The Girl Who Got Up Early

They Thought They Had the Beach to Themselves Before Breakfast, But Cupid Was An Early Bird Too—Rogues Who Poison the Well of Charity

It was ten minutes to seven—a.m.—when Elise Proctor slipped out of the Carlton Establishment, across the promenade, and down to the deserted sands.

Almost deserted, that is, for the sun, breaking through the June mist, revealed a solitary young man, clad in bathing-dress and overcoat, sitting outside one of the boarding-huts.

"He's there again," murmured Elise, and despite the fact that she told herself severely not to be silly, her heart began to play tricks with her.

Every morning for a fortnight that solitary figure had been waiting there at the same early hour, waiting for the sight of her bright-colored bathing-wrap crossing the promenade. For one of the few advantages which Elise had discovered in being "assistant manageress" of the Carlton Boarding House was the fact that she was allowed time to bathe each morning before beginning another crowded day, and living on the sea-front made it possible to run down to the sands in a bathing dress and wrap.

Those precious fifteen minutes in the water while the early morning sun turned Westcombe into a fairy-land were what she lived for. All the rest of the day until nine at night she was rushed off her feet, feeding people, arranging rooms, meeting new arrivals, generally earning her two pounds a week and keep three times over.

But before 7.30 a.m. her time was her own. She had always been fond of swimming in those happy days before her father died suddenly and left her an orphan with only a little over £100 between herself and starvation.

In June the water is still too cold for most people, so Elise had had the sands to herself until the morning when she had first noticed the young man with the sunny smile and bold overarm stroke in the water.

It is impossible to be too aloof when two people are sharing the English coast between them, and in the face of that expansive smile the barriers were soon down. It did Elise good to meet one person who treated her as an equal, he obviously thought she was a visitor, after the eternal "Miss Proctor this" and "Miss Proctor that," which she endured for the rest of each day.

Val Stuart they had exchanged names a week before, was coming to meet her now waving a towel over his head.

"Another topping morning," he said, as he reached her. "I think this climate has been maligned needlessly by folks who never see the best hours of the day, don't you?"

"We certainly get all the best of it," she replied, thinking how nice and comforting that "we" sounded. Then she remembered, a tendency which had developed during the last morning or two to talk instead of bathe, and added, "Let's get in and not waste it."

Suiting the action with the word, she flung off her bathing-cloak—like some radiant butterfly, thought Stuart, and a moment later disappeared in a smother of foam, to reappear some feet away, swimming strongly.

A moment later Stuart had followed her, and for five minutes the two heads kept close company, swimming in circles, while all around them the world still slept.

By the time seven o'clock struck they were out.

"Too cold by finger this morning," said Elise, "but joyous all the same. There's nothing like beginning the day with—"

"I think you're wonderful," said Stuart, admiration in his eyes.

The girl blushed. Seeing that he was obviously well to do, and she had in her pocket a week, seaside flirtation, even topsy-turvy as it could be in the snatches instead of the rushing, did not appeal to her. Mostly she had a feeling that she would miss this young man when he packed his bathing-tent, and that was the last thought to—

"Nothing of the sort," she replied. "I'm just an ordinary girl who likes a plunge before breakfast."

Stuart swept the sands with his head.

"Behold all the ordinary girls in Westcombe, who dance with you," he said, when asked: "Why not admit that there are very few modern girls who would put their toes in that water at this hour—not before August. No, you are not ordinary, Miss Proctor, you are—well, let us say superb."

"Flatterer!" she shouted over her shoulder, as she donned her bathing-wrap and fled for the shelter of the Carlton. But her heart was thumping absurdly again.

As the days went by the flattery became more pronounced. So did the tendency, as the sun grew warmer, to "sit out" the first quarter of an hour on the sands. It was dangerous, Elise knew, but somehow she could not bring herself to snub him. This early morning idyll had become the one thing she had to look forward to.

Twice Stuart had asked her to go to the theatre with him. But he was a diplomatic young man, and when she had refused the second time he had not pressed the point. Evidently he still regarded her as one of those people who have rich parents and can live at the seaside for the best months of the year. He did not ask questions, being content to see her every morning. Or perhaps he thought asking questions would spoil everything.

