

# Sentimental Value

By Rene M. Worley

Anna was whitening the last of the steps when the stranger addressed her. She sat back on her heels and regarded the pleasant-faced young man.

"Could you let me have some water for my engine?" he repeated, with a jerk of his thumb in the direction of his mud-splattered lorry.

Anna wiped her hands on her apron and slowly rose from her knees.

"Wait here and I'll fetch you some," she replied, and went down the area steps into the kitchen, hoping fervently that she wouldn't encounter Ma Grubbins, who was certain to disapprove.

"Thanks, awfully," said the young man when she reappeared with a jug of water in her hands. "—er—I'll want a bit more than this, you know," he added, in apology.

Anna's elfish, impetuous smile flashed out at him, revealing unexpected dimples in her cheeks. "I'll get you some more. Only you mustn't stand here because Ma Grubbins might see you, and she's a dragon!" she said quickly.

When she had made two more journeys up the area steps with water, he said abruptly: "Thanks! That'll do." Then he added casually: "Would Ma Grubbins let you come along to the fair?"

Her eyes sparkled.

"I don't have to ask her where I can go on my evenings out," she replied.

"Well, suppose you come along some time?" he suggested eagerly. "I travel with the fair; I'm one of the mechanics. You just ask for Joe Parker, and I'll show you round if you like."

Later, while Anna was helping Ma Grubbins down in the kitchen, a clatter of vans and horses' hoofs drew the latter's attention to the road outside.

"Caravan!" she remarked sourly. "Those gipsies have come again to the common for the fair. Mind you keep the back door locked, Anna—I don't trust 'em. They're a bad, thieving set, the whole lot of 'em!"

Anna went on rubbing the silver, and wondered vaguely why Ma Grubbins sounded any potential thief would want to rob her house. It was the glibbiest in the whole road, and not at all likely to appeal to the experienced eye of a roving burglar. Ma Grubbins' voice broke into her reverie.

"There's that locket and chain upstairs in the desk, the one that belonged to my sister. It looks pretty, and it might be mistaken for something valuable, which it ain't!" Her voice was sharply deliberate. "Its sentimental value is worth far more to me than any buyer would think of paying for it—if I should want to sell it, which I never will!" She broke off. "But them gipsies are a bad lot—I don't trust any of 'em!" she murmured.

Once, during a moment of impulsive confidence, Ma Grubbins had unfolded a dramatic story for Anna's wondering attention.

Years ago her sister had married one of the "fair folk." The hard life of the road had killed her, and there had been a nephew who had "gone to the bad" as well.

It was a shy Anna who presented herself at the fair on the following evening. There was no need to ask for Joe Parker. As she approached the cluster of caravans and lorries his fresh voice hailed her.

"So you've come," he said, and his eyes told her he was glad to see her. "You look swell in those things!" he added half timidly, and the last-year's coat and renovated hat suddenly assumed Bond Street smartness.

"We're going to have a smart time," he promised her gaily, and laughed until she laughed too, and the dimples appeared once more.

It was an evening that remained in her memory long afterwards. The colored lights, the laughing, jostling crowds, the creak of the swing-boats, and the blaring of the roundabouts. At a stall they had tea and sticky cakes. Someone moved violently and precipitated Anna into Joe's arms. As he steadied her, with firm hands on her shoulders, he said quietly:

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Her eyes were stary."

"I've never been so happy in my life!" she whispered.

The happiness of that evening remained like a warm glow in Anna's heart for a whole week. Every time she heard the sounds of the fair, floating through the open windows, a yearning came over her to recapture it all again, to see the eyes of Joe Parker looking at her as they had done when he murmured "Good-night!" and shyly kissed her. He had not mentioned when he would see her again, but all her days were built on the tremendous anticipation of his arrival. Because, of course, he would come. He came at the end of the week, knocking at the back door, and bring-

ing Anna, flushed and heart-fluttering, to open it for him.

"You come to take you to supper if you can get away," he said eagerly.

"I can't," Ma Grubbins said sternly, and doesn't return until the eleven o'clock train to-night," she said. And then her face brightened. "But why shouldn't you come and have supper with me?" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"No reason at all; I should love to!" replied Joe.

