

MONICA AND THE TRAMP

Monica Harst dropped into the seat with a little sigh of weariness, opened her attaché-case and took out the paper bag in which three hours earlier she had put two slices of bread and butter with the thinnest wafer of ham between them, and a half-dozen biscuits. It was a lunch—of sorts. As she ate it, she consoled herself with the reflection that there were probably a good many other people in the recreation ground at that particular moment who were at good deal worse off.

It was a quite perfect morning. Rain had washed the foliage and grass overnight; brilliant but not overpowering sunshine had dried them. Geraniums flamed amid the green lawns, sparrows quarrelled on the asphalt path for crumbs. Monica envied the sparrows. Whenever their worries, they didn't know what it felt to be out of a job.

It was nearly two; most of the open-air lunches had left, and Monica's seat had no one else on it except a stout important-looking woman with a sunshade.

As Monica was beginning her biscuits a third occupant arrived—a tramp. Giving him a casual inspection, Monica saw that he was young, tanned, ragged, and urgently in need of a new pair of shoes. She thought vaguely what a pity it was that he didn't wash and shave more frequently, and went on with her lunch.

The woman at the farther end of the seat was less charitable. With an indignant squint she folded her sunshade and got up and walked away.

The tramp felt in his pockets, produced a tired-looking banana, and began to peel and eat it. Halfway through he stopped and glanced at Monica.

"Excuse me, lady—"

"You needn't," said Monica.

"Couldn't do with a bit of dessert to finish up with, I s'pose?" He grinned again and produced two pears.

Monica hesitated. She didn't want to hurt his feelings. Also she was desperately thirsty, and the pears looked juicy.

"Are you sure you can spare one?" she temporized.

"Go on more'n I can eat already," said the tramp. From another pocket he produced a clap net, and proffered it with a pear. Monica said "Thank you, awfully," and peeled a pear.

"Workin' near here?" inquired the tramp.

"I'm not working anywhere at present," said Monica. Why didn't she discourage conversation with a brief "yes" or "no"? Because he had been kind, because she hadn't had a soul to talk to since Saturday morning, because she was so likely to see him again to make regret anything she said. "I'm looking for something to do."

"Been lookin' for long?"

"Nearly a week. The firm—I was typist to a solicitor—was reducing the staff to cut down expenses, and as I was the newest member—"

She didn't trouble to finish the sentence.

The tramp nodded understandingly. He finished the banana and looked round for somewhere to deposit the skin.

"There's a wire basket on the farther side of those laurels," said Monica.

He departed. She thought he had gone for good, but in a few minutes he was back again.

"Cigarette?" he suggested, and produced a packet.

Monica thanked him, but refused. The tramp lit one himself, and resumed the conversation.

"This here city," he said, and indicated it with a wave of his hand, "is cruel, bitter cruel, to them it hasn't any use for. Friends—"

"I haven't any," said Monica. "I came up from Devonshire only three months ago, and three months isn't long enough to make friends in London."

"It would be for some people," said the tramp. "But not for you." He turned. "Gosh, if here isn't a bunch of daffodils left on the seat."

"I didn't notice them there five minutes ago."

"Guess they were left by that old dame who waddled off when I sat down," said the tramp. "Ere, take 'em."

"She may be back."

"Not she. And they'll wither in no time if they're left in this sun." Monica reluctantly took the flowers. She got up. The tramp did the same.

"Living near here?" he asked.

"For the present, yes," said Monica.

"The Hopworth Hostel, just over the river. Good-bye, and thank you."

One can always rely on the unexpected happening. When she and the tramp separated, Monica had considered the incident finished, done with, definitely concluded. She was wrong. She realized as much before she reached the gate. Casually glancing behind her she saw that a crowd was now gathered around the seat she had just left, a crowd including a policeman. She could hear voices, and among them the tramp's.

She walked back. She didn't analyze her reasons, which in any case were mixed. By the time she reached the seat again the crowd was seven or eight deep. She edged her way unscrupulously to the centre, where the tramp, a policeman, and the stout and important-looking woman were doing most of the talking. The stout woman most of all.

