

The Wild Garden

It was Sunday. The four young Gots were not allowed to go to the beach, and the agony of walking on the promenade, with those fascinating pebbles and shells far below them, was too great to be borne.

"What shall we do?" asked George of his sister, Minnie.

The four were in the furnished house alone. George and Minnie, Dauntsey and Sam. Dauntsey had been named after Uncle Dauntsey, but called himself Pete. Minnie was their leader. She had large, quick yellow eyes and thick brown hair. Her hands were all fingers and toes. She had been wandering about the house, trying to get into the attic, which were locked, and which probably contained more interesting and exciting things than the rest of the house put together.

"We could go for a walk," she said. "Do you know, a little boy was murdered not so far from here, not so long ago. They found him in a field, in a pool of blood."

"There aren't any pools of blood," said George, who was very practical.

"Silly, it was his own blood," said Minnie. "He'd been stabbed."

Sam and Dauntsey stared at her with horror.

"Where was it?" Sam asked.

"I don't know. I heard a woman talking about it in a shop last night. It's not very far from here. She said down at the bottom of Regency Road, and this row's nearly at the bottom of Regency Road, isn't it? We could go for a walk, and look for the place. We might find a clue. She said they'd not found the murderer yet, but everyone knew who he was."

The two youngest boys still stood looking at her with horror.

"I don't want to go," said Sam.

"You wouldn't, baby," his sister taunted him, "but we're all going, aren't we, George? We can leave this frightened kid behind."

She was only pretending, as she dared not have left the little boy, but she was pleased when he said, "Don't go without me, Minnie; I'll be ready as soon as I've got Kayll." Kayll was his white mouse.

The three boys were very fair. Sam, the youngest, was little and fat, George was thin and lank, but Dauntsey was neat and well-proportioned. He skipped in front, boasting: "I bet it'd take a big man to murder me."

The afternoon was hot and cloudless. Red and white houses stood out on the children. On the spare ground, low-lying clover sent out a warm smell. Sam picked a piece and sucked it to see if it was sweet, before offering it to Kayll.

"Put that down," warned Minnie. "I once knew somebody who ate four pieces of clover and died. It was full of bees' stings."

Sam threw it down quickly. He still believed the things Minnie told him, although every time he found something new and enjoyable his sister managed to spoil it for him. All the time he kept one hand closed round his white mouse, George was trying to whistle in a way invented by the red-headed boy who brought the morning papers, but he could not do it, as his teeth were different from those of the newsboy.

"Zzz," he buzzed tirelessly. Once he had got hold of an idea he would not let it go.

"Do shut up," said Minnie, pleasantly. "You'll never be able to manage it." George went on buzzing.

The bottom of the Regency Road suddenly petered out. It was part of a town-planning scheme, and was paved quite up to where a hedge crossed the road. The children had never seen a road end like this, and the stood staring at it.

"Where do we go now?" asked George, stopping his whistle for a minute or two.

Minnie looked at him doubtfully.

"Where do you think a murderer would go?" she asked.

"I don't want to follow murderers," said Dauntsey. "Let's go on the sands and blow what mother says."

"Dauntsey Gott, I'll tell," said his sister. "Don't you dare say things like that in front of Sam. Besides, mother'd see the sand on our Sunday shoes, and I'd get blamed."

"Yes, but I'd get his," said Dauntsey, persuasively. "She always hits me most."

They stood for a few minutes looking longingly up Regency Road. Over the slight rise at the other end, not ten minutes' walk away, was the sea, and the beach, where anything might be washed up at any moment; where children who were allowed to play there on Sundays might make the most magnificent castles, covered with freshly gathered seaweed.

"Let's walk along the hedge, and if we come to a hole we'll get through it," said Minnie.

"We've only to find the pond then," said George, who was very careful to what the woman had said about the murder. Somewhere not so far away there was a pond, with tall trees all around it. She listened ardently to find the pond.

They came to a gap in the ledge, but Sam hung back.

"I'm hungry," he said, frowning.

"Oh, you would be. Eat your mouse," cried his sister from the other side.

They straggled about the field, which was new and therefore interesting. Down one side of it ran a ditch which they had to jump. Sam could not manage it so well, and they had to push and pull him. His foot slipped into the slimy green water, and he roared with fear. He thought they would never be able to get back. Minnie picked a lot of deep ponds on the shore, when the thick-stemmed forget-me-nots, let-tin the slime ooze over her shoes, to show that she was not afraid. Sam kept whimpering, but little brother. "One won't matter,

she would not notice him. He said, after a while, "Well, drowned, then, but he kept tightly hold of her dress at the back."

