A PERFECT PEACH

Or Love Among the Ledgers

By J. P. Loughnan

She had a fascinating little nose. Just turned up a trifle at the tip in a way which seemed to give her mouth more perfect shape. As she stood beside my desk in the private office, all the questions I had meant to ask her went clean out of my head. So, instead of asking if she knew how to enter up a ledger, I said: "Do sit down," and placed a chair for her near my own.

"I see your name is Daphne Heather," I went on, consulting the note Jimmy Marsh, our head clerk, had given me.

"Yes, sir."

She spoke timidly, but her voice was musical.

"Well," I told her, "my name's Bill Lawton. I'm looking after the firm because my uncle's on the Continent for a month. That's why you're interviewing me."

"I see, sir," she said, with just the faintest smile which made her lips curve adorably.

"Please don't call me 'sir.' Now, about this job you want, Miss Heather. Here's the difficulty. My uncle's not very keen about lady book-keepers; in fact, he's rather prejudiced against them. Still, if you're very efficient, that might alter the case."

The large blue eyes regarded me rather pathetically.

"To be perfectly honest, Mr. Lawton," she said, "I'm not yet very efficient. But I am keen to get a job, and—and"—a faint wave of color touched her cheeks — "Mr. James Marsh has promised to coach me if you'll give me a trial."

"Indeed!" My tone was rather stern. "Indeed! Now let me give you a word of advice on the brink of your business career, Miss Heather. Don't be too ready to accept these offers of help from male clerks. Men are—er—that is, they're not—er—I mean you've got to be careful."

An expression of the prettiest horror touched her sweet little face.

"Careful of Mr. Marsh?" she faltered.

"Oh, Jimmy's all right in his way," I admitted, "if you understand his point of view. He's kind and all that, but a bit of a woman-hater. You must not go falling in love with him, Miss Heather. That's what I really mean."

I looked at her in a paternal sort of way, but she only laughed.

"Then you will give me a trial, Mr. Lawton?"

"I'll give you a month's trial. Whether or not you get the job then will depend partly on yourself, partly on my uncle. When he comes back I'm no longer in charge. You see?"

"Quite. Thank you very much indeed. May I start at once?"

"You may. Mr. Marsh will set you going. Please say I want to see him when he has a moment to spare."

Again she thanked me prettily and tripped out of the room. I tried to concentrate on business, but found it difficult. And a full twenty minutes passed before he came to see me.

"Mornin', Marsh!" I said dryly. "I've been interviewing that young woman you recommended as book-keeper. She does not pretend to be very efficint."

Jimmy is thirty-five, though he looks young for his age. His black hair has a silly natural wave, the sort of thing a girl might admire. He seemed even younger than usual today.

"Miss Heather is a straightforward girl," he said. "That's why she told you the truth. I'll undertake to make her efficient enough by the time the Old Man comes back."

"Seems rather like turning the office into a kindergarten," I grumbled. "My own fault for giving her a trial. Now look here, Marsh, understand this right away. There's to be no flirtation."

A twinkle of amusement flickered in his eye. However, he answered gravely enough:

"I should not dream of such a thing, Mr. William."

The days which followed were trying ones for me. Often I stayed a bit late at the office. On every occasion when at last I packed up to go home there at the ledger-desk sat Jimmy close beside Daphne Heather. It was impossible for me to find fault because he was always explaining some book-keeping rule when I appeared. But the strain was awful. So at last I determined to put down my foot.

It was on a Monday, when she'd been at the office a week. When closing-time came I stayed on, although I had nothing to do. For twenty minutes I waited, then jumped up and entered the book-keeper's room. Yes, there they were!

"Marsh," I exclaimed severely, "this won't do. You can't burn the candle at both ends. You're a hard-working, efficient, reliable managing clerk; you do quite enough work in a day without having the extra strain of this overtime tuition. Go home at once!"

"I assure you, Mr. William, it's no strain ——"

"Don't argue. Go home!"

"But I promised to coach Miss Heather."

"Marsh," I said solemnly, "Miss Heather shall not suffer through lack of tuition. Take your hat and coat and go home at once. I will coach Miss Heather!"

For a moment he seemed inclined to continue the argument. Then he thought better of it, got up, bade us good-night, and went away.

