

HER LITTLE ROMANCE

And It Ended Like the Story in the Book.

By Margaret Munro.

It was a "pulsating romance" in Pamela's favorite weekly which gave her the big idea. To the author of that story, it was probably just a story, but to Pamela, it was a revelation. But to Pamela, it was a revelation. Pamela's favorite weekly which gave her the big idea. To the author of that story, it was probably just a story, but to Pamela, it was a revelation. But to Pamela, it was a revelation.

The worn linoleum on the stairs, and the growing layer of dust as one mounted them, telling its tale of Mrs. Humphrey's rheumatism and her staunch belief that "one couldn't expect a hotel for thirty shillings a week, bed and breakfast"—all was set down so vividly that Pamela almost imagined that the author must have sat at the Humphrey table at some time in his life.

Having described life as lived at No. 15 Eastern Terrace, in a wealth of detail, however, the author had gone on to do it with things that surely never happened in Mrs. Humphrey's boarding establishment. In that dingy house, with its dirt and drabness, had introduced romance—a romance between the third-floor back and the room above; a romance which had turned the worn linoleum of those fourteen treads into a ladder to paradise.

As Pamela read, something deep within her stirred to life. She had always been in romance, but never before had she believed that romance could lurk in such a house. And at that moment she realized something else—why she had been thinking so much about Mr. Platt, thinking him as the one mortal in the house who was worse off than herself.

For awhile, being a woman, she could see that her room was not comfortable, a half-open door had veiled her more than once that Mr. Platt's room was untidy and comfortable.

"Only a man would stand it," said Pamela, with a wince of twenty-four years. "No wonder he goes out nearly every evening!" She looked round her room—at colorful cretonne curtains bought with money saved out of luncheon, and easy chair which had been a Christmas present from an aunt, her bookshelves in a corner, and her own pictures which had replaced the inevitable "Highland Cattle at Sunrise." And was always home a hour and a half before Derek Platt returned, in an hour she would transform her room from a frowsy, comfortless "bed-sitter" into something cleaner and more comfortable.

Mr. Platt would think that Mrs. Humphrey had referred to, while she would have the thrill of doing something in secret for a young man who—well, she had never dared to analyze her feelings, was not even sure that one could have feelings towards someone who had only said "Good night!" half a dozen times when passing on the stairs. Anyway, she was conscious that Derek Platt was not one of the other men.

She started her role of fairy godmother the following evening. Hurrying back from the office, armed with soap and brush, she boiled some water, and scrubbed the floor until the pattern of the linoleum stood out in startling relief. Then she dusted the room and cleared the windows. And then judged the time to retire downstairs to her own room, with the knowledge of something accomplished.

Two nights later she returned armed with a clean cover for the chest of drawers, and took the old one away to be washed in the privacy of her own room.

No true romance, as is well known, ever stands still. This one was no exception. Having tasted the thrill of possessing a secret, Pamela daily discovered new tasks. She even once, greatly daring, mended some socks that were spread out, with the rest of the returned laundry, on the bed, and did not blush when she passed the owner of the socks on the stairs an hour later.

What Mr. Platt thought of it all—whether he troubled to think at all—she did not know. He still passed up the stairs to his room and downstairs again with no more than a diffident "Good-morning!" or "Good-night!" Yet something within her—either her mothering instinct or her sense of the dramatic—was satisfied.

It never occurred to her that her innocent deception would end. But end it did. A bunch of chrysanthemums, purchased at the local stores on her way home one autumn evening, was her undoing. She had intended to buy some for herself, but on seeing them she suddenly thought of that other room which never saw a flower. An extra shilling changed hands, and the deed was done.

She placed them in the one vase she possessed, ran up the stairs, and left them on the chest of drawers in Mr. Platt's room. It was two hours later when the sound of voices reached her through her door, and shortly after someone knocked. Outside was Mrs. Humphrey, red-faced and excited.

