

On a Spring Day at Slater's End

By MALACHI WHITAKER

People still take their Sunday walks up the hill to Slater's End, though much of the view is now obscured by the bright green houses which will in their turn grow mellow, crumble, and bel to form fresh dust for the quiet green grass to cover. But you can walk higher than any houses have yet gone, climb over a lumpy stone wall, and find yourself on a wild moor, where sheep shun you and curlew cry; and if you are strong-willed and ready to walk in steep places, you will come quickly to The Nab; and over The Nab—on the wild side, not the sheltered one—is the small, walled cemetery known as Slater's End.

Only the very oldest folks are buried there now. For the road is bad, and they have to be "walked"; but if they say "Slater's End," it has to be Slater's End, these old women who still wear their bonnets to chapel, and these old men who are sure of eternal salvation for themselves and eternal damnation for most other people. If they have been harsh to their children and driven them away; if they have often got "rather the better side of a bargain"; if they have pinched and saved, and denied themselves and their pleasure, heaven is open to them. They have, at any rate, kept away from the sins of the flesh. Yet long ago, the young were carried here, too.

One spring morning—not a Sunday, so they were alone on the road—an old, old man and his granddaughter were walking up the hill. They peered with interest into the gardens of the new bungalows, admiring the neat rows of daffodils, always late in this cold part of the country, which lined the straight, cemented paths.

The little girl had a round, rosy face, direct, wondering brown eyes, and comical little tufts and tails of brown hair which straggled over her cheek. Each time they got in front of her eyes she would say "Oh, dear!" and push them back under her hat. But the puffs of wind, which came apparently from nowhere, always obliged them again. And at length she would cry out, in imitation of some admired elder, "Grandpa, just look at my ridiculous hair!"

The old man walked at an even pace, tapping the ground now and then with his stout cherrywood stick. He was glad of the pale, warm sunlight, and of the song of half-a-dozen larks which grew now louder, now fainter. His eyes and ears and legs were good yet, he thought thankfully. The hair was of the middle of his head; he had a tansure, surely the most becoming way for a man to lose his hair, if there was some at the front, where you could see it yourself, and some at the back, where other folk could see it, what more could you want?

He had the long face, with its long upper lip, and the tight, grim mouth of the moorland folk. The color of his eyes was almost washed away, but it had been palest blue, even in his youth. He was dressed in the black suit which he had had for over thirty years, and for overcoat wore a sort of black frock-coat, with two buttons at the back. In the flap of this he carried a spotted red and yellow handkerchief, on which he liked to blow his nose with a loud, rattling sound.

He was of the breed, yet time had subtly softened him. There was the post-office, where he drew not only his old-pension, but also a pension due to the death of an unmarried son in the Army. There were the "pictures," to which everybody, including his independent daughter Marion Alice, went. These he resisted with a cunning "Nay." And there was the wireless, which even his authority could not keep out of the house. For this, he had a secret fondness, but would pretend that he did not care for it when other people were in.

Up the road went the two. Sometimes the little girl took hold of her grandfather's hand, sometimes she ran from his side to pick a flower or a piece of grass; and sometimes they rested for a while, leaning against a wall, both staring dreamily at the opposite hill, which seemed to be lying with its head at rest against the bosom of the cloudless sky. Then off they would go again.

In one garden there was a row of washing hanging on a line, swaying gently. A woman in a white apron and a blue mob-cap came out of a door carrying a creaking basket filled with wet, folded white sheets and towels. She smiled and called out, "A lovely morning, isn't it?" The child stared at her, unsmiling, while her grandfather answered solemnly, "It is, indeed," and went tapping his way upwards.

When they came to the wall, he climbed over it with stiff legs, and the child threw her roundness forward and scrambled over. "Are we going right to the top?" she asked, and went running forward without waiting for an answer. She had seen a lamb, separated from its mother. It was afraid of her, and did not know which way to turn, so it opened its mouth wide and bleated. Silently, with bobbing motion, the old sheep approached, looking at the child with a mixture of menace and fear. She stopped, gazed at the sheep with wide eyes, and ran back to the old man, shouting, "Grandpa, hide me, hide me quick!" When she looked out from the flap of his coat, there was nothing to be seen; the sheep and the lamb were hidden behind a rock. And for a long time she walked quietly.

"Where are we going?" she kept asking. Or, "Grandfather, what's that?" as they saw a hare, quite near. The old man was absorbed in his thoughts, and did not answer her. "I know, I know! It's a rabbit, a rabbit, a rabbit!" she jumped over the tufts of hard, rough grass on to the bright green pieces which had been nibbled close, finding a hundred things of interest. She picked up a broken bottle, and for a long time carried a piece of the bluish glass

carefully before she tired of it and threw it away.