They wandered across some more fields. A grey haze spread over the sky, and as the sunlight vanished a sort of clammy coldness descended. Dauntsey had disappeared. None of them had seen him go, but suddenly he was gone. They called out "Pete! Pe-e-e-e-e!" but there was no answer.

"Let's go back," said Sam, fretfully. "I don't like it here."

Without looking for it, they had come upon the pond. It was large, almost black, without a ripple of any kind, and quite silent. There were some gaunt black trees on one side of it, leafless, even in high summer. Behind the dead trees there were bushes. The three children stood for a minute looking at the pond. The banks were of a grey-looking clay, and they sloped steeply down into the dark water.

"Come on," said Minnie, fearfully. She took hold of the boys' hands and they retraced their footsteps quickly.

"Which was it?"

"I don't know."

"I don't, either."

"I wish we were back at home."

"Which home do you mean? This one or our real home?"

"The one where mother and father are. I say, you don't think Pete found that pond and fell in it and got drowned, do you? Ought we to go back?"

They went on talking at intervals until they came to the railway line. It was almost unguarded, yet twice a day boat trains filled with people came roaring along it. From the back bedroom window, the boys had seen goods trains travelling more leisurely. George had counted forty-eight trucks on one. They did not realize that it was the same line that could be seen from the window of the furnished house. It seemed years since they had left that.

"Let's walk on the line, one at a time," said Sam. "I'll walk first, and one of you can look up and one down to see if a train's coming."

"No, you mustn't," screamed Minnie. "There's electricity in that line, and if you put your foot on it you'll get an electric shock, and be all burnt up."

Sam said rebelliously, "I've seen porters waking on the line in stations."

"Yes, but you're not a porter," Minnie answered quickly, "and this isn't a station." She began inventing rapidly. "You see, when trains have to run through wild places like this, they run electricity through the lines to guard it from trespassers."

Sam walked docilely by her side for a time, gazing with longing at the smooth, shining steel lines. The afternoon sun had come calmly through the veil of mist, and a lark went swiftly up as if to greet it, startling George, who was walking in front. It began to grow warm again.

"Is it far to home?" Sam asked.

He took hold of Minnie's hand, and he only did this when he was tired. She did not like to have his small, grubby fingers in hers, as they smelt of mice, but she knew that he would soon have to be helped and encouraged along.

"We've only two more fields to cross," lied Minnie, glibly.

"Look what I've found," George shouted from in front. He seemed excited.

"Come along, Sam. George's found a garden."

Sam trotted obediently by his sister's side, unsmiling. That George had found a garden meant nothing to him. His legs felt heavy and his stomach empty, and he wanted some bread to eat.

"Hurry up," called George. "There's rows of peas and beans, just ready for eating. We can have as many as we want."

Minnie looked at him in astonishment. "It's a miracle," she breathed, and in the first moment, she really thought so. There was no house for a long way, yet here was a perfect garden, small, but packed with good things. There were some gooseberry bushes, unfortunately empty of everything but leaves. The peas and beans however, were just ready for picking.

"Don't tread on them, Sam," Minnie said, reverently. "You said you were hungry, now there's something for you. It's like manna in the wilderness, isn't it, George?"

The three children ate all the carefully-tended vegetables. At the bottom of her heart Minnie believed that they would belong to somebody, but she willfully pretended that it was a wild garden. She had always wanted to eat a great many fresh green peas, and now she did so.

"It looks very wild, but it might belong to somebody," she said to George in a low voice.

"If it belongs to a man, why doesn't he come and get his things, then?" George asked. And she knew that her brother was as guilty as she was. Only Sam went on dreadingly eating beans. He did not like them, and still wanted to go home and have some bread and jam. He found some small black insects on his hands, and screamed. "They're alive." And Kayll sprang down and got lost, and found again, and was fastened up in his pocket with the help of a safety-pin in the flap.

"What shall we tell mother about Pete, if he really got drowned in that pond?" Minnie asked as they trailed towards the houses they could now see.

Sam began to whine. He slept with Dauntsey, and could not imagine the night without him.

"I don't know," said George. He was thinking that he would like a large model yacht in blue and silver, water, and that would glint in the sun. He would like to sail it in one of the deep ponds on the shore, when the thick-stemmed forget-me-nots, let-tin the slime ooze over her shoes, to show that she was not afraid. Sam kept whimpering, but little brother. "One won't matter,

there's too many of us. And don't tell mother about that garden, either."

But Sam kept on whining, and holding his hands over his stomach, inside which was a sharp pain. It seemed a long time to him before they reached home.

