

For the Boys and Girls

Pussy Adopts a Family.

Pussy and Betty had been friends for quite a long while. Nearly every time that Betty ran into the garden to play, a little furry figure would squeeze through the hole in the fence and run to meet her. She would rub against Betty's fat bare legs, until Betty bent down to fondle her, and then hold up her little brick-colored nose to be kissed. Then one day she didn't come, and another and yet another day passed and still she didn't come.

On the afternoon of the third day, just when Betty was beginning to think that perhaps she never would come again, a faint mewling was heard, and there, creeping slowly through the hedge, was Pussy, but oh, such a thing, changed little cat. She hardly looked at Betty but ran backward and forward as if she were hunting for something she had lost and couldn't find.

"Oh, dear," thought Betty, "what can be the matter?" And she ran the heading to fetch Mummy. Mummy gave Pussy one look and then went to call on the people next door.

"They took away all her kittens last night," said she when she came back. "They have had a cat before, and did not think of keeping a kitten for her to bring up, which they ought to have done. They are quite upset about it."

Betty's lip trembled. "Oh, Mummy, will you think of something to help her?"

Just then, Betty heard John calling. She forgot Pussy for the moment, for John was holding something very carefully in both hands and his eyes were shining. "Look what I've got," he cried.

Betty peeped into the cup he was holding, and saw three tiny squir-

GOLD-DIGGERS' LUCK

By R. G. WOOD

"Just another month," said Jim Harvey. "Just one more."

Nita Harvey's hand trembled as she took the gold from the pocket of the man who had just won it. "Yes, and then another, and another, and I know! Yes, I stay on in this wilderness and grow old and never see anything and never have any pleasure."

She spoke quietly, gazing across the rolling plains into a country where everything burned and glittered in the fierce sunlight. The trees stood motionless in the heat and not a cloud relieved the monotony of the expanse of blue sky.

"If I quit now," said Jim, "I might be within a foot of it. Macartney quit at Gypmie, and the next week Johnson struck."

"Yes, Jim, but how many stay here and never find it? Thousands!"

"He didn't seem to hear her. There's gold at Burra Creek," declared. "We're bound to find it sooner or later. And it'll be rich stuff, for we do strike it. He paused and seemed to brood a moment. "Only yesterday Bill thought he'd struck."

Nita continued to gaze from the window. She had heard all this so often. Jim didn't know how many hours, when he was away, she stood there stroking Briton's neck and gazing at the horizon till she hated its staring outline. The gold fever had got him; she could see every line of it and put in his face in six tolling minutes.

Mechanically she packed his mid-day meal. Everything in the rough cabin had to be protected from the flying sand. She combed it out of her hair and washed it out of the clothes. Sometimes she felt that the heat and the sand alone would drive her mad. Jim couldn't understand a thing like that. He was always the same to her—kind, tender, patient. But she couldn't be. She tried, but she couldn't. She wanted to say, "Jim, if you did find gold and lost me—if I didn't love you any more, even though I wanted to—would it be worth it?"

But, of course, one couldn't say a thing like that.

Suddenly she remembered it was Saturday. Saturday in Brisbane! She thought of the crowded streets, the shops, the waves breaking on the beach.

"Some day, Jim, you'll come home and find I've gone." She had found courage to say that more than once, thought to startle him. But Jim had smiled, and said, "You're taking me too seriously, and to be taken at her, like that and kissed her, her resolution had melted.

"So to-day she did not say it aloud.

With tightened lips she set about her task; there would be no wavering this time. She packed the fewest possible things. Briton put his huge muzzle against the bundle and looked at her yearningly. Then she cleaned and loaded Jim's revolver. She felt neither thrill nor flutter at facing a night in the open with that little weapon and Briton to guard her.

Suddenly Briton snarled. Nita raised her head and saw Dan Kay coming up the pathway.

"I've called to borrow a few snarers," said Dan. "Is Jim in?" He had pushed the door open and stood on the threshold. He seemed rather conscious that his inquiry for Jim was thrown in for effect.

"You know well enough Jim's never in mid-mornings."

"Maybe you could find a few snarers," suggested Kay, making an ineffectual attempt at friendliness with Briton.