She ran up to the old man, patting his leg above the knee with her chubby hands. "Is it far, grandpa? Is it far to the top?"

"Not so far, now," he said, "and then we'll have a rest." He felt in his pocket, slowly. There was the sound of the crackling of a paper bag, and with difficulty he brought out of it a piece of toffee, which he gave to his little granddaughter, who stood near him with sparkling, expectant eyes and eager mouth half open. She pushed the toffee into the side of her mouth and sucked noisily and contentedly.

They came very suddenly on the top of the hill. There was a triangular platform, sheltered by a large rock twice the height of a man and three times the length of one. It was grassy, but cropped almost to the dust by the sheep. The little girl flung herself down and rolled about like a puppy, and the old man sat on a knoll, resting his chin on cupped hands, his elbows on his knees, his cherrywood stick beside him on the ground.

Although his eyes followed her for a while, his thoughts were in the past. Sixty years it was, or more, since Lily had died. And here he was, up at Slater's End, not many yards from where her bones were lying, remembering not the life which had come between, but that short year when he had known Lily.

He could see her face now as he saw it then. Pale, with just a little color in her cheeks when the wind put it there. Her hair had been flaxen when she was a baby, she had told him, but it had grown a deep golden brown with the years. She had grey-green eyes with tiny pupils, a large nose, and a pretty, crooked mouth. She had small ears, pressed close to her head, and dressed her hair to show them. She was very thin, so thin that his heart contracted with pain.

She was seventeen when he first saw her. She had known trouble and responsibility already, and these had drawn across her face; but as she met him, a beautiful smile had come over her like sunshine, and driven those shadows away.

They had not a great deal to say to each other when first they met, boy and girl in the spinning mill; and they had plenty of work to do. Yet on every pretext, the boy was down at her end of the room, just to see that she was still all right.

It was a long time, almost six months, before he dare ask her if she would go with him for a walk. "I don't know," she had said, in her shy way, "I'll see." And he waited for a long time one day, until at last she came.

"I thought you'd have gone," she told him, breathlessly, when she saw him standing in the shadow of a high wall, at the bottom of the mill-master's garden. "I'd have come before, but I couldn't get out."

"That's all right," he said, gruffly. And his heart was crying, "I'd have waited for you for ever, you beautiful little dove."

"How do you like it at the mill, then?" They strolled along, that first time, talking mainly about their work, and about a little man at the mill called Edgar, who was henpecked, and always getting into trouble. She grew animated, and laughed at his jokes. "I didn't know you could be funny as well as kind," she said. And they wondered what the stars really were, and why the moon looked just like it did. And they were silent for a long time, thinking vague thoughts; walking a little apart, happy to be with each other.

They met again and again, but she could not walk so far as on that first night. "I don't know how it is," she said, "I've never felt like this before. I used to be as strong as a strong when I was a little 'un."



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Twin Dare-Devs



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New Zealand: Land of Wonders

A Place of Volcanoes, Geysers and Rich Plains
By RUSSELL OWEN
in The New York Times

New Zealand, tucked away in the corner of the Pacific, is a laboratory of nature. It is a new land, inhabited even by the natives only a little more than 500 years. Its isolation has made it a pioneer in social legislation, and its humping and mountainous surface, through which leak the steam and smoke of subterranean infernos, make it a fascinating place geologically.

New Zealand is a "land of the sea." It is nowhere more than 250 miles wide, though it is 1,000 miles long. Its snow-capped mountains look down on the surf-beaten rocks of fjords; the small of salt is in the air. "The Roa the native Maoris called it, 'The Long White Cloud'—so it seemed to them, resting on the water when they paddled their way to it from the north.

Its history is as dramatic as its scenery. The first great navigators, Cook among them, admired it and left it to be neglected for many years. It is only ninety years old as a colony, and the settlers were fighting fierce wars with the natives while the Civil War was raging in the United States. Its volcanoes still smoke and the earth sometimes shakes, but now Maori and white man live side by side in amity, both citizens of their common land.

The native votes, takes his seat in Parliament and is knighted by the King, while the New Zealander is proud of his dark brother's acceptance of civilization, and tells stories of native courage and sportsmanship in war.

It is a land of variety—of magnificent bush country where the tree ferns lift their broad fronds in a tangled jungle through which one can walk without fear of any dangerous animal. Of Alpine mountains clothed with snow, around whose shoulders crawl great glaciers; of tree-dotted pastures, neat and trim, like those of old England; of warm fields where the palm and the orange grow. There is no more unspoiled country in the world and none so free from marauding beasts. The only native mammal is a bat; there are no snakes, and in the forests are wingless and timid birds which have forgotten, in their security, how to fly.