"Minnie, Minnie," cried their mother. "How have you managed to get so dirty? Wash your hands, you boys, and come to tea. You can wash them in the kitchen. Sam, whatever's the matter with you?"

Dauntsey was perched up at the table, furtively sneaking pieces of bread and butter. He could not take any cake, as those pieces were counted. He was very snug and clean, and had brushed his hair with what he called "daddy's plum-mace" till it shone and stank. Sam stared at him, forgetting his pain.

"We thought you were drowned when we were eating the peas in the garden," he said.

"You thought what when you were where?" asked his mother.

"He's only making it up, mother," said Minnie, composedly. "We've been for a nice walk, not near the shore at all. How could he have been drowned when we weren't near the sea?"

The mother looked at them all searchingly.

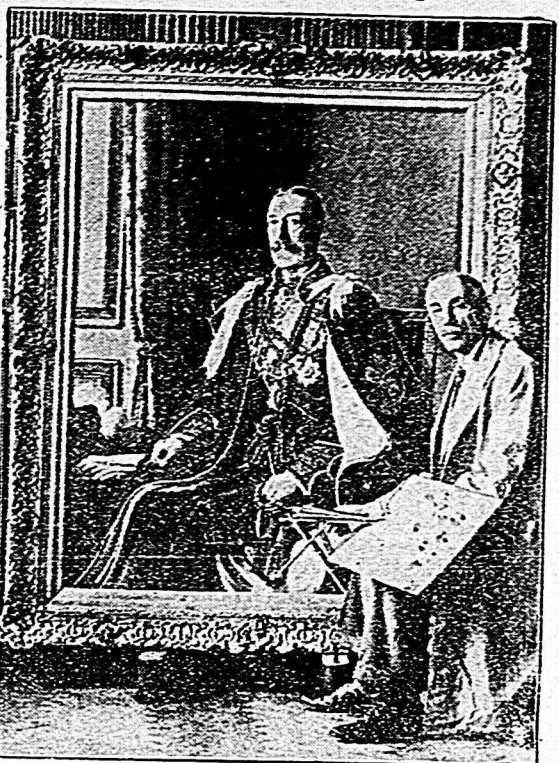
"Where did you go, Dauntsey?" she asked.

"Oh, I went a bit of the way with them, but I didn't like the walk, so I turned back. Minnie got a lot of nice forget-me-nots," he said, smiling brightly at his mother.

Minnie had thrown down all her flowers by the side of the grey pond. She was quite hungry. "Can we begin, mother?" she asked, dismissing all thought of the afternoon from her mind. She looked at Sam with some contempt, and then forgave him, because he was only a little boy, and had a great many things to learn.

John O'London's Weekly.

Latest Portrait of the King



King George has approved this latest portrait of himself, just completed by Frederick William Elwell, associate of the Royal Academy. It will hang in Holyrood castle, Edinburgh.

Twentieth Century Inventions

Drawing Empire Together

London—Radio broadcasting, aviation and movies, are being utilized to weld the British empire more closely together, economically, politically and sentimentally.

The last imperial conference decided that steps should be taken to encourage British empire broadcasts. As a result the British Broadcasting Corporation is building a special short wave station at Daventry which will be in operation by 1933.

Meanwhile experimental programs and broadcasts from the Chelmsford short wave station, the most important features of which are British news bulletins.

Programs from Daventry will be practically continuous throughout 24 hours.

Steady progress is being made in empire air routes. A weekly mail and passenger air service has been in operation between Britain and India for four years. An 11-day mail air service between Croydon and Capetown was inaugurated recently.

White broadcasting and aviation are doing their bit. British film producers are experiencing difficulties in capturing even a small share of the empire market.

Canada Built 12,600 Dwellings During 1931

Detailed reports from more than fifty Canadian cities show that 12,600 permits for dwellings (including houses and apartments, and, in many cases, repairs and alterations), estimated to cost \$47,000,000, were issued in 1931; this compares with 12,600 residential permits in 1930 whose total value was \$52,000,000. The average estimated cost of a dwelling in 1931 was \$4,334, as compared with \$4,200 in 1930. The increase in value can probably be attributed to a larger proportion of apartment houses in the total for residential building.

WISDOM AND VIRTUE.

To sit still and contemplate—to remember the faces of women without desire to be pleased by the deeds of great men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are, is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness.

Vast Land Area Awaits the Pioneer

New Haven, Conn.—There are some three million square miles of land in the world where pioneering is still to be done, and governments must develop a science of settlement to take the place of the haphazard use of these lands," said Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society and president of the International Geographical Union, in an address here. Dr. Bowman, a former member of the Yale faculty and leader of the first Yale South American Expedition, sketched the limits drawn to settlement on the fringe of cultivation in the various continents.

