A Holiday Hero

BY EDWARD WOODWARD.

"If," remarked young Alfred Simpson, "that chap Cecil Brass isn't careful, he'll get a poke on his pouter from me!"

He had read that aggressive expression in a book, and considered it imposing; but it did not impose on Edith Daw, whom one day he hoped to wed. She knew it for a bluff.

"And what," she asked, with a speculative glance, "do you think Cecil would do. Don't try to kid me, Alf. You are a lot more of a ball than a bat. Now Cecil Brass, he's a hitter. Nobody dare take liberties with any girl he takes about. Only the other Saturday when he took me to——"

Alfred Simpson's heart went bump, and he broke in with a gulp. "Mean to say you've been out with him?" he asked.

"Well, and why not?" Edith demanded. "I'm getting tired of seeing you put on, and having to fight your battles as well as my own. Cecil Brass——"

"If you mention that chap's name again I'll kill him," Alfred blurted out.

"Talk sense," giggled Edith. "You wouldn't kill a fly without asking its leave first."

"I won't have you going out with him," declared Alf, making the most of his five-feet-six amidst the crowd of husky holiday-makers on Hampstead Heath, and uttering an unpremeditated ultimatum. "It's either him or me!"

"Then," said Edith sharply, "it had better be him. He's over there. I see. I'll just step across. He'll know how to look after me in a crowd like this. Good-bye!"

Alfred watched her join the swaggering shop-walker, who took a delight in making the life of "Mr. Simpson of the Gents' Underwear" unbearable, received a glance of arrogant success from Brass, and then turned away with a sigh.

So now he had lost his girl, just as he lost everything he cherished, because other men snatched. He only held his job down because he accepted a lower wage than any other man would. Several times Edith Daw of the cash-desk had urged him to ask Mr. Pomply, proprietor of Pomply's Drapery and Outfitting Establishment, for a rise; but, although he knew he was worth more, he had always shrunk from risking what he had. And now Brass, the floor-walker had snatched Edith from under his nose. It was horrible.

Alfred wandered away from the noise of the Heath. He wanted to be alone with his grief; and presently reaching a quiet glade he sat down to nurse his sorrow.

He must have sat there hours, for presently he saw that the sun was low over the trees. He was on the point of making his solitary way to the station when the old gypsy appeared. He was a dirty, picturesque old man, with unshaven chin, a red kerchief round his scraggy throat, and a battered felt hat dragged down over two very sharp black eyes.

"Hello, matey," he croaked. "You look lonely on this gloomy day. Ain't you got no pretty lady?"

"No," answered Alfred.

"Why, that's a bad job," cackled the gypsy. "You surely don't know how to enjoy yourself."

He sat down beside Alfred; dragged a filled pipe from his pocket, and lit the cracking weed.

"There's no joy in this life," said Alf.

The gypsy cackled again. "That's just where you make a great mistake," he said. "There's joy for everyone if they knows how to get it."

"Wish I did," murmured Alfred.

The old man looked at him appraisingly. "I can tell you," he said. "I can tell you how to get everything you want, to bring confusion to your enemies, and have your grey hairs crowned with honor."

"How?" asked Alfred.

The old man fumbled in his pocket and produced a little black object. It was shaped like an ordinary three-leaved clover, and had a small ring attached to the stalk.

"This," he said, holding it in the palm of his grimy hand, "is Gypsy Clover. It's made of a special wood only us gypsies know of, and was handed down to me by my great-great-grandfather, and if you live up to its bidding you can't fail to succeed in everything you undertake."

"How about you, then?" asked Alfred. "You don't look all that successful."

The old man winked craftily. "Maybe I don't look it," he said. "Looks don't count with us folk; but I don't mind telling you I've got no further use for it. It's yours for a piece of silver."

Alfred hesitated. Was it possible, he wondered, that by buying that mascot with one of the half-crowns in his pocket he could win back Edith, bring confusion on Brass, and make Mr. Pomply realize what a smart young man he was!

"Do I just carry it about with me and wish?" he asked.

"Bit more than that," mumbled the gypsy. "In getting what you want there are three things, one for each leaf of the clover: Attack, Agility, and Assiduity. Remember them three things, grip the Gypsy Clover tight when you want a thing, and it's yours."

The old man spoke with fire, and Alfred, having read of gypsy lore, was thrilled. "Will half a crown do?" he asked.

