FIVE CROOKED CHAIRS

By FAREMAN WELLS

SYNOPSIS

Adam Meriston, a farmer's son, articled to a solicitor, makes a brave but unsuccessful attempt to thwart three thieves in a bag-snatching raid. The bag was torn from the hands of a girl who afterwards explains to Adam that it contains the day's takings of her father's shop.

He attempts to track the thieves and reaches an old warehouse. Adams enters the building while the girl watches the door. Suddenly he hears footsteps.

The man turns out to be Adam's employer—Corville Perkin.

Adam, in his private hours experiments with short-wave wireless.

Walking homeward, Adam is nearly run down by a large swift car.

Corville Perkins was engaged almost continuously with case after case, until the court adjourned. Then he briskly handed his papers into Adam's keeping, nodded rather distantly to one or two people and received what seemed to be almost more distant nods in return, recovered gloves and umbrella and, with a sharp almost military stride, left the building. Adam following, felt like a dinghy being towed behind a destroyer. The Court had adjourned late. It was past the office closing hour and Adam had already missed the train that he was accustomed to catch on Saturday mornings.

Outside the building in which the firm's offices were accommodated stood a big car. Adam noticed it idly, and casually assumed that some one of importance from one of the adjacent offices must have been spending an unusually late Saturday morning. It was his experience that people with cars like that generally rolled off gloriously to play a round of golf about ten o'clock on Saturdays. The lift had ceased working so they climb-climbed the stairs to an office from which everyone had disappeared except Mr. Brewster, who, as Managing Clerk, waited dutifully for the return of his chief. Adam overheard his discreet official whisper: "Mr. Montada in the waiting room, sir."

"Yes, yes," snapped the great man testily. "I saw his car outside. Time you were gone, Brewster."

Mr. Brewster looked disconsolately at Adam. That was all the thanks he got, and his Saturday dinner, no doubt by now completely spoiled. "Get along quick, Meriston," he murmured. "You and I are in the way."

Of course the junior did not want to spend a minute more than he could help in the office of Mr. Corville Perkin. He remembered that it was a half-holiday, and therefore time to throw off such disagreeable associations. He would have a snack and then catch the first train he could out to Pennymoor and his workroom in the stables. The harder he worked the sooner tomorrow would arrive and the hour when he would pay his visit.

He stood on the steps of the building wondering where to go for lunch, and admiring the splendors of Mr. Montada's car. The big handsome vehicle seemed to proclaim that its owner was a man of means and importance. Adam had got so far as to wonder if he would ever be the possessor of such a car, if the profits of his valve invention, swollen to the utmost limits imaginable, would suffice for so much luxury, when his eye was caught by one small detail of imperfection.

Even then, he looked for quite a while at the near front axle-cap of Mr. Montada's magnificent car before he was able to connect a nasty scar across it with another scar that had been sustained by some other vehicle. Mr. Montada's car was precisely the sort that, driven at a mad speed, would give one all the impression of power and bluster he had received on that occasion. Undoubtedly it would zoom along if its driver wanted to get away from the scene of what might have been a nasty accident.

Adam strolled casually across the pavement and looked down at the damage. Then he moved a step or two on his way and found himself opposite the driving seat. The driver was a sallow-faced man in a peaked cap. He was lolling back in a peculiarly huddled posture, and smoking a cigarette. Some impulse made Adam say with a nod towards the scar.

"Had a slight accident?"

The driver did not take the cigarette from his lips. His gaze was insolently resentful as he wriggled his head further back against the cushions and replied with a sneering drawl: "No, just polishing her a bit too hard, that's all."

Adam hastened off in search of his lunch, feeling that after all he had asked for it, but unable, nevertheless, to stomach a certain intensity of contempt in the man's tone. The picture of the chauffeur sitting so curiously huddled, and staring coldly out of dull brown eyes as if he were seeing something contemptibly distasteful, remained throughout the lunchtime, and even got in the way when Adam was trying to assure himself that such damage was far too common for any conclusions to be built on the coincidence to the detriment of such a powerful client as Mr. Montada. Even if, by some extraordinary chance, it had been that very vehicle that had been driven so recklessly, it only showed that either Mr. Montada or his chauffeur must have over-indulged. There was nothing in that. He was silly to have let himself get so excited as to make that blatant remark to a man who must quite naturally be expected to resent it.

BACK TO EXPERIMENTS.

It was delightful when he was at last able to settle down to an afternoon's work in his stable-laboratory, to find himself once more surrounded by his beloved apparatus. It would hardly be an afternoon's work though, for the day was already so dim that he was forced to light his lamp, a condition intensified by the rain that pattered down outside. When the cheerful glow had dispelled the depressing influences of both rain and gloom he found himself in a mood of restrained enthusiasm, a good working mood.

All his memories of the past two days were quickly dismissed until his mind was like a ship cleared for action. He straightened up the tangles resulting from his panic rush of the night before last, reconnected his valve and switched on.

