No man may escape his fate, but e often has quite a lot of rope in meanwhile. At least, that is what John Cargill tells everybody

had Two of them, is elders, married early for love, settled down, and ever after had to be contented with what

John. But it was when his mother, who believed that a man should have hearth and home of his own, began

"I'm not going to be bound," he protested. "I'm not going to put a rope round my neck that's throttle me if I more two yards. I want to see the world. There must be something better somewhere than anything

miles and a ship south, in which because he amendenced expenses of the rola to Liverpool. a trans to the decks, and a ship south, in which because he amendenced expenses that matters, of course, only fill be hard twee sometimes about a first ship because of her colons he hard twee sometimes about a first ship because of her colons he hard twee sometimes about a first ship because of her colons he hard twee sometimes about a first ship because of her colons he hard twee sometimes about the "Notice Carrier," and he served that matters, of course, only fill be hard twee sometimes about the "Notice Carrier," and he served that matters, of course, only fill be hard twee sometimes about the "Notice Carrier," and he served that matters, of course, only fill be hard twee sometimes about the "Notice Carrier," and he served that matters, of course, only fill be hard twee sometimes about the "Notice Carrier," and he served that matters, of course, only fill be hard twee sometimes about the stand quality often sharing the last of his meazer store to be a compared to the sharing the last of his meazer store to be a compared to the sharing the last of his meazer store to any the proposal to the store that the store of the colons have the store of the colons have the store of the sharing the last of his meazer store to any the proposal that the same. From the color of the store of the sto

a man whose farthest horizon had been a few miles of misty moorland on a rare holiday from the grubby little town in which he had been born

Let us pick him up again, leaner and hungrier than ever, and still more contented, irekking on his own flat feet into a collection of hutments and villa or two that called itself Eland's

He had still eight miles to go, but the wheel tracks across the veidt, that the inhabitants called a road, were leading him on in the right direction. nothing of the Southern Cross over his unamazed head.

Suddenly his singing stopped, and it is likely that the patient stars were all the happier. Lying by the side of all the happier. Lying by the side of the road was an attache-case, and not far from it its owner was prone. Stopping, he lit a match and saw that it ping, he lit a match, and saw that it was a girl, whom he shook by the

"Rouse up, my lass!" he said. "This

wearily. "Oh, I'm just nowt!" he said. "Who

"I'm nobody, either."

He sat down beside her and felt her

pulse, which was jerky and not too "You want a drop of this," he diag nosed, pouring some brandy down her throat from the flask he carried in the

hip pocket of his disreputable flanne "What awful stuff!" she said ungratefully. But, in a moment, she sat

"Ay," he said, "it'd make a mummy sueeze. But it's done you none so ed.

much harm, has it?" "Then p'rhaps you'll tell me what

you're doing here after sundown with an attache-case, and all in?". "You're English, aren't you?" "Pelt, blood and bones," he said. "So

are you. But where do you want to Anywhere away from here. Really

I'd like to get back to Canterbury, but that's impossible at present." Her voice broke even as she made a brave attempt at jesting.

He dropped a firm and steady hand on her shoulder, and his voice was soft and kind when he spoke next. "Tell your old uncle!" he said. "He'll

understand. What's the trouble?"

"Which way are you going?" she "Any way at all. At the moment I

was thinking of making for Eland's Rust, to see if they'd any old engines or ketties, or anything else to mend." "I've just come from there, and I'm never going back." "Well, I've never seen the place, so

I can't say what I think of your criti-cism of it. Did it bite you, or something?" The girl began to cry. Blame the

dop brandy, the huge blisters on her feet, the fall of night, and the awful by your present appearance, but your negent appearance is not your negent appearance. solitude of the veldt.

ouncie. Tell Uncle John Cargill, and if anybody wants bashing bashed he shall be. You know, I're had to do a lot of bashing, one way and another, in the past three way and another, "Well, it's a guest state of the charge. in the past three months. It's begin-ning to come very easy to me." The girl suddenly chuckled.

"If anybody would 'bash' Peter van Rijn," she said, "I'd do almost anything for him, except give him money, which I haven't got."

"What's Plet been up to?" "If Mijnheer van Rijn had never one to London, none of this would money."

ever have happened," she said; "but "No; but you heard him say where

it made him want an English gover-ness for his borrid children."

"And you were the governess?"
"Yes, I was. It wasn't so had till
als wife died. She was as jealous of him as a woman could be, and I don't wonder row."

