A Visit With the Home Folks—1930 Method!

"Have you been home for a visit this year yet, Mrs. Aitken?" asked her neighbor as they chatted across the fence.

"No, and I'm not going," Mrs. Aitken replied. "That is, not in the way you are thinking of—the old way."

"It's like this," she explained: "Tom and I made a good many trips home during the year. Often we went without telling mother only to find either her or father indisposed. We could not stay and you can imagine what a pull it was to leave them so. To say nothing of the expense and trouble.

"Coming back from our last visit we decided that all things considered it would be far better for us all if we just had a little chat over the phone with Mother or Father once a week—then during our regular holidays, take a trip home and pay a real visit.

"We all look forward to the chats every week. They keep us in touch with one another all the time and are really so much more satisfactory than the hurried visit.

"Tom says it is the 1929 method of visiting the home folks."

The Treasure of the Bucoleon

By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Hugh Drummond, the Crusader, was given the Treasure of Bucoleon by Commander Andromeos. The solo of the treasure is the present Lord Jim. He is murdered by thugs and dies without revealing the secret to the title. Hugh then returns from New York to the family estate and begins a hunt. The thugs follow and while all at the funeral of Hugh's uncle, the house is ransacked. Nikka Garanko, a friend of Hugh's, and Jack Helen tells the story are Hugh's companions.

WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VIII.

"What are you going to do with the key to the treasure?" asked Nikka. "You have it in your pocket now, but if we journey to Constantinople they steal it en route?"

Hugh frowned.

"I had thought of that," he said. "Fortunately, Jack has a cousin—"

"We both know—"

"Let me finish you, I" I interrupted. "I'm only her cousin. Have you heard from Betty?"

"Yes, again! She and her father are at the Pera Palace." My suggestion is that I mail Uncle James' transcription of the key to her in Constantinople. Nobody knows that she knows me or has any connection with us. She left New York before Uncle James arrived. So it would be perfectly safe in her hands."

"And in the meantime we'd better commit it to memory," I said.

The others agreed to this, and we read over the brief transcript of the missing half of the instructions until we had the salient directions fixed in our minds. We had bags ready for all four of us by lunchtime, and arranged with Hawkins to send trunks after us to the Pera Palace in bond.

We had just seated ourselves in the car when another machine drew up alongside and Ashley Hilyer waved a greeting.

"Though you were going to stay in the country a while, Hugh," he hailed.

Without a word, Hugh slipped in his gears and zoomed off on first, scattering dogs and pedestrians right and left. "On the channel boat again we had the sensation of being watched. Hilyer, himself, called good-by to us from the dock.

"We arrived in Calais and drove to a small hotel where we secured rooms for the night. The next day we booked passage for the first train to Marseilles, thinking to evade our enemies by this procedure, as they would unmoubtedly expect us to go direct by the Orient Express.

"We rather prided ourselves on our cleverness as we sat back in a reserved compartment of the Lyons-Mediterranean Express, and watched the Tour Eiffel fade against the sky. We had moved with considerable celerity. First, we had loaded ourselves and baggage into waiting taxis in front of the hotel. Then we had driven in these to the Gare de l'Est, dodged in and out of that whirlpool of life, and re-entered two other taxis, which we had directed in a reasonless jaunt through the central district of Paris.

"We had lunched at a roadhouse, and returned to the station just in time to climb aboard the train. And finally, instead of risking the separation, we had elected to seclude ourselves in a single compartment and sleep as best we could.

"What do you say to giving this train a look-over, Jack?" suggested Hugh. "If there are any familiar faces aboard we ought to be able to spot them. Nikka, you and Watty can mount guard here and protect each other until we come back."

Our car was about in the middle of the train, and at my suggestion Hugh went forward, while I followed the corridor toward the rear. I examined carefully the few persons standing and talking in the corridors, but I did not see any one who looked at all like any of the members of Toutou's gang whom I knew.

I was returning and had reached the rear end of our car when I heard a scream just behind me and a door crashed open. I turned involuntarily. A woman in black, with a veil flying around her pale face, ran into the corridor, resitated and then seized my arm.

"Oh, Monsieur! My husband! He is so ill," she cried in French. "He dies at this moment. I pray you, have you a flask?"

I slipped past her into the compartment, flask in hand. One of the electrics was on, and by its light I discerned the body of a man huddled face down on the floor in the midst of a litter of baggage and wraps. I dropped the flask on one of the seats, and leaned over to hoist the man up.

The man was breathing, stertorously, long, labored gasps.

