

# The Old Bus Takes a Holiday

And An Old Buffer Helps Along a Romance

By William Freeman

Jane Finch walked from Greg Gables into the lane, traversed a field, and, seating herself on a gate, surveyed the prospect. Spring, real spring, was in the air. Jane felt it, and her spirits responded.

A car swung round a bend in the lane, slowed down, and stopped. The freckled young man who was driving climbed out and came towards her.

"Er—good-morning, Miss Finch! Splendid day, isn't it?"

"Absolutely!"

"There was a pause. Jane, wondering whether Sam Vickers had pulled up merely to discuss the weather, gazed absently at the aged two-seater whose melancholy note she and everyone else in Cheddle Parva could have identified from the remotest distance.

"Busy?" inquired Sam at last.

"Not particularly. Why?"

"Because—it's like my cheek and all that sort of thing, but—well, there's the car, and here am I, without a pal and nothing to do. What about it?"

"Where do you want to go?" Jane temporized.

"What price the town?"

The inhabitants of Cheddle Parva invariably spoke of Buchester as "the town." It was ten miles distant, contained nearly 5,000 people, and had three whole streets of shops.

"I wouldn't mind," admitted Jane.

She climbed down from the gate. Sam swung open the car door, acutely conscious that this was the first time he had ever asked any girl in Cheddle Parva to share the risks of a trip in the old bus with him.

He cranked up and they started. The sun grew hotter, the sky a more dazzling blue. Jane sat with folded hands. Sam stared straight ahead, finding it difficult to concentrate on the steering with Jane's profile so near his left shoulder.

Suddenly the old bus gave two appetitive hiccoughs and had stopped.

"Something over-heated, I expect," said Sam reassuringly, as he climbed down. "We've only to wait till she cools."

There was a green slope of turf near. They sat down side by side. A swallow flashed past. Insects hummed about them. Spring seemed to be growing more insistent every minute.

"Cigarette?" suggested Sam. He lit one for Jane, and then his own.

"As I came chugging along this morning," he continued, between puffs, "I'd a perfectly definite feeling that I was going to see you. Which was extraordinary, considering how seldom we meet, though the pater and your uncle are fairly chatty."

"I wasn't really surprised, either," confessed Jane.

"Sort of instinct—what. I'm frightfully glad! It's not exactly exhilarating, you know, cooped up in a place like Cheddle Parva with—"

"A retired scientist of European reputation?" quoted Jane.

Sam nodded.

"If I hadn't croaked up last winter I'd have been in a Government job by now. What price you, with a distinguished naturalist for a guardian?"

"I don't see many people either. Uncle spends most of his time out of doors, and when the weather's fine he doesn't come back till the evening. And there's no one else in the house except the maids."

"Rotten!" said Sam. He rose to his feet. "The old bus ought to be cool enough to start going now."

On the seventh or eighth jerk of the handle an erratic clatter announced that the old bus was indeed cool enough.

"In the early days," boasted Sam, as they resumed their journey, "makers didn't just jam a few chunks of metal together and say 'there's a car.' They concentrated on solid reliability. They—"

He broke off abruptly. A magnificent yellow four-seater was approaching from behind. Sam wrenched the wheel to the left. The old bus grudgingly shifted a few inches.

"The town," said Jane, in a flat voice, "meaning Buchester."

"We've left that worm-eaten hole a dozen miles behind. Didn't go through it at all, in fact. We're on the outskirts of a burg called Malden now."

"But—but what about our car?" protested Sam.

"Lord, if I hadn't forgotten! But I guess the boys can help us. Meanwhile, unless you're in a hurry, why not finish the trip and lunch with me?"

"It's awfully kind of you," said Jane. "Thanks tremendously!" said Sam.

The garage people heard the story of the old bus, and promised to retrieve, examine, and report thereon. The big car started again, and in due course deposited Mr. Jordan, Sam, and Jane at London's newest and most magnificent hotel.

"And now," said their host, when lunch had come to an end, "I've got to teach myself away. But I'm real glad to have met you, and I hope that car of yours will live to take the road once more. Given a wide enough road, I don't see why she shouldn't. I've told the garage people to send the bill to me. Goodbye!"