"You needn't say any more," Cargill

interrupted delicately. "I get the situ-ation. What did he do that made you take this walk?" "Well, first of all I discovered that

what John Cargill tells everybody my money had gone. It was locked up in the bottom of my box. One of the was brought up in the North, the roungest of three brothers. They were hard-working men, but too contented, he thought, with the little they the lock off my door this morning, the lock of the moment I discovered that I start. ed to walk to the railway."

"Wouldn't anybody take you in?"
"And offend Van Rijn? Why, he they could get and where they were, keeps the store, and nearly every.

That did not seem good enough to body's deeply in his debt."

"There's a lot of people like him knocking about in various places, and there's but one way to deal with 'em." to talk to him about this girl and Cargill said. "We'll do it by and by, that, that he took fright in carnest. The point now is, can you make Eland's Rust tonight?" "I cannot."

"Did you pass any water anywhere?" he asked.
"Yes. There's a small stream about

mile back along the road. It's down

couple of kaffirs over the sale of blan-kets when Cargill walked into the

"Trek, you!" he said to the kaffirs. 'Voetsak!"
'And who are you to come in here

giving orders?" Van Rijn wanted to Cargill looked him over with an in-

for a dozen.

"It doesn't matter two hoots who I

am, you pot-bellied Don Juan!" Car-gill said. "But I'll tell you this much, before I begin on you, that I'm about the one friend Miss Whiting happens to have handy at the moment, and

"Den't fondle that hope; and if were, I fight better so. We all have to learn. You're learning a bit late."

One fight is very much like another

"There's nothing against me," Car-"Rouse up, my lass!" he said. "This isn't the place to take a snooze. They fight. A number of adjacent objects tell me it isn't lion country, but I don't mind tell you I've been singing to keep up my courage in the dark and all."

One fight is very much like another fight. A number of adjacent objects get broken, a certain amount of superficial blood is spilt, and one of the parties usually shouts a great death and all." "Who are you?" the girl asked That is exactly what happened up to the time when Van Rijn flew out of the door of his store into the morning sunlight of the main street of Eland's Rust, and lay there.

Cargill followed him, and what he did to Van Rijn was not pretty. fact, as the Dutchman lay on his face to save his features from any further interference, Cargil punished him with

a sjambok taken from his town store. But even on the black veldt, nowa days, an honest man cannot avoid the attention of the police. A mounted constabularyman loped up, slid off his

pony, and interfered.
"What's all this about?" he demand-"That, lying there, has pinched fit-

from a lady mine, and-"From me, to be accurate," Norah

"And taken the lock off her de was only reasoning with him," Cargil

"You've argued quite enough," the constable sald. "He seems convinced Van Rijn, it looks as if we've got you

The constable looked highly satis fled. It puzzled Cargill. Somehow or

other, the Law was on his side, improbable as that seemed Van Rijn got to his feet, and the face he turned towards authority

looked disreputable. "That wasn't stekling," he said. "The money's still in my house, in my desk. Do you think I need fitteen pounds, not in gold, either, but in rot

ten English notes?" "You won't need any money where you're going." Adams, the constable said cheerfully. "It'd be no use to

you."
"Tell me, mister, what's at the back of all this?" Cargill asked suspicious-

Adams looked at him "I don't imagine you've ever been et, the fall of night, and the awful by your present appearance, but you are this time. That fellow's been selling dop brandy to the kaffirs, on the way for an Eiglish girl to behave in sly, but we've never been able to prove it. I'm going to hold him on

> "Well, it's a queer world," Carglii said. "I trekked here to see if there were any engines or kettles to mend. Now I don't know what's going to

> We'll know more about that when we've looked into your record. Meanwhile, you'll have to stay, more or less, here till you're needed as a witness.'

Some Snappy Practice By British Students



A fine action photo of British university students taking the hurdles during muscles is well exemplified.

get it for me, Jack."
"That's entirely reasonable." Cargill said. "It's what every nice woman wants, and what every decent sort of man gets her."

"Well, then, it's up to you, isn't it?"
"Hard up to me." he agreed. "You're quite right, and I've wasted my life up to now."/
"No, you haven't. If you hadn't gone

Cargili tooked aim over with an insolence that was superb and menacing.
The storekeeper was a strong man,
but he was too fat. He might last
ten round, but he would not stand up

Only what was the right thing before Only what was the right thing before you met me obviously isn't the right thing now, is it?"
"No, it isn't. I'll talk to that fellow Adams, about it. He ought to know Africa pretty well."

When Cargill put the case to him, But the music you have not forgotten, baked neck.