I started to lift him—and my wrists were caught in a human vice. So quickly that I could not follow his movements, the inert man on the floor had twisted me down beside him, his knee was on my chest, my wind was cut off, a pair of steel handcuffs fettered me, and as I opened my mouth to scream a cotton gag was thrust into place by the woman. I could see now that he was Toutou or Teodoreschi, cleverly disguised. The woman tossed back the veil which had been hanging loosely around her face. I recognized Watkin's pretty lady!

She began to search me.

She opened my vest, felt for a money-belt, felt inside my shirt, took my shoes off, examined them carefully by flashlight, and made sure I had nothing in my socks.

There was nothing to be found, however, and Toutou snarled beside me and his steel fingers pressed until my neck was numb. The pain was unbearable.

The woman hissed one swift sentence to Toutou, and rose crouching towards the door. Hugh's voice, tense and passionate, thundered over the dispute:

"I don't give a damn for your rules! My friend is missing! I'm going to look—"

A hand rattled the knob of the door. Helene ripped off her waist, dropped her skirt to the floor, and tumbled her hair over her shoulders—all in two consecutive movements. As she unlocked the door, she clutched her lingerie about her. Toutou reached up one hand, and twitched off the single light; his other hand compressed my neck and throat so that I could hardly breathe. Helene, herself, pushed open the door.

"Why the disturbance, messieurs?" she questioned silkily in French with the Parisian tang. "In here we have illness. Is it necessary—"

One look was enough for them, I suppose. It would have fixed me, I know. I heard Hugh's boyish gasp, and Nikka's apology.

"It was a mistake, madame. A friend is missing. We thought—"

"Here there are only ourselves," she assured them, holding the door wider.

Hugh cursed bluntly in Anglo-Saxon, and the guard joined his voice in hectic phraseology. Helene slowly reclosed the door.

CHAPTER IX.

For two hours she shot questions at me, attacking the problem from every conceivable angle. At last she leaned back a trifle wearily.

"We approach Lyons," she said. "I shall let you go this time, Mr. Nash, principally because if we killed you it might frighten your friends away."

Toutou took from one of their bags a length of stout rope, and tied my legs from ankle to knee. He then unlocked the handcuff. The train was already whistling for the station yards.

Helen let Toutou collect their two bags, saw him to the door and then switched off the single light. They went out, the door closed, and I was in darkness.

The train stopped. Footsteps sounded in the corridor outside; a hand wrenched at the door; and a guard bundled in, with two people behind him. As he turned on the light his face was a study in consternation. The two people with him bolted pell-mell into the corridor, shrieking with terror.

At that moment Hugh, attracted by the rumpus the two startled passengers were making in the corridor, forced his way into the compartment, and hastily making sure that I was not harmed, untied me. We then made our way back to our compartment. Nikka and Watkins were overjoyed to see me safe and sound again. Nikka, driven to desperation by my capture, and knowing ordinary methods of evasion would always fail against such clever thieves, had thought out a plan which he now unfolded to us.

"My name still means something to my people," said Nikka with that medieval sang-froid which had amazed me once before. "My father's tribe will fight for me. But in the first place, this is what I suggest. Instead of sailing for Constantinople by the Messageries Maritime from Marseilles, let us take the train to Brindisi. Our trailers will expect us either to sail on the Messageries packet or else go by rail to Belgrade and connect with the Orient Express for Constantinople. At Brindisi we can connect with a boat for Piraeus. When we board that boat they will begin to believe that they understand our plans, because at Piraeus one finds frequent sailings for Constantinople. And we shall book passage from Piraeus for Constantinople, as they expect. But after we have gone aboard with our baggage, Jack and I will leave the boat by stealth."

"How are you going to manage all that?" I interrupted.

"Jack and I are going to take another boat for Salonika and from Salonika we shall go by train to Seres in the eastern tip of Greek Macedonia. At Seres—and I don't expect them to be able to trail us there—Jack and I will disappear. We shall cease to exist. There will be two additional members in the band of Wasso Mikah, my mother's brother, and that band will be traveling to Constantinople with horses from the Dobrudja to trade with officers of the Allied detachments in the city."

(To be continued.)

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CK 11

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BAYER

ISSUE No. 23—'30

'A Home of His Own

(Edgar A. Guest).

To own a home and all that's in it,
Here is man's dream for every minute.

Four walls aglow with love and laughter,
Here is the goal which all are after.

To own a home enriched with beauty,
Here is the joy which lightens duty.

A little garden, watched and tended,
An arm-chair when the days are ended.

A patch of lawn the dew caresses,
These are the treasures man possesses.

These are the source of all his dreaming,
The rich fulfilment of his scheming.

World over man goes out to labor,
To own a home and play the neighbor.

Happy the hearts who look at flowers
And proudly say, "These joys are ours."

What New York Is Wearing

By ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished Wit Every Pattern

A simple daytime frock of printed silk crepe with becoming scarf neckline.