They thanked him as he went out into the sunlit street again, where spring, astonishingly enough, seemed even nearer than it did in Cheddle Parva.

"What about getting back?" said Jane.

"Why hurry?" protested Sam. "No one's expecting us. What about a show?"

"I'd love to," said Jane.

They decided ultimately on "Hallo, Girls!" the big revue at the Orpheus Theatre. Jane, who had never seen anything of the kind before, was like an excited child. Sam found himself studying her flushed face with all sorts of queer and disquieting emotions. They were further complicated by a feeling that Jane was surreptitiously studying him. The curtain came down for the last time almost before he realized it.

They found a quiet little restaurant which specialized in real Devonshire teas, and the meal helped to restore something of the old casual atmosphere. When it was over, Sam drew out his cigarette case, and then abruptly changed his mind.

"It's a perfectly lovely evening," he said, "and we're not three minutes' walk from the Park. And there's no dashed hurry."

"If you're sure—" said Jane, and followed him meekly.

The evening was indeed lovely. The park was like a young and beautiful lady flaunting a new green costume as yet unspoiled by city grime or dust. The sky overhead was a placid blue that had lost its earlier aching dazzle. Jane and Sam found an isolated seat which no one had bothered to occupy, and lit belated cigarettes and tried to be perfectly normal and unromantic.

And failed!

Perhaps if their hands—his left and her right—hadn't touched—

Jane's hands were adorable, soft and small and white. Sam's were big and brown. It seemed inevitable that his should close over hers; that, having closed, it shouldn't leave go; that he should draw her towards him; that Jane's head should droop until it rested on his shoulder; that in one swift, fierce movement he should catch her close in his arms and kiss her, and keep on kissing her.

The chuckles of a passing tramp brought them back to realities.

"We'd better go home," said Jane, disengaging herself and putting her hat straight.

"Wonder what they'll say when we tell them at Cheddle?" said Sam.

"Lots!" prophesied Jane.

"Who cares, anyway?" said Sam, giving her a final kiss.

Three people—a distinguished naturalist, an equally distinguished scientist, and a stranger to Cheddle—were seated about the fireplace in the dining room of Grey Gables. Oak logs crackled in the grate, for the evenings were still chilly. A tray upon which were glasses and an unopened bottle of port stood near.

"A couple of young mutts, that's what they are!" the stranger was saying genially. "I didn't mean to run down their wretched old sardine-tin, naturally. I'd have been satisfied to introduce myself as a friend Sir Charles had met in America twenty years ago. But after the accident—"

"Why didn't you bring them back with you to lunch?" demanded Sir Charles.

"Because they were too happy alone! Falling in love is like waltzing—you want only one other person to help you do it. No, sir, I ran them up to town and left 'em there to work out their own salvation."

"Like the incurable old sentimentalist you are!"

"A change of scene—"

"There goes the bell!" interrupted Dr. Finch.

## Cats Taught Etiquette



Mike Kostial, former circus animal trainer, gets a baby leopard and a couple of lion cubs together at St. Louis zoo and gives them their first lesson in etiquette. Leopards and lions don't miss—much.

## Modern City Planned On Shanghai Ruins

\$22,700,000 to be Spent to Put War-Torn Native Areas on Par with Foreign Settlement

A greater and more beautiful city is to rise from the shell-blasted ruins which are all that remain of the larger part of those sections of Shanghai lying to the north and east outside the International Settlement, writes Sterling Fisher Jr., in the N.Y. Times.

As the calamities of earthquake and fire in recent times have been turned to practical uses by Tokyo and San Francisco, so the catastrophe of warfare has been utilized by the Chinese as an opportunity to draw up plans for a great new network of wide streets, a system of additional wharves, development of civic and industrial centers and erection of more public markets and living quarters for the poor.

Public enterprises totalling \$22,700,000 are on the program of the Bureau of Public Works of the Greater Shanghai Municipality for starting the rehabilitation of the areas devastated by the conflict with the Japanese last winter, according to the China Weekly Review.

Provision Made for Aid for Poor. This is in addition to modest provisions by the National Government for loans to farmers and "indigent civilians" whose property was ravaged during the fighting.

Wharf construction will require \$14,700,000, spread over fourteen years. New roads, which will comprise a large part of the plan submitted to the Nanking Government, will total nearly fifty-five miles and will be about 100 to 115 feet wide.