"This man," she was saying, shrilly, "was sitting on my left. On my right was a young person who looked like a shop-girl. Quite respectably dressed, not at all the type one

would suspect of stealing, whereas, he—"

"Confound it all," said the tramp. "I didn't pinch your blinkin' purse, and don't know anything about it. Tea to one it's slipped through a hole in the lining."

"Lining of what?" said the woman.

"How should I know?" snapped the tramp.

"If you was to turn out your pockets—"

suggested the policeman, busy with his notebook.

"Why should I?"

"I know he'd refuse," said the accuser, triumphantly. "And it's easy enough to guess why!"

"Going to give him a charge?" asked the policeman.

Before she could answer, Monica intervened. It was entirely unpremeditated; her voice didn't even sound like her own voice.

"Don't be ridiculous," she said.

"This—this gentleman is Sir Bryan Sherringham, of Sherringham Manor. He hasn't stolen the purse or anything else. He's wearing those absurd rags for a hat."

"Sure?" said the policeman, staring.

"Of course," said Monica. "I can't go into all the details at present, but you can take my name and address if you like."

The policeman glanced inquiringly at the stout woman.

"What about it, mum?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" she snapped. "I don't believe a syllable of the girl's saying." She opened her sunshade with a furious jerk. There was a thud. A bulging leather purse had dropped from the folds.

There was a moment of palpitating silence. The tramp stooped, picked up the purse and handed it to the woman.

"Allow me, madam!" he said.

"Thank you," she said, and seemed to feel even those two words difficult. Her face was crimson, her fat lips trembled. Fiercely she pushed her way through the crowd and escaped.

The policeman closed his notebook. "Pass along there," he chanted and the crowd passed. The last to go was a tall young man with red hair and an amused smile.

The tramp looked at Monica.

"If you could spare another two minutes," he said, and sat down on the seat again. Monica, after a moment's hesitation, sat down, too.

"I've got to thank you," said the tramp, "for butting in at the crucial moment. At the same time—"

"Hang it all, how did you guess?"

"Guess what?"

"That this rig-out wasn't genuine. Do you realize that you're cost me about a hundred and twenty of the best?"

A wave of colour swept over Monica's cheek.

"I don't realize anything. I haven't the least idea what you mean. I said you were Sir Bryan Sherringham because you bought me the flowers, and I was sorry for you."

"Well, I'm dashed!" said the tramp. "Absolutely dashed. Of course, the name was wrong. Where did you get that from?"

"I don't know why I should tell you," said Monica, with sudden dignity, "but it's the name of a hero in a story I'm writing. I lost my head, and just said the first thing I thought of."

"I'd have liked to live up to it," said the tramp, regretfully. "But my real name happens to be Brown. Plain Peter Brown. And the rest of the story isn't any more romantic. I've always had an idea that I could act, and I asked Hagan, a pal of mine who's in the theatrical game, if he could find me a job. And he said, to get rid of me, 'If you can rig yourself out so that no one guesses you're anything but one of the tramping fraternity, and keep it up for half a day, I'll give you the tramp's part in a new play I'm producing. Fifty dollars a week for three months certain.' I told him he'd find me in the Gardens, and he'd come along to inspect, and was standing in the crowd."

Monica remembered the red-haired and smiling spectator. She felt suddenly limp.

"If I'd turned out my pockets," concluded Peter Brown "they'd have found a silver card-case there, as well as several bank notes. And I should have had to account for them at the station, and there'd have been complications."

Monica did not answer. She was groping for a handkerchief. It was either that or running away. And she didn't feel equal to running.

"I've behaved like an ungrateful brute," said the tramp, penitently. And after a pause, "May I come and see you this evening in respectable clothes?"

"But you—you'll have to look for another job," gulped Monica.

"No hurry," said the tramp. "This acting's just a hobby of mine. By the way, I don't even know your name yet!"

Monica told him.

He arrived at the hostel soon after six. He stayed half an hour, and then took Monica out to dinner—not in one of the big and florid restaurants, but a small, quiet place where there were opportunities of explaining things.