It affects Princess shaping through the moulded bodice and clever low placed flare of the circular skirt.

Style No. 2961 comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. In the medium size, it takes but 3¼ yards of 39-inch material with ½ yard of 35-inch contrasting and ½ yard of 35-inch for bias binding and collar trimming.

For summer wardrobe, it makes up smartly in pastel flat washable crepe, flowered voile, printed dimity and shantung.

Sapphire blue flat crepe silk with eggshell crepe collar trimmed with the blue crepe is smart and wearable.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Second Thoughts

The boxing-booth was packed to overflowing.

The gong sounded and the two boxers entered the ring. The fight began!

The first, second, and third rounds were fought evenly, but at the end of the fourth round Bashem Bill showed distinct signs of weariness.

"I can't go on any more," he told his second during the rest. "I've had enough."

"Don't be silly," urged the other. "You've still got a chance."

"That's all very well," panted Bashem; "but that last blow over the eye almost blinded me—I can hardly see 'im."

"Never mind that," returned the second enthusiastically, "it 'im from memory."

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Author of Peter Pan Celebrates Birthday

Sir James Barrie celebrated his 70th birthday by presiding over the 140th anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. His speech was widely reported, but the following on his women characters, when other authors' "Jills" are remembered, is significant just now when unnecessary unpleasant books are being discussed. Sir James said:—

"I am not bringing any charge against women in general—ladies, how could your godfather do that? It it at most a charge against 70 of them, the 70 women, yes, and children and fairies, who between them have done for me by coming into my works absolutely uninvited and giving themselves qualities the very opposite of those with which I had labelled them. The characters we think we 'create.'

"That is surely the most comic word in an author's vocabulary. The heroine, of course, is the worst one. Very obedient until she gets into your book, but you are a lucky writer if in a week thereafter you know her by sight. You may have taken the greatest pains with the woman, tearing her open, and then find her being quite civil to her father.

"It's heart-breaking. You meant her to be a real woman. Those were the women in my note-books, stern exposures of themselves ,Jill the Ripper's. It would scarify you to hear what I intended my Jills to divulge about their rhythms. But did they do it? No! they disregarded me and remained—respectable.'

Barrie's First Lodgings

Later Sir James gave the following reminiscence:—

"I searched out the first lodgings I had ever had in London—in Bloomsbury, at this corner, No. 6. I even found my old table there and the hole my feet had made in the matting. There once more I settled down in the old blissful way to fight it out with the stars. I think the days and nights that followed were the happiest of my life, except, perhaps, the other days and nights I had spent in the same place.

"You know the feeling—so many of you dears know it. The shabby room, as the night advances, becoming smaller and hazier and kindlier, the inkpot hoping to goodness it won't give out, the candle stealing closer to help your poor eyes, all of them on your side, all peeping at your pages and whispering, 'You are doing it this time—listen to the nightingale,' and all ready to drop a lodging-house tear when it turns out to be a sparrow in the morning."—Public Opinion.

Midgets' Nurse Seeks Wages

History, in recording the flight of a normal-sized princess from her midget husband in the fourteenth century relates that she set him on the mantlepiece where he was forced to remain until he could descend without fear of breaking his neck. The same means might have been invoked by Victoria Tangway, a nurse, to collect the salary she alleges is owed her when on December 23 last she relinquished her position in the "Midgets' Palace."

Nurse Tangway was engaged as custodian of "the Treasure of Baby" and the proprietors of the "Midgets' Palace." Her contract was for a year. When she left on December 23 they owed her $75, a month's salary, it is said. The defendant, Philippe Nicol, head of the diminutive colony, describes himself as a Count. In defence the Count produced the contract as an exhibit.

The Booby

Mrs. Jones, who was rather deaf, sat in the drawing-room reading a book.

Presently the door of the room opened and a young girl, followed by her attentive partner from the room where progressive whist had been played, burst in upon her.

"Oh, mother," cried the girl excitedly, "I've just captured the booby."

"Well, well," she murmured. "Come here and kiss me, both of you."—Answers."

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Smart Girl

Veteran Banker—"How is your new secretary getting along?"

Chairman of the Board—"Fine. She has been here only three weeks and has learned the names of all our vice-presidents!"

She Knew the Type

Little Mary Jane and her next-door neighbor Billy were engaged in an absorbing conversation.

"What are anarchists?" asked little Mary Jane.

"They want everything anyone else has got, and they never wash themselves," he replied.

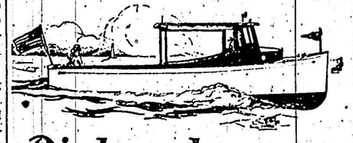
"Oh, yes!" cried little Mary Jane, with enthusiasm. "I see—they's just little boys growing up!"