"If you look in the shed when you go you'll find some," she said, and Kay, choosing to interpret this as an invitation, set off. Nita took a mug with her and set it before Jim on the bar-

this morning." He seemed to struggle with his thoughts. "I can't spout, Nita—you know that. But you've been fretting your heart out, and if it comes to choosing between you and Burra Creek, I reckon you come first."

That was all. No questions—no word of his extemporized ruminations by her. She kissed him gently. They were leaving Burra Creek! That was the chief thing. It was like being let out of prison—for her. What Jim thought about it she could not discern either from his words or his looks. He went in and out, loading up the wagon as though it were a matter for neither joy nor sorrow, but simply a job to be done. And amidst her gladness she couldn't help reflecting, "I've let him down!"

Night found them in the Bush. Jim unharnessed the horses, lit a fire, and tucked their slender necks. Nita, sitting inside the rim of light, wondered vaguely how they were going to live in Brisbane. Only vaguely, though, for the night was cool, and beautiful with stars. Jim's musical whistle came to her from where he worked in the shadow fixing up their bivouac. "That brooding look Nita had seen on so many faces in the Bush, that look of intense searching, had left Nita. Nita felt deliciously happy and content—except for just that little ache in her heart.

From somewhere he produced her velvet slippers. Like Jim, that. A touch of luxury in a desert!

"She took his arm as he sat down beside her.

"Jim, did you think it queer Dan Kay being there this morning?"

"Queer? No. 'Tain't likely anyone would ride past lonely folk like us."

"But if he hadn't been there, if he hadn't seen what he did, would you have told him just the same that you were going?"

Jim paused.

"Jim, I want the truth."

"Well, I'd made my mind up. I could see the Bush was heating you. So I decided to quit. That's all."

Nita smiled happily at that. "It isn't so bad out here some ways," she said.

"Well, it gets you, this country does. It gets into your blood. It's like the gold fever. He paused, staring into the fire. "I'll come back here some day, even if I have to come alone."

She answered him quickly. "You'll never have to come alone, Jim."

"You mean that?"

"There was unexpected joy in his voice. Nita smiled. "Yes, I mean it. I've learnt something, today," she said, softly.

The next moment she was looking into her hands at an object, brown, weighty, and shapeless, which Jim had placed there.

"Gold!" he said. "Rich quartz. We struck it early this morning. That's why I came back. I've been going to tell you all day, but I couldn't. I wanted to know first about the other There's loads of it. Enough to get us all we want. That's why we're on our way to Gypmie to stake the claim."

Nita turned it over in her hand. It glittered with tiny yellow lights under the stars.

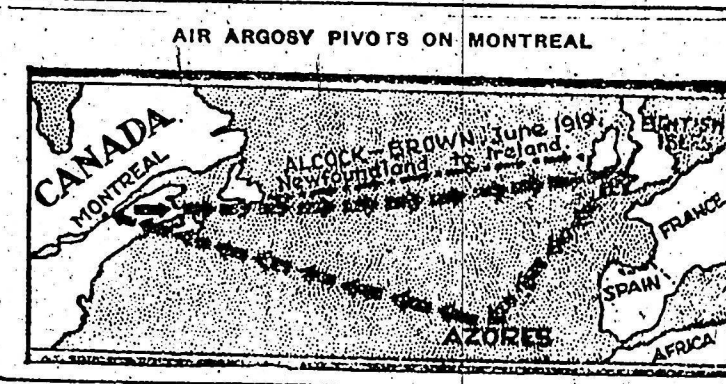
TO WED IN RUSSIA NEEDS NO LAW

Clergy Also Deemed Unnecessary in the Soviet Eyes.

Soviet Russia has recently adopted a new marriage code, extending recognition to the de facto marriage, that is, a marriage without legal or religious sanction, but considered binding by both partners," states Dr. Vera Danchakoff of Columbia University in May "Current History Magazine."

"Such recognition, however restricted, is characteristic of living together, a common household and the exhibition of marital relationship before other people. The 'wife' in these instances has now certain claims to alimony and the man is financially responsible for the support of his de facto family. Amusing complications are already arising as a result of this modification of the extra-legal union, according to Dr. Danchakoff, and she cites this example:

"A servant I knew of had three children. She was married to a policeman. The children resemble their father in quite a striking manner, but according to the Council of People's Commissars, the relation between the two people is not marriage, as they do not live in the same apartment and have no common household. The only evidence of their marital state is that they consider themselves husband and wife. The Council of Commissars objects, however: 'You need two more points that your relationship be recognized as marriage. The servant says: 'I have two children growing up,' but the Council says: 'No, you are a single woman!'"