I seated myself beside the girl, and we both went over the open ledger. A tiny frown lined her white forehead as she stared at the rows of figures from under her curly black lashes.

"Better put a straight nose on your sevens," I advised softly. "Otherwise they look rather like nines. This is what I mean." I laid my hand over hers and guided the pen.

"Yes, that is a plainer seven," she agreed, and gently disengaged her hand.

Well, we made quite good progress that evening with the ledger. Afterwards I asked her to dine with me. She hesitated. But when she realized that I wanted to discuss the theory of book-keeping, all was well. We dined at a quiet little restaurant I know, in the light of a pink-shaded lamp. On second thought, I postponed the book-keeping discussion.

Next morning a letter turned up from one of our clients in Derbyshire raising many important questions. I sent for Jimmy.

"Marsh," I said briskly, "you must run down and see old Bevan at once. I'll wire and say you're coming. Here's his letter. You'll have to stay the night in Derby, so cut along home and pack your bag. If it should be necessary to stay away a couple of nights do so. I shall understand."

He appeared a trifle taken aback. This was the kind of job I usually liked to take on myself.

The day seemed uncommonly long, but at last came closing-time. Being now responsible for Jimmy's work, I visited the general office and saw them all out. Daphne, entrenched behind ledgers, hesitated. I pulled up a stool and joined her.

"Do you approve of new sevens?" she asked shyly.

I studied the figures with close attention.

"They certainly are less like nines," I admitted. "But what about a little tilt to their noses? This is what I mean."

I laid a hand over hers and guided the pen.

"But I thought you preferred straight noses, Mr. Lawton?"

"Oh, no-o-o! A tip-tilted uose for me every time!" I declared, with veiled enthusiasm, looking deep into her big blue eyes.

Down came the curly lashes, while a delicious blush swept her smooth cheeks. It was just about dinner-time when the ledgers were finally posted. We got the same table. She looked lovelier than ever under the pink lamp.

Next morning I went to the office with a feeling of relief. Jimmy would still be in Derbyshire. Then I found a letter from him to say he was returning that night. Well, this meant another dinner with Daphne, and perhaps—— Could I screw up my courage? She had given me no reason to hope. But he who hesitates is lost.

That evening I entered the general office with a beating heart. The clerks shoved away their books briskly. Then I gave a gasp of dismay. The ledgers were al closed, and one of our fellows was shoving them into the strong-room. Daphne had slipped from her stool and turned towards the door. I hurried after her.

"Miss Heather, what about pour—er—tuition?"

"If you please, Mr. Lawton, I particularly want to get away to-night." The blue eyes were pleading.

"By all means, Miss Heather. But I say, what about the spot of dinner presently?"

"Thanks ever so much, I'm engaged to-night, Mr. Lawton.

As she left the office, a horrid suspicion gripped me. Jimmy's train would reach St. Pancras at 6.45. I decided to meet him.

I reached the station just on time, and—yes, there she was! While I hesitated at the barrier the train rolled up. Jimmy jumped out and ran to her. Next moment they were in each other's arms. I dashed out of the station and took the first bus home.

Next morning Jimmy reported that the Bevan business was O.K. When he had finished I told him to send Daphne along. She came in looking as lovely as ever.

"You won't want to stay at the office much longer?" I suggested.

"Oh, yes, I do—if you'll let me?" she contradicted.

"But look here," I argued. 'Marsh earns a good salary, he has a comfortable flat, and no relations to support"

"Well?" she breathed.

"Well, you—er—you love him, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I do!"

"Then I'm sure he won't want you to go on working here."

"But I want to, and that's enough for him. He's always been most frightfully kind ever since I can remember."

"You've known him all that time?"

"Of course! Oh, but you don't know. We thought it would be rather fun not to tell you——" She broke off, bubbling with laughter.

"You mean you've been engaged to Jimmy all along?"

"No, I mean his mother married twice."

"Well?"

"And I'm the baby of the family."

I fairly leapt from my chair.

"Do you mean," I demanded, trying to keep my voice steady, "that Jimmy is your half-brother?"

She gave a demure little nod. She hadn't time for more, because next moment she was in his arms.

"You precious sweet!" I stammered, "you will not want this job!" And I kissed the tip of her dear little tilted nose.—(Answers.)