The Verdict

"What was the verdict?"

"He was found not guilty, but the Judge warned him not to do it again."

Add To Your Summer Home Enjoyment With a Cruisabout!



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McClary Coal & Wood Ranges $3. to $150.

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Counteracting Hannah

Hazel M. Clifgard

"My family think it is foolish," said Mrs. Roberts, "to worry about three-year old Jackie's grammar, when there are real phases of character development to be considered. Just the same, it seems too bad to allow him to use double negatives."

"You are quite right," sympathized her friend. "I should say a careless way of doing anything, whether of talking or eating or dressing, would have some kind of bearing on one's future personality. All habits would, wouldn't they?"

"Yes I suppose so. Practically all the new books on child culture stress the very first influences, too. Never the less, I scarcely know how to proceed. Jackie is so impatient when he is corrected. And his little neighbors talk like children of the backwoods. You are lucky not to have had these troubles with Richard."

"Oh, but I did," smiled Mrs. White, reminiscently. "Haven't you heard our Hannah talk? She never uses an oath, and not only does she hold to practically to the least objectionable of his disagreeable synonyms; but she occasionally falls back upon the two worse ones."

"Good gracious!" gasped Mrs. Roberts, stopping a moment to recall what these were, "didn't you find it hard to keep her?"

Her companion nodded.

"For a while I thought I should have to let her go, surely. But Hannah had been with us so long and was so fond of the children, I couldn't quite turn her off because she used the vernacular of her class and generation. I simply had to find some other way."

"But what else was there to do? Could you keep them away from her?"

"No. Marilyn was a baby, and Hannah had full charge of Richard all the morning, even taking him up when he awoke. I worried about that part most. Children are supposed to be so impressionable right after waking. And sure enough, one day he did come out with one of Hannah's very worst barbarisms."

Mrs. Roberts sighed appreciatively.

"I know exactly how you felt. Tell me what you did. I know you thought of something."

"It seems almost too simple to tell. Of course I made mild corrections during the day—we all do that—but I was still haunted by the fear that those morning impressions might be more lasting than I knew. We had a learned professor who used to hold up to the commonest of speech when he became thoroughly absorbed in his subject."

"I know a case like that," put in Mrs. Roberts.

"Well, that was the sort of thing I should have to work up some kind of fear. Consequently, I decided I could do it, and it occurred to me that if I remembered the worst mistakes Richard made during the day, I might be able to emphasize the correct form during the bedtime story hour. My best success came with rhymes which I concocted for the purpose and alternated with his other young. You should have heard us repeating nursery verse. You would smile if they were over and over again."

"Yes, that was too clever for anything," Mrs. Roberts replied, a bit of disappointment in her voice, "but I'm not the least bit poetical."

"My dear!" exclaimed her companion impatiently, "I don't mean I did anything like Listen to this:—

'Isn't it funny
A dog has four legs
When we have only two?
Isn't it funny
A dog says, "Bow wow,"
When we say, 'How do you do?'
Isn't it? Isn't it? Isn't it? Say!
We're almost as different as night is from day.'

"Now," continued Mrs. White, "anybody could do that, couldn't she? Perhaps you don't like the 'funny,' but I didn't find that objectionable, myself."

"No," answered Mrs. Roberts, absently, "I suppose I could weave in something about—

"There isn't any butter in my cupboard,
There isn't any sugar in the sack,
I think I'll hurry to the grocery—'"

"Won't be any time in getting back," finished Mrs. White. "That's the idea, and the funnier the rhyme, the better Jackie will like it."

"I shall certainly try out your system," mused her friend. "Mother Goose will have to look to her laurels from now on!"—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles appearing weekly in our columns.

Taking Ways

A stranger stopped outside the village jewellery shop and gazed intently at a fine display of silver cups in the window.

A few minutes later he was talking to the jeweller in the shop.

"What are those big silver cups for?" the stranger asked, picking one up and gazing critically at it.

"Those are the cups to be awarded as prizes at the village sports meeting," returned the jeweller proudly.

"For racing?" asked the stranger.

The jeweller nodded in reply.

"Well," said the stranger, edging near the door and still holding the cup, "I suppose you race me for this one."

'Carbonari'

The 'Carbonari' (charcoal burners), a secret patriotic society organized in Italy in the early part of the nineteenth century, was so-called from the custom of the members blackening their faces with charcoal as a disguise.

Perhaps You've Tried It

The dearest place on earth is home,
You're told, search where we will;
But take a week-end by the sea—
You'll find that dearer still!

China needs a Government like ours," says a writer. It would certainly serve them right.