Rainbow Gold

by

E. C. BULEY

SYNOPSIS

Dan Prescott and Gordon Westerby find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast.

Westerby has a fiancee, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde.

Eve wrung her hands in the misery of the moment.

"I mustn't have a black eye! I can't have a black eye!" she moaned. "I have to look for a new job tomorrow, and who would take a girl with a black eye?"

"Here's the chemist," said the man cheerfully. "It may not be so bad; and anyhow something must be done for a plucky girl like you, if you're seeking a job. In you go, while I pay the cabman."

There was a woman assistant at the chemist's shop; and she took Eve into a back room, and applied cooling lotions and comforting words. But when bottles of lotion had been provided, and instructions for the frequent application of the mixture given, it was clear that Eve must reconcile herself to a discoloured face on the next day.

"Nothing to what it would have been if your friend had not brought you here at once," cheerfully chirped the woman in the white overall. Eve tried to bear up upder the information, and to thank the man in evening clothes for the part he had played.

"Look here," he said, "I'm going to put you in a cab, and send you home. I cannot escort you, because I have a dinner engagement. But I've got a job for you, if you are any use as a secretary at all. Here's my card; look me up when your face is fit to be seen in a business office. And you are hired from today, understand. You've earned the salary that will be going on, while you are on sick leave, if ever a girl did. Good night, and buck up."

When Eve descended from the cab little crowd was collected as near the raided shop as a guardian policeman would permit. Her landlady told her an exciting tale of the smash-and-grab raid which had taken place, but made no mention of a girl whose intervention had brought about the arrest of one of the thieves. With the deepest thankfulness Eve realised that her part in the affair had already been overlooked and forgotten; perhaps owing to the eagerness of those who knew the truth to claim credit for the arrest.

But she would not have to be a witness; she would not incur the publicity from which she shrank. For that she was profoundly thankful.

The card in her hand proclaimed her benefactor to be Mr. Milton Medlicott, of an address in the City of London. After concealing a discoloured face for three days, Eve, in very considerable doubt, called at this city address. She found an office full of people, male as well as girl clerks, and all were busily employed by Mr. Medlicott, who described himself as an outside broker.

That meant nothing to Eve. But it was reassuring to find Mr. Medlicot business-like, though cordial. Her shorthand and typing were sternly tested before she was engaged, and the salary, though liberal, was not more than Eve felt she could honestly earn.

Such was Eve Gilchrist's introduction to the city, where existence was presently to become for her an amusing and exciting adventure, instead of the mere struggle it had hitherto appeared.

The first sight of England, decked with the beauty of late April, stirred Dan Prescott as he never imagined himself capable of being moved. Twelve years had passed since he had emigrated; and he had almost forgotten in the meantime what the true green of grass and young buds looked like. It came over him that he was glad that it was Wetherby who had remained in Australia and himself who had visited England.

As soon as he landed at Tilbury Docks, he inquired about trains to Hillingdon, and after a night of quiet in a modest London hotel, he caught the earliest train possible. Truro Villa turned out to be one of some fifty houses, exactly similar, in a road of astonishing monotony. An untidy girl of fifteen opened the door to his ring; and on his inquiring for Miss Gladys Clements, she showed him into a stuffy, overcrowded little drawing-room.

Exquisitely uncomfortable, Dan was conscious of excited squeaks and giggles close at hand.

His eyes roved about the room, cluttered up with cushioned wicker furniture and countless "ornaments," and came to rest upon a photograph frame on the mantel-shelf.

With a gasp of horror he saw his own face staring at him out of the frame. Once more Wetherby had fooled him in some way; for the picture was one Dan had permitted to be taken in Sydney, at his partner's urgent solicitation. Only one copy had gone out of his possession, and that must have been sent to Gladys Clements by the perfidious Gordon.

While Dan was groping for the significance of this portent the door was flung open. The girl of Don's picture stood framed in the doorway; big eyes, wistful drooping mouth, and all. She paused for a moment—long enough for Dan to feel a rush of pity that she should find a stranger instead of the man who had promised to return to her. Then she uttered an ecstatic cry.