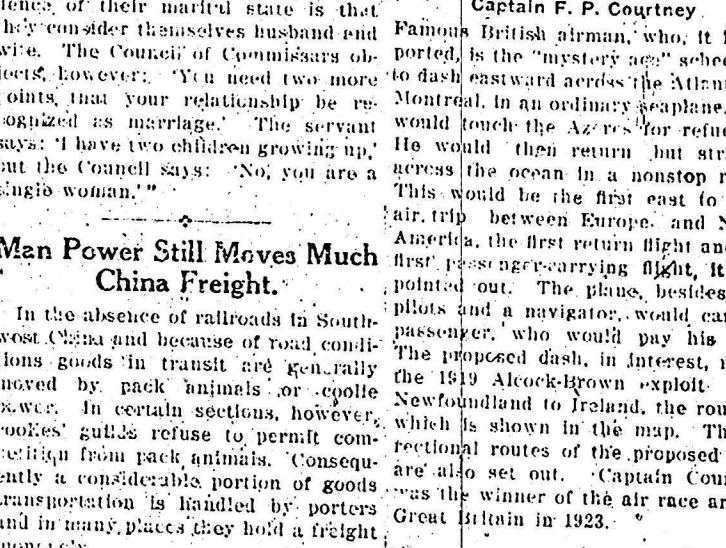


Man Power Still Moves Much China Freight.

In the absence of railroads in Southwest China and because of road conditions, goods in transit are generally moved by pack animals or coolies. In certain sections, however, pack animals refuse to permit contact with pack animals. Consequently a considerable portion of goods transported is handled by porters and in many places they hold a freight monopoly.

Portage is usually done by contract, each man undertaking the delivery of his load at a point a given distance away. The porters as a class are young men, necessarily vigorous, with specialized muscular development and pads of callus on a line across the shoulders. They are invariably opium smokers.

They usually travel in groups of ten to twenty for company and mutual protection, and it is quite common for the bearers of two or three different consignments to travel in company for days at a time. Their wages average about \$1.50 a day and are paid in the currency of the region through which they travel. Their living expenses take about 35 cents of this, leaving \$1.15 for culture and display.



Captain F. P. Courtney, famous British airman, who it is reported, is the "mystery man" scheduled to dash eastward across the Atlantic to Montreal in an ordinary airplane. He would touch the Azores for refueling, and then return by straight flight across the ocean in a nonstop route. This would be the first east-to-west air trip between Europe and North America, the first nonstop flight and the first passenger-carrying flight. It was pointed out, however, besides the pilot and a navigator, would carry a passenger, who would pay his fare.

NEW STATION FOR CROYDON

Extensive Radio Development Planned for Big British Airport.

London. Among the developments now in hand for the reorganization of the London Air Port at Croydon is the provision of a new wireless station, which is to be erected for the Air Ministry by Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company to replace the one that has done duty there for the last seven years. When this station is complete Croydon will possess vastly improved wireless equipment, which will considerably extend its range of communication with other terminal aerodromes and with airplanes in flight.

The new station will consist of a group of four 3-kilowatt wireless transmitters operated in conjunction with a wireless direction finding receiver. The transmitters will be capable of telephonic and continuous wave and interrupted continuous wave telegraphic transmission, the wave range being from 200 to 2,000 meters. In dependent drive circuits will be incorporated to maintain constancy of frequency and wave-length. Energy for the transmitters is to be supplied by a constant motor alternator group, the power from which may be switched on to any of the transmitters.

The new wireless direction finding receiver for Croydon, specially designed for this work by the research department of the Marconi Company, has remarkably selective characteristics and incorporates the latest frequency and amplifying devices. It is arranged so that, if required, two or more circuits can be operated on different wavelengths for the reception of telephony and telegraphy on the same aerial.

In order to keep the neighborhood of the aerodrome as free as possible from obstruction, the wireless masts and transmitters will be erected two or three miles from the airport and operated by the "remote control" system.

The charity of a lot of people should be charged up to publicity.

Scarcely the Same.

She—"Didn't you say her acting was just lovely?"