"To you, yes," said the gypsy. "I've took a fancy to ou. Give us our 'alf-dollar."

With the zest of a man embracing a new faith, Alf handed over the half-crown and clutched the mascot. The gypsy spat on the money, pushed it into his pocket, and rose to his feet.

"Don't forget," he said. "Attack, Agility, and Assiduity."

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Mr. Cecil Brass was a bully by birth, inclination, and practice. This quality had got him on in the world, but he had the bully's weakness for crowing over the discomfiture of his victims. When Alfred Simpson entered the warehouse the morning after Bank Holiday, Brass regarded him with the glint of a gladiator who has his rival in the net.

"'Morning, Simp," he said, and gathered the attention of those present, including Edith Daw, with a twinkling eye. "Did I notice you at Hampstead yesterday?"

Alfred had been looking reproachfully at Edith, who was avoiding his eyes. His hand in his trouser pocket was clutching the Gypsy Clover tightly, and in his mind's the words "Attack, Agility, and Assiduity," were buzzing.

"Yes," he said. "Had you got a cocoanut-shy there?"

Cecil Brass looked uncomfortable at the following latter. "No impudence," he snapped. "Else I'll report you."

"Attack," whispered Alfred to himself.

"Go and boil your head," he said aloud, and saw that Edith Daw's eyes were very wide and bright.

Brass approached Alfred. He was a much bigger man and had earned some renown at the Athletic Institute. "What did you say?" he asked, threateningly.

Alfred quailed, but whispered "Attack," drew a breath again, and repeated his advice. "I don't you, you, and I feel really healthy," he said.

That was too much for Mr. Brass, who had pressed Edith the previous afternoon by getting her money back at a punching machine. He seized Alfred's coat lapel.

"Would you like to do it for me?" he snarled.

"Haven't a pot big enough?" snapped Alfred, and before he knew what he was doing he had made the word "attack" into an action, and hit Mr. Brass on the nose.

Mr. Brass had a big nose; and the crack it gave was a thrill to the onlookers. It thrilled Alfred too. He remembered the second word in his new creed, and with "agility" sprang after Mr. Brass and hit him about five places at once!

They didn't teach that sort of athletics at the Institute, and Cecil Brass commenced to run away from Alf's agile fists. Unfortunately, his feet caught a bundle of cloth, and instead of reaching the sanctuary of Mr. Pomply's office he spread-eagled on the dusty floor.

With the feeling that now the Gypsy Clover had taken possession of him entirely, Alfred would have acted on the third word and continued the chastisement of the bully with "assiduity" had not Edith held him back.

"Don't you dare hit him again," she said, pushing him back so that Brass might rise. "You've done enough for to-day."

There was an expression in her eyes which was new to Alfred, and he remained assive for a second whilst Mr. Brass rose unsteadily to his feet and, clutching his bleeding nose, hurried towards the cloakroom and cold water.

"I'll teach him!" snarled Alfred, watching his tormentor depart. "Thinks he's a king because he wears a tail-coat!"

"And isn't he?"

The voice was that of Mr. Pomply; and, turning, Alfred had to clutch very tight on his bit of Gypsy Clover.

The great man's face was stern, but already the mascot had given him victory over one enemy, and Alfred faced Mr. Pomply squarely.

"No, sir," he said. "He's just a bully. Brass isn't even a good floor-walker."

Mr. Pomply had always regarded Alfred Simpson, as Alf had regarded a person without parts or magnitude. Hearing this assured speech, he adjusted his eyeglasses and opinion. "Do you think you could be a better one?" he asked.

Alfred fingered his mascot frenziedly. The word "Attack" cried out in his brain. "I know I could, sir," he said. "I was coming to you today about the vacancy in the 'ready-to-wear' department. If you can't give me that job, I must look elsewhere."

A hushed gasp came from the other assistants, and Mr. Pomply blew out his cheeks. He'd never dreamed that this young man had any "punch." He was most certainly not an assistant to lose.

"Well," he said. "Well, I don't know—I——"

"I know, sir," urged Alfred. "You need agility of intellect in the selling of 'Ready-to-wear' clothes, and I've got that. Agility of intellect and assiduity of effort coupled with action. Those three things are my motto in life and business."

"I'll think it over," temporized Mr. Pomply.