"Well, there's nothing against you,

"There's nothing against me," Cargill said. "A man isn't necessarily a rogue because he's a vagabond, a wan-derer for a bit. Call it wanderlust, and

it sounds mighty fine." "That's right. Can you ride a horse?"
"No, I can't. But I can make any

sort of machinery go if it's ever gone in its life." "Would you learn to ride a horse?" "So long as it wasn't a man-eate with two mouths. Why?"

"You look pretty fit, and you're not too old, nor too young, either. Besides you've done us a bit of good." "What are you getting at?"

"I was wondering why you shouldn't join the police out here. The pay might be worse. All you'd have to do would be to learn to ride a horse, and then you might get put on keeping what cars we have in fig iting trim." "Me a policeman?" veil, why not?"

"I'n danged if I know," Cargill said. I'll see what Norah thinks."
"As a matter of fact," Adams con-

ILY TO GET READY TO .

GETS HOUSE DARK AND

HAVE LEFT HALL LIGHT

ON, BECAUSE OF BURGLARS

GO TO MOVIES

THE FAMILY ALBUM—LIGHTS OUT

WAITS BY CAR FOR FAM- MILDRED EMERGES FROM WAITS BEGINNING TO

HOUSE. CALLS TO HER TO REMIND THE OTHERS

TO PUT THE LIGHTS OUT

FEELS IT WILL BE

FAMILY INTO CAR, WIFE QUICKER TO PUT IT ON DECLARING THEY SHOULD THAN ARGUE, AND RING

BACK

1912-1932

A cabin door And the slow dropping of golden notes Upon the boy and girl sitting on the steps outside.

great ship heaves upon the And up above the while gulls are fly-

ing. Dipping, circling and floating upon a tropic sea; And the golden notes are dropping

Slowly upon the boy and the girl. You have forgotten the ship, Paderew-

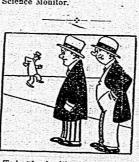
You have lorgotten the boy and the Adams scratched the back of his sun. And I who sit here to-day have forgot-

ten nothing. that we know of," he said. "We've Like a great crchestra you are beating made pretty thorough inquiries, in against the heavy doors of against the bronze doors of time;

The white gulls are no longer flying;

But above the wild beating the notes of ilquid gold remain.

A. Jacquine Shaw, in The Christian Science Monitor



Ted-"Looks like Tom has been out on a lark." Bill-"Yes, and I should say he was having a bird of a time."

TAP ROOT IMPATIENTLY

AFTER FUMBLING WITH

SWITCHES IN DARK, PUTS IT ON AND STARTS BACK, FAMILY SHOUTING HE'S PUT

UPPER HALL LIGHT ON TOO LIGHT IS ON.

nanging on the dressing-room wai, a different one for each performance, and two performances a day.

"'Mother,' she would say plaintively, 'do you suppose I will ever have

pretty dresses like those?" There are lots of chuckles just a few sighs—in the Janis book, beginning with the title itself "So Far, So Good!" As all the world knows, Elsie was married recently. This is how she started reminiscing:

"There can be no doubt that I have reached the years of indiscretion. "For the first time in my life I have lost my sense of humor over a man!"

PEEPS AT CELEBRITIES.

Caruso (at dinner in the Janis apartment): "Singing his requests for more potatoes, and ah-ah-ah-ah-ing right up to high C for another piece of bread, then drawing caricatures us all on the 'company' tablecloth What a good, bad little boy he was!" Irving Berlin: 'Irving occurse a son to Mother. He reminded ner of Perce (Elsie's dead brother). He didn't remind me of anyone, but I The page that was not written has been written;

been written;

France has taken and Poland has a brother toward me!"

MORE PEEPS.

Queen Alexandra (in the Royal box at a London thatre where Elsie Janis. in her make-up, had been presented to her): "As I was leaving, Queen Alex-andra pulled one of my curls and said: 'Ah! They don't come off! I murmur-ed something to the effect that if they came off for anyone they would for her, shook her hand again and saying. Good-bye, Your Majesty,' I ran out."

Michael Arlen (the novelist—born an Armenian): "I met Michael Arlen, whose answer to my inquiry as to what nationality he was, is typical: 'I'm the last of the Armenian atrocities,' he said!"