"Gor-don!"

Dan saw her coming, and then she was in his arms, helpless to resist. He felt bare arms about his neck. His face was pulled down, and warm lips met his. Having met, they pressed against his so long and disturbingly that he jerked his head back. The girl accepted the hint, and stood back, holding his two hands in hers.

"I knew you at once, Gordon darling, by your precious photograph. Did you know me by mine? And you are not disappointed, are you?"

"Cripes!" murmured Dan below his breath.

He was just as much stunned and incapable of action or coherent speech as if a blacksmith had smitten him on the head with a sledge-hammer.

Any pretty girl who has to fend for her own living in London learns to be suspicious of the philanthropy of chance-made acquaintances of the other sex. Eve Gilchrist was no exception, when she assumed her new duties in the organisation of Mr. Milton Medlicott, outside broker. Not even the circumstances that Mr. Medlicott ignored her very existence, after she was once installed in his office, served to dissipate her warliness.

But she soon discovered that a spirit existed in the office which rendered her initial fears and suspicions absurd. The wholestaff were efficient and zealous, and inspired by a personal loyalty to Medlicott which was only partly accounted for by generous payment and considerate treatment. When Medlicott stopped, on his way to his private room, to pass a word with one of his employees — and Eve soon learned that was the junior and humbler members of the staff who were usually so distinguished — the recipient of the notice was happy for a week.

It was a pleasant office all round, with social activities. A hockey club, a swimming club, staff dances at regular intervals. The afternoon break for tea—provided at the expense of the firm—was a short but sociable interval. "We are a matey lot here," explained Frances Carruthers—a big girl who sat next to Eve. "Mr. Medlicott sets the tone of the show. He's a prince."

To Be Continued

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OUR MONTHLY BULLETIN SERVICE on "WHAT AND WHERE TO SELL" lists the "cream" of International Contests offering thousands of cash prizes for Articles, Bright Sayings, Cartoons, Designs, Essays, Household Hints, Jokes, Letters, Poems, Sketches, Slogans, Stories, etc.

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LIFE COMPLEX FOR MODERN WOMAN

Author Of Book On Machine Age Tells Of Present-Day Problems

TORONTO, — "The commonest form of recreation among women of all classes, married and unmarried, is perhaps clothes—a feature to be pondered upon," says Mrs. M. M. Kirkwood, author of "Women and the Machine Age," and assistant professor of English in University College. Other favorite forms of recreation she notes in a pamphlet recently published by the Social Service Council of Canada, are the "movies" or "talkies," the use of the motor car, and a growing interest in athletics and outdoor sports.

The pamphlet is the seventh in the series on "The Machine Age," and come to the conclusion that there is needed a new standard of social responsibility.

Mrs. Kirkwood sees a need for a new ideal of marriage and home life combining the new liberty (brought about by the introduction of machinery) with the old seriousness and sanity. The morality based on the knowledge of birth control and the equality of women in the marriage relationship is far ffrom mature yet, she asserts in stressing the responsibilities of home building and child training. Amusement as a sole aim in life will satisfy neither man nor woman, she believes, and for the normal fullfillment of human experience education for social relationships is needed as much as for vocations and academic success.

"Coo-ee," the call by which Australians have made themselves known the world over, may soon be proposed officially as the S O S of the Commonwealth. If the proposal is accepted it will be an offence for anyone to use the call for any other purpose.

Tea at its Best

"SALADA" TEA

Your Handwriting Tells Your Real Character!

By GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR
(Graphologist)

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A correspondent sends me samples of the handwriting of several well-known film stars and asks me to analyse the writings for her. There is so much of interest in these analyses that I am making them the subject of a special article.

Perhaps you have wondered why many men have been led into the different pursuits in which they have gained fame and fortune? It is immensely interesting to think what might have been if different individuals had been born with traits of character that were entirely different from the real characteristics of their nature!

Many men and women are born into this world with definite talents and abilities, that they must learn in order to take full advantage of them. Some go through life and never even learn their proper talents while others find and develop them early in life.