He said that pioneering is going on in the undeveloped and underdeveloped lands of Manchuria, South America, the Canadian Northwest, Southern Africa, and Australia.

"In the United States there is no longer an advance of the frontier line in the West; but there is a pioneer zone, a zone of experimentation now pretty well fixed and a pioneering line now crystallized," he continued.

"This is in the grassland belt of Western Kansas, Eastern Colorado, Central Montana, etc. Here land cultivation, favored now and again by a series of wet years, is halted by equally prolonged and uncertain years of drought with wide distress, as in Central Montana today. The government, as well as hundreds of communities are perplexed by the situation and changes in type of land use are now under discussion."

Out of the Mouths of Babies

Little Girl: "If I was a teacher, I'd make everybody behave."

Aunt: "How would you do that, my dear?"

Little Girl: "Very easy. When girls was bad, I'd tell them they didn't look pretty, and when little boys was bad, I'd make them sit with the girls. And when big boys was bad, I wouldn't let them sit with the girls."

Japan Issues a Warning "Hands Off Manchuria"

Tokio—A warning to the League of Nations and to Soviet Russia to keep "hands off Manchuria" was issued by General Sadao Araki, Japanese War Minister, in a speech to the Kokuhonsha, a patriotic society at Osaka.

The society is the nucleus of the present country-wide nationalist movement in Japan.

New Mosque for London

London—A new mosque is to be built in the northwest district of London. The architect is Sir Brunelwell Thomas, well known as the designer of the Dunkirk War Memorial, Belfast City Hall, and other public works. One of the richest Indian princes has already subscribed £60,000 toward the cost.

So They Say

"A hundred years ago our affairs for good or evil were wielded triumphantly by rhetoricians. Now our affairs are hopelessly muddled by strong, silent men."—G. K. Chesterton.

"I have yet to see anything good for society that is not also good for business."—John J. Raskob.

"Youth is the time for loving. Age is the time for reflecting."—Geraldine Farrar.

"The development of the real character of men and women can go on in bad times as well as in good times."—Calvin Coolidge.

"Communism today is just another profitable racket."—Princess Alexandra Kropotkin.

"We must face our mistakes if we are to improve our destinies."—Sir Ashley Sparks.

"One of the great troubles in these days is the common practice of judging success by monetary returns."—Charles M. Schwab.

"If you want to act you will be an actor, but if you want to be an actor you won't act so very well."—Edna Ferber.

"The happiest faces of grown-ups seen in London are the faces of the country parsons, their wives and gardeners, who come in every year to the Chelsea Flower Show."—Stanley Baldwin.

"There is no end to what you can accomplish if you dig in."—Capt. Robt. Dollar.

"Nothing is of much use until it is both plentiful and cheap."—Henry Ford.

"The fact that Wall Street and the international bankers are so blue naturally makes a thinking man optimistic. These financiers have always been wrong."—Roger W. Babson.

"Always be polite to young nobodies; you never know how they will turn out. If you must kick somebody, kick the old."—George Bernard Shaw.

"Radio depersonalizes music; the delicacies distinguishing one orchestra, one musician from another are lost."—Sir Thomas Beecham.

"The people I have known who have most exquisitely tasted the joy and rapture of living are those who have known most of its discipline of pain."—Havelock Ellis.

"I know now why there are so many pretty girls in New York—all the ugly ones are in colleges."—James Montgomery Flagg.

"In times of anxiety and strain people are tempted to throw around valuable equipment in order to keep the ship afloat."—Duke of York.

"Life seems to me like a Japanese picture which our imagination does not allow to end with the margin."—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"There are ominous warnings to-day that remind us that in unity there is strength and that in division there are perils that threaten our most cherished possessions."—Bishop James Freeman.

Earth Tremors To Be Foretold?

Dutch Professor Thinks Definite Forecasts Will Soon Be Possible

New York—A prediction that earthquakes and other disturbances of the crust of the earth may be anticipated as a result of experiments conducted in the West Indies recently, was made by Dr. P. A. Vening Meinesz, professor of geodesy at the University of Utrecht, Holland.

He plans to experiment with his multiple pendulum apparatus during his return voyage to Holland. This instrument has been used by Dr. Meinesz for several months aboard the Navy submarine S-18. It permitted scientists for the first time in history to take comprehensive observations on the magnitude and direction of gravity pull in the earth's crust.

Dr. Meinesz worked out of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, with Professor Richard M. Field, of the geological department of Princeton University.