All of which happened a month ago. At present Monica and her "tramp" are honeymooning in Devonshire. They are coming back to a house which they have christened Sherringham Manor. The neighbors think this snobbishness. But then, of course, they don't know!—Titbits (London).

These New Hats And the Depression

They may laugh at the new hats the women are wearing, but "one can not laugh off the impetus these styles have given to a score of industries."

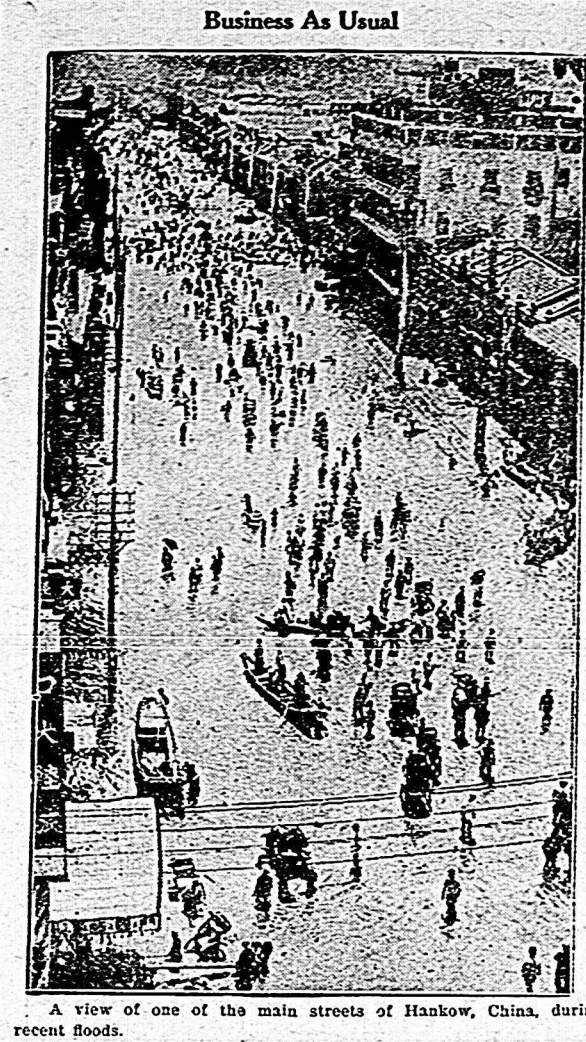
In fact, continues Alice Hughes in her column in the New York World-Telegram, "instead of sneering at Eugenie, the milliners look upon her as a savior. And it is not the milliners only, to judge from what this writer goes on to say, not by a long shot."

The Retail Millinery Association informs us that gold now courses through the veins of the trade where formerly only red ink flowed.

To begin with, the Danbury, Connecticut, hat factories, whose wheels had slowed down to snail's pace, suddenly whirled into demon speed—due to Eugenie—and have operated on a 24-hour-a-day schedule since August. In that month the highest payroll ever recorded by these hat-makers was paid out—\$1,000,000.

Millinery labor throughout the country has increased 25 per cent. Dyers are 30 per cent busier since July, when the Eugenie elegancies first dared up. Hat label makers' work has increased by 75 per cent. Feather dealers are writing 30 per cent more business on their books; so are the makers of ready-to-wear hats and also those who make hat-boxes. Fur felt body dealers are speeding ahead with a 70 per cent increase. Blockers are blocking 40 per cent more hats.

Hair net people are more than 30 per cent ahead and stores' retail millinery sales are from 10 per cent and upward greater than last year at this time.



A view of one of the main streets of Hankow, China, during recent floods.

Europeans Have Better Chance of Long Life

Paris.—A European at 40 has a better chance of living to the age of 65 than the average American, in the opinion of a group of American doctors who have just completed a tour of French health resorts. Periods of rest, health examinations and self-discipline as to diet and exercise have made the European health conscious and more concerned with rational living than the American, according to these physicians.

"We have prolonged the span of life in the United States, but we do not live any longer," said Dr. Frederick Sondern, director of the laboratories of the New York Lying-in Hospital. "We have accomplished this by saving the lives of young children, but at the same time we have neglected the care of chronic diseases."