Altogether, the program is more important for the fact that it looks toward systematic development than for its extent, for the total losses resulting from the conflict have been estimated by the Shanghai Chinese Chambers of Commerce at \$1,500,000,000, and, according to reports, it plans to file claims with Japan for that amount.

However, the real import of a program seemingly so modest for a city that claims to be the fifth largest in the world with a population of more than 3,000,000, is not at once apparent. When the city is viewed from the Whangpoo River, it gives the impression of great size and might—with its towering modern skyscrapers and its wide streets teeming with motor traffic. From this viewpoint it might be supposed that

so small a program would make relatively little impression.

But it is to be remembered that it is not this great modern part of the city that is to be rebuilt. While the projected new streets would add only about one-eighth to those already in existence in the entire city, they would nearly double those in the native parts of the city.

Native City to Be Modernized. Furthermore, the program is of great psychological importance to the Chinese in that it offers them an opportunity to modernize the native city in a manner that will make it begin to compare favorably with the Foreign Settlement.

The full magnitude of the plan is not indicated in the proposed expenditures, for one of the two largest undertakings involved is expected virtually to pay its own way. This is the projected removal of the North Station, which a unit of the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army made famous by defending it for weeks with armored railway cars, long after it had been almost surrounded and cut off by the Japanese.

The remnants of the station now stand in Chapel; only a short distance from the great business section that comes out into the native city from the heart of the International Settlement along North Szechuan Road. Thus, its extended track system has proved to be an obstruction to the further satisfactory extension of that business area. While this has long been recognized, the expense of removal has been regarded as prohibitive, but now that suitable land has been "cleared" by Japanese gun-fire and aerial bombing, the city and Railway Ministry plan to sell the present site for several million dollars and build a new station farther out.

Moreover, as the Review points out, the station is now far from the wharves on the Whangpoo, and there is no direct connection of land and sea traffic. This could be remedied by building three new branch lines, in addition, a new municipal station would be built in the civic center. The site for the new North Station is expected to be near Chenju, at the junction of the Shanghai-Hangchow and Shanghai-Hangchow-Ningpo Railway.

Items of Expense Are Listed. Sums to be spent in the various devastated areas, aside from wharf and railway and through trunk road construction, are listed as follows: Chapel \$1,500,000 for roads, bridges, wharves and living quarters for the poor.

Kiangwan — \$500,000 for roads, bridges and markets.

Yingsiang — \$300,000 for similar enterprises.

Chenju — \$300,000 for roads and bridges.

The prominence of the road program in the plan arises in no small part from the fact that the fighting

last winter revealed to the Chinese Army how inadequate the narrow lanes were for rapid movements of troops.

The relief thus far extended by the Nanking Government to sufferers in the zone of fighting, the Review says, consists in granting loans of \$10 to \$30 to farmers and of \$20 to indigent civilians, with no interest charged. These are to be repaid within six months. For construction of dwellings, loans ranging from \$50 to \$200 at 8 per cent are provided.

## Tongue Twisters

Here is a tongue twister to try to say. Of course, it is easy to say once, and slowly, but see how you get on saying it fast lots of times. He picks up the pitchers and pitches down the pictures.

And now try this one: Shirley sells seaside shells.

Timothy Thrinkum - Thrinkum threaded 3,333 thick and thin thistle threads. If Timothy Thrinkum-Thrankum threaded 3,333 thick and thin thistle threads, where are the 3,333 thick and thin thistle threads that Timothy Thrinkum-Thrankum threaded?

Here is a nice long tongue-twister for you to try to say six times quickly. You are sure to get in a muddle. If Hugh chooses tubes of jubes, which will Hugh choose? Will Hugh choose this huge tube?

They tried to tempt the tattered tramps to take the toothsome tarts. Where's the Frenchman's farthing Francis Fribble found on? The critical cricket crick of Cricklewood criticised the cricket.

## WORSE THAN EVER

Miss Thortlebury had been invited to be a bridesmaid at a smart wedding, and spent much time planning her new frock. At last it was ready; and when she tried it on she asked Mrs. Jones, from next door, to come and see it.