The way to get rich is to lay up part of your income and as much as possible of other people's.

MAURITANIA'S PROPELLER

The world's fastest ocean liner is undergoing a thorough overhauling in the floating dock at Southampton.

Geese

Oh, swans are lovely; lovely, too, are geese
White in a greensward, dreaming on a stream,
On whose calm surface lilies they might seem.
I have seen geese in proud procession gleam
Bright as high sailing clouds, whiter than fleece
Or crested seas, white as the soft increase
Of tranquil snowfall and as filled with peace;
Their beauty is like beauty in a dream.

I have seen them, when summer's heat brings rain
In driving gusts, stand with their heads held high
Facing the downpour—O, before you die,
Would you might see them when the sun again
Shines on their dazzling whitness, and they fain,
Impelled by some wild ecstasy, would fly.

—Charles Winks.

Labor and Immigration

Le monde Ouvrier (Ind.): From the strictly labor point of view, the immigration queston can be summed up as follows: Free citizens should not be hindered from seeking to improve their condition by emgrating from one country to another, provded their transference to the other country does not constitute an economic danger to the worker of that country. It should be established with all possible accuracy what each industry can absorb in the way of additional hands without compromising existing conditions of industry. As soon as this point is passed, the balance is broken and the surplus labor becomes a menace not only to the country's workers but to the immigrant workers themselves, who are compelled by he force of circumstances to accept lower wages and are thus prevented from adopting our standard of living, becoming pariahs who cannot be assimilated.

With Mr. Coolidge positively out of the running, we make a bid for the concession of checking hats at the ringside.

Sumernian Queen Owned Vanity Case 5000 Years Ago

Excavations at Ur by Joint Expedition of U.S. and British Explorers Discover Richest Treasures Ever Found in Tomb

Philadelphia—Queen Shub-Ad, Sumernian ruler of approximately 5,000 years ago, wore golden garters, golden ear rings, a wig surmounted by a golden ornament resembling a large Spanish comb, a heavily beaded cloak and carried her rouge in vanity cases of the period—cockle shells.

Discovery of the queen's body near that of her king was announced in a report from Leonard Woolley, director of the joint expedition of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the British museum in Ur, of the Chaldees. Mr. Woolley said the treasures found in the tomb were the richest ever unearthed in Ur.

The tomb of the queen was found abutting the king's burial vault which had been robbed of its treasures, and in the centre was a burial pit containing the bodies of more than 50 men and women, the warders of the tomb. A sloping ramp led down into the pit, the report stated and on the slope lay the bodies of six soldiers of the guard, their crushed skulls encased in copper helmets and their spears shouldered. They been killed in their places to remain as sentinels of the dead.

Part of Grave Is Shambles

"The rest of the grave area was a shambles," Mr. Woolley said, "for in the narrow space were strewn 50 bodies of those sacrified to the spirit of the dead. Along one side were men, their daggers on their hips; against the foot of the tomb lay the chief ladies of the harem, eleven of them wearing what must have been full court regalia, consisting of elaborate head dress of gold ribbon, wreaths of gold mulberry leaves hung from strings of lapis lazuli and Cornelian beads, silver pins with lapis heads and great gold earrings.

"Above the hair of each woman was a silver palm with long point ending in solid rosettes of gold, shell and lapis and beside each lay cackleshells containing face paint and little alabaster ungent vases."

Returned With Thanks.

As he was passing beneath a ladder reaching up to the windows of a recently built house the irascible colonel was struck on the head by a large piece of putty.

He seized the putty in one hand and, racing up the staricase of the house, entered the room from which it had been thrown. He was confronted by three stalwart men.

"Who threw this?" he cried, angrily.

"I did," retorted the biggest of the three. "What are ye goin' to do about it, eh?"

After a moment's sober reflection the colonel murmured: "Oh, I just thought I'd return your putty."

'Could I see the captain of this ship?" "He's forward, miss." "I'm not afraid. I'm used to men."

Medical science, we read, is still hunting for the cold germ, hoping, we presume, if it is found, to make things hot for it.

Society pays for its sins. It once made Willie speak pieces on Friday afternoon, and now it must listen to his after-dinner speeches.

