpose it is to regulate the air pressure in the ear may have gone wrong, perhaps as the effect of a cold, in which case our balance of air will be out of proportion; and we listen to the tiny beats of our own blood, enormously magnified by the drums of the ears.

Or the wax which is always forming as a result of natural secretion may not be removed quickly enough. This hardens, and here again we are liable to get an improper pressure, just as though something were accidentally touching a real drum, resulting in the sound we know as "singing."

Travels 13,000 Miles to Tell of Slaying of His Comrade

W. O. Clark, of Dunedin, New Zealand, arrived in London recently after traveling 13,000 miles to tell the story of the murder of a comrade, which he witnessed in Cologne in 1919.

"The New Zealand Government," he told a "Daily Mail" reporter, "has sent me to give evidence about the death of Private Cromar, of the Otago Regiment, New Zealand, whom I saw shot dead on February 7, 1919. I expect to go to Cologne in a few days' time."

At the beginning of the Allied occupation on the Rhine a band of German youths swore to cut off the hair of all girls who fraternized with members of the army of occupation. On the day he met his death Private Cromar talked with a girl who was sitting on the same bench in a park.

Elderly Artist.

Rosa Bonheur was seventy when she painted her famous picture, "Horses Tramping Out Wheat."

Knockers do not kill me—they kill business. They are the persons who sift sand into the gear boxes of progress.

Good Cheer.

People soon tire of being uplifted, as they grow weary of standing on tiptoe. When a man is left contemplating the drab routine of life once more after a vision on the mountain top he must make the inspiration he receives in one crowded, glorious hour serve him for many working days. He cannot soon expect the electrification and the excitement to return.

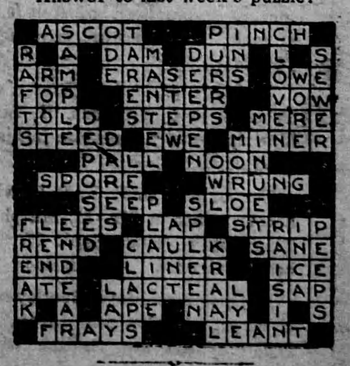
But the plain and homely virtue of good cheer will companion every day if we permit, and if it does not lift us to dizzy and exhilarating heights, neither does it let us sag way down to the very nadir of depression after we have soard to the zenith of delight.

Good cheer is a simple thing. It is not a costly program of entertainment and it runs up no big bills in a playhouse or a ballroom. It is a game which any one can play, needing no expensive outfit. It can take place within the confines of a sickroom; it can even go on in one's own mind. The best thing about the game is the benefit to the spectators. So many sports are good for the player and none besides. But this one helps and lifts all within a striking radius of the genial disposition.

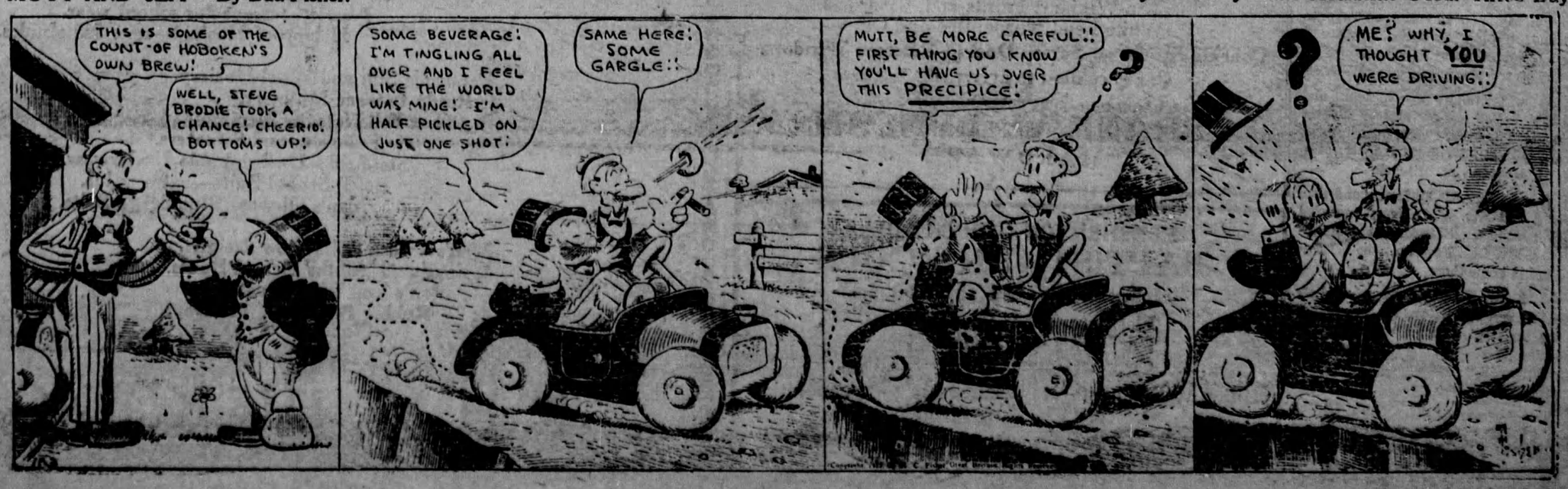
Fortunately, good cheer is incurable. Its germs find lodgment and are scattered like motes of the sunbeam's morning gold. Laughter is a bid for laughter; delight is even more contagious than sorrow.

How the world rewards its funmakers! To borrow the old name of the singers who brought good cheer, they might be called the gleemen. Mankind has need of all the mirth a Mark Twain or Stephen Leacock, a Chaplin or a Harold Lloyd can bestow.

Answer to last week's puzzle:



Men eat, sleep, and slack too much, breathe too little, don't drink sufficient water, and think too little. This is the scathing criticism of a doctor who lectured recently in London.

MUTT AND JEFF—By Bud Fisher.

Now We Know Why So Many Auto Accidents Occur These Days