Then came that morning, more glorious than any that had gone before, when the sight of two other heads in the sea, farther along towards the pier, told them both that their solitary sands would soon have to be shared with others.

"Look at the interlopers!" he said, a little sadly.

Elise nodded.

"We can't expect to have Westcombe to ourselves for ever—even before breakfast," she said.

"Meanwhile, we have to-day," said Stuart, "and it's the best morning of all. I've been in once, and the water is really warmer."

"Then we mustn't miss a moment of it," she answered, and rushed into the sea.

Perhaps the knowledge that these solitary mornings would soon be spoilt by other people made her reckless. Or perhaps she thought the water was warmer than it was. At all events, instead of swimming in circles, she swam straight out.

Stuart watched her graceful strokes for a moment, saw her going farther out than usual, and started after her.

She was a strong swimmer and kept well ahead of him. When she did not turn back he shouted to her, but she was too far away to hear. Stuart began to worry, and redoubled his efforts to reach her. She had never stayed in as long as this before, and they were a good half mile from the shore, a long swim in cold water.

He was still a hundred yards away when suddenly what he dreaded happened. Elise threw up her hands, gave a cry which reached him faintly, and disappeared under water.

Val Stuart had not won the cup for 200 yards at the local regatta for two years, without being something out of the ordinary among swimmers. But he had never swum as he did now. With every ounce of energy he shot through the water towards the spot where that little head had disappeared, his agony of mind giving him super-human strength.

Her head reappeared. She saw him approaching and waved faintly. Then she disappeared again.

Before she came up for a second time he had dived and caught her under water.

They broke the surface and, turning on his back he hoisted her on to him in the approved life-saving manner, and began the journey shorewards.

She was still semi-conscious and did not struggle. "Cramp," she said, and Stuart shouted to her to keep still, and he'd have her back on the sands "in half a jiffy."

Struggling ashore, he put her down and wrapped the colored cloak round her. Then, regardless of the possibility of anyone watching, he gathered her up into his arms.

"My darling," he murmured, "if I hadn't been there! Are you sure you are all right, or shall I get a doctor?"

She smiled at him shyly.

"I'm—I'm quite better now. I wasn't unconscious. It was just a twinge of cramp that I get once every year or so. I suppose the cold water brought it on."

She looked at him, remembering something.

"You saved my life," she said suddenly.

"I saved my happiness, too," he answered. "I can't keep the secret any longer, Elise darling. I've loved you ever since that first morning when I saw your cloak, like some butterfly, crossing the sands. It's mad, of course, and I've no right to talk to you. You know nothing about me. But if you can, a little it will all come right. I'm sure it will. Tell me, do you care?"

The Carlton, the "assistant manageress," the two pounds a week—all were forgotten. This was love, the sort that one associated with moonlight, but which for Elise must happen in the sunshine, before breakfast, or not at all.

"You know I do, Val!" she answered. "I need you horribly."

Two strong arms tightened round her, and she felt herself lifted as their lips met.

"I couldn't bear to lose you now," he said softly. "But you have had a shock, and are cold. Let me help you across the promenade quickly, and we can talk about all the wonderful to-morrows—when?"

When? Back came the Carlton, the boarders, the incessant work—all the bogies of life.

"To-morrow morning, here, my darling," she answered. She knew that what she wanted most was time to think.

The day passed in a welter of doubt. For the first time in her life she had addressed a man as "darling"—and she had meant it. He was a darling, and she did love him. But it was all so hopeless. Either he thought her a visitor, and would not, or his family would not, like the idea of marrying a penniless orphan, or, if he were prepared to marry her when he knew all about her, then she ought to step aside and let him marry someone who could help him more in the big task of getting on in life.

By lunch all the elation of the early morning had evaporated. By five o'clock Elsie knew that the right course was to nip this romance in the bud and leave Val free to marry some nice girl who could give him the benefit of society, family—wealth, perhaps—all the things she would never know or enjoy.

