

## The Man With a Gun

He Wasn't the Type That Appeared To Her, but—Women Are Wonderful

By Herbert Shaw

When the hard-faced little man entered the saloon bar of the Blue Posts, it was empty of customers. Holding the door open, he looked round with bright and alert eyes. In spite of the magnificence of his black Stetson hat, highly polished brown shoes, and silk shirt and tie that toned so well with his clothes, he seemed furtive and agitated.

He took a seat at the end of the bar, and the pretty girl on duty looked at him contemptuously. Next little men of his type, with the same sharp features and the same air of always being on guard against something, were not uncommon in the mysterious streets of Fitzroy Square, and the varying occupations they followed were seldom stated on census forms. They did not often patronize the Blue Posts.

The girl who was waiting for his order despised them naturally. Once in every six weeks, when she got a whole Sunday off, she spent it with her parents, who were very respectable people, and had the nicest looking of all the bright, small houses in Acacia Avenue, S.E. 23.

"Nice place you've got here," said the man with the black hat, and ordered a gin and orange. "I've never been here before."

"No."

She got his drink, apparently unconscious of the way he was staring at her. There was admiration in that stare. She was very popular at the Blue Posts, but no man ever presumed on her cheery friendliness. This morning's visitor was disappointed at her indifference.

"But I believe I've seen you before," he ventured. "Lucky for me, isn't it?" She gave him a sudden contemptuous glance.

"It's lucky for me that I didn't notice it, I think," she said. "Anyhow, it's not interesting. I'm busy."

She was about to turn away, completely scornful, when two things started her. The first was the look of anger that suddenly darkened his face. For an instant the girl regretted the deliberate rebuff which had so swiftly blotted out the visitor's smile. It made him look sinister and hateful.

But it was the second thing which definitely frightened her. With a quick, yet stealthy movement, his right hand appeared to jump towards his hip pocket. In the setting of that homely English place, spotless and radiant with its array of shining bottles and polished fittings, it was like something from the films. He carried a gun in that pocket—she was sure of it. As she watched him, fascinated, she almost cried out.

Then the door opened, and she could have exclaimed her relief. A buoyant young man led in three companions, released from neighbouring offices for the welcome lunch hour. They were regular customers, noisy, and in good spirits. Already they were at the bar, all laughing and joking. Their easy greetings showed they were her friends.

"Cheer up, Jess! Mine's a good-looking lass, please! How's the old world this morning?"

The man with the black hat scowled as he watched them. Several times he looked at the girl, but she took no notice of him. Her attention and her smiles were all for the new arrivals. If she did happen to turn in his direction, her face was scornful. She feared him no longer. She told herself that he had been an idiot to have been afraid, even for a second.

Her contempt expelled him from the cheery company, and he stared morosely at his polished shoes. He felt unwanted and resentful. He reflected bitterly that he might just as well have been sitting outside, in the middle of the cold street.

He was thinking of getting up and leaving this inhospitable place when the others began talking about crime. There had been a daring smash and grab raid in Bond Street the day before. This morning's papers reported that the police had a clue, and an arrest was expected. He left off staring at his shoes, and listened intently.

"I'll bet you half-a-crown they get those lads before the end of the week!" said one of the youngsters. "They've generally got them tamped. It's only a matter of bringing it home to them."

"Perhaps you're right. We're a heap better off than they are in America, anyhow. We won't stand for that gangster stuff—not in good old London! I'll have a small piece of gin and angostura, please, Jess. If you don't mind. What are you taking, Harry?"

"Well, they've collared Al Capone at last, haven't they?" said Harry. "It's about time. Those American crooks are a mouldy lot of cowards, if you ask me. What?"

There was general agreement with this view. Between them they explained why. Capone and company never fought straight. They hadn't got it in them to fight straight. They didn't stir out except in armoured cars and with a bodyguard.

They killed without giving the other man a chance. Sometimes they pretended to shake hands with their enemy, and in the very act of shaking hands an accomplice shot him down. If they did get caught they bought their way back to freedom, and to more killings, with lies and money.

Harry summed it all up. "They're not real men, that's what it is. No fair play in them; they don't know what it is. Just a mean lot of beastly treacherous toads! They're skunks! I'm sick of them! That's all there is to it."

## Pre-School Child Needs Lots of Iron

Scientists Declare Milk Does not Supply Him With Sufficient Quantity

New York.—While the role of iron in the maintenance of health has long been recognized, the possible participation of the element in biologic reactions has only recently become clearly revealed according to The Journal of the American Medical Association.

"Today we are justified in asserting that iron is an essential dietary constituent, not only for the production of blood and muscle hemoglobin but also for necessary components of all cells," the writer says. "That is why its availability in foods and its metabolism in the body command particular attention. It is merely necessary to mention some of the questions that come to mind in this connection in order to realize the importance of the subject. How much iron is in the human body at different ages? What are the available sources of iron? How much is needed for maintenance and for growth and how are these requirements affected by different conditions. Does the amount of iron in the food have any influence on growth?"

