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.

Gordon forwards a photo of Dan to former fiancee, Gladys Clements, in London and when Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.

When lunch was over, Gladys decreed that Dan must take her to the pictures. She settled comfortably in her seat at the cinema house, removed her hat, nestled her head on Dan's shoulder, and took possession of his hands. Dan emerged from the darkened house like a swimmer coming from the depths, half suffocated by the wealth of affection lavished upon him.

There was what Mr. Clements described as a knife-and-fork tea, and then Gladys disappeared, to make way for the younger sister.

"Gladys is dolling herself up for the pallay doe donse," Kitty explained. "She wants to show you off to all the girls, and to rub it in to Tommy Ware. It's her day out, a'l right."

"Who's Tommy Ware?" Dan asked idly.

"His middle name is 'Broken-hearted'," Kitty explained, humming a popular air. "There he is, broken-hearted; and he doesn't care who knows it."

At a dance hall Dan was presented to a number of girls, Gladys employing a formula which ran: "Meet me feeonsay; this is Bertha, Gordon."

Dan had to dance with them all in turn. He was inured to dancing in the bush, where the girls put some life into what they regarded as a vigorous exercise. But the male performer must not take liberties at those dances. Holding too tight was an immediate cause of offence.

"If you can't show respect to a lady, take your dogs off the floor," Dan had heard said as a mild rebuke.

These girls were different. They clung tight, and leaned against their partner. They ogled Dan at short range. Bertha, a willowy blonde, with very fair hair and china blue eyes, asked Dan to do her a favour.

"Give me an intro. to that partner of yours," she coaxed. "If Gladys is going to marry half a gold mine, save the other half for me."

Tommy Ware became evident as a neat little man, who invented his own dance steps. He scowled at Dan for an hour, and then gulped down his jealousy.

"Cou'd you put one away?" he asked abruptly.

"Thanks," said Dan, "but I don't use it."

Incredulous, Tommy Ware retired into a corner. He confided dark doubts of Dan's genuineness to every girl with whom he danced.

"Calls himself an Aussie, and wouldn't have one," he grumbled.

Having seen Gladys home, Dan got away to his hotel about midnight. The good night salute was a memorable business.

"Bertha asked to see me ring," Gladys whispered, and fled indoors.

There was little sleep that night for Dan Prescott. How it had all happened was beyond him, but his position was plain enough. Under a false name he had become engaged to a loving girl, whose kisses had set his blood racing in a way that made Dan think he would never regain a normal temperature. To-morrow he would buy the ring she desired; there was no way out of it.

Dan was not sure that he wanted a way out. It was wonderful to be petted and caressed; and there was even some satisfaction in being exhibited as an object of great worth. It was all so novel to Dan that he was not quite sure whether he wanted to continue; but on one point he was quite determined.

The confusion of his identity with that of Gordon Westerby had to be cleared up; and Westerby was the person who must do it. Lorna or no Lorna, Westerby must put him right, and explain how the whole mistake came about. He must do it by cable, and never mind the expense. After she knew the truth, perhaps Gladys would chuck him overboard; Dan was humble enough to think it more than probable. Anyhow, no more sailing under false colours.

His first act next morning was to despatch a long and imperative cable to Westerby, and another to Slade, urging that individual to employ his influence on easy-going Westerby.

Then Dan called at Truro Villa, and was initiated into the delights of the first eporiums of Hillingdon.

Gladys was a born shopper, with a correct eye for value, and an insatiable craving for new possessions.

The ring was bought; and then Gladys was so fascinated by a wrist-watch that she came out of the shop wearing it. Dan found himself buying silk stockings by the dozen; and before he knew it, was confronted with garments even more intimate and expensive. The girl sales-woman shared his embarrassment, but not Gladys. Chocolates were added by the seven-pound crate and a hint sent Dan selecting presents for Mar and Kitty.

Blonde Bertha came in to tea, and was shown the plunder.

"What a gold-digger's wife you'll make, Gladys, darling," she said, veiling her light blue eyes and glancing sideways at Dan.

"I'm a born gold-digger myself," Gladys said, with no trace of offence. "But Gordon loves giving me pretties, don't you, Gordon?"

Well, Gladys was generous after her fashion, too. Dan saw that he need never fear from her the sort of opposition that embitters life for so many married couples. If he had any wish it was her law. She wanted to please him by every means in her power.

"Are you going to settle down in Hengland, D?" Mrs. Clements asked, on the evening of the second day.

"I never thought of it," Dan confessed. "When I'm through with my business here I'll have to get back to the mine."