Seizing a quiet ten minutes she wrote a little note to him. It wasn't easy, telling the man you love that you cannot marry him and it is better not to meet again. It's more difficult than ever when your eyes are blurred with tears and your heart is breaking.

Early the next morning Elise got the boy who cleaned the boots to take the note to him on the sands.

In five minutes the boy was back, with the startling intelligence that "the gent said would you go and see him urgent. Or he'll come across 'ere in ten minutes."

There was nothing to be done but to go. At all costs she did not want a scene at the Carlton. But it made things harder for her. She wished—what did she wish? She was annoyed to find that she wished that he would brush aside all her objections and forcibly abduct her. To such straits had love brought her.

He was waiting outside the usual hut and fully dressed. It amused her, despite her distress, to recollect that this was the first time either of them had seen the other clad in anything but a bathing-suit.

"Sit down, my dear," he said. "I've something to tell you."

Obediently she sat down on the soft sand.

"I want to tell you the story of a silly little girl who thought that no one knew that she was as brave as she was silly, and that she earned her living looking after a lot of people who come to the seaside and ate more than was good for them—"

"Then you knew!" she exclaimed. "And I thought—"

"Of course I knew," he answered. "Before I met you an aunt of mine stayed at the Carlton, and she told me all about a wonderful little lady who never got a chance of seeing the sunshine except before breakfast or through the windows. No one has any right to make you work so hard. Or, at least, they aren't going to have the right to do it any more."

It was beginning to dawn upon Elise that this was a very masterful young man. Being mastered was rather a delicious sensation.

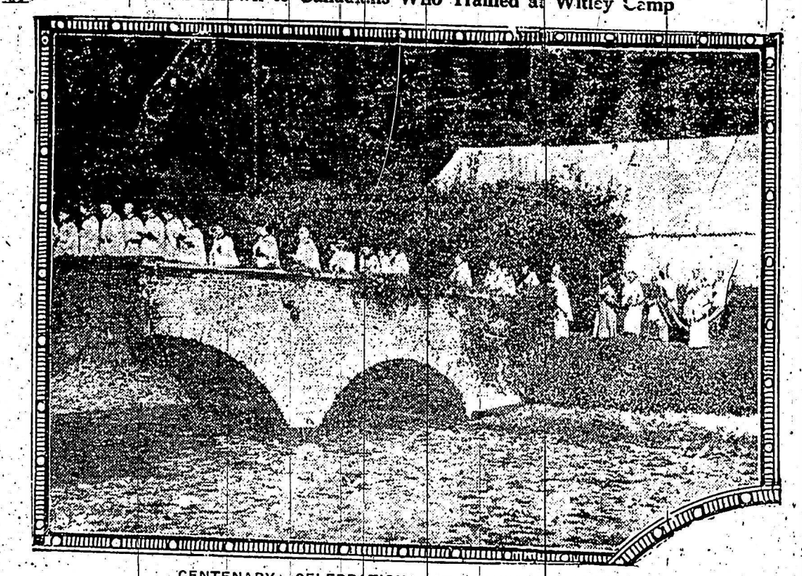
"And now let me tell you about somebody else," continued Val. "This time about a very lonely young man, who dislikes powder and paint, and who met his ideal woman before breakfast. He works very hard, too—in a bank. And just when he'd got something to work for, and promotion which made a nice little home and a two-seater possible, the ideal woman wrote him a rude note and—"

"But, Val, I—I can't help you as much as another woman might. I'm nobody."

"That's just where you are wrong," he answered. "You are everybody so far as I am concerned. And you are always going to be. Otherwise, I shall count all the money wrong at the bank and get the sack. You silly goose! Didn't you know that there's only one thing which really matters in life. It isn't family—though I've got a mother who will love you. And it certainly isn't money, which I loathe after handling it all the blessed week. It's a little home, and just enough to live on, and love. And I shall never have the last if you don't say 'Yes' this minute. Now kiss me."

"Yes," answered Elise, and blessed the fact that the sands—their sands—were still deserted.

Well Known to Canadians Who Trained at Witley Camp



CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS AT WAVERLEY ABBEY

Cardinal Bourne and procession passing over bridge at the abbey during the celebration to the memory of the Cistercians.