"The answer to such problems is complicated by the analytic difficulties that attend the chemical investigation of the distribution of iron. A recent writer has well pointed out that the estimation of iron in biologic materials is a difficult undertaking, because a rapid and accurate method still remains to be attained, although the recent improvements that have been introduced are promising. Reported analyses of biologic materials for iron must be critically examined in the light of the analytic method employed, and some of the results in the older literature have been discarded because of improbable analytic values. According to this reviewer, the iron content of the body at maturity is calculated at about 4.5 gm., more or less, most of which can be accounted for by the blood. Between the first and twenty-first years (the latter age is taken for convenience), 4,000 mg. of iron is retained. Distributed over twenty years, this amounts to an actual daily growth of 1.8 mg. of iron.

"The adult has the opportunity for such a wide range in the choice of his food that the problem of his requirement of iron is perhaps not quite so circumscribed as that of the growing child, whose regimen is dictated in larger degree by those who provide his diversified sustenance. Until recently the only modern balance observations in childhood relating to iron requirements have been those of Rose and her collaborators at Teachers' College in New York. Considerable surprise was occasioned several years ago when they reported that even in dietaries that might have been considered perfectly satisfactory the daily inclusion of one egg yolk per child resulted in better development and in slightly higher hemoglobin figures.

"Careful metabolism studies with respect to iron were subsequently made on one child, a girl aged 2 years and 7 months. These showed that, on a daily intake of 4.61 mg. of iron, a negative balance of 1.10 mg. resulted. The authors have estimated without further evidence that 8.50 mg. would not only be sufficient to bring about iron equilibrium but also allow for growth. This figure amounts to 0.16 mg. of iron per 100 calories of ingested food. McKay has reported an average of 8.17 mg. of iron in the diets of pre-school children in private homes, as compared with 4.37 mg. in the diets of children in an institution.

"The most recent essay in this important field of research comes from the University of Minnesota, where Leichsenring and Flor have conducted typical balance experiments in which the utilization of iron at two levels of intake was compared in healthy children ranging in age from 36 to 56 months. This is the characteristic pre-school age. The results of the food analyses indicate that the iron content of foods may show considerable variation from the most commonly used figures.

"Diets that were planned to contain 5 and 8.5 mg. of iron actually contained only 3.25 and 6.5 mg. On a diet containing 3.25 mg. of iron an average of 1.2 mg. was retained daily, whereas on a diet containing 6.5 mg. of iron 3.2 mg., or nearly three times as much as during the period of lower iron intake, was retained. The observed maintenance need of the children in this study was approximately 0.12 mg. per kilogram. On the basis of body weight, according to Leichsenring and Flor, the maintenance requirement of the child is similar to that of the adult. The iron requirement for growth, as observed in this study, was approximately 0.2 mg. per kilogram.

"It is customary to allow a considerable margin of safety above observed requirements of the various inorganic elements. If this margin is estimated at 50 per cent, it would make a standard allowance for children of this age of 0.18 mg. per kilogram, or a total of 8.2 mg. daily. Thus the most careful investigators in this field are in essential agreement as to the iron needs of the pre-school child. One cannot depend on milk alone for an adequate supply of iron. That is why the diet chosen should be varied to include, as early as proper, generous amounts of foods that are comparatively rich in iron."

"A mighty queer man stopped here the other day," stated the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "He didn't have anything to sell to our merchants, he wasn't trying to introduce valuable literary works to the few persons in the community of sufficient culture to appreciate 'em, and he quietly told everybody who inquired that he did not wish to buy land. He sat around here in the office some and read a book, and the rest of the time he strolled about in town and looked at things in a casual sort of way.

"To one gent who asked him if it didn't look right, smartly like rain iron to the south'r, he replied that it did. And when another inquired if he hadn't met him some'r, he answered that it was quite likely, inasmuch as he had been there several times. When he got ready to leave he simply paid his bill and departed on the two o'clock train. Opinions are pretty evenly divided: some of our leading citizens think he was an inspector of some sort, and others believe he was a spy.

"I've told you, I bought it this morning. I had a day off. Last week I found out you worked here. So I dressed up and came along. I reckoned I'd certainly get to know you today. Didn't we ought to know one another—you living only three houses away from me in Acacia Avenue, and me seeing you over a hundred times, I should think? And you always sticking your head in the air, and looking through me as though I were dirt.

"What's the matter with me? And when you were joking with that mob downstairs, and not giving me a single word, I got fair sick of it. I meant to make you take notice of me somehow, and before I knew I'd started I was making up all that stuff. Couldn't seem to help it. Those chaps made me wild. I got the Scarlatti name out of a book."