"It's sweet, my dear," said Mrs. Jones, admiringly. "And certainly you look a lady, whatever you are."

Miss Thortlebury's face told her she had made a mistake, so she corrected herself hurriedly.

"No, I mean you are a lady, whatever you look!"

## KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge is said to be power. Knowledge is power in the same sense that wood is fuel. Wood on fire is fuel. Knowledge on fire is power. There is no more power in knowledge than there is in the stones or stars which you know, unless there be a spirit and life in the knowledge, which gives it its energy. In proportion as men have this spiritual power do they become strong in this world.—Alexander McKenzie.

## Why We Take Soup Before Fish

A man some time ago, to win a wager, ate a dinner backwards, beginning with the coffee and liqueurs and ending with the hors d'oeuvre.

Was the meal a freak one or is there any justification for assuming that the order of the courses sanctioned by tradition is more than a convention?

Fashions in food change. In the eyes of the heroes of Homer, for example, fish had little favor, and 3,000 years ago a starving king swallowed a fish, under protest, for lack of anything better suited to his kingly appetite. Today fish is a staple article of diet.

Psychic Influence. Is there any reason, therefore, why soup should be regarded as an excellent first course for dinner or porridge for breakfast? The answer is yes. The active work of digestion begins in the stomach, and the digestive medium is the gastric juice, the production of which is governed by two factors, one psychic and the other chemical.

The psychic factor operates first. A well-liked dish makes the mouth water and initiates the production of gastric juice before any food enters the stomach. Hence it is true to say that, as a general rule, we best digest the foods we best like.

This psychic influence is soon succeeded by a chemical one, and it has been definitely proved that meat extracts and soups—the traditional first courses of the largest meal of the day—effectively stimulate the secretion

of gastric juices. To begin dinner with a small portion of soup is an insurance policy which guarantees that the stomach will be in the fittest possible condition for dealing with the later courses.

There are three bulky types of foods: Carbohydrates, such as bread; fats, such as butter, and proteins, such as lean meat. Meals fall into one or two classes. They either consist in the main of carbohydrates and fats, such as tea, or of C. carbohydrates and proteins, such as dinner.

The nature of a food determines the speed with which it is digested. Carbohydrates are digested more quickly than proteins, and proteins more quickly than fats. To mix fats with carbohydrates delays the digestion of the carbohydrates and is to such a meal a satisfying quality which it would not otherwise possess.

Rules of Digestion. Again, carbohydrates are not stimulating foods in the sense of encouraging the production of gastric juice. It is, therefore, desirable that the protein portions of a meal (fish or meat) should be in the lower or active part of the stomach while the secretion of gastric juice is at a maximum. For these and other reasons, porridge as the first course at breakfast, the addition of bread, potatoes, and other vegetables to the meat course at dinner, the taking of meat before pudding and dessert at the end of a meal are all sound rules which help to ensure a good digestion.

## Scout Tales

About Fires. Every man who goes camping or hunting must, of course, be able to cook his own food; otherwise he would be very helpless.

Every Wolf Cub, before he can become a Scout, must also be able to cook.

The best way to begin is to go and help your mother or cook in the kitchen, and see how to peel potatoes and to prepare the meat, and to make dough; how to fry, roast, bake and stew.

Then, when you know all that, you can go and practice it for yourselves out in the open, making your own fires and using a billy or camp cooking tins.

To make a cooking-fire out in the open you want to get a pile of red hot embers. This you do by making your fire with lots of stout sticks, or with logs which, when half-burnt, breaks up into good embers.

Very dry cow-dung makes excellent fuel; so do old boots if dry.

It is generally best to make your fire in a trough between two rows of bricks or stones or logs. It burns more easily and keeps hotter than an open fire; and if the sides are firmly made they do to resist your kettle and cooking-pots upon.

Then you should make your own pot-hooks and hangers for holding your cooking-pot over the fire or for roasting your food. Many an old camper carries his pot-hook about with him on his belt.

Another good way of making a fire is to use an old iron bucket as a fireplace, with lots of holes punched in its sides.

We used them in South Africa when travelling over the veldt, where you went for days over open plains without seeing a tree or a bush with which to make a fire; so we carried our fire with us, slung under the wagon and we fed it now and then with dry grass-roots, cow-dung, old ox-skins, old boots, or anything we could find as we went along.