"In this the European spas are doing exactly what we have left undone. They are giving importance to increasing the span of life of the adult. The European of middle age is apt to live much longer than the American."

Dr. J. H. Corwin of New York, a former officer of the New York Academy of Medicine, declared that American mineral waters were equal to many famed springs of the Continent, but said the cure idea had not grown in the United States to the extent it had in Europe because it was difficult under the prohibition laws and restrictions against gambling and racing to make the American spas as attractive and interesting for a three-weeks' rest as the Continental resorts, Vichy, he pointed out, is visited annually by 130,000 who take the cure.

Egg-Shell Etiquette Stirs Paris Dinners

Paris.—The French savant Salomon Reinach has precipitated a discussion in the press as to whether it is an important principle of good manners to crush your egg-shell at table after you have consumed a soft-boiled egg.

M. Reinach in a communication to the Academy of Sciences traces the custom back to one of the earliest superstitions of mankind. He stated that Pliny the elder reported that in earliest Roman times it was considered an omen of bad luck if one neglected to crush one's egg-shell.

The custom, M. Reinach found, originated with primitive peoples who were snake worshippers. The snake was a tribal institution and protector of the tribe, the hearth and the family, and nearly everyone in those times had a family snake. As snakes were known to be fond of eggs, it was considered disrespectful to leave an empty egg-shell which might bring disappointment to the family serpent.

Mr. Reinach's communication occasioned some surprise. Many readers have written to newspapers that they never heard of crushing an egg-shell, which they condemn as untidy and illogical.

It appears, nevertheless, that in the best society only a couple of generations back neglect to crush the shell was one of the seventeen deadly errors that a person of good breeding might make in eating a soft-boiled egg, which itself was one of the most difficult rites to perform in good society. The shell had to be cracked just so, and the egg removed in a particular manner. The small portion of egg contained in the cap of the shell had to be eaten from it with a spoon, and then a certain amount of the egg remaining had to be dipped out with a small piece of bread before the process of seasoning was undertaken. When the egg was eaten, the shell had to be taken from the cup and crushed on the plate. Any guest who neglected to do this was immediately crossed off the list of acquaintances and never invited for another week-end.

So It Seemed

Highbrow and Lowbrow were listening to a wireless broadcast of a big organ recital.

Presently Highbrow said: "What do you think of Professor Hare's organ playing?"

Lowbrow shrugged his shoulders. "Sounds to me just like Christian charity," he blandly replied.

Highbrow looked puzzled.

"What exactly do you mean by that remark?" he warmly inquired.

"The right hand must not know what the left hand is doing," his companion returned.

SYMPATHY

There never was so much sympathy as there is today. Witness the increased tolerance for diversity of opinion, the increased courtesy of controversialists, the growing tendency to dwell on the good side of men and systems.

The time is speeding on when each shall find his own in all men's good.

And all shall work in noble brotherhood.

Momerie.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



THE NEIGHBORS THOUGHT, FROM FRED PERLEY'S WILD EXCITEMENT THE OTHER DAY, THAT HIS CAR WAS BEING STOLEN, BUT IT SEEMS THAT MRS. PERLEY HAD MERELY STARTED OFF FOR TOWN WITH HIS GOLF CLUBS IN THE CAR, AND FRED DUE TO PLAY IN THE TOURNAMENT THAT AFTERNOON.

Canada Third On Silver List

Dominion's Output Was 26,443,823 Fine Ounces in 1930

Canada ranks third among the silver-producing countries of the world and is consequently an important factor in the study of the silver problem now being carried on under the auspices of the International Chamber of Commerce, according to a recent Canadian Pacific Railway bulletin. The four largest producers of silver in the world are Mexico, the United States, Canada and Peru, in the order named. Together they supply more than 90 per cent of the total silver production of the world. In 1930 the Canadian production was 16,443,823 fine ounces. The latest comparative figures available are for 1929, when the production of the Dominion was 23,142,261 ounces. In that year Mexico led with an output of 198,709,372 fine ounces. The United States came second with 61,233,321 ounces, and Peru fourth with 21,495,163 fine ounces. The world production of silver in that year was 261,715,021 ounces of silver.