After supper Anna thought it would be fun to dance. Upstairs in Ma Grubbins' sitting-room was a gramophone. She suggested to Joe that they should borrow it.

"That's a bright idea," agreed Joe; and he offered to go upstairs and help carry the machine down.

He groaned aloud at the stuffy atmosphere of the small sitting-room.

"How you folks can live without fresh air beats me!" he grimaced.

Anna looked wistful.

"You just make the best of it," she sighed. "But I e...y you people your open-air life and bumpy roads."

"Do you now?" began Joe quickly.

"The needles are on the desk," said Anna hurriedly.

The evening passed so quickly that the clock had chimed half-past ten before Anna was aware of anything except Joe and the miracle of having him with her.

"Mercy! Ma Grubbins' train gets in in twenty minutes, and I haven't got things ready for the morning!" she exclaimed in dismay.

"I'll take the gramophone back upstairs, and you get on with your work down here," offered Joe reassuringly.

When he came down again she was in the scullery, wiping up their supper things.

"Good-night, Anna," he said gently. We pack up and move on to another place to-morrow, but you'll hear of me quite shortly."

He was gone, and she pressed her face close up against the kitchen window, looking up towards the pavement to watch him pass, a strange mixture of pain and happiness pulling at her heart.

But next morning the very foundations of the world seemed to collapse under Anna's feet. Ma Grubbins screamed for her to come into the sitting-room.

"Look!" she commanded, and Anna suddenly felt sick with fear and misery. The desk had been forced open; its contents were all upset.

"It's been broken open," and the locket and chain have gone!" whispered Ma Grubbins fiercely. Her eyes regarded Anna's haggard ashen face with sudden malignancy. "You were the only living soul who knew that it was in there, and you know where it is now! Come on, own up!"

For two whole minutes the world stood still, whilst details stirred themselves in Anna's mind and made a waking nightmare of her thoughts. Joe—the gramophone—Ma Grubbins denouncing the whole tribe of fair folk. "They're bad—the whole lot of 'em!"

Speaking almost mechanically, Anna said weakly: "I know where it is, and if you give me time I'll fetch it for you!"

Ma Grubbins took up a bullying attitude.

"I ought to call in the police, but I'll give you until to-morrow morning to return the locket and chain. If you run away I shall have a warrant out for your arrest!" she added threateningly.

An ago seemed to have passed over Anna's head since the previous evening. As she came down the road that led to the fair ground the agony of her mind traced shadows beneath her eyes.

Joe a thief! Her white mind shrank from this. But facts were so strong and circumstances so black that there seemed little doubt.

The fair people had not moved on yet. The lorries were packed, and the caravans were waiting in a line; but the small, grey-colored tent which was Joe's "home" was still standing erect. She hastened towards this, lifted the flap, and peered inside. He was there, and looked both pleased and amazed to see her.

"Why, Anna—" he was beginning radiantly.

"I've come to fetch that locket and chain," she cut in coldly. "Ma Grubbins thinks I took it. I don't mind that so much. But I've got to take it back—now!"

Starting at her, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out the locket and chain. This evidence of his guilt was more than she could bear, and she suddenly burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing.

"Oh, my dear, don't! Let me explain, please listen to me first!" Joe's arms were round her, and his voice was distressed and tender. "I didn't think you'd get the blame. That you should think the guilt on your shoulders without a fight is—oh, it is wonderful! But I'll never let the locket go back, not now I've got it."

"You see, it belonged to my mother,

# SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY IS AT ODDS WITH HIS NEIGHBORS AGAIN BECAUSE HE REFUSES TO CUT HIS GRASS UNTIL MILT GRIGSBY HAS HIS LAWN-MOWER FIXED. MILT CLAIMS THE LAWN-MOWER WAS BROKEN WHEN HE BORROWED IT, AND WILL NOT DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT; AND MEANWHILE FRED'S LAWN IS SPOILING THE LOOKS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

7-29 GUYAS WILLIAMS

# The Son of the House

To my delight, I had found that I was the only guest of a small hotel, which stood on the shore of a Balearic island in a storied sea. The summer was past, the autumn was come; the proprietor and his sister were relaxing their efforts at making many Spaniards happy. Excellent hosts as they were, they must now have concern for the "Americana" should be "contanto" while she remained as their guest.

