

Rope

He wanted to see the world, but we all go the same way home.
By STANTON MCKAY.

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

He was brought up in the North, the youngest of three brothers. They were hard-working men, but too contented, he thought, with the little they had. Two of them, his elders, married early for love, settled down, and ever after had to be contented with what they could get and where they were. That did not seem good enough to John. But it was when his mother, who believed that a man should have health and home of his own, began to talk to him about this girl and that, that he took fright in earnest. "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 move two yards. I want to see the world. There must be something better somewhere than anything I'm likely to have here."

He was off within a week. He took the train to Liverpool, a train to the docks, and a ship South, in which, because he understood engines, he was that most important functionary, a stoker. Deep sea sailors called his ship, because of her odious habits, the "Rolling Carrie," and he served furnaces that were sometimes above his right shoulder and equally often below his left. He was very sick, but he stuck it, and the malady passed.

By the time the ship reached Cape Town he had enough of it and bailed out, determined to see something of South Africa.

Beating lifts, padding the hoof, working here and there, from repairing all sorts of engines to making them function, he penetrated the backveld, and was hungry, lean, and amazingly happy. It amused him when it would have made most men despair, to walk for three days towards a gaunt kopje that looked to be only three miles away all the time, and was exactly like all the other hills when he reached it.

The life was highly intoxicating for 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 and bred.

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

He had still eight miles to go, but the wheel tracks across the veld, that the inhabitants called a road, were leading him on in the right direction, to say 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 the road was an attaché-case, and not far from it his owner was prone. Stopping, he lit a match, and saw that it was a girl, whom he shook by the shoulder.

"Rouse up, my lass!" he said. "This isn't the place to take a snooze. They 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."

"Who are you?" the girl asked wearily.

"Oh, I'm just now!" he said. "Who are you?"

"I'm nobody, either."

He sat down beside her and felt her pulse, which was jerky and not too strong.

"You want a drop of this," he diagnosed, pouring some brandy down her throat from the flask he carried in the hip pocket of his disreputable flannel slacks.

"What awful stuff!" she said ungratefully. But, in a moment, she sat up.

"Ay," he said, "it'd make a mummy sneeze. But it's done you none so much harm, has it?"

"No; I do feel better, thank you!"

"Then p'rhaps you'll tell me what you're doing here after sundown with an attaché-case, and all in?"

"You're English, aren't you?"

It made him want an English governess for his horrid children."

"And you were the governess?"

"Yes, I was. It wasn't so bad till his wife died. She was as jealous of him as a woman could be, and I don't wonder now."

"You needn't say any more," Cargill interrupted delicately. "I get the situation. What did he do that made you take this walk?"

"Well, first of all I discovered that my money had gone. It was locked up in the bottom of my box. One of the 'boys' might have stolen that. But it wasn't one of the boys who took the lock off my door this morning. The moment I discovered that I started to walk to the railway."

"Wouldn't anybody take you in?"

"And offend Van Rijn? Why, he keeps the store, and nearly everybody'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," Cargill said. "We'll do it by-and-by. The point now is, can you make El- and's Rust tonight?"

"I cannot."

"Did you pass any water anywhere?" he asked.

"Yes. There's a small stream about a mile back along the road. It's down to a few pools now, but there's some water in it."

"Then we'll have to camp there. You've got to get back that far. By the way, what's your name—not that that matters, of course, only it'll be handy to call you by."

"I'm Norah Whiting, of Canterbury."

He made her comfortable, after sharing the last of his meagre store of food with her. Whether she slept or not on the heap of dry grass he gathered for her he never knew, because he watched all night from the far side of the bank of the stream, just in case Mijneer van Rijn was out searching for his wandering governess.

Mijneer van Rijn was not. He calculated that the forces of circumstances would drive her back to his house in a more reasonable frame of mind.

At sun-up, Cargill made Norah bathe her feet in one of the shallow pools to which the little river had shrunk, and then the two of them walked until they reached Eland's Rust.

Van Rijn was chaffering with a couple of kaffirs over the sale of blankets when Cargill walked into the store.

"Trek, you!" he said to the kaffirs.

"And who are you to come in here giving orders?" Van Rijn wanted to know.

Cargill looked him over with an insolence that was superb and menacing. The storekeeper was a strong man, but he was too fat. He might last round, but he would not stand up for a dozen.

"It doesn't matter two hoots who I am, you pot-bellied Don Juan!" Cargill 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 I feel my responsibility. First of all, give her her money back!"

"You're drunk!" Van Rijn said.

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

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 deal. 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. In fact, as the Dutchman lay on his face to save his ratures from any further interference, Cargill punished him with a sjambok taken from his town store.

But even on the black veld, nowadays, an honest man cannot avoid the attention of the police. A mounted constabularyman loped up, slid off his pony, and interfered.

