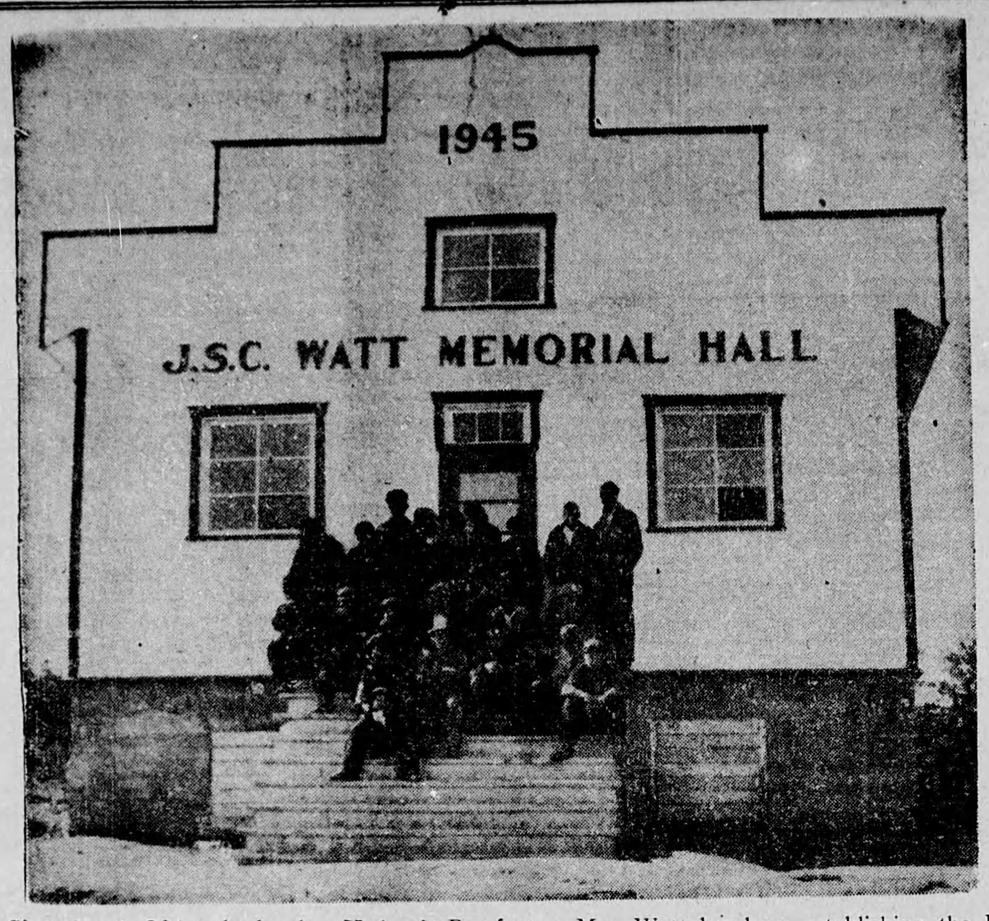

Since Death Of her husband, a Hudson's Bay factor, Mrs. Watt has been establishing the J. S. C. Watt memorial recreation and community centre for natives of the Arctic area. Through donations and labor of Indians, $17,000 building now is two-thirds paid for

Three Minutes of Fiction Fun

SHORT SHORT STORY

The Dog and His Master

By

FERN AUBLE

The dog stood motionless, soft brown eyes riveted on the small figure lying face down. Sobs racked the thin young shoulders as the boy's clenched fist pounded the hard earth.

Slowly, the dog moved toward the boy until he stood over him. Tentatively then, he nuzzled the youngster gently.

Thad Lacey lay motionless for a moment and then, slowly, almost fearfully, he rolled his head to one side and stared up at the dog standing over him. For a space, time stood still as boy and dog took each other's measure. Then, the dog lowered his head and with a flick of his tongue on the boy's tear-stained cheek, lay down on the ground beside him, his nose buried between his forepaws.

Thad raised himself on one elbow and stretched out a grubby brown hand.

"Aw, gee," he breathed softly "Gee, where'd you come from, boy?"

Thad's fingers gently fondled the silky ears. "You're just about the most handsomest dog I ever seen." Only a hint of the storm of tears lingered.

Then in a floodtide of remembrance, his eyes filled once more and he rubbed his knuckles into them angrily. His voice roughened as he said, "Spot wasn't nearly as pretty as you, but I loved him anyway. Old man Benton needn't have shot him. Spot never hurt his sheep. Spot never hurt nuthin' less it was rabbits or 'possums or varmints of some such kind."

* * *

A Twig snapped in the underbrush. Thad jumped to his feet and the dog rose quickly, a low, warning note deep in his throat.

The man's quick eye noted the tears-streaked face and then dropped to the clenched hands. "Hi, sonny," he said in a friendly voice. "Don't think I've seen you around here before, have I?"