The only danger to life is from volcanic activity. Part of the country seems slumbering uneasily over a thin crust of earth which might explode at any moment. The ground is hot to the touch; steam and sulphur fumes rise in the air. Although the inhabitants are used to the eccentricities of this thermal belt and have made part of it into tourist parks, it is a region to inspire awe in the casual visitor. Only once in its recorded history has this laboratory of Vulcan blown death and destruction over the land—the day when the long-sleeping volcano Tarawera flung its cone and an entire lake into the air, and for Rotorna are the centres of travel in

France to Build 400,000 Houses in Algeria For 2 Cents Daily Rent

Paris—Four thousand new villages are to be built for the use of the native population of Algeria. This is part of a vast fifty-year program designed to solve the chief problems of the most advanced of the French possessions in northern Africa. The project, which is being worked out here at conferences between Algerian representatives and officials of the home Government, will involve an outlay of \$2,000,000,000. Work will begin as soon as details of financing are settled.

Building the new villages will require the construction of 400,000 dwellings to replace the "gourabis" in which the natives now live. The rent of the new dwellings will be 200 francs a year for each, or slightly more than 2 cents a day, with provision for purchase by the tenants.

Another part of the program is the encouragement of agriculture by supplying native farmers with a minimum of 50,000 plows and 100,000 draft animals as a beginning. Schools, clinics and social services will be established in the villages.

hours poured molten rock, hot mud and ash over the surrounding country. This thermal region stretches from south to Lake Taupo in the center of the North Island—New Zealand is composed of numerous small islets to White Island in the Bay of Plenty, an area of 6,000 square miles. Volcanoes smoke lazily against the blue sky, hills show the clefts made by outbreaks of the past, whole plains are discolored areas the earth puts out jets of steam, geysers shoot into the air and hot springs bubble and hiss next to streams of cold water. Trout have been caught in a cool stream and cooked in a hot pool a few feet away.

The volcanoes, it is believed, are slowly subsiding and the other curious phenomena are more objects of interest to the traveler than portents of internal upheavals. "The city of Auckland, largest in the country, is built in an area of extinct volcanoes. There are dozens of dead cones in the city, some of them in parks where one can look down into their grass-covered craters. Once all the northern part of the country must have been a belching terror, a vent-hole for the fires of the earth.

Oddly enough the volcanic region is also the home of the most beautiful lakes in the island, the largest of which, Taupo, the Maoris call "The South of Taupo on a clear day can be seen the triple cones of Tongariro, smoking idly. And near this lake, famous for its fishing, is the Waitakere Valley, a delightful little hell of hot pools and geysers. There the Champagne caldron boils restlessly, rising and falling as it gurgles and roars.

The crystal clear water of a geyser pool stirs and lifts up and down as it is agitated before shooting its hot spray into the air. Paths by which one walks through this smoking crack in the earth sometimes echo hollowly, and a finger poked in the ground is burned by the internal heat. Gases escape through mud pools with dull "plops," leaving tiny fumaroles, which slowly subside and disappear. A temperamental geyser, half covered with a stone, pounds at its lid in a series of hammerlike blows until it gathers strength enough to lift it entirely and spray out sideways.

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Quotations

That observations which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequently to make man cunning than good.—Dr. Johnson.
Let not things, because they are common, enjoy for that the less share of our consideration.—Pliny the Elder.
Hardly anything will bring a man into full activity if ambition is wanting.—Sir Henry Taylor.
Certainly nothing is unnatural if it is not physically impossible.—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget that sunrise never failed us yet.—Celia Thaxter.
Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes on.—Samuel Butler.
If a man drags heavily in order to drown his troubles, he will soon find that they can swim.—A Sociologist.
"Alcohol should be in the engine, not in the engineer."—Henry Ford.
Sleep is fleeting death; each sunrise finds us all new-born.—From the Chines.
Nothing is so dear and precious as time.—Rabelais.