"The police are here!" she said importantly. "There's been a robbery—and a lot of funny things happening—in Mr. Platt's room, and they want to see you!"

Robbery! And in Derek Platt's room! The room she had been entering three evenings a week unknown to anyone! With a queer sinking feeling, she followed the wheezing Mrs. Humphrey up the stairs.

Inside the fourth-floor back stood a police sergeant and Derek Platt, looking slyer than ever at this ordeal. "You are Miss Trauch?" asked the sergeant.

She nodded. "And you occupy the room immediately below this one?"

"Again she indicated agreement. "A very unfortunate thing has happened, Miss Trauch," continued the policeman. "A watch and £5 in Treasury notes have disappeared from this room within the last twenty-four hours. Whoever stole them must have passed your door, and, although I understand you are out during the day, I must ask you whether you have noticed anyone on this floor whose conduct was at all suspicious."

"I've never seen anyone up here at all," Pamela answered truthfully. "But you've been up here yourself!"

"Mrs. Humphrey," blurted out the policeman with an air of triumph. "It was no difficult matter to find out that her pride had been hurt by certain discoveries. 'I am conducting this inquiry!' remarked the sergeant stolidly. 'But seeing you've been raised, Miss Trauch, perhaps you will tell us whether you have ever entered this room in the absence of the occupier?'"

"There was no help for it. Keeping her eyes on the floor, alternately hot and cold, she told the story, punctuated with interruptions and indignant snorts from Mrs. Humphrey, and as she spoke she knew that something that had become very precious was lost for ever.

When she came to the night that she had raised a chill in order to clean the windows—or as much of them as she could reach, imitating a colorist from the inside of the room—Mrs. Humphrey awoke to life.

"The window-cleaner!" she exclaimed. "He charged me for cleaning these windows only yesterday. And I saw him come up, though I didn't follow him, because of my rheumatism."

Pamela pulled up the blind. "Well, he didn't clean them," she said. "Nor did I very well. Look! You can still see the dirt where I couldn't reach it."

Mrs. Humphrey's eyes narrowed. Her antagonism to Pamela had evaporated before this new development. Besides, if the man took watches and money from our room, he might be stealing from her next.

"For five full minutes he was coming up here for five full minutes!" she exclaimed. "Better come downstairs and give me his address!" said the sergeant stolidly. "This wants looking into!"

"I may want to see you again, miss," he added, turning to Pamela, "but it's not very likely. Had to ask you some questions, you know."

Their footsteps descended and died away. With an effort Pamela looked at Derek Platt.

"You do believe that I am innocent?" she said, a tremble in her voice. "Of course you are! Even the policeman never doubted you. Nor would old Mother Humphrey if she hadn't been so wild at discovering you."

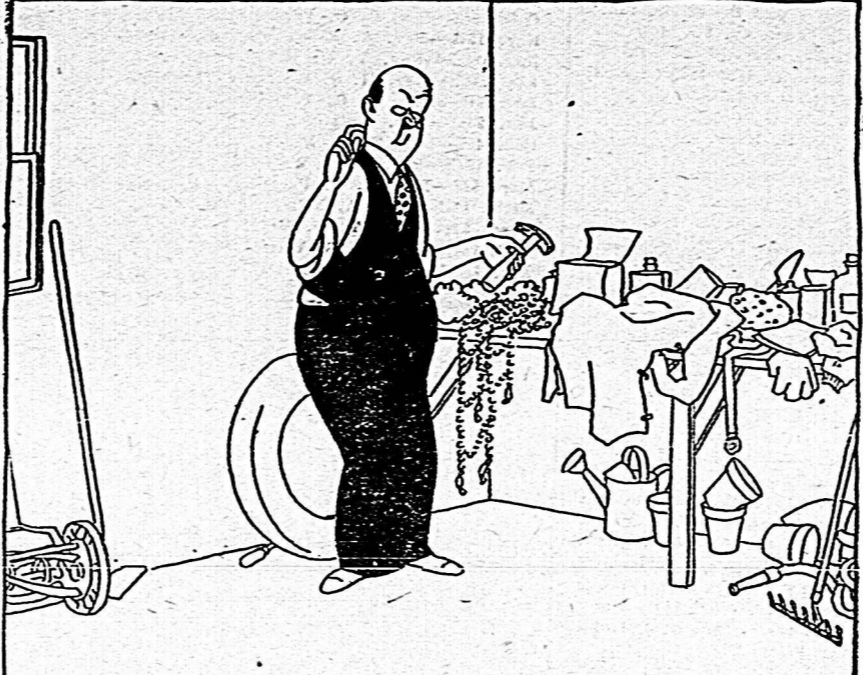
"Interference," said Pamela. He shook his head.