Studied Undersea Changes

Their West Indies experiments were made with the assistance of several Naval officers, aboard the submarine they took many findings from gravity stations, obtaining a new perception of the movement of the undersea crusts in that area, which, previously had never been observed.

Of more importance, perhaps, the research experts arrived at a definite understanding of conditions responsible for the famous Bartlett deep at that location. Dr. Meinesz insisted that he could not divulge these findings, as they will be contained in a report which will be submitted to the National Academy of Science at Washington in the near future.

Dr. Meinesz has traveled more than 65,000 miles in submarines, conducting experiments with his machine. There are but two copies of the multiple pendulum gravity apparatus in existence. They are in the possession of certain national governments.

Explains Submarine Tests

The apparatus has been installed in a specially equipped cabin on the liner. He has found that the machine functions more accurately in a submerged submarine, but he was optimistic that he would have fair results aboard the ship.

He characterized his experiments as the most strenuous of his career. The submarine was submerged twice each night and several times each day, while the research work was being conducted. He took fifty-four observations under the surface of the sea, also many collateral land observations, thus obtaining double check on the findings.

The S-18 cruised a total of 5,000 miles from the Guantanamo Bay base. Frequently the submarine was away from its base for a week at a time. His work was observed daily by representatives of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Dr. Meinesz said that the multiple gravity device permits magnitude readings near to perfection. The direction of gravity pull, however, is still not obtainable with the same degree of certainty, he explained.

He has made experiments with his apparatus in Dutch submarines, voyaging twice from Rotterdam to the Dutch East Indies. Aboard those craft he traveled once via the Suez Canal and also through the Panama Canal. He plans another submarine cruise in the North Atlantic next summer.

American Traffic System Fails to Please Paris

Paris—First experiments conducted in Paris with New York's system of synchronized traffic regulation resulted in a complete traffic jam in exactly twenty minutes. But Prefect of Police Jean Chiappe, who superintended the test is not convinced that the system is impractical. He thinks that it will work better when the public has been accustomed to it.

The experiment was tried in the most congested district of Paris, between the Portes Saint Martin and Saint Denis, and where the Boulevard Sebastopol crosses the Grands Boulevards. Electric signals were installed so that when traffic was stopped on the Saint Denis and Porte Saint Martin entered simultaneously. A few seconds later the cross traffic from the Boulevard Sebastopol was also admitted automatically. Then automatically, all transverse streets were closed by the signals and traffic over four blocks on the Grands Boulevards was kept moving for three minutes.

For a short time it seemed as though the system was working properly without the interference of the traffic police, but soon confusion developed and in twenty minutes circulation was completely stopped, with cars unable to move in any direction. It took the police half an hour to restore order under the old billy club system of direction.

Other experiments will be tried and if they attain the results Mr. Chiappe desires, the entire Grand Boulevard system from the Church of the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille will be placed under synchronized traffic regulation.

London Zoo Trying Incubator on Penguin Eggs

London—Penguin's eggs, laid in the Guano Islands, are being incubated at the London Zoo, 8,000 miles from the mother bird. They were rushed from Cape Town by air, in the hope that they would arrive in a fertile condition, thus solving the problem of bringing penguins safely to London, one of the zoo's biggest and most popular attractions.

So far there have been no little strangers in the penguin house.

Film Trade Revival Noted in Australia

Adelaide, S. Aus.—According to a report made by the manager of a theatre chain here, a revival in the film business has been noted by leading picture proprietors.

Sydney theatres were packed to capacity every day and much brighter conditions prevailed in Melbourne as well as in Adelaide during the past month.

Business, which had been slack for many months, had now taken a decided upward turn, with the improved financial and economic outlook in Australia.

Infirmites

They that are strong ought to bear the infirmites of those that are weak, and not to please themselves. There's a text wants no candle to show; it shines by its own light. It's plain enough you get into the wrong road in this life if you run after this and that only for the sake of making things easy and pleasant to yourself. A pig may poke his nose outside it; but, if you've got a man's heart and soul in you, you can't be easy-making your own bed and leaving the rest to lie on the stones. Nay, nay, I'll never slip my neck out of the yoke, and leave the load to be drawn by the weak ones.—George Eliot.

A Happy Man

To awaken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clean mind and to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter, on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle, kind, and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with weariness that ever woe sleep and the joy that comes from work well done. This is how I desire to waste wisely my days.—From Flery Grants.

Humility

Humility becomes all it is Christ-like, for none were ever so humble as He. It gains the respect of all. It will never let us down. It will help us to overcome the difficulties of life, and we cannot fall, for God is on our side.—Martin.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS—KINDLING