Giant Ice Crystals Formed Only Once By Nature

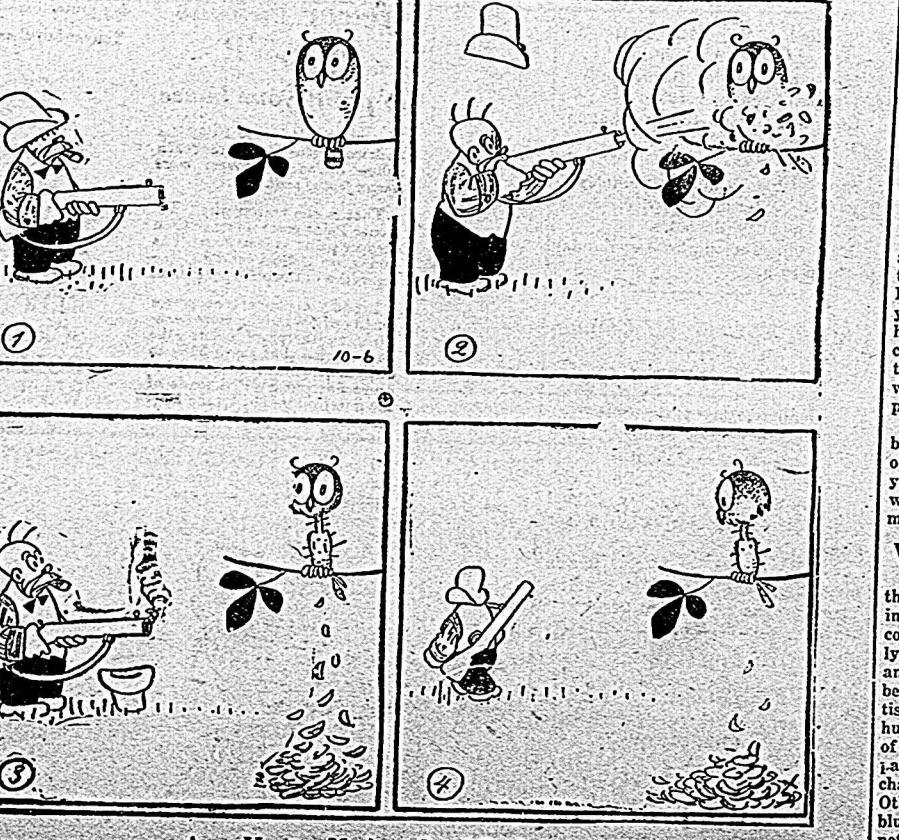
Giant ice crystals, up to eighteen inches across, are found at only one place in the world, in the famous Kungur ice caves of the Ural mountains. Russian scientists recently returned from these caverns with striking photographs of the fantastic structures taken by water in these remote grottoes. Snowflakes are seen under the microscope as delicate six-pointed crystals, and hailstones, on rare occasions, have been found to consist of crystals visible without magnification, but the huge cave crystals are more beautiful than either. They are hollow and six-angled, with a curious spiral geometry, showing the intricate effects of window-pane frost projected into three dimensions. The ice is deposited like hoarfrost by the cooling of moist air as it passes outward through the caves.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Summer Mode



This costume is of red and white Irish linen, worn with white linen hat buttonholed at edges in red yarn. White kid opera pumps are trimmed with narrow band of white lizard.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



As a Hunter He is a Good Barber.

No Posters in Palestine

Norman Bentwich in the English Review (London): In the Holy Land the British administration brought out as its first law an order for the control of advertisements, and notices displayed in the countryside are entirely illegal. The managers of the big firms admit that the saving of expense to their business is enormous. The law forbids all persons to advertise in that way; and so there is no loss in not advertising. The excellence of goods must be proved in a more satisfactory and intelligent way. Today, with the vast circulation of the Press and the cheapness of the post, these crudities which deface the countryside should be obsolete everywhere. They belong to an age long past.

Air Parties to Hunt Gold in Sands of Arctic Rivers

Point Barrow, Alaska—Gold lies in all the streams flowing into the Arctic from Alaska and Canada, declare Eskimos here who exhibit bits of the yellow metal. Few of these streams have been prospected by white men because of their inaccessibility. However, this summer several airplane parties will test the sands of the Kobuk, Anapikuk, Colville and Maude Rivers. The short season for placer mining begins in July and closes the middle of September. The Arctic streams yield an exceptionally yellow gold which is worth more than the darker metal for jewelry and dental work.

Why Swiss Lakes Are Blue

Travelers long have marveled at the beautiful azure color of the lakes in the Tyrolean Alps, and chemical compounds in the water. Recent analysis, however, shows the lakes to be free from coloring matter. Scientists therefore have decided that the hue is due to reflection and refraction of the azure sky in colorless water, particularly since the azure color changes to gray as the sun declines. Other localities do not have the deep-blue water coloring because they are not favored with clear blue skies.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Birds of Bayazid Mosque Doomed to Seek New Home

The fate of the city pigeons in London, writes a correspondent of "The London Sunday Observer," has its parallel in Istanbul, where also considerations of hygiene are to prevail over those of sentiment. The old woman selling grain on the courtyard of the Bayazid Mosque has been forbidden to continue her trade. The pigeons will have to settle somewhere else or starve.

Pigeons have always been held sacred in Turkey; their usual abode is the court of a mosque. Those of the Bayazid Mosque have a touching origin. The original pair, according to the legend, were offered to Sultan Bayazid for his mosque by a poor widow as a thank-offering for her son's recovery from illness. Their offspring today number many hundreds. The measure taken by the municipality is said to have originated in a quarrel between the old woman who sells the grain and a shopkeeper in the square, who took revenge of the damage caused by the birds. But the sentiment of the pigeon-loving population has been aroused and the society for the protection of animals has petitioned the municipality in the interest of the birds.