"Say rather your dearness at befriending a lonely stranger. How can I thank you?"

He looked very boyish and eager as he took her hand and held it. She felt romance stealing back.

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE HAMMER, FOR LOSING WHICH JUNIOR HAS BEEN SEVERELY PUNISHED TURNS UP WHERE YOU LEFT IT YOURSELF ON THE BENCH IN THE GARAGE

7-28

Animals Chose Own Avocation

Animal World Not All Warfare—Has Dairymaids as Well As Sergeant-Majors

Have you seen the skunk artillery in action, or met the ant armies on the march?

There are those who think that hunting is about the only occupation to which wild creatures devote their lives; but it is not so, writes Craven Hill in "Answers" (London). Some of them adopt a definite "profession" just as human beings do. Thus you find among our wild neighbors soldiers, butchers, tailors, builders, dairymaids, fishermen, divers, scavengers, schoolmasters, thieves, and even undertakers!

As examples of the "soldiers" may be cited the geese and wild ducks who fly in a regular V formation on their long migratory journeys—and the skunk, who can be called an "artilleryman," since he will bombard his foes with an offensive-smelling fluid.

"Tailors" and "cutters" The best representative of the soldiering profession, however, is the ant. Amazon ants, for instance, band themselves into well-drilled armies and sometimes set out to fight against rival colonies. Bees are expeditionarily carried out, the enemy "supplies" being carried off and taken home, where they are subsequently hatched by the conquerors and made to fight for them.

Butchers are represented by the red-backed shrike, known in the countryside as the "butcherbird." Having killed its victims, the shrike hangs the dead body up on a bush or tree-branch and here the food stays till the shrike is hungry enough to eat it.

Birds, of course, are the chief and obvious "builders," together with such animals as the beaver, the squirrel, and the harvest mouse.

"Tailors" are represented by the tailor-bird of India, who sews leaves together in masterly fashion for her nest. Having prepared a thread from vegetable fibres, she pierces a row of holes along the edges of the leaves she has selected. She then runs her thread through the holes as a man might thread a lace in his boot. An allied trade is that of the "cutters," represented by the leaf-cutting bees.

For the dairymaids we shall have to go to the ants again, who capture and keep plant-lice, treating the insects as a sort of cattle. The plant-lice are kept in a special gallery in the heart of the ants' nest, and the owners milk them regularly by stroking them, when the obliging "cow" produces a sweet substance known as honey-dew, of which the ant is particularly fond.

Jumbo's a Good Teacher The prince of fishermen is the angler-fish, whose life is spent on the bottom of the sea. Having burrowed his yard-long, flat body into the sand of the sea-bed, the angler hangs out a blue light on the end of a single tentacle, close above his mouth. Other fish, attracted by this mysterious light, come up to investigate, when the angler opens his huge maw and engulfs the prey.

Divers are perhaps best represented by the diving-beetle, which can remain under water for as much as twenty minutes. Seals, penguins, and cormorants are also expert at the game, as any Zoo visitor will agree.

One does not have to go far to find the scavengers. They exist in every country and perform a useful purpose. The best-known representatives of this age-old profession are the carrion crow, the stork, the hyena, the jackal, and the pariah dog—the three last being especially necessary in Eastern lands, where they perform the duties of a sanitary authority by eating the offal and garbage thrown outside the native villages.