"I don't know whether I shall like Australia," Gladys confessed. "But it's for you to say. A wife's place is by her husband's, isn't it, Mar?"

That's true," Mrs. Clements agreed. "But don't talk about it till you have to. G. I 'ate the thought of losing you."

Gladys paid for the presents with parting caresses more lavish than ever, clinging until Dan put her gently from him, saying he must be going.

"Don't you wish we were married now?" Gladys whispered. "It's terrible, having to part like this."

"G'night," Dan said, and fairly ran away.

He knew now that he must get away from all this sensuous warmth of affection and rich living, and think over the position in solitude. He wrote a note to Gladys before he went to bed, saying that an urgent telegram called him to London by the first train. He signed this "Dan," being reluctant to put a false signature to the letter. But he made its look a good deal like "Don."

Next morning he ran away from Hillingdon at break of day; and found it astonishingly difficult to tear himself from the fond embraces of the girl whom he had known for two brief days only.

"Cripes!" Dan reflected, when the train was well on the way. 'That sort of thing could easy become a habit."

On his arrival in London he rang up Milton Medlicott, and was bidden to come right along to the office, and talk things over, in company with a bite of lunch.

Medlicott sat opposite Dan at the restaurant table, and the two men unfeignedly began sizing one another up.

'I'm pretty deep in this goldmine of yours, Prescott." Medlicott began. "Slade rather carried me off my feet. That's the worst of being able to telephone from places as distant as Australia. A man is apt to be rushed."

Dan said nothing, a disconcerting trick of his. His silence only meant that he had nothing to say, but a man like Medlicott was apt to construe it as dictated by tactical reasons.

""How much gold did you say was in sight?" Medlicott asked.

(To Be Continued)

"It would be folly to try to remedy the things that are wrong by going at them at too rapid or radical a pace."—Phelps Phelps.

"Where the teacher expects much he gets much; where he expects little he gets it."

—Abbe Ernest Dimnet.

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

ALSO MADE UP IN PIPE TOBACCO

MUSIC FOR WORKERS URGED AS STIMULANT

London—Music for workers, particularly those in mass turning out standardized pieces, warming the air supplied to pneumatic drills, and special apparatus for detecting dust in certain industries are among the recommendations made in the fifteenth report of the British Industrial Health Board.

The reason for the music is that it would eliminate boredom and increase efficiency by rhythm; for the warm air that it would increase the efficiency of the drills; for dust detection, because it would diminish certain eye, nose and lung complaints.

Experiments to investigate the psychological conditions of industry, especially in repetition work, have been carried out, and the results show clearly that where conditions are satisfactory the comfort and cheerfiness of the worker being studied and helped (e. g., by music in some instances), efficiency improves.

Studies of causes of invalidism have produced valuable results, but existing evidence gives no support to the statement made by surgeons and others that bus drivers are specially prone to gastric trouble. In order to settle the matter a special committee has been set up in association with the London Passenger Transport Board.

The well-recognized risks of workers in dusty trades have been carefully studied; a new instrument has been constructed by means of which it is possible to take samples of air practically at the breaking point, i.e., the mouth and nose.

It has been proved that a stonemason's exposure to dust may be three times as great on a calm as on a windy day. Preventive measures have been suggested, including the wearing of "respirators," i.e., appliances resembling "gas masks."

A Chain Of Smiles

Observes the Christian Science Monitor: "When a woman entered a certain cafeteria, the first thing she observed was the serious, almost disagreeable, expressions on the faces of the women attendants behind the long counters. None of them even raised their eyes when they asked what she wished.

With a smile she said, "Good morning!"

Without exception, each in turn looked up astonished, pleased, and answered with a smile.

After only a few times of going there, she found that each face would light up with a smile of pleasure and good comradeship when she came in. Even amid the rush of their work they would take time to make some pleaant remark.

This game, "a chain of smiles," as she calls it, she has been playing for many years, and her business takes her over most of the United States and into other countries. Waiters, clerks at hotel desks, clerks in stores, post-office employees, bootblacks, janitors, and scrub-women, all are her companions in the game; and she has found that a smile is never wasted."

Root Vegetables Keep Well In Dry Sand

Root vegetables, such as beets, carrots and parsnips, may be preserved during the entire winter in a perfect state by keeping them packed in dry sand. The sand should be placed in boxes or barrels in a dry, cool part of the cellar or store room, in layers alternating with layers of vegetables, until the receptacle is full. From this storage the vegetables may be dug out as required. Why any one should go to the trouble of canning beets when they will keep perfectly well all winter in sand, and are fully as palatable when cooked, is a mystery. Some members of the Women's Institutes, in their study of economical ways of cooking and of time saving, have discovered this fact about vegetables, and are passing it on for general use.