Some Snappy Practice By British Students



A fine action photo of British university students taking the hurdles during the recent meet at Oxford. Complete co-ordination of muscles is well exemplified.

he'd put it." The constable looked fessed, "she asked me to put the idea up to you."

A couple of months later Cargill had a letter from his mother, in answer to one which he had written to her.

"Dearest Jack," she said. "I'm so glad you've at last married a girl you contented with what you've got, and with where you are, though I wish you were here, all the same. From her photograph she seems to be a very nice girl indeed."

"You've got a decent job and it'll lead to better things. You're steady, and I'm sure all your comrades will like you. You can look forward to a pension now, and no periods out of work. You've done even better than your brothers."

John Cargill stared at the letter for a long while after he read it.

"Steady," he said. "Settled down! Well, so I am! We all go the same way home!"—Answers.

Paderewski

1912-1932

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

The great ship heaves upon the waters;
And up above the white gulls are flying.
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, Paderewski;
You have forgotten the boy and the girl;
But the music you have not forgotten,
And who sit here to-day have forgotten nothing.

Like a great orchestra you are beating
Against the bronze doors of time;
The white gulls are no longer flying;
The page that was not written has been written;
France has taken and Poland has spoken;

But above the wild beating the notes
Of liquid gold remain.
—A. Jacqueline 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."

THE FAMILY ALBUM—LIGHTS OUT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WANTS BY CAR FOR FAMILY TO GET READY TO GO TO MOVIES

MILDRED EMERGES FROM HOUSE. CALLS TO HER TO REMIND THE OTHERS TO PUT THE LIGHTS OUT

WANTS BEGINNING TO TAP FOOT IMPATIENTLY

FAMILY COMES OUT OF HOUSE AT LAST. SHOWS TO THEM THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THE BATHROOM LIGHT

GETS HOUSE DARK AND FAMILY INTO CAR, WHILE DECLARING THEY SHOULD HAVE LEFT HALL LIGHT ON, BECAUSE OF BURGLARS

FEELS IT WILL BE QUICKER TO PUT IT ON THAN ARGUE, AND ROWS BACK

AFTER FUMBLING WITH SWITCHES IN DARK, PUTS IT ON AND STARTS BACK, FAMILY SHOUTING HE'S PUT UPPER HALL LIGHT ON TOO

GOES BACK AND PUTS IT OUT. STARTS OFF, DISCOVERING ON ROUNDING CORNER THAT CELLAR LIGHT IS ON.

Russian Grows Hybrid Grain

Crossing Wheat With Rye Said to Produce Better Quality

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

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

Professor Meister has succeeded in obtaining two hybrid grains, one of which is called "erythro-pernum," the other "leucosum."

An area of about 250 acres has been sown with these hybrid grains. Comparative tests carried out over a three-year period show that "erythro-pernum" affords a yield of more than 20 per cent. in excess of that of the best grade wheat, while the yield of "leucosum" is between 20 and 25 per cent. in excess of that of wheat.

A baking test, based on the amounts of protein, starch and moisture, the amount of flour obtained and the rising of the bread, resulted in the following evaluations: "Erythro-pernum" 82; "leucosum" 82; best grade wheat, 73. Although the hybrid grains represent a cross-breeding of wheat and rye, they yield pure white bread.

The new grain has proved tougher and more resistant than wheat and consequently can be planted in regions where rye has hitherto been the chief grain crop. This, it is believed, makes possible a great extension of the Russian wheat belt.

Similar experiments in the crossing of wheat and rye are being conducted in other countries. They were made available to the English-speaking nations last year in papers published by the Imperial Bureau of Plant Genetics, School of Agriculture, Cambridge, England.

Russian agricultural investigator, profess to have discovered that corn grows best when nights are long and consequently believe that by making artificial darkness in regions where nights are short, corn could be successfully 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 campaign of active experimentation 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 Furnished With Every Pattern

"When do we get paid?" he asked.

"Paid!" shouted Johnson. "What do you mean paid?"

"Well, you told us to come here."

"That was the native reaction to my 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 revered 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 was staying at a country house.

"I must leave here this morning," he said unexpectedly to his host.

"But," the other expostulated, "you were not going until the end of the week."

"True; quite true," the Beau corrected, "but I really must be off."

His host, however, was not satisfied, and plied him with questions, until at last Brummell, in desperation blurted out:

"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 guest at his ease. Then a thought 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."

"Young man," said Bill, "if that's been any narrower escapes, the bear had 'em."

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

A man may know his own mind and still not be very wise.

"So you have been to France again, Mrs. Towson?" "Yes, seems that we can't keep away from Paris. Indeed, my daughter says we're regular parties!"

Some husbands would do almost anything to render their wives unappeakably happy.

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