Teaching is an ancient profession. With humans, as with animals and birds, it is no doubt originated in the Garden of Eden. Perhaps the best example of a "schoolmaster" is the razor-bill, a bird which lines up his chicks at the water's edge and teaches his pupils to swim and dive, ducking them forcibly if they show any reluctance to learn.

In the animal world the elephant

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In the animal world the elephant

Roofs

A country house must have a roof with angles right, Whimsically tilted, to shed the feign of night;

Pleasantly sloping, in the manner of a hill. Night is a long thing, solemn and still. Interrupted now and then by a screech owl's cry. Or the whispering of grasses, where furry things creep by.

A mouse is, after all is said, a strange half-human thing. Not just a part of nature, like a bush, or tree or spring: And a roof that's pinioned on its back, so that it cannot see. A friendly nod, a distant barn, cutters cruelly. Becomes a most unhappy roof, addicted to strange creaks, To odd lugubrious murmurs, or melancholy leaks.

—Esther Pinch, in the New York Sun.

Indian Government To Make Annual Move

Simla.—Presently, the Government of India will be trekking once more to the plains to establish the seat of government at Delhi, the country's capital. This annual trip to and from the mountains is one that brings the Government much criticism, chiefly on the score of the expense involved in making the change. But when the criticisms are analyzed, it is generally found that those leveling the charges against the Government are invariably inclined to admit that the exodus from Delhi to Simla is necessary.

Work in the plains during India's summer season is fraught with much discomfort, especially when the mercury soars to 120 in the shade, with very little shade available! It is widely conceded that the expense of the trip to the hills is more than compensated by the amount of work Britishers and Indians alike can accomplish in the cooler environment of the Himalayan ridge on which Simla is situated.—The Christian Science Monitor.

Motorcars Cross Africa Regularly

NAIROBI, E. Africa.—Through Africa by motorcar, once an achievement of note is now becoming quite commonplace. Within two days two motorcars, one from Alexandria and the other from Durban, have arrived at Nairobi.

The former carrier Dr. Jiri Baum, professor of Prague University and Natural History Museum, accompanied by Herr Solt, a noted Czechoslovakian sculptor. Dr. Baum is studying natural history in East Africa, has discovered a rare species of "water mouse," which he describes as a huge spider that has adopted aquatic life.

View of Nautilus Nosing Her Way Through the Ice



Glimpse over bow of submarine Nautilus as it doggedly plows way through ice fields of arctic in valiant attempt to reach north pole. Much of expedition had to be made under ice, a huge electric drill carving a path through the frozen subterranean spaces.

Chinese To Have Shakespeare Translated Into Own Tongue

Peiping.—Some of the most competent scholars in China are at work here translating Western classics into the Chinese language, so that all Chinese who read may have access to the best in Occidental literature, history and science. Unlike translators of a generation ago, they are using the popular language in China, which all literate persons can read, instead of the difficult classical language, which even scholars have trouble in mastering.

The work is directed by Dr. Hu Shih, philosopher, who has settled here permanently, and money is being provided by the China Foundation, which distributes the remitted portion of the American Boxer indemnity. This Foundation has a hand in most successful cultural projects in China today. Three translators have been working for almost a year on the complete works of Shakespeare, which have never been translated into Chinese. They are first turning Shakespeare's English into Chinese prose, but may later use a sort of Chinese blank verse to suggest Shakespeare's medium.

Another scholar, sixty-five years old, has been working almost a year on Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." This scholar, Wu Kwang-chien, is the author of several textbooks in English now used in Chinese schools.

The China Foundation established a translation committee in 1920, putting Dr. Hu Shih in charge, and providing for fifteen member members to direct the work. The task was divided into three sections: Science, history and literature.