Mrs. Grundy Holds The Spanish Fort

Madrid—Mrs. Grundy has apparently found her way to Spain. At least, the well known Spanish stage and film star, Ernesto Vilches, thinks so.

Vilches visited a bathing pool with a number of friends, and to swim, wore a costume that he had worn in the United States, Mexico, the Argentine and Cuba. It was one of those costumes where the leg goes almost as far down as the knee.

Apparently it was a little too much for the attendant who ordered Vilches, out, as his costume was against the new regulations which have been issued.

What the new regulations are like can be judged from the fact that they forbid sun-bathing except when clad in a dressing gown!

THE ODD AND THE INTERESTING THINGS ABOUT BELGIUM

More English people go for their holidays to (or through) Belgium than to any other country, writes J. H. J. in the London Daily Mirror. This summer, the time of the International Trade Exhibition, there will be more English visitors than ever. Yet very little is known in England about Belgium.

One knows what to expect from the Dutch: they are fat, clean, and grow flowers. One knows what to expect from the French: they are, as the old lady said, "so French." But about the Belgians many things are surprising.

In the first place, they are not one nation, but two. There are two entirely different languages. South of a line running just below Ypres and Brussels the people are Walloons, and the language is French. North of that line the people are Flemings, and the language is Flemish — which is more like Dutch than anything else. Belgium has been a self-governing nation for no more than a century; it was not until 1830 that she became an independent state.

SHE IS AN EMPIRE

Secondly, Belgium is not, as one might expect from her size, an agricultural country; she is in proportion to her population the most highly industrialized country in the world. Like South Lancashire and the West Riding, she is a country of towns, and lives by exporting manufactured goods.

Thirdly, Belgium is more than a kingdom; she is an empire. Actually she is the fourth colonial power in the world. There are only about 8,000,000 people in Belgium, but there are over 9,000,000 natives in the Congo who are Belgium subjects. The Belgians are intensely proud of their empire. Not very long ago they had nothing to be proud of; King Leopold II oppressed and exploited the natives in a scandalous fashion.

THEIR BEST CUSTOMERS

Our own Cecil Rhodes, himself no angel, described Leopold II as "Satan himself." But now all that has been changed, and in some respects the Belgian Congo is a model among tropical colonies. The exports of the Congo in 1931—gold, diamonds, palm-oil, ivory, rubber—were worth 1,000,000,000 francs.

Fourthly, Belgium has a couple of awkward frontier disputes in store. She claims the left bank of the Scheldt Estuary, which is at present Dutch. And one day Germany will claim Eupen-Malmedy, which is at present Belgian. That district, with its 60,000 people—mostly German and German-speaking—was filched from Germany in 1922 after a misconducted plebiscite.

The Belgians have a great admiration for Englishmen. Like us, they believe in constitutional monarchy; like us, they believe in colonizing; like us, they are an industrial people. We are, next to the French their best customers. Altogether we might well know more about Belgium.

TEA DRINKERS LOSE IN ENGLISH TEST

More Individuality To Carefully-Brewed Cup Of Coffee, Is Verdict.

Manchester, Eng. — Britain's tea drinkers were recently adjudged the losers against the coffee addicts in an earnest contest conducted to the last drop through the columns of the Manchester Guardiann.

The decision was based on variety in coffee-making. Coffee drnkers wouldn't admit there were any "grounds" for the tea drinkers. Their cups brimmed over with satisfaction when they claimed there was more individuality to the carefully-brewed cup of coffee than the drink brewed from tea-leaves.

Coffee fans argued coffee is the mental stimulant of the scholar, the physical stimulant of the tired business man and a necessary adjunct to every gourmet's dinner. The tea-brewer, so they argued, has become stereotyped in his procedure.

Inspect Each Ewe

Everyone who purchases one or a flock of breeding ewes should inspect each ewe carefully for any defects which might make her undesirable for breeding purposes. All breeding ewes should have sound udders. Large numbers of ewes are discarded annually because their udders have become spoiled, or they have not been able to produce enough milk to raise their lambs. For this reason, each ewe should be examined carefully to determine whether or not she has two good, sound teats, and whether her udder is soft.

Enjoy the Best Tea

"SALADA" TEA

10

Your Handwriting Tells Your Real Character!

By GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR

(Graphologist)

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From the outset of this series of articles on Character from Handwriting, I have endeavoured to deal with the technicalities of the science only enough to reinforce the evidence presented by the various personal analyses that I am giving.