He regarded her face intently. If she had laughed he would have been very angry. She didn't laugh. She said: "It's a good job I had the sense to lock you in. They'd have given you a rough time if they'd caught you."

"I was showing off. I don't know what made me start it."

"I knew you were showing off all right," said Jess.

"You'd not mind knowing who I am now, I suppose—now that we're talking to each other for the first time. My name's Michael Parsons. I work at Shard's, the big paper-makers—in their offices off Holborn. I've been wanting to know you ever since I saw you first in Acacia Avenue. One Sunday morning."

There was a little silence.

"Well, I hope you like that scent, and thanks for showing that mob off the track. I'd better be going."

Jess looked at the clock.

"I'm off this afternoon," she said, smiling. "I shall be free till they open again this evening. And there's a picture at the Plaza I want to see."—London "Answers."

## Falls "Clear"?



A spectacular action picture showing Tom Cox of Pasadena, California, being thrown off his motorcycle in the Murphy Canyon hill climbing contest.

## A Summer Day

When that the misty vapor was gone,  
And clear and fair was the morning,  
The dew also like silver in shining  
Upon the leaves, as any baume  
sweete,  
Till first Titan with his persae here  
Had dried up the lusty liquor new  
Upon the herbs in the green mede,  
And that the flowers of many divers  
kinds,  
Upon his stakes gon for to sprede,  
And for to play out his leves in  
breds  
Againe the Sunne, gold burned in  
his sphere,  
That doun to hem cast his beames  
clere.

And by a river forth I gan costay,  
Of water clere as birrell or cristall,  
Till at the last, I found a little way  
Toward a park, enclosed with a  
wall  
In compace rounde, and by a gate  
small  
Who so that would might freely  
gone  
Into this park, walled with grene  
stone.

And in I went to heare the birdes  
song,  
Which on the branches, both in  
plaine and vale,  
So loud sang that all the wood rung.  
Like as it should shiver in peeces  
small,  
And, as methought, that the night-  
ingale  
With so great might her voice gan  
cut wrest,  
Right as her herte for love would  
brest.

Reputation  
A man's reputation is what his  
friends say about him. His character  
is what his enemies say about him.

Maine Has Cast Iron Bridge  
Bowdoinham, Me.—The only cast  
iron bridge in New England and one  
of the last in America spans the Catha-  
natic River here.

It was past midnight. "I wish I  
had money," droned the bore. "I'd  
travel." "Well," said she, reaching  
for her purse, "how much do you  
need?"

## THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WHEN YOU COME TO VISIT DISTANT RELATIVES, WHOM YOU HAVEN'T SEEN FOR TEN YEARS, BRINGING A HANDSOME TOY FIRE ENGINE FOR JUNIOR WHOM YOU REMEMBER AS A SWEET LITTLE CHILD OF THREE.

## Warbles Dry Up

The cattle in some 60 herds, about 2000, on farms near Guelph, were treated by wetting their backs with a warble killing wash. The warble grubs were killed while still beneath the skin, between March 1st and May 21st. The dead grubs withered up and were ejected through the hole in the skin in less than two weeks. The holes in the skin rapidly healed. The cattle treated were saved much soreness and irritation and it was pleasing to see the way the badly warbled backs cleaned up. This meant a saving to the cattle owners as the period of torment was very much reduced, and the cattle relieved of much unnecessary suffering. A warbled back is a very painful condition. If the cows could talk they would tell us in forceful words, of our neglect to control the warble fly. Either dielder powder or pyrethrum powder mixed with soap and water, at the rate of one-half pound in either case, with one gallon of water. This wash is brushed on the back of the animal, over the grubby area. An ordinary dandy brush is best, as the stiff bristles will uncover the grub hole, and permit the liquid to soak in on top of the offending grub. With the grubs all dead there can be no flies.

A Child's Love  
It is a sweet thing to enjoy a child's love. It is so spontaneous, full and free, so outspoken and confident, so natural and tender that it constantly reminds one of love of Heaven. To enjoy one in one's life the purest of a child's friendship is to taste of a sweetness never to be forgotten. The memories of such an enjoyment linger around one's heart like dreamy soliloquies of a past existence in some abode of purity and beauty. To lose them would be to lose islands from the sea, oases from the desert. They are types of what friendship should be: symbols of what it will be. They are the flowers of Heaven, sown on earth. They bear the fragrance of the Kingdom, sparkle within them, and the love of our Father's home breathes from their pure young hearts.

Teacher—"Can you tell me what Australia is bounded by, Tommy?" Tommy—"Kangaroos, sir!"

"I offended George dreadfully," "Have you made up?" "Yes, I succeeded in getting him to ask my pardon."