He—"No—I said she was a lovely actress."

In 1920 the area sown to alfalfa in Canada was 238,000 acres. Six years later it was 358,000 acres. At the beginning of this period Canada imported 15,000 bushels of alfalfa seed per year but by 1926 this trade movement was changed into an export of 60,000 bushels.

Important deposits of magnesite are found in the Grenville district in the Province of Quebec. Magnesite is used largely as linings for steel-making furnaces and in the manufacture of cement.



Boston Bull Mother who believes that large families are what keeps the country going, and should be encouraged. Her latest litter was eight five and healthy pups who are shown here posed.

SWINDLES BY POST

Every Human Sentiment and Need is Preyed Upon by Clever Rogues, Who Reap Their Ill-gotten Harvest and Move On.

IT HAPPENS IN ENGLAND TOO!

The gullibility of the public is largely demonstrated by the fact that scores of educated rogues, living in the lap of luxury, derive four-fifths of their income every year by means of multi-order swindling. Frauds of this kind have been increasing rapidly and to-day the influence of these swindlers has reached a pitch which is causing the police authorities serious concern.

The trouble is that after an advertisement appearing in some newspaper turns out to be a swindle, there is small hope of tracing the person who inserted it. It is this, coupled with the fact that a little capital and preparation are needed, that attracts the ever-growing army of swindlers who want to play for "safety first."

A "Dear-Old Lady"

Many of these advertisements are, as a bait, the offer of something generous and warm-hearted to the reader. Take, as an example, the following advertisement which appeared in the columns of a well-known morning newspaper:

"WILL LADY OR GENTLEMAN give a few pounds to brighten the declining years of a dear old lady who, having experienced much trouble and sorrow, is no longer able to fight for herself? Daughter appeals. Write Box 100."

In one form or another the announcement had appeared at short intervals for a number of months. It caught the eye of a wealthy newspaper man. Touched by the appeal, he wrote for particulars to the box number given. By return of post he received the letter from the daughter enclosing a photograph of her mother in a chair.

As it was mentioned in the "Dear-Old Lady" was a real gentleman sent a substantial offer to the local vicar, asking him to get to the proper quarter.

The vicar, who, incidentally, had never heard of the old lady, called on the vicar. He found it to be one of the best roads in the town and was received in the drawing-room by a lady, some and fashionably dressed young lady.

She appeared somewhat embarrassed on learning her visitor's business, and denied that she had ever written such an advertisement or written to the business man at all.

The vicar, very puzzled, apologized but he was still more puzzled on going home to find another gentleman waiting for him with an inquiry about the circumstances of the same "Dear-Old Lady."

His Memory Was Too Short

This visitor showed the clerk the advertisement in the paper, and the better he had received from daughter. The vicar was determined to clear up the mystery and, morning, he went to the house. He found the blinds down and a place deserted. The bird had fled. The "old lady," it afterwards proved, was a myth invented by

"daughter" to provide an easy and even luxurious mode of living. She had been spending at least £2,000 a year, all of which money had been derived from those advertisements.

"Public School and Varsity man, down to his luck, appeals for financial assistance to help him to make good. Repayment by instalments. Every investigation gladly welcomed, etc."

This advertisement drew the attention of a certain magistrate famed for his benevolent works. He wrote to the man and asked him to call. In due course a very charming young man appeared.

At the end of a long and harrowing recital the magistrate asked him to sit down a moment while he fetched his cheque-book. The young man waited for about a quarter of an hour. Then the magistrate returned, with his cheque-book, with a police sergeant.

"Take this young man into custody for attempted false pretences," he said to the officer.

The man was about to protest when the magistrate ordered him, saying: "I have ordered a better man than you. Next time you see this game you had better make sure that the man you are trying to swindle is not one of the 'J's' on the Bench when you were fined twenty pounds for drunk and disorderly conduct on the same count."

"Ten Easy Ways" of those-morning

Taking advantage of the uncertainty of the vicar, a second and a third of the following advertisement in a daily newspaper:

"TO LET: £50 per annum. Charming ten-roomed house in a select neighborhood. Just renovated throughout and with every modern convenience. Can be viewed at 100, West 25, West 25, West 25."

Upwards of twenty young couples sent off £5, and all kept the same price for viewing their own. Not a few of them were disappointed. In a few weeks they found that the advertiser had used an advertisement address in his name and was calling for his replies had never been at the place again.