"Silver mining in Canada is not a distinct industry as silver generally occurs with other metals," the bulletin continues. "The two main branches of the industry are silver-cobalt mining, which is confined to Ontario, and the silver-lead-zinc mining industry, which operates in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, British Columbia, and in the Yukon and Northwest Territories. British Columbia led among the Canadian Provinces. The output of that Province was 11,825,939 fine ounces, while Ontario came second with 10,205,632 ounces. The Yukon supplied 3,746,325 fine ounces and Quebec came fourth with 571,164 ounces. There was also a production of a little less than 100,000 ounces from Manitoba, and a small production from Nova Scotia."

"The principle producers in the silver-cobalt industry in 1930 were the Nipissing Mine, the Mining Corporation and the O'Brien at Cobalt; the Keeley, Frontier-Lorrain and Lorrain Trout Lake at South Lorrain, and the Miller Lake O'Brien, Morrison and Castle Terehway in the Gowganda area. The Nipissing Mining Company was the only company in this group producing silver bullion in 1930. During that year this group of mines produced 223,452 tons of ore and milled 202,565 tons to produce 3,292 tons of concentrates; ore cyanided amounted to 40,406 tons and silver bullion production reached 1,544,765 fine ounces. Shipments of ores and concentrates to the Canadian smelters amounted to 5,392 tons and to European and United States smelters, 1,595 tons, making a total of 7,028 tons in 1930 as against 5,195 tons in 1929. The total value of all shipments, including bullion, was \$3,637,181, as against \$3,918,316 in 1929."

"British Columbia is the leading centre of the silver-lead-zinc mining industry. In 1930 this Province, besides producing 45 per cent of Canada's silver, was the origin of 97 per cent of the lead and 93 per cent of the zinc of the Dominion. The Sullivan mine, noted the world over for its output of lead and zinc, is the largest individual silver-producing mine in Canada."

"The largest operations in this industry are carried on by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company in the district about Trail, B.C. This company in 1930 introduced a new method of recovering zinc and lead, known as 'slag-fuming.' Electrolytic zinc is produced by this company and also by the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company at Flin-Flon, Man. Electrolytic cadmium is produced in the refining of zinc at the Trail plant."

"Besides holding third place among the world producers of silver in 1930 Canada ranked fourth among those producing lead and fourth in the smelter output of zinc. Canada and Central Africa produce about equal amounts of cobalt. Among the metals and minerals produced in Canada silver held eighth place in 1930. Lead held sixth and zinc ninth in point of value."

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

3325

A tailored frock of supple tweed adopts one-piece styling. It is in rich brown tones, enhanced by white piecemeal inset at the front of the bodice. The sleeves, rather wide toward the wrists, are slashed in interesting manner at the edge. The skirt is widened by a circular godet that is cut on the bias, creating a very smart effect.

Style No. 3325 is designed for sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch, with ¾ yard 39-inch contrasting. It's simplicity itself to make it! You'll be amazed at its small cost. Sheer worsted prints, canton-failla crepe and flat crepe are splendid suggestions.

It's lovely for college or for town wear for fall.

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.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

The Secret Out

When the train stopped at a station the guard came round the carriages calling in at the window, "Is there anyone here with a box in the guard's van?"

"A clergyman answered that he had. 'And in it,' he said, 'are some valuable books containing very useful information.'"

"Well," said the guard, "you had better come along; your information is leaking."

RETRIBUTION

When a man who is not criminal is given over to a deep duplicity of life, he will clutch at any lie wearing the mask of truth, which seems to shield him from shame and pain. He may be a wise man in every other relation, a shrewd man, a far-seeing, and even a cunning man; but in this relation—that of his own honor, his own fame, his own safety—he is certain to be a blunderer, a bungler, and a fool. Such is the revenge of Nature; such is God's own vengeance.

—Hall Caine.

HUMILITY

Humility is not so much a grace or virtue along with others; it is the root of all, because it alone takes the right attitude before God, and allows Him as God to do all.

—Andrew Murray.

One-fifth of the total population of England and Wales lives in Greater London.