Grass and Forest Fires. Another advantage of a bucket fire is that it leaves very little mess when you have done cooking, and also it gives less risk of setting fire to the grass round about your camp; and this in summer-time is a great danger.

Old Scouts are very careful about burning bit by bit or cutting away the grass round the spot where they are going to make their campfire; so that when it is alight it will not spread to the surrounding veldt.

Then, when they have finished cooking, old campers are very careful indeed to pull their fire to pieces and to tread it all down, and to pour water over the smouldering ashes so that there is not a spark left which might later start a new fire.

Grass and forest fires are never started by true Scouts, but by silly, careless Tenderloins.

## New Apartment all Electrically Equipped

Prague, Czechoslovakia, has a new apartment building that fulfills the house-hunter's dream. It is the first apartment in the country fully equipped with modern electric appliances. All light, power and heating equipment is furnished by the Prague Municipal Electric Works. Warm water for the bathrooms and for central heating is furnished through underground pipes from a nearby electric plant. Kitchens are equipped with electric ovens and electric refrigeration. All rooms have conveniently located plugs for various kinds of electric apparatus. The house has four passenger and two freight elevators, four laundries fully equipped with electric washers, ironers and drying rooms. And the rent for a two-room apartment fully equipped is only approximately \$20 per month.

## IN THE WOODS

If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrows that thou wouldst forget—

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills—no tears Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

## Ramblings

Smart women in Paris can now have their tresses cut, curled, or waved to suit their hats.

Motor vehicles in the United States have an average "life" of seven and a half years.

Lack of warmth or light in a school room has a bad effect on the concentration of the children.

Table tennis has four journals of its own in Japan, where there are 200,000 players of the game.

There are 20,000 people still on the waiting-list for houses owned or to be built by the London County Council.

London's oldest bank was founded in 1573; it is thus senior to the Bank of England, which was established in 1694.

If every family in London were provided with a self-contained home, it would be necessary to build 240,000 additional houses.

The site on which London's Mansion House stands is one of the most valuable in the world; it is valued at nearly \$10,000,000.

By heating the soil of seed-beds with electricity an American horticulturist is speeding up the production of crops by as much as six weeks.

Erasures on cheques and other documents which are invisible to the naked eye can be detected by a new photographic process recently discovered.

Locked in a specially strong cell in a Colombo gaol because they were unruly, three prisoners escaped because white ants ate away the brickwork round the window-bars.

Curious remedies, such as cinder tea, made by dropping a red-hot cinder into hot water, as a cure for "tummrache" in children, still exist in some of our country villages.

Tele. Britain leads the world now in telephone development, new installations last year totalling \$5,000,000; in the United States there was a decrease of half a million telephone users in 1931.

In a novel test made by an American expert between his own son, ten months old, and a chimpanzee, the animal was more docile and easily taught. The human infant won only in learning to speak.

School children to-day are better in physique, mentality, and alertness, as well as being better clad and fed, than their predecessors of twenty-five years ago, says Sir John Gilbert, who has just resigned the chairmanship of the London Educational Committee.