On the morning of an especially golden day, as I had breakfast on the terrace, I looked out from time to time to find the line of turquoise sea shimmering bright; or held my breath at sight of a small fishing boat tacking her way through a boisterous channel into the outer sea.

Then, early as it was, the proprietor appeared to say "Buenos dias" with such buoyancy of tone and lightness of step that I imagined exciting events must be near; for although he could not explain in my language, there is an easy translation to be made by smiling eyes and poised gait.

So it was that I noted the arrival of large hampers of food, especially of chickens, being brought in by smiling women in the pantry instead of one, and a quiet stir pervaded the place. During the afternoon there were gay arrivals of relatives, making agreeable conversation in the lounge. One large senior spoke in the bass voice of the robust, overtopping that of the proprietor, who was a little man and used a low, grave tone.

Though I knew that there was an occasion imminent, I did not guess its significance. But, fortunately, I dressed for dinner, with special care, appropriately perhaps, in a Spanish lace frock and high-heeled slippers. Coming down the stairway into the lounge, I found the family assembled, ceremoniously quiet, indulging only in low murmurs of talk.

In its midst I saw a tall, slender man young, handsome, dark, obviously Spanish, standing by the proprietor, who bent his head well back to look into the youth's smiling eyes.

As they came toward me, such pride illumined the face of the older man that, before the ceremony of presentation was complete, I had comprehended the intonation. I saw before me the son of the house. His well-fitting tan uniform explained him as a Spanish soldier, returned from his year's training.

As he responded to the greeting of the Americana in excellent English, the admiration of the circle of relatives knew no bounds. Then, as I went along the gayly lighted dining room to my seat in the corner, I passed the flower-decked family table, the white-jacketed waiters standing by, entranced by the glory of their young master. I pulled out my own chair, quite unaided by the usually hovering waiter.

There was such affection in the atmosphere that, though apart from the group, I felt one with them. Catching the intonation, I rejoiced too as the son told some gay tale of soldiering, which was received with gusto. His father would glance from uncle to aunts, then back to the raconteur, exclaiming his chicken on rice all the while with hearty appreciation.

This picture of one potential Spanish soldier is as vivid to me as are the beauty of his home land, and the circle of friends which made his home-coming memorable. —M. E. B. in "The Christian Science Monitor."

# China Saves Ancient Walls As Protection for Cities

Peiping.—The Chinese government has decided to maintain the ancient walls around its cities. The movement to destroy all walls, started two years ago, has been abruptly checked.

The Ministry of War and the Executive Yuan at Nanking, according to official information here, have instructed municipal authorities to maintain their walls and see that they are kept in repair.

Two years ago ardent young Nationalists contended that city walls interfered with progress and should be torn down. In several cities local Kuomintang branches started to destroy walls.

But military experts, studying the matter, decided that city walls still serve strategic purposes and should remain. They protect residents from bandits, and in case of war are effective barriers to an invading army.

At Tsinaifu, Shantung, and a few other cities, the tops of city walls are being used for highways. It is possible that other cities will follow this example. Walls are often wide enough to accommodate automobiles two or three abreast, and with little work can be made first-class thoroughfares.



"That fellow in the next room has called more men out on strike than any man in the city." "Is he a labor leader?" "No, he's a baseball umpire."

# Cash Down

A very rich American had taken a shooting-lodge in Scotland. One day when a heavy mist came down he found himself alone and unable to find his way back to his friends.

Finally he came across a native on the moors.

"I'm lost," the American told the Scot.

The native nodded miserably.

"Yes, I know you are lost. But is there a reward for finding you?" he asked.

# Expert Gives Advice To Future Salesmen

"It is essential that you should like to meet people and possess the ability to get along well with them if you are to become a salesman," says an expert in giving his idea of how youths should pick their life job.

"You don't necessarily have to be of the hail-fellow-well-met type, but you do need to be agreeable and have personality."

"But above these qualifications you should have another. You must make people have confidence in you. If you make people have confidence in you you will find that you will have an asset greater than any other. If business men can believe in you they will trade with you. Confidence breeds respect."