It has been my aim to deal almost entirely with the human angle of Graphology. To show you, more by actual practice, what Graphology has to offer, rather than by exhaustive, and sometimes exhausting technical discussions.

It appears to me that Graphology today needs no extensive or elaborate defence. There are, I have no doubt, still some sceptics—those who refuse to believe that handwriting CAN tell anything of character—but, to be quite frank, in the course of a long practice of the science, and after receiving many thousands of letters from coast to coast, through my newspaper articles and my radio broadcasts, I have only come across one or two out-and-out doubters. And it has been my pleasure to convert most, if not all, of these.

Graphology has so much to offer to those who are earnestly desirous of finding the real truth of their characters and also to those who are anxious to find what their friends are really like. It tells your weak points, and shows you how to strengthen them; it points out faults, thus paving the way for you to discourage and finally eliminate them. And it also uncovers characteristics that you could cultivate to your advantage, to the end that you will be happier and more successful in your endeavours.

And one of its most vital missions is to delineate the characters of your friends so that you will know them better and understand them. Much of the misunderstanding and even the quarrels that create havoc in many friendships, could be eliminated, if people but knew and understood one another.

In a letter I received recently, a young lady who lives in Northern Ontario said: "Isn't it funny that we should pay in order ao learn things about ourselves that we already know — but suppose, after all, we don't really know ourselves thoroughly, because we are tempted to think ourselves as we would like to be—and that isn't always just the same thing, is it?"

However, even if that were all that Graphology did, it would still be worthwhile, for many of us, even though we know our faults, refuse to face them courageusly, and the advice of an unbiassed outsider often acts as a spur to us . . . Actually, however, Graphology in almost every case uncovers characteristics that we fail to realise ourselves. That this is so is proved by the many letters, to this effect, that I have received.

Future articles will continue this discussion.

* * *

Can Mr. St. Clair help YYOU as he has helped so many of our readers? He will tell you the truth, and nothing else, about both yourself and your friends. Send specimens of the handwritings you wish analysed, stating age. Send 10c coin for each specimen enclose with 3c stamped, addressed envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont. All letters are confidential and will be answered as quickly as the volume of mail allows.

Speed

On the salt flat of Utah, Sir Malcolm Campbell drove his famous racing automobile Bluebird at the amazing speed of 301.337 miles per hour in both directions. This is by far the fastest speed ever reached by any human being upon the earth's surface. Sir Malcolm has more than achieved his great ambition—to drive at three hundred miles per hour.

But if speed were all, there would be very little sense in attempting these feats. There is, however, the infinitely more important and practical side,—scientific facts to be gleaned from driving at such a pace; the effect upon the engine, the car, the resistance offered, and a hundred and one other features that may have a vitally important bearing upon car and engine construction in the future, from all angles.

Sir Malcolm took a fearful risk. But he has been taking risks all his life. It is to be hoped that he will now rest content, and leave to other and younger men the task of personally driving at an even faster speed. He has given the world proof and to spare of his daring and his courage. He may well resolve to pursue in safety the investigations that are the inevitable and important aftermath of his achievement. — Montreal Star.

"The scientific approach may prove necessary before the prevention of war becomes an accomplished fact."

—Julian Huxley.

A Woman's Life

When a woman's been a-workin'
Makin' garden all day long
With chicken scratchin' in it
And everything goes wrong—
When beans a-cookin' on the stove
For a hasty dinner snack
Boil dry, while you're a-workin'
And burn 'til they are black.
When you rush in through the kitchen door,
Your dress snags on a tack,
And then it rips from neck to hem
The whole way down the back.
When you rush to set the table
And drop a dish ker-plop!
The sweat runs down your forehead
And you feel like you will drop.
Then you trip yourself upon the rug
And crash down on the floor,
Of all the troubles that you've had,
You know "there ain't no more."

But for every morn there's evenin',
With the lights a-burnin' low,
And you kiss away a small one's tears,
Or wrap up a stubbed toe.
Then when you tuck 'em into bed
And kiss 'em all "goodnight,"
When all the little prayers are said,
You know that things are right.
In the dusk you sit a-thinkin'
When you feel your ole man's hand
A'holdin' tight your fingers,
And you say, "Aint life just grand?"

—Edith Arie.

DON'T RISK BAKING FAILURES . . . .

THE FARMER MAGAZINE TESTED AND APPROVED

"DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH INFERIOR BAKING POWDER. LESS THAN 1¢ WORTH OF MAGIC MAKES A FINE, BIG CAKE. AND MAGIC ALWAYS GIVES GOOD RESULTS,"

says MISS ETHEL CHAPMAN, popular cookery editor of The Farmer.

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