Elsie Janis tells an amusing story the grandson of a wealthy brewerwho was a constant visitor at the Janis home, and whom she nicknamed "Happy," because of his smile. He it

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FAMILY COMES OUT OF

HOUSE AT LAST. SHOUTS TO THEM THEY'VE FOR-

GOTTEN THE BATHROOM

GOES BACK AND PUTS

IT OUT. STARTS OFF, DIS-

COVERING ON ROUNDING

CORNER THAT CELLAR

"I would display a perfect likeness of one or more of a group, but ret a Pygmy would recognize a person in the picture," he adds. "It was exactly the same with scenes. I could take a repres uction of a native hut, show the ene of a Pygmy and also the picture. He would have no idea of what the

He would have no idea of what the photograph meant and could not associate it with the original."

Curiously enough, some are able to grasp notion pictures, but show little interest in them. Mr. Johnson instances a special show he gave the "boys" who had accompanied the expedition. After watching the motion picture:—in which most of them appeared—silently, they talked together in low tones. Finally, one of them in low tones. Finally, one of them walked up to Johnson.

"When do we get paid?" he asked.
"Paid!" shouted Johnson. "What

lo you mean paid?"
"Well, you told us to come here." "That was the native reaction to m efforts to entertain these African black," comments Johnson.

The publication of a book by Beau Brummell ("Male and Female Costume"), written over one hundred years ago when the "King of the Dandies" was at the height of his glory, recalls that it was said of him that "women admired him, but men almost reverenced him." The Beau never married, but that he was not indifferent to the companionship and charm of the ladies, there is ample evidence. Lewis Melville (in his "Life and Letters" of Brummell) tells of an occasion when the Beau t as staying at country house

"I must leave here this morning, he said unexpectedly to his host.
"But," the ther expostulated, "you were not going until the end of the

"True: quite erus," the Beau concerred, "but I really must be off." His host, however, was not satis-

fie, and piled him with questions until at last Brummell, in despera-"Well, the fact is, I am in love with your wife."

"Why, my dear fellow, so was I twenty years ago," remarked the lady's husband, hoping to put his juest at his ease. Then a though! struck him and he inquired:

"Is she in love with you?"
"I—I believe she is." "That alters the case," the host said with decision. "I will send for your post-horses immediately."

Modest Hunter

hunter who claimed to have killed no black transparent velvet skirt, that ewer than a hundred bears.

ler wants to hear of some narrer escapes you had from bears."
"Young man," said Bill, "if, that's been any narrer escapes, the bears

Farm Implement Exports

Ottawa — Canadian farm implements exported during January were valued at \$120,324, an increase of \$9,300 over December, 1931. The best purchaser was the United States, at \$43,436. Great Britain's purchases totalled \$15,806.

The pupil who lingers round the foot of the class may eventually be come a first-class chiropodist.

A man may know his own mind and

"So you have been to France again "Yes, seems that w can't keep away from Paris. Indeed, my daughter says we're regular par-

Russian Grows Hybrid Grain

Crossing Wheat With Rye Said to Produce Better Quality

Moscow.-New foodstuffs which are expected to after radically the character of Russia's crops and which may revolutionize the world's food supply have been discovered here.

These discoveries are the result of experiments in breeding hybrid grains, composed of wheat and tye, carried out during the last decade by Prof. G. K. Meister in Sarator.

Professor Meister has succeeded in

obtaining two hybrid grains, one of which is called "erythros-pennum," the other "latescens." An area of about 259 acres has been

sown with these hybrid grains. Com-parative tests carried out over a threeyear period show that "erythros-per-mum" affords a yield of more than 23 per cent, in excess of that of the best grade wheat, while the yield of "inte-scens" is between 10 and 15 per cent. in excess of that of wheat.

essfully cultivated. The hot climate which is naturally required for cotton plantations is found in the Soviet Union, in central Asia and, to a lesser extent, in the Trans-Caucasus

But the Soviet Union is not satisfied with the present acreage under cotton cultivation and looks for new fields to develop. So a campaig of active experfmentation is being carried on for the purpose of discovering just what cotton needs for its successful growth.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fur-



Of course A tourist travelling in the Rocky blunter who claimed to handle the work of th

wer than a hundred bears.
"Bill." said the introducer, "this felbodice top.
The Vionnet blouse gives the figure

For sports wear, it's splendid in dark brown spongy woolen with brown wooden buttons, with the skirt in vivid Spanish tile crepe de chine with the

skirt of brown woolen is fascinating and exceedingly wearable. Style No. 2528 is designed for sizes

14, 16,-13, 20 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 21/2 yards 39-inch for blouse, and 2 yards 54-inch for

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Writ your name and address plain-ly, 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.

Some husbands would do almost anything to render their wives un-I speakably happy.