"Attack," whispered the mascot. And:—

"I must have your decision now, sir," said Alfred, hardly able to believe he was speaking those pressing words.

Mr. Pomply had not built up a business without knowing the value of thrust. Secretly he prided himself on making quick decisions. "Very well! Very well!" he said. "You can start this morning up there."

"And the salary?" said Alfred.

"Oh—oh, yes! Three pounds a week." Mr. Pomply spoke hurriedly.

"Four pounds is the proper starting pay in that department, sir," protested Alfred. "That's my price."

"So it is. So it is," said Mr. Pomply, and fearing that this turned worm might bite him, he shooed the other assistants to their jobs and hurried away to his office.

It was at closing time that evening after Alfred had experienced a very successful first day as floor-walker in his new department, during which time he'd diligently kept faith with his mascot, that Edith Daw came up to him.

"Well, Alf," she said, "congratulations. I thought if I went off with Cecil Brass it would waken you up if you really loved me."

Alfred didn't speak. His eyes were focused on a little clover leaf cut in black wood which dangled round Edith's neck.

"Where—where did you get that?" he asked.

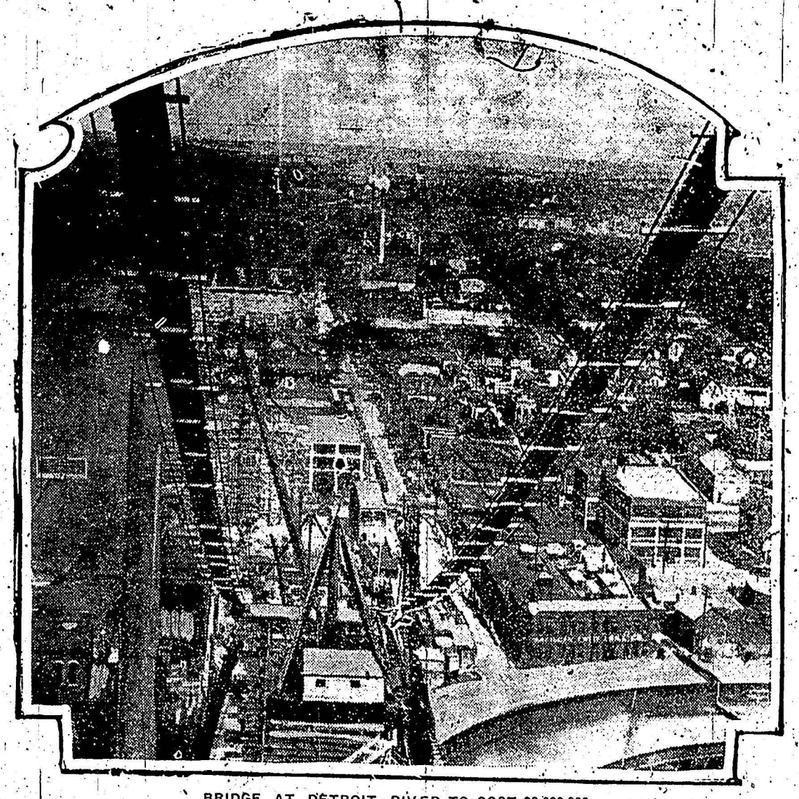
"This?" queried Edith in surprise. "Oh, I bought it from a gypsy yesterday for twopence. He had hundreds of them. It's supposed to bring luck, but, of course, there's nothing in it."

"I don't know so much about that," said Alfred. "Will you come to the pictures with me to-night?"

"Rather!" exclaimed Edith. "if you'll promise not to start fighting again."

"I'll try and be peaceful," said Alfred. "But a chap must stand up for his rights."—"Tit-Bits."

Another Link Between Canada and the States



BRIDGE AT DETROIT RIVER TO COST $2,600,000

Catwalk spanning the two towers, with the Detroit approach seen in the background. Workmen will stand on this catwalk weaving the cables that will support the main weight of the bridge to connect Detroit with Sandwich, Ont.

Cheer 'Em Up

London Paints Black Bridge Gay Color to Balk Suicides

London.—Authorities are trying to dissuade would-be suicides from jumping into the Thames from Blackfriars Bridge by psychology.

Alarmed at the increasing number of persons taking their lives at this old Roman river landing, they have painted the former somber, "sad" black in a "happy" combination of light green, trimmed with bright yellow.