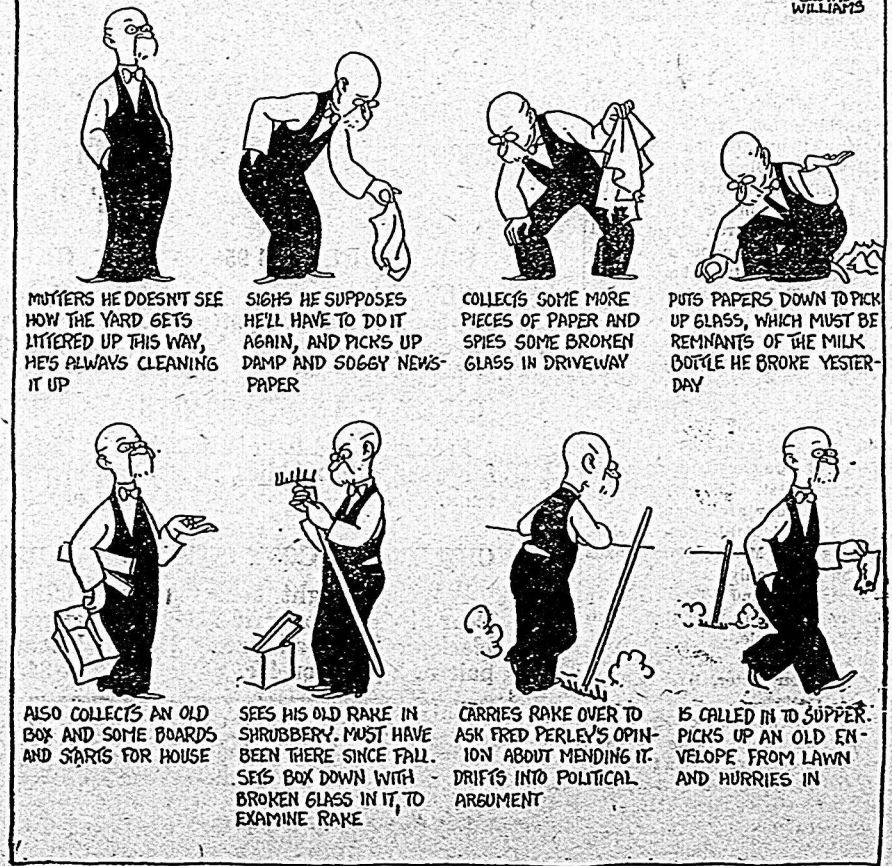
## -Yankees in Argentina-

The Review of the River Plate, an excellent weekly published in Argentina, in a recent number, gives some interesting details of American influence in Argentine history. We find that during the British invasions, when General Beresford, with his handful of British soldiers was besieged in the fort of Buenos Aires, an American, William White, was the first to intercede in an endeavor to arrange terms for the pacific withdrawal of the British garrison. William Wheelwright, another American, descendant of one of the Mayflower emigrants, was a great benefactor to this country. In addition to founding the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, Mr. Wheelwright developed the Central Argentine Railway in Argentina, as well as coal mines in the neighboring Republic of Chile, and had proposed the cutting of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama long before Dr. Lessups and the Suez Canal were heard of. This latter anecdote shows clearly how everyone speaking English in those days, was considered an "Ingles" or "Ingles loco," according to his ordinary or extraordinary capabilities; and after a time Mr. Wheelwright found it difficult to establish his identity as an American. Thus, on the occasion of the Civil War in his native country, when he placed \$1,000 at the disposal of the American Minister in Buenos Aires, for the care of the wounded, he wrote, "Though generally considered an Englishman, I cannot forget that I was born in Massachusetts."

## REFLECTION

Unreflective minds possess thoughts only as a jug does water, by containing them. In a disciplined mind knowledge exists like vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot. Hither, thither, anywhere and for any use desired.—S. Coley.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS—CLEANING UP THE YARD



1. MYSTERS HE DOESNT SEE HOW THE YARD GETS LITTERED UP THIS WAY, HE'S ALWAYS CLEANING IT UP

2. SIGHS HE SUPPOSES HE'LL HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN, AND PICKS UP DUMP AND SOGEY NEWS-PAPER

3. COLLECTS SOME MORE PIECES OF PAPER AND SPIES SOME BROKEN GLASS IN DRIVEWAY

4. PUTS PAPERS DOWN TO PICK UP GLASS, WHICH MUST BE REMNANTS OF THE MILK BOTTLE HE BROKE YESTER-DAY

5. ALSO COLLECTS AN OLD BOX AND SOME BOARDS AND SPURS FOR HOUSE

6. SEES HIS OLD RAKE IN SHRUBBERY. MUST HAVE BEEN THERE SINCE FALL. SEKS BOX DOWN WITH BROKEN GLASS IN IT, TO EXAMINE RAKE

7. CARRIES RAKE OVER TO ASK FRED PERLEY'S OPINION ABOUT MENDING IT. DRIFTS INTO POLITICAL ARGUMENT

8. IS CALLED IN TO SUPPER. PICKS UP AN OLD ENVELOPE FROM LAWN AND HURRIES IN

"Only another ten miles," he announced breezily.

"But surely we weren't as far as that from Buchester when you overtook us," said Sam.

"Buchester? You said you wanted to get to town."