Strange Uses For the Airplane

Passing strange are some of the uses to which the airplane is now being put in certain far corners of the world, we read in an Associated Press dispatch form Croydon, England, that great aviation center in Great Britain. Of course we are familiar with the use of airplanes for destroying deleterious insects by scattering clouds of poison, and with the use of the airplane in mapping localities otherwise difficult of access. It is more surprising to hear that—

In Formosa, airplanes have played the part of messengers from the gods. Head-hunters were in the habit of ambushing lumbermen in the jungles. Having first circulated a report that stupendous bird creatures of Formosa mythology were soon to be dispatched by the gods as a warning, the Japanese Governor-General sent a pair of such celestial birds over the haunts of the head-hunters. They dropped a nest of explosive eggs—and the head-hunters are now as quiet as a dud shell.

When the gulf of Finland froze over and the sailors on thirty-eight ships locked fast in the ice seemed in danger of starving, Finnish army airplanes carried food to the beleaguered craft.

Airplanes work with whalers in the North Pacific in discovering the leviathans of the deep. Norse fishermen off Stavanger use the airplane for "spotting" shoals.

The forests of Alsace-Lorraine are sprayed from the air to kill plagues of caterpillars. In woods, near Berlin, poison-gas bombs have been dropped from airplanes for the same purpose. In south Russia airplanes scouted for hosts of locusts. One such host was found five miles long by three miles wide. Troops made all human beings and cattle evacuate the territory, and the airmen then flew at night over the locusts, spraying them with poison gas.

The seaplane of the Dutch-American party which explored Western New Guinea was of great use, particularly in overawing the fierce Papuan tribesmen. The tribesmen on being asked if they had seen the plane ran up and down in great glee, with arms outstretched, as if playing at a child's game.

Hydroplanes are surveying protographically the Great Barrier Reef, off Australia. The same method is being used to survey the great jungle of Borneo and the delta o fthe Irrawadi, in Burma.

In Eastetrn Siberia the Russians have been using airplanes to connect their remotely situated gold-fields in the Aldan territory. The planes carry the gold in five hours, whereas formerly the journey by horses, through almost impenetrable forests, required thirty-five days.

Like the "Pidgys"

Londoners Help Pigeons Escape City's Pied Piper at St. Paul's

London. — While London disapproves and bystanders do all they can to hinder the work of the city's official Pied Piper, some 2,000 pigeons of St. Paul's are finding they way into pigeon pies.

The London City Corporation having decreed that 2,000 of the pigeons which cluster before the steps and pillars of St. Pauls as an item of every tourist's London program must go, it became the duty of one Dalton, the city's rat-catcher, to trap them.

He first built a wire cage measuring 14 by 6 feet and provided himself with corps of "expert trappers."

His first day, however, was like the first bag of a hunter with a bent shotgun. He caught, all told, twelve. The crowd that gathered was wholeheartedly on the side of the pigeons. They fed the pigeons so that the grain trails which led into the trap would not allure them. And they engineered noises and movements to scare the pigeons away from the trap.

Trappor Dalton thereupon resorted to subterfuge. First, he came back early Sunday morning while most people were abed. Secondly, his assistants had for hours the night before been sweeping away the crumbs and bread which good-hearted people had strewn before the pigeons. Thirdly, the assistants stood in such a way as to hide the standards of the cage from the birds. He netted 250 birds in one catch.

The pigeons are being sold to a poultry dealer.

Windfall.

An honest speeder had just hit a dog and had returned to settle his damages, if possible. He looked at the dog a moment and addressed the man with a gun.

"Looks as if I'd killed yer dog."

"Certainly looks that way."

'Very valuable dog?"

"Not very."

"Will five dollars be enough?"

"Well—I guess so."