The blaze was extinguished before any damage was done by the local fire department.—Lansing (Ill.) paper.

What Tourist Trade Means to Canada

The Highways Branch of the Department of Railways and Canals has estimated that somewhat over $275,000,000 ($275,288,110) was spent in Canada in 1927 by tourists from abroad. It takes some effort to appreciate the real value of this tourist business—a phase of Canadian trade which was almost ignored a few years ago.

Wheat is easily the largest single item of the Dominion's export trade. The pulp and paper industry is, in point of value of output, the country's greatest manufacturing enterprise. Mining is a huge and rapidly growing source of wealth. And the building industry is another factor that powerfully influences the activity of Canadian business.

Standing up alongside such items as these, the tourist trade can to-day claim a clear title to a place among Canada's chief business interests. And it is a form of development to which Canada can look with every assurance of further great and long-continued growth, for as regards natural attractions for outdoor recreation Nature has placed the Dominion permanently among the "most favored nations."

September Ways

(Edgar Daniel Dramer in Successful Farming)

September ways are lovely;
The woodland and the wold
Are heaped with flaming crimson,
With silver and with gold,
With brown and gray and purple,
That fill the world with mirth—
A rainbow that has fallen
And shattered on the earth.

September ways are fragrant;
Wild grapes like purple bloom
Are thrilling wood and meadow
With mystical perfume;
Persimmons spill their sweetness
Upon the frosty air,
While apples in the orchards
Are breaths of muted prayer.

September ways are lyric;
The squirrels sharply call,
And where tall trees are swaying,
Like rain, the shellbarks fall;
The winds go wildly dancing
Across the withered sod,
The leaves and grass are hymning
The beauty that is God.

"Is Mrs. Newrich in the social swim?" "Well, hardly enough to get her bathing suit wet."

Sunlight and Pyorrhea

Sunlight, natural or artificial, has been found to be a curative for any number of ills, since it brings the skin and blood condition back to normalcy.

Dentists are waking up, like the more liberal-minded doctors, to the use of natural methods in curative processes. They are studying the use of sunlight in the cure of pyorrhea, that dread disease of the mouth that breaks down the flesh and bone tissue about the teeth and, after a period of pain and discomfort, causes the teeth to become loose and fall out.

"The sunlight," continues this "Physical Culture" writer, "is artificial, concentrated in the ultra-violet ray, which cannot be seen by the naked eye and which does not have heat; but which has the curative elements that science already is invoking in the treatment of rickets and other bone diseases. And with this new method supplemented by attention to diet and other body-building measures, dentists claim they not only have cured pyorrhea but have built up new flesh and bone tissue about the teeth, causing the teeth to set in the jaws more firmly than ever."

England's Method of Stopping Bandits

FOR PUNCTURING THE TIRES OF FLEEING AUTOS

A new bandit trap was given a successful demonstration at Chiswick, England. It folds into a case about the size of a suit case.

As to Feeding a Cold

Old Adage is Not to be Taken Too Literally, Physicians Say

Quoting "Feed a cold and starve a fever," the Student Health Service of the University of Wisconsin says that, as in the case of most adages, there are at least a few grains of truth in this time-honored one, but that in the light of modern medical knowledge a too literal adherence to that advice is not to be recommended.

"It is believed generally by physicians," says the Health Service, "that most 'colds' are respiratory infections transmitted largely by personal contact to individuals whose physical resistance has been lowered, frequently by exposure. These infections may or may not be accompanied by fever, which is a rise in temperature and one of the body reactions to the invading organism.

"Fever is always due to infection except in conditions where the heat regulating centre in the brain is disturbed or damaged, as may occur in sunstroke, certain head injuries or apoplexy. Fever causes a more rapid destruction to the body tissues, which must be replaced by the intake of nourishment in sufficient amounts but in as easily digested form as possible. With the destruction of the tissue and the consequent formation of many waste products, the organs of elimination, especially the kidneys, are usually overtaxed and a larger amount of fluid should be taken. Therefore a diet consisting of such liquids as are high in caloric value, with the addition of certain foods ordinarily classed as 'soft' by the dietitians, is advantageous.

"The emphasis is placed on the more easily digested foods because the blood, whose white corpuscles are the body's greatest protector against infections, is urgently needed in the general circulation. Heavier foods naturally call more blood to the digestive tract, while their waste products are usually greater. It is thus largely the kind and type of food rather than the amount (figured in calories) which physicians restrict in a fever which include colds and [illegible] simply a reduction."