Canada's Level Net  
What is known scientifically as the precise level net of Canada now covers the Dominion and a maze of figures is required to represent the elevation above sea level of the various localities indicated. These figures are carefully computed by the Geodetic Survey of Canada. Department of the Interior, and are based on mean sea-level obtained from five tidal stations, namely, Yarmouth and Halifax on the Atlantic coast; Father Point on the gulf of St. Lawrence; and Vancouver and Prince Rupert on the Pacific coast. The figures are necessary in the laying out of towns, the building of bridges, engineering and irrigation work, and they also serve as the basis for all other survey measurements and computations.

King Alfonso's Fortune Confiscated by Spain  
Madrid.—Former King Alfonso's private fortune was declared confiscated recently by the director of the Spanish Republic's treasury. The fortune included more than \$2,500,000 in cash and securities, as well as other possessions valued at more than \$500,000.

The money and bonds would be attached to the public treasury and the immovable property would belong to the state, the director said. He revealed that 21,000,000 pesetas (about \$1,700,000) worth of seized property had not belonged to the deposed king, but to societies over which he presided.

French Cross Spanish Border To Find Cheaper Film Shows  
Madrid.—Thrifty French, living near the Spanish border, are getting in the habit of crossing the frontier in order to enjoy their motion picture shows economically, according to the newspaper "El Sol" here.

Residents of Hendaye are flocking nightly to the cinemas at Irun to such an extent that the program is made up nearly exclusively of French films. The main reason for this is the price. At Irun, and even in San Sebastian, they can see a good show for 1 franc, while at Hendaye they must pay at least double and often as much as 20 francs.

Circumstances  
Fashion thyself according to the circumstances of thy lot. The men whom fate hath made thy companions here, love and love them in sincerity and truth.—Marcus Aurelius.

Pinch of Salt  
A pinch of salt placed in the water will preserve the freshness of flowers for a longer length of time than their natural life.

## France Tightens Check on Aliens

Secret Police Now Ride on All International Trains to Bar Violations on Passports

Paris.—The French police have greatly increased the strictness of their surveillance over all foreigners, according to William P. Carney in The N.Y. Times.

France regrets her past hospitality to political exiles from other European countries, from among whose ranks have come the assassins of two of her Presidents, and the new regulations governing the entry of foreigners here are being enforced by the police in co-operation with the immigration authorities.

Members of the Surete Generale, the secret police, now ride on all international trains to make a second examination of the passports of all passengers after they have been hurriedly stamped at the frontiers by the immigration officers.

The same procedure is carried out on all boat trains, which connect at French ports with steamers from the United States and the Orient.

Fines imposed on hotel keepers who fail to report to the police within twenty-four hours that they have given lodging to foreigners have been greatly increased. Foreigners wishing to remain in France more than sixty days formerly were required to obtain identification cards from the police. Now they are obliged to get such cards after staying only two weeks.

Inasmuch as there are now 4,000,000 foreigners who desire to live indefinitely in France, a tremendous amount of documentation is necessary and large clerical staffs are kept continuously busy in the identification-card department of the Prefect of Police. In 1906 there were only about 1,000,000 foreigners residing more or less permanently in France.

The number of foreigners who have fled to France from their own countries to escape starvation of the tyranny of oppressive governments has steadily increased since the reign of Louis Philippe.

The secret police are responsible for surveillance over political exiles who have sought refuge in France. Whenever one of these is caught engaging in any kind of plot against the existing government in his own country his identification card is withdrawn and he is summarily expelled from France.

Such police measures as these might have prevented the assassination of President Doumer by the Russian extremist Gorguloff last month. President Sadi Carnot was murdered by an Italian anarchist in 1894.

Ramblings  
Some 1,200,000 persons visit the library of the British Museum every year.

The man strength of the British navy is, normally, about 163,000, including all ranks.

The highest price which the British Museum authorities have ever paid for a book is \$7,500.

Workers among the ancient Hittites and Assyrians enjoyed a five-day week 4,000 years ago.

The height standard for London Metropolitan policemen is now 5 ft. 10 ins.; this is an increase of one inch on last year.

Letters have been sent by rocket over a distance of more than one mile from the top of an Austrian mountain to a village below.

To show a profit a 50,000-ton liner must earn \$2,000,000 a year. Each day she is at sea such a vessel costs \$9000 for mere running expenses.

Insurance policies held in the United States are worth \$840 per head of the population, in Canada \$610, and in Great Britain \$265.

Each one of London's great "luxury" hotels costs about \$25,000 a week to run, while the guests spend anything from \$125 to \$250 a week.

New sets of fingerprints and new records of criminals are added to the Library of New Scotland Yard at the rate of about 20,000 a year.

New summer outfits, including jackets, waistcoats, trousers and caps, for the 4,112 men employed on the London Underground cost \$60,000.