Says Immigration Problem is Fiasco

Editor of Sunday Observer Claims Dominions Too-Restrictive

London.—In a recent editorial in the Sunday Observer, J. L. Garvin, the editor, writing on the Empire migration question, says the fact must be faced that the outcome of all the bright hopes for a working out of the problem resembles something like a fiasco.

"The Dominions have been too restrictive," he writes. "They have expected to receive the best of our human exports at the lowest cost. The Dominions, in the end, will come to a clearer view of their own vital interests. They do not at present realize that the birth rate is diminishing all over Western and Central Europe. The abundant vitalities on this side of the Atlantic, that created the United States on the other, will never be available in anything like the same measure for the British Dominions. The Dominions, in the end, will have to be glad and eager to receive the average of human kind as the United States did."

The Daily Round.

We grow firm and strong to resist and to do; we gain the mastery of ourselves which brings superiority, by a patient use of the incidents of daily life. To rule one's own spirit on the petty theatre of a private sphere, creates a power which goes with us to wider fields of action. The principles and graces which stand the storms of public life must have been trained in the school of our daily world.—Geikie.

"If"

The New York Times printed the following little jingle which will appeal to many a grown-up man or woman:

While walking down a certain street
In town the other day
I heard a little urchin
Turn to a friend and say:
"Say, Jimmy, lemme tell youse,
I'd be happy as a clam
If I only was the feller dat
Me mudder t'inks I am.

"She t'inks I am a wonder,
And she knows her little lad
Could never mix wi' nuttin'
Dat was ugly, mean or bad.
Oh, lots o' times I sit and t'ink
How nice 'twould be, gee whiz!
If I'd Her was de feller
Dat his mother t'inks he is."

Charles H. Carpenter.

Hot Weather Luncheon

Hot Bouillon or Chicken Broth
Saltines Olives
Luncheon Cottage Cheese Sandwiches of Plain Brown or Nut Bread and White Bread with Red Currant Jelly Between Slices
Hot Gingerbread
Dusted with Powdered Sugar
Iced Ginger Ale Milk

Luncheon Cottage Cheese

One pound of fresh cottage cheese. Add enough pimento pulp to the cheese to make it a light salmon color. Moisten it with melted butter, season it with salt and chill for two hours. Then place it in a bowl in a nest of lettuce leaves, sprinkle it with paprika and serve it as the main dish for luncheon.

Red Sea Anglian

Sunday School Teacher—And now who can tell me what happened when Moses stretched his rod out over the Red Sea?

Small Boy—Please'm, he caught a fish.—Exchange.

Still Farther Back

Wife—But, my dear, no woman wants to look dressed as though she came out of the Ark.

Hubby—Huh! You women aren't so averse to looking as though you came out of the Garden of Eden, I notice.

Familiar in Western Canada Too

HUNGARY HARVESTERS

These peasants, working in the harvest fields of Hungary, appear to be happy, though toilers.

Spain Invites World to a Fair

Her Past Glories and Her Modern Progressive Spirit Will Be Evoked at Barcelona Exhibition to Be Opened Next Year

Spain, once queen of the seas and supreme among nations, whose grandeur and pomp, galleons and gold were the envy of the civilized world, is making a new bid for leadership in arts, industry and commerce. In 1929, in the ancient city of Barcelona will be held under the honorary Presidency of the King of Spain, an international exhibition of industrial and commercial arts and sciences.

This project will set forth the progressive spirit of Spain. The stately slopes of the mountain of Montjuich provide fine exhibition grounds. A beautiful natural park overlooking the harbor has been set aside for display of the artistic technical and scientific activities of modern peoples. Amid the plazas, gardens, walks and drives, waterfalls and cascades of Mountjuich will be erected buildings and pavilions to house the exhibition material.

In the three major exhibition centres no important aspect of contemporary life will be omitted. A large section called "Art in Spain" will be devoted to a historical display of Spanish grandeur, where the archaeology of Spain, her artistic treasures and everything contributing to Spanish splendor will be exhibited. Chronologically presented, historical scenes will bear upon the characteristics of Spanish national art in its different periods.