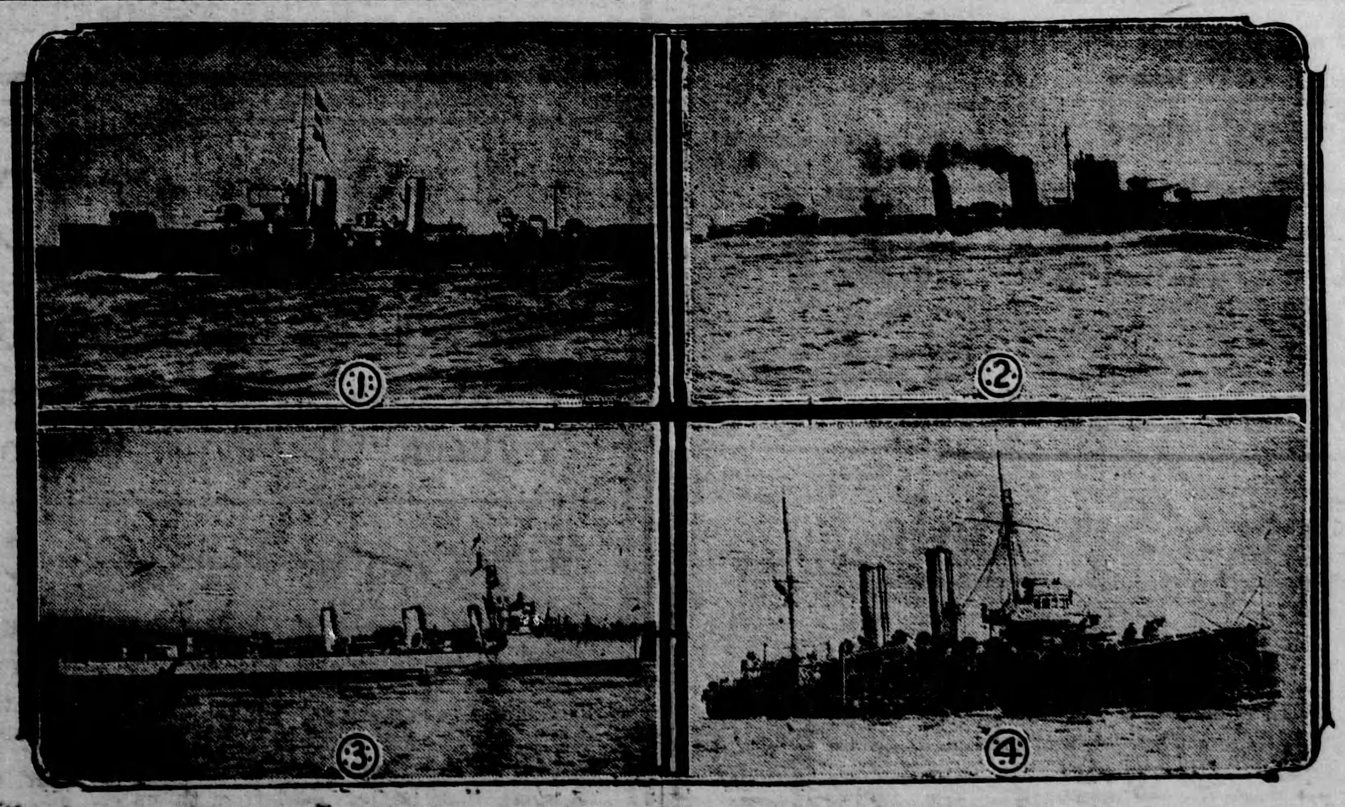
"Sorry to have broken up your hunt," said the motorist pleasantly as he handed the owner a crisp five-dollar bill.

"I wasn't going hunting—jest going out in the woods to shoot the dog."

"Motor War on Hand."—Head-line. But that doesn't make it any safer for those on foot.

The rumble seat of a coupe is better than the grumble seat of a limousine.

Replacing Canada's Navy



PATRICIAN AND PATRIOT GO TO THE WRECKERS AS OBSOLETE

With obsolete vessels being scrapped and replaced, Canada's navy is being brought up to date. The first picture in the ABOVE layout shows H.M.S. Vancouver, one of a pair of destroyers which are being loaned to Canada for the time, between the scrapping of old vessels and the building of new ones. The other destroyer of the pair is the Champlain. They were formerly the Toreador and the Torbay. Picture No. 2 shows the new British destroyer Amazon, a type which is being suggested as possible for Canada's replacements. A destroyer of this type takes 21 months to build, and is of more complicated construction than the battleships. No. 3 shows a Canadian destroyer which is now meeting the ungrateful fate of age, H.M.C.S. Patrician, called after Canada's royal princess, this gallant vessel has outlived its usefulness and is now being stripped of guns and equipment to be sold as junk. A similar fate has overtaken the destroyer Patriot. No. 4 shows the light cruiser Rainbow, Canada's first naval unit.