Again the filament glowed its faint almost invisible glow, the meter needles swung and dithered, and again Adam experienced that strange tingling of the nerves, that ghastly premonitory shudder. This time his hand automatically switched off the current, and for a moment he stood rigid, wondering.

Was he in for another attack?

What queer disease was threatening him, making him so incomprehensibly liable to run and scream?

At the thought that it must indeed be a sympton of disease he found himself getting into another sort of panic, a panic that was based on an annihilating sense of despair.

For a time he strode about the limited space in front of his bench, exasperated by the thought that something he could not control was coming between him and the future he had set his heart upon, interfering too at the very moment when he wanted to make a crucal test of his invention. The thought that he must in some way be nervously afflicted, that perhaps his brain was no longer sound, sickened him. He stamped his feet and threw his arms wide in a despairing gesture.

(To Be Continued.)

Bad Weather Hard On Human Skin

Cold winds, rain and snow are the cause of much irritation and soreness of hands, neck and face. Bad weather dries up the skin; causes dryness and irritation; and eventually cracking and chapping.

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Young children easily catch cold. So Mrs. Russel Ward, of Hilton Beach, Ont., wisely says: "If I notice that there is any sign of a cold I give Baby's Own Tablets and find they are a great help." Thousands of mothers do the same not only for colds but for fretfulness, indigestion, constipation, teething troubles, colic, upset stomach and so on. Baby's Own Tablets are *safe* and sure in relieving childhood's common ailments. Price 25c.

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BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Issue No. 50—'34

Rudy Vallee Gets Kissed—And How !

AFFECTIONATE DOG DOES A BETTER JOB THAN YOUNG WOMAN

New York,—Rudy Vallee got kissed recently, thoroughly stickily and frequently kissed.

The merry round of osculation began when the orchestra leader arrived from Hollwood on the Twentieth Century Limited.

Himmel von Reynolds kissed him first, and no dog has ever done a better job of lathering its master's face. Himmel von Reynolds is a six-months-old Doberman pinscher, given to unrepressed display of affection, and with an extremely agile tongue.

Photographer thought it would be fine if Valee and Himmel were snapped in the conventional man-and-his-best friend pose. Vallee, a study in gray with an orchidaceous tie, also thought it would be nice too.

The trouble began.

"Slup-slup went Himmel's tongue, scoring a direct hit on his master's face with every thrust.

Soon both kisser and kissee became surfeited with this business and the pictures were taken.

An unidentified girl followed Himmel. As Vallee was escorted through the crowded depot to a chorus of squeals and ahs! from feminine admirers, this girl ran out and pounced upon the singer.

Before she was yanked away, she threw her arms about Vallee and registered a single loud kiss most of which was on thin air and consequently sounded like pulling a plug from the washbowl.

Himmel von Reynolds had done a great deal better, ringsiders agreed.

Vallee, who recently completed the motion picture "Sweet Music" is in New York for a long engagement in a local night club. Did he think as some folks have suggested that the public was reacting slightly against the so-alled "crooning" type of singing?

Vallee, explaining that "crooning" is a less "robusto" kind of singing, said he saw no evidence of such a trend.

He declined to talk about the complex relationship between him and his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee. He did not see her while he was in California, he said.

The Valee marital entanglement is scheduled for unsnarling—or the addition of another knot or two—in a New York court next January.

The "Sheep of the Desert"

A schoolboy of tender years is said to have produced the following essay on the camel: The camel is a sheep of the desert. It is called a backteria because it has a hump on its back.

The cannimal is very patient, and will lie down and die without a groan, but when it is angry it gets back up, which is called taking the hump.

The shepherds of cannimals is called Arabs. When they live in towns they are called street Arabs.

When the cannimal goes in a journey it drinks as much as it can to last for many days.

Such animals are acquiduets. Those that cannot carry enough are called inebriates!

It is hot enough in the centre of the earth and has been hot for millions of years.

We know it is hot because the deeper we go the hotter the earth is found to be, the heat increasing until it reaches a heat impossible for the mind to grasp.

SALES PEOPLE

Train for promotion. DISTEMPOUT is applied ON THE NOSE of sick dogs, cats, fox and poultry. Every home needs it now and for winter. Full size sanitary tube $1.00 post. paid. Send $6.00 for $12.00 stock, sales plans, circulars with name, etc. Sale within week guaranteed following our outline. Nationally advertised, backed by thousands never without it. Simple demonstration, benefit often next day. Write any way. W L Tested Specialties, Dunblane, Sask.

"SALADA" JAPAN GREEN TEA

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Fresh from the Gardens

732

Wedded Life Is Career in Itself

CLAIMS JEANETTE MCDONALD —ACTRESS ENGAGED FIVE YEARS, DELAYS MARRIAGE

Hollywood,—A woman never has to face the problem of choosing between marriage and a career because marriage is a career in itself, says Jeanette McDonald, film star.

Marriage takes as much time, energy, application and downright talent as any other form of endeavor the actress believes.