Dr. Crane Explains 10 Commandments

The Ten Commandments are made intelligible to the youth of today by Dr. Frank Crane in his new book "The Ten Commandments Applied to Modern Behavior."

The following brief summary of these helpful explanations is culled from Dr. Crane's book through the courtesy of Wm. H. Wise & Company, the publishers.

1. That we should have no other gods but one means that we should listen to no other authoritative voice in us but one—conscience.

2. Outward forms to embody the idea of the invisible God are dangerous when they become daily substitutes for God.

3. The profane man dishonors himself. A man who knows nothing to reverence cannot respect himself. Above all things let us be decent.

4. One day in seven is to be different from the other days, set apart. A day used for the cultivation of our higher self.

5. The hope of the race is progress. There can be no progress unless the sons utilize the gains their fathers have made.

6. "Thou shalt not kill" needs no enlargement nor specification. Every one knows what killing means.

7. The object of the Commandment "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is the health and purity of the race. Perfect morals and perfect health go hand in hand.

8. All the contractual and complicated fabric of commerce rests upon our disposition to respect the property rights of others.

9. Truth is the foundation of good will and underlies all reliability.

10. Covetousness is at the root of all other kinds of evil, for if no man coveted what another man possessed there would be no theft, nor fraud, nor robbery. This commandment, therefore, with the others is intended to root the weeds out of the human heart.

The Two Paths

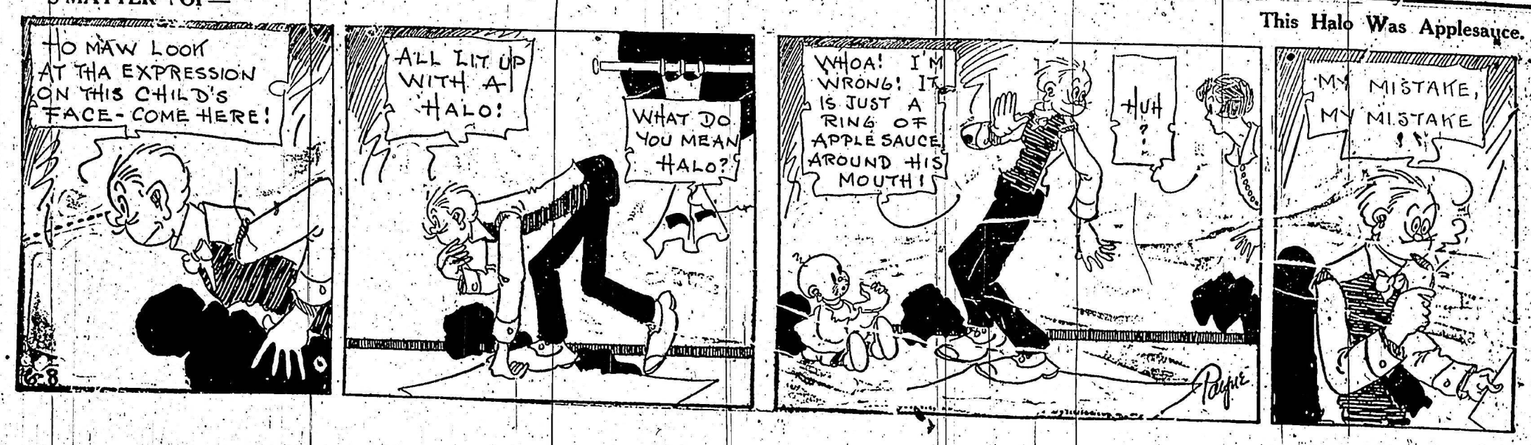
One trod a lonely path through life,
Nor looked aside,
He dared no venture and avoided strife—
And so he died.

Another heard the blast of war alarms
And dared to do.
He lived and laughed; he knew a woman's charms,
And he died too.

Beyond the margin of the Great Divide
They met;
Each whispered, waiting, side by side,
"I don't regret."

—J. T. Henry in the Sydney Bulletin, N.S.W.

S'MATTER POP—



This Halo Was Applesauce.

ks, Owls and Bird Sanctuary

irst-hand Observations k Miner's Bird Sanc- Showing Mr. awk in His True Colors

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