Acquainted With the Night I have been one acquainted with the night. I have walked out in rain—and back in rain. I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane. I have passed by the watchman on his beat. And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain. I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet. When far away an interrupted cry Came over houses from another street, But not to call me back or say good-bye:

And further still at an unearthly height, One luminary clock against the sky Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right. I have been one acquainted with the night. —From "Collected Poems," by Robert Frost.

Unique Advertising Paris.—For about eight centuries, the rue Saint-Honore has been famous as a street for shoppers. The Merchants' Association takes a genuine pride in the street's international reputation, writes a correspondent of "The Christian Science Monitor. With admirable esprit de corps, these business men have determined to act together in maintaining the standard of the ancient thoroughfare, and making it even better known. They have devised an ingenious publicity scheme with this in view, and are now putting it into effect. To anyone who within a stated period buys a certain amount of merchandise in the rue Saint-Honore, they will make a present of a week's stay at one of the hotels in the street, supplying a comfortable room with bath and breakfast.

Re-afforestation in Ceylon Colombo Times of Ceylon: Year by year the forest resources of Ceylon are being steadily depleted and very little is being done to plant suitable areas with indigenous and imported trees suitable for local requirements. This failure to understand the value of re-afforestation is readily understandable, for the average politician is more concerned with the immediate future than with the requirements of posterity. Nevertheless, timber represents a valuable national asset which is being ruthlessly depreciated without any adequate provision for replacement.

World's Longest Airline Links Amsterdam-Batavia Amsterdam, Holland.—Inauguration of regular weekly air service between Amsterdam and Batavia, a distance of 9,000 miles, said to be the longest regular air line in the world, took place here recently. The service supplements fortnightly flights started a year ago. It is planned to complete the journey in nine days. Seven years ago the first flight from the Netherlands to the East Indies took place. Three military aviators flew to the East Indies in 17 days.

Moon What I had waited for in the silken wind Came over me at last. Radiant I stood In silver. Silver the pavement's end, Chaste every poplar, every cotton-wood.

Glass Walls Installed In German School A school with outer walls of glass and with glass cabinets for books taking the place of inner walls, in separating classrooms from corridors, has just been built for the school children of Lubeck, Germany, according to Cappe's Magazine. The ground floor has a breakfast and milk room, each classroom a bath-room, each desk in the physics department has gas, water and electrical connections, and the geography room has a projection machine by which the movements of the stars and planets are shown on the ceiling. Then there is a greenhouse in which the pupils raise plants throughout the year.

Australian Grub Is Threatened by Fungus BRISBANE.—Scientists are rallying to the rescue of the Cactoblastis grub, which, originally imported into Australia to destroy prickly pear, is in turn being attacked by a kind of fungus. The Queensland Government is already preparing to throw open for re-settlement 11,000,000 acres of land, which the Cactoblastis has cleared from prickly pear. Meanwhile scientists are trying to evolve a method to protect the grub from the parasitic growth which already has done so much damage to the useful insect that prickly pear is starting to gain ground again in certain districts.

Very Polite Gentleman—"Excuse me, sir. Have I the pleasure of your acquaintance?" Fellow-bather—"I don't think so. Why?" Very Polite Gentleman—"Well, you see, you're — er — putting on my shirt."

Wife — "What's the trouble, George?" Hubby—"Hot weather." Wife—"Hot weather couldn't give you a black eye." Hubby—"I got into an argument with a nasty friend about the best way to keep cool."

Lost Norwegian Dialects Are Sought in Wisconsin Minneapolis.—Sent to America on the strange mission of locating lost dialects, two representatives of a Norwegian university are interviewing persons of Norwegian descent in Minnesota and Wisconsin communities. It is the belief of Dr. Dirid Arup Seip and Professor Ernst W. Selmer, of the University of Oslo, that peculiarities of their tongue, long since forgotten by their own people, still are preserved in much of their original state by descendants of immigrants to this country 100 years ago. "Dialects in Norway have changed," Dr. Seip said, "but here they are the same, or about the same, as they were 100 years ago."