And so she herself has remained unmarried. For five years the blonde blue eyed singing star has been engaged to Robert Ritchie her business manager.

Wherever her professional engagements take her, Ritchie must go. Whatever her professional worries may be he must share them.

"Our interests are interwoven," she says. "And we have a great many things in common. Yet I feel that a woman who is married and at the same time attempts to follow a professional career must be unfair either to her husband or to her work. There are other reasons why I hold to this principle."

At the risk of clashing with the numerous other Hollywood actresses who have children Miss McDonald says she doesn't see how a film player can give a child a square deal in time, attention and affection.

'I don't understand how an actress can help neglecting her children in fundamental ways. And she cannot possibly be able to even see much of them."

Among the successful actresses who are mothers are Norma Shearer, Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Ethel Barrymore and Ann Harding.

"So far as I am concerned however if I were married I'd want a family. A marriage isn't much of a success without children. But to be married and be successful in professional work, too, is too much to expect, I think."

All in a Split Second

"If you had to choose between falling into a pot of molten metal or grabbing a live electric cable which would you do?" asked my morning newspaper calmly a breakfast or two ago.

"A young man from Yorkshire, I learned was hardening files in a Sheffield workshop, when he slipped. A pot of molten metal hissed behind him. The live wire dangled in front of him. Always a youth of quick decisions he seized the wire and hung unconscious from it the 200 volt charge locking his clenched hands around it.

"The current was switched off, the young man was caught as he fell, and oxygen was administered to him, and he survives to go on hardening files for many a long day I trust.

"Now the young man was not aware apparently that the cable was alive. If he had been, would he have had the amazing courage to snatch at it—or would he have dithered for just that split second which would have meant his hideous and instant annihilation in the pot of molten metal?

"I don't know. He doesn't know. You can't recreate in cold blood these moments of unspeakable dilemma and presume to say you would act this way or that way. It is the subconscious will to survive which makes those desparate decisions for us, out of a reservoir of wisdom too deep for our conscious mind to plumb, with an instantaneous appraisement of probabilities which our conscious mind is far too sluggish to achieve."

—Louis Golding in Esquire.

The Plugger

He isn't very brilliant, and his pace
is often slow,
There's nothing very flashy in his
style,
He has to dig and labor for the
things he wants to know
And he's busy learning something
all the while.

The clever men go by him in a
hurry day by day,
And the "stars" get all the mention
and the fame
But the steady patient plugger —
in a thorough sort of way—
Keeps on going and he gets there
just the same.

He's a quiet sort of wellow, and he's
backward in his speech;
You'll never find him clamouring for
applause,
He will listen to another who has
anything to teach,
And he never wearies working for a
cause.

He may take a little longer with the
task he has to do
Than the genius—whose talents seem
to run,
But you'll find the patient plugger
at the finish coming through,
And there's merit in his labor when
it's done.

He is slow in getting started, he
must know the reasons why
Certain things occur and in a certain
way;
There is nothing in his method to
attract the passerby,
And at times you'd think he's wasted
many a day.

But when brilliant men have faded,
and the "stars" have lost their
light;
When the clever men have stumbled
in despair—
When the great have come to failure
with the goal they sought in
sight,
You'll find the patient plugger getting there.

—Anon.

"Flatels" New Name for Serviced Apartments

Furnished flats with complete hotel service—they have been dscribed as "flatels"—are the latest development in luxury housing, 650 of them havig just been installed in Mount Royal, near the Marble Arch, London, Eng.

Each flatel, with accommodation for one or two people, has its own bathroom, kitchen, refrigerator and telephone. Cooks and waiters are provided at a charge of a shilling an hour. Meals may also be obtained at the restaurant. A promenade runs right round the seventh floor from which on a clear day the distant Surrey hills and woods may be seen.

Gems from Life's Scrap Book

PROSPERITY

"Orderly prosperity is attained only as mankind emerges from the mist of fear, selfishness, greed, self-seeking, racial hatred, narrow nationalism, and international suspicion."—The Christian Science Journal.

The grimmest door in London is to be sold. It is the execution door of old Newgate Prison, through which passed all prisoners condemned to death.

And thus they fool the fairies.

After reaching the age of twelve the boys are thought to be strong enough to whip the mysterious beings and then the lads are dressed as lads are ordinarily dressed in that country.

Enjoy a really fine hand-made cigarette by rolling your own with GOLDEN VIRGINIA

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CHRISTMAS APPEAL, 1934

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The Salvation Army will make your gift do maximum service.

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● Christmas—New Year's—the great holiday season now drawing close would not be complete without mince pie. Brought to the table, steaming hot, with the delicious filling in a crisp, flaky pastry, mince pie is a table delight looked forward to by every family. And when it's made with PURITY FLOUR you don't need to worry about your pastry. As with cakes, bread, rolls or biscuits, you know that any PURITY FLOUR baking ranks high in flavor, texture and color. Every bag of it is guaranteed to be of the same high quality.

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