An industrial department will contain the most varied products of industry and agriculture and will demonstrate the application of scientific methods to industrial ends. In view of the manufacturing and commercial character of Barcelona, special attention has been given to this department in which twelve palaces will be erected.

The pinnacle to which sports have attained in modern times, their permanence, their great educational value, little needs be said of them. In the sports thing, technical and industrial sports will be displayed.

Of the permanent palaces, one of the most beautiful structures is the Press. Because Spain believes it to be one of the most known and also the best-run institutions, special effort will be made to show the cultural and economic [illegible] making a newspaper. The newspaper men with the improvements achieved and the results of modern journalism will be emphasized. The International Congress will take place in Barcelona during 1929, according to a resolution passed in London at the last congress.

A theatre designed by the architect Raven is has been built in accordance with pure classic tradition, the quarry of great antiquity has been used in stone of very [illegible] colors.

Since the World War, Spain has been preparing to welcome the nations. The Barcelona Exhibition represents the culmination of its efforts. The exhibition will be inaugurated April 1, 1929, three months before the opening of the Ibero-American Exhibition in Seville, which opens on October 12, 1928.

Business men all over the world are invited to attend the exhibition and to see for themselves the progress made in Spain since the World War. The Spanish people are proud of their country and are prepared to welcome the world to their homes.

Italy Not Keen on Kellogg Pact

Mussolini's Affirmative Reply Given Little Prominence in Press

NUMEROUS CRITICS.

"Colossal Windbag" Term Expressed by One Newspaper

Rome.—The old adage that a "man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still" is not entirely applicable as regards Italy's decision to sign the Kellogg Anti-War Pact, if all the indications that have cropped up intermittently since Premier Mussolini gave his affirmative reply mean anything.

As has been stated in previous despatches, the popular attitude in this country as reflected in the Fascist press has never been clear cut in accepting the general ideas underlying the Kellogg proposal.

During the early stages of the negotiations between the United States and France, editorial writers here had already taken a hostile attitude and there was an impression that every effort was being made to charm away the possibility that Italy would ever be directly concerned in it. There was visible a certain dread of ever having to face such a situation even before it ever seemed likely to present itself.

Then there followed a period of absolute silence, which began with the presentation of Secretary Kellogg's first note to the various powers sounding them out concerning the idea of a multi-lateral pact. During that period Henry P. Fletcher, American Ambassador, was doing his missionary work, which finally led to Mussolini's laconic expression of willingness to sign the pact.

There is no disposition on the part of observers here to minimize the importance of this final practical outcome to the lengthy negotiations. That Italy was finally induced to give solemn approval to the idea of outlawing war was in itself an event of great importance, whatever might have been the experience of the popular attitude.

But it is also significant that the news itself of the premier's affirmative reply was given a very inconspicuous position in the Italian press.

Various Opinions

Then, contrary to the habits of editorial writers in the face of events which are considered important, there was not one expression of editorial opinion for several subsequent days. Finally, however, during the past few days, there have begun to appear various expressions of opinions both in the Fascist editorial columns and in conversations with representative Italians.

In none of these expressions has there appeared a clear-cut, wholehearted approval of the Kellogg idea. The furthest any editorials have gone has been a tendency to damn it with faint praise and a rather grudging admission that the aspirations expressed in the pact are praiseworthy, if not [illegible]

The [illegible] of opinion [illegible] opposite [illegible] to be [illegible] Italy's signature [illegible] fingers crossed.

[illegible] made is clearly discernible in the leading [illegible] appeared yesterday in [illegible] which declared in the [illegible] that after the signing [illegible] world will continue [illegible] own account without [illegible] whether there even [illegible] wives of various chancelleries [illegible] which excludes war [illegible] crities.

[illegible] observe that with the [illegible] find ourselves before a [illegible] windbag, which has [illegible] merits as compared with [illegible] windbags namely, [illegible] with a simple pact without [illegible] universal [illegible] institutions."