"Guess not, Mister. Dad and me just moved here a couple of months ago. And Spot," he added forlornly.

"Spot? He your dog?" The man's voice was pleasantly interested.

Thad's head came up and he made no effort to hide the heartache in his eyes as he said with a shaking, indrawn breath, "Uh-huh. He was my dog. Old man Benton shot him yesterday. Said Spot was runnin' his sheep." Chin not quite under control, he continued, "Spot never run nothin' but varmints. I trained him myself an' I know." He stared defiantly at the man who gazed back at him with troubled eyes.

"That's too bad, son. I'm sorry you lost your dog. Mr. Benton was probably too hasty, but there've been a number of sheep killed around here lately and the farmers are pretty touchy."

"I know, but Spot didn't hurt his old sheep none. Not ever."

* * *

The man was silent for a moment, watching the boy fondle the hound. I've never seen Bucky with such an idiotically happy look about him, he thought.

Suddenly, he made his decision and looking hard at the boy said, "Look here, son. You've lost your dog through a mistaken notion on the part of Mr. Benton. It looks like you and Bucky there understand each other pretty well.

"You take Bucky for your own dog. A boy needs a dog and all dogs need a boy for their master. You and Bucky belong together."

He stopped, smilling at the light in Thad's gray eyes and before he could repent of his offer, turned on his heel and started rapidly across the field.

Thad looked after him wordlessly. He sprang to his feet and raced after the man, Bucky loping at his heels.

"Hey, mister!" Thad's voice reached the man as he walked with downbent head. He stopped and turned slowly.

"Hey, what's your name, mister? I never seen you before neither."

There was a note of apology in the man's voice. "My name's Lawrence Benton." Not waiting for a reply he turned and strode on.

Typewriter Prints 90,000 Characters

Canadian stenographers who have been bothered with typewriters that do not spell very well might shudder at the thought of operating a new Chinese typewriter, invented by Dr. Lin Yutang, the distinguished philosopher and author. This machine can print 90,000 Chinese characters by the use of various combinations of its 72 symbol keys and eight printing keys. What scope for typographical errors!, exclaims The Edmonton Journal.

The typewriter, product of 30 years' work by Dr. Lin, measures only 14 by 18 by nine inches and weighs little more than 50 pounds. It is an enormous improvement on earlier efforts in the way of Chinese typewriters, one of which resembled a pipe organ in size and was sharply limited in the number of Chinese characters that it could print.

Dr. Lin's machine has 36 upper and 28 lower keys, representing the upper and lower parts of a Chinese character. The pressing of an upper and lower key brings into printing position a unit of eight words in the same category. The typist sees these eight words in the magic eye of the machine and chooses the one he wants by pressing one of the eight printing keys.

Chinese language and literature experts are enthusiastic over the possibilities of the machine, which will be mass-produced in the United States.

Chinese documents and letters at present are all written manually. Their books and newspapers are set by hand, and they must depend on a numerical code for sending telegrams, so enormous is the number of Chinese characters. The new typewriter opens the way for a great advance in Chinese writing, printing, filing and other associated fields.

It May Be Necessary To Curb Rainmakers

Most people figure that right now there are too many laws against too many different things—but obviously there will have to be a few more. Take, for instance, this recently developed business of rain-making—or call it recently improved, if you figure that some of the old formulas were effective.

At least, they were jealously guarded secrets. Now it's getting so that anyone who is really interested in producing a rainstorm can hire an airplane, scatter a few pounds of dry ice into a rain cloud and get results almost immediately. According to the Sault Daily Star, all the props he needs are in the rain cloud, the dry ice and the plane.

* * *

It's easy to forecast the difficulties which may develop if rainmaking becomes as simple—and as universally practised—as turning on the sprinkler every time the lawn looks too dry. One farmer, for instance might figure his corn in need of rain. But if when he turned on the water his neighbor happened to be haying, strained relations very likely would develop.

As a matter of fact, there has been trouble already. Out in Oklahoma recently, residents of Chickasha hired a dry-icer to go up and make them a little moisture. But a wind came up with nice timing, and Chickasha's rain all fell in nearby Anadarko, which hadn't wanted to be drenched at all.

* * *

One case of legal action has developed. The manager of the Kansas State Fair not long ago asked for an injunction to restrain a potential rainmaker from making things moist while the fair was in progress.

Obviously, something will have to be done before all this goes too far. If a law isn't passed, the only alternative open to any area whose residents don't want to get wet will be to set up anti-aircraft defence systems.

It Makes Sense

In midsummer we took my four-year-old niece with us to the movies. Our summer heat is such that not even an air-cooling system reaches all parts of the theatre. Diana squirmed and wriggled. During the intermission I asked her what was the matter. She said: "I'm hot. I wish I had a sweater on."

"Why on earth a sweater?" I was surprised into asking.

"So I could take it off," she answered.

British settlers in substantial numbers arrived at Cape of Good Hope in 1820.

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