Take the handwriting of John Boles, a well-known star. The dominant trait in his character is self-reliance. This is the quality that makes him depend only on himself for anything he wants done. He is not surly (quite the contrary) to his many friends, but, at the same time, he looks to one man only to get what he wants—and that man is himself.

John Boles could not be anything else if he desired—there is an independence of thought and action that will not allow him to think of help when he has a problem to face. He is close-mouthed about his personal affairs, and will usually have them solved before other people have heard about them. Decisive, quick-thinking —a man of action—John Boles.

Some time ago I analysed the writing of Ramon Novarro. This film star was very fortunate in finding his talent and making it the driving force of his life. His writing shows, as all those who have seen his films know, that he is a great dramatic actor—that he can interpret a role in a way that few people can even approach, but he has also another ability and another very outstanding talent with which he has won recognition—his ability in music. The rhythm and breaks in his writing show immediately to the handwriting analyst—a talent and appreciation of the musical arts.

You, my reader, may not have any tremendous talents like these well-known film actors. On the other hand, you may have some outstanding ability with which you could, if you recognized it, and cultivated it, acquire a good position or fill a particular niche in life. But you must understand yourself; you must realise the latent abilities within yourself and, once recognizing these, set to work to make the most of them.

A graphological delineation will not invest you with particular powers or abilities; it will show you whether or not you possess some outstanding talent which you ought to cultivate. And it will show you to a greater understanding of yourself and your problems.

* * *

Would you like to know what talents you have? Do you wish to know what your handwriting tells about your character and that of your friends? Send specimens of the writing you want analysed, stating birth-date in each case. Enclose 10c coin for each specimen and enclose with 3c stamped addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont. All letters are confidential and replies will be mailed as quickly as the volume of mail will permit.

Iceland Isn't Such A Cold Place

An Icelandic nurse, spending six weeks in Toronto, doing public health and hospital observation work for the Red Cross, is Miss Sigviduv Bachman.

Miss Bachman is a graduate nurse of University College Hospital, London, with post-graduate work in public health at Bedford College, England. She has come to Canada at the request of the Icelandic Red Cross Society, under the Exchange Committee of the Canadian Nurses' Association, to observe methods here and take back to the work in her native land, to which she returns in the fall, the benefit of her experience.

"The Icelandic climate is not nearly so severe as people think it is—it is modified by the Gulf Stream," Miss Bachman said, in an interview. "This year we had the best May we have had in years—much warmer than it was in England."

Schools close in May, not because of the heat, but on account of the short days in winter. People like to make the most of the summer and get the children off to the country for a long vacation. Some of the days in November and December do not have more than five or six hours of daylight, she added. "The housing is quite good—'stone' houses, we call them, mostly made of cement, with general heating, of coal, with furnaces." The State hospital, as well as the houses in that area are heated from the geyser, "the biggest hot springs in the world," she said. Most of the women and girls of Iceland are adopting the Western dress, although many of the older women still cling to their national costume.

Business Better Beatty Declares

Halifax.—Canadian business generally is benefiting by a sound, steady improvement which has been in progress for a considerable time, Sir Edward Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, said here recently as he stepped down from a special train which is carrying him through the Maritimes an an annual tour of inspection of company enterprises. The only cloud on Canada's industrial recovery front, the rail chief asserted, was in Western Canada, where crop prospects were indefinite and where there was no assurance that the 1935 yield would be readily marketed.

"Quinties"

Observes the Chicago Tribune.—And now it's happened! Horror of horrors! Whither are we drifting? Some of the eastern newspapers have already published the thing in streamer headlines: "First Birthday for the Dionne Quinties!" The very sound of the thing makes one grow pale and have severe shooting pains in the neck. Not content with such awful atrocities as "eatie snoppie" and "good nightie" and "alrightey" and "kiddies" and "okie", now we have to see that awful thing 'quinties" staring us in the face every now and then. And next somebody will be changing Mother's day to "Muzzies' day." Quick, Watson, the needle!

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