Coolidge Refuses Pension Fund

[illegible] Coolidge is not in the [illegible] entitles to enable him [illegible] probably when he leaves [illegible] office, says a writer in [illegible] of "Barron's Financial Weekly" [illegible] he expects to get out [illegible] living.

[illegible] President Coolidge had an estate [illegible] of ten thousand dollars [illegible] the White House, realizing that he [illegible] relatively poor man [illegible] two million dollars [illegible] which was to go to ex-President Coolidge [illegible] said: "All right for [illegible] but not for me." [illegible] popular impression in [illegible] when President [illegible] will be under some [illegible] pension fund. [illegible] there is no Canadian [illegible] either in the [illegible] of the Canadian [illegible] that expression [illegible] Canada [illegible] Cleveland [illegible] Hoover [illegible] of England? [illegible] Germany [illegible] a pension [illegible] a few years [illegible] service, [illegible] possibility of the United States [illegible] of office to work for a living [illegible] well [illegible] more.

The Rule of the Road

Keep to the [illegible] and you cannot go [illegible]
Accept [illegible] going to go right
And give [illegible] experience as you drive [illegible]
Especially [illegible] at night
You cannot [illegible] here; you cannot [illegible] park [illegible]
Your speed [illegible] be just thus and so
Your light [illegible] be ample without any glare
Observe all [illegible] rules as you go
The law [illegible] down certain rules of the road [illegible] plain common sense
For some drivers recognize no moral code
Their [illegible] as finds in [illegible]

A Gift One

[illegible]

Just [illegible] Good

[illegible] This [illegible] is [illegible] you [illegible] in a donkey?

[illegible] Dear [illegible] I am here, darling, [illegible] on my [illegible]

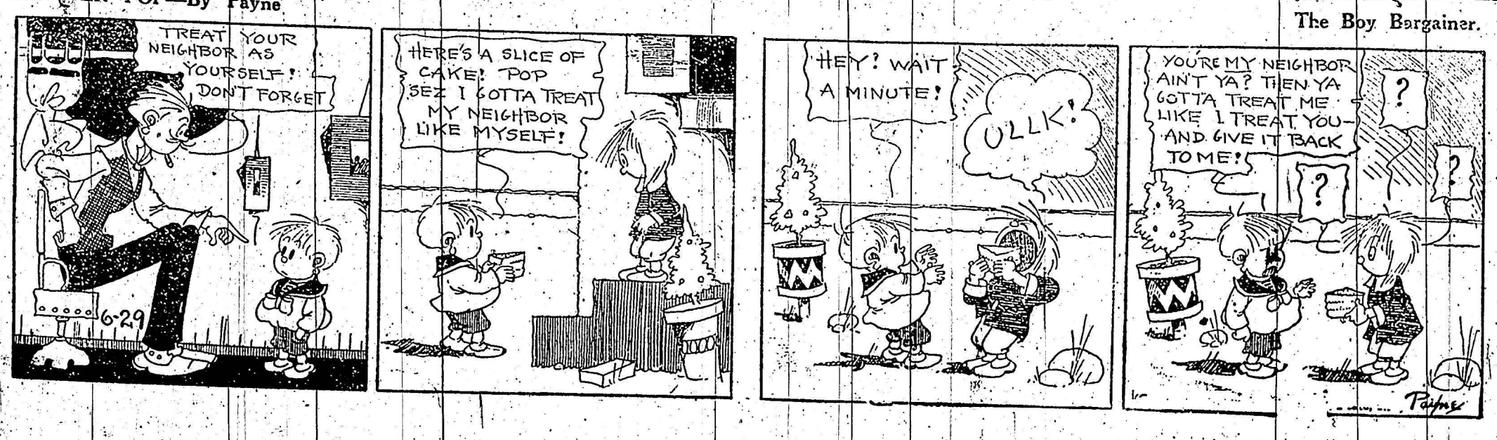
These [illegible]ible Girls

[illegible] Thinking of me, darling?

[illegible] was I laughing? I'm no [illegible] answers.

[illegible] What was the cause of the collision at the [illegible] today?" "Two motorists [illegible] same pedestrian."

S'MATTER POP—By Payne



The Boy Bargainer.