"Then you will need self-confidence and poise, and if you are to get ahead you can't be of the type that is easily discouraged. You should be a good judge of human nature in order to size up the people with whom you deal."

"You should realize, at the outset, that your job will be to sell what the buyer can use profitably, or can dispose of in turn. You will not be approaching your task in the proper light if you try to dispose of your wares for the sake merely of an immediate sale. To be a good salesman you must think in terms of your customer's problems as well as your own."

"Get all the education you can. It isn't necessary that you have a college education to be successful as a salesman. But if you can obtain the advantage of such training, do so by all means. There is only one good place for you to start, and that is the bottom."

# What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



A graceful becoming dress for all-day occasions of fashionable coin dotted crepe silk.

The beruffled collar and sleeves express the chic vogue of femininity. They add such a pretty softened touch essentially dainty and smart for summer. Button trim gives it a sportive air.

The tiny bolero is so youthful. A dress such as this is smart for town, for bridge, for tea and later will be just the thing for vacation.

Style No. 3936 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

It is also attractive carried out in plaided gingham, shantung, linen, thin woollens and pastel flat washable crepe silk.

Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 39-inch, with 1 1/4 yards 39-inch contrasting.

# 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.

# "Trader Horn"

Montreal Daily Star: It is seldom that a man gives his name to a book. The case of Trader Horn, whose death was reported from England recently, was probably unique. A wanderer and an adventurer all his days, he would probably never have come before the notice of the public but for the perspicacity of a South African novelist, who was struck by his appearance and conversation and who persuaded him to write down his experiences which she in turn edited. The result was a book so amazing in variety, in color and in type of adventure on the West Coast and interior which it depicted, that even experienced critics said it must be a work of imagination.

But Trader Horn was able to verify a great deal of his detail, though he had to rely upon rumor for corroboration of his tale about the beautiful white goddess, which many people thought he had "borrowed" from Rider Haggard. He certainly entertained a large section of the reading public for two or three years, and many of his earlier critics came round to believe that he was, after all, largely what he represented himself to be. Eminent British authors like Galsworthy had implicit faith in him. His life perhaps exemplifies more strikingly than that of any other author of our time the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

# French to Eat Canadian Horses

A shipment of 256 Canadian horses destined for the horse-meat trade in France was landed recently at Le Havre by the freight department of the Canadian National Railways. This is the first of a series of weekly shipments to be made this summer. Apart from its cheapness, the advantage of horse meat is its freedom from the danger of tuberculosis; it is declared, and for this reason it is used extensively in several continental hospitals. The Canadian horses in this first shipment are nearly all from the ranges of Alberta.

# Lord Willingdon in India

Stephen Gwynn in the Fortnightly Review (London): It is said of the new Viceroy that he is "color-blind"—a great qualification for his formidable task. If he can make Indians feel that he is without that sense of innate and "a priori" superiority which most Englishmen feel when dealing with races of a different pigmentation, he may conceivably induce Hindu and Moslem to find in him the necessary arbiter of their differences. This is much to hope, but not impossible. It would have been with Lord Curzon, for instance, in the same place, who would never have got away from the feeling that he had a right to impose his views, not because it was impartial, but because it came from above.

# MUTT AND JEFF—The Delegates to the Street Cleaners Convention Annoy Our Heroes.

By BUD FISHER



IT'S THREE A.M. AND THAT MOUSE IN THE NEXT ROOM IS GETTING WORSE BY THE MINUTE. ASK THE ROOM CLERK WHAT KIND OF A DUMP HE'S RUNNING.

LEAVE IT TO ME, MUTT!

SAY, LISTEN! MUTT AND I AIN'T THE COMPLAINING SORT—BUT THESE DELEGATES TO THE STREET CLEANERS' CONVENTION ARE RUINING OUR SLEEP WITH A LOTTA NOISE.

I'M INDEED SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT THEY'RE PERFECT GENTLEMEN.

I AIN'T SAYING THEY AIN'T GENTLEMEN; BUT THEY'RE PLAYING POKER AND—

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG IN A LITTLE GAME OF POKER!

I KNOW THAT—BUT THESE GUYS ARE USING ASH CANS FOR CHIPS!