"Ten easy ways of making £100 a week. Send 2s. 6d. for full details. This was an advertisement that only replies from all over the Kingdom. The advertiser was a man who had used a single sheet of paper with a few lines of type, which he had clipped for making such a large number of copies. He had never been at the place again.

Good and regular income made by unscrupulous folk who take advantage of death announcements in the papers. On reading of the death of a person whom they know had been a man of means, write to the advertiser at the address given, and you will be asked to make a donation to the deceased person with their own hands. In many cases the price is paid in full before the form of hand is received.

TREASURES I DIDN'T BUY

My Amusing Client—By An Antique Dealer.

In my shop window appears a notice: "Curios and Antiques for sale." And people bring me, as a result, some more than curious curios. "This one," said an old gentleman to me some time ago, producing what looked like a rusty dagger, "is for our family for 'undress of years.' A nail out of the Ark—what you built to get into when all that rats were about."

Examination showed me that it was a hand-made nail of the sort used in King Charles's I's hair. I could give it for £2 and make over so much for it. I'm sure she believed it a genuine relic, but—it was grey, King Charles's hair wasn't.

Another old lady asked me what would give for an old doublet, but with a serpent twist. "That's only a bit of glass," she said, pointing to the stone set in the serpent's head, "but thought the buckle might be worth a few shillings."

She left my shop with £1, and her eyes shining. The "bit of glass" was a small but perfect ruby. I do as I please.

Ever been into a wood for a picnic? Then I'd wager if you were young and frivolous you carved your initials in a tree trunk and probably added a few more. Fifty or sixty years previously, at a rough guess, someone carved deeply into the bark of a tree. Conqueror, 1066. A rube blew trees down and the laborer was put to saw it up.

"My grand-darter—clever gal she be—noticed the name and says you was put in there. So nothing you put a bit in the paper—I advertise some times 'about old stuff.' I came along with this. As sympathetically as possible I had to disillusion him.

The peddler of some curious trifles puzling. "These," said an old man, "are a pair of Queen Victoria's shoes. My sister's first young man's sister—she never married him, but

Willow Song.

Willow wands, willow wands, here are colored willow wands.
Dipping by the river where the thrushes sing;
Purple willow, creeping willow, white willow, weeping willow,
Here are magic willow wands to cure you in the spring.

Willow wands, willow wands, here are pollard willow wands,
Swaying by the water in the wind and rain;
Silver catkins, willow catkins, green catkins, yellow catkins,
Here are colored willow catkins, here are weeping ones!

—Hannah MacLearn in The Spectator.

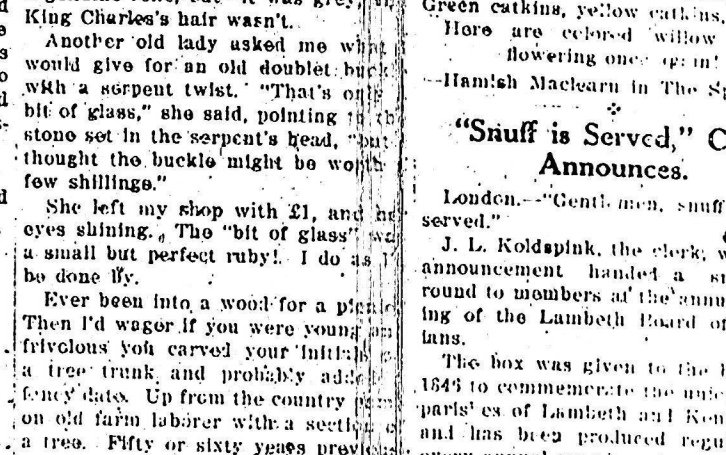
"Sauf is Served," Clerk Announces.

London.—"Gentlemen, sauf is now served." J. L. Koldapink, the clerk with this announcement handed a snuff box round to members of the annual meeting of the Lambeth Board of Guardians.

The box was given to the board in 1843 to commemorate the union of the parishes of Lambeth and Roperston, and has been produced regularly at every annual meeting since.

Wanted to Get Her Pace.

Wanted a Hubby—Are you going to buy your wife a wrist watch?
Hubby of Gay Wife—No—a spoon docter.



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Address
ISSUE