

DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

Everything Pointed To His Guilt—And She Loved Him!

By Barbara Kaye

"No, Mr. Rattray, I can't come out with you to-morrow night," Mary Bryan said firmly. "I'm sorry, but it's quite impossible!"

"Ob, come on, Mary, be a sport." Charles Rattray, of Rattray & Dawe, High-class Jewellers' and Watchmakers, leant against the counter, and spoke in his most persuasive voice. Young and good-looking in a slightly foreign style, he was generally successful with women, and his pretty assistant's refusals of his invitations piqued him—increased his determination to break down her reserve.

"We could go to a theatre," he urged. "I shall have a bit of money to spend to-morrow. Just say what show you want to see, and I'll phone up and book the seats."

"I've told you already that I can't go," Mary said, a trifle impatiently. "Mother isn't well, and I have promised to stay in and look after her."

"All right. Then when will you come out with me?"

"I don't know, Mr. Rattray." She picked up a cloth and flicked some dust off the counter. It was nearly one o'clock. In a few minutes she would be able to go out to lunch. Business had been slack for the past few days, and when business was slack, Charles Rattray tried to flirt with her.

If she had liked him she wouldn't have minded the lack of customers. But she didn't like him. His eyes were too close together, and she hated the way he kept peering her to dine with him.

Her indifference infuriated Rattray. His expression changed, and with a sudden movement, he caught her wrist and jerked her to him. Forgetting the shop, he raised his voice.

"So you don't know? Well, then, you'd darned well better make up your mind. You've been putting me off long enough, and I'm not going to stand much more of it—soot you!"

"Mr. Rattray, how dare you!" Flushing with annoyance, Mary tried to pull her arm away from his grip. "How dare you speak to me like that!"

Rattray's mouth twisted into a sneer. "And who is going to stop me—?" he began; but the click of the shop door interrupted him. Business first. Mary could wait.

"Attend to the customer, please!" he said, in a different tone, and moved away.

With cheeks still red, Mary turned to serve the tall, fair man who had just come in.

"Can I help—?" she began, and then broke off with a little cry of surprise.

"Dick!" Her small hands were enveloped in two large brown ones. "It's good to see you again, Mary." Dick Lennox said quietly. He glanced across at Rattray, who was busying himself with some invoices at the other end of the shop, and lowered his voice. "Was that man annoying you when I came in?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "He was being a bit unpleasant, but don't let us bother about him now. I want to hear all about you, Dick. It's such ages since we last met. You're looking so smart, too." She stood back and admired him for a moment. "No wonder I hardly recognized you," Dick Lennox nodded.

"I've a good job now. When you and your mother left Ambleside I stuck it for a bit; but I knew I would never make any money up there. So a couple of months after you had gone I packed up and followed you to London. I didn't write or try to see you, because I wanted to wait until I had made good. And now I think I have."

"Dick, how splendid!" Mary's eyes lit up. "Do tell me what kind of a job you've got?"

"Well—he hesitated for a moment—"it's rather difficult to explain. I'll tell you about it some other time."

"I'm awfully curious," she laughed. He touched her hand as it rested on the counter.

"Yes, know, it's wonderful to see you again, Mary."

"It's nice to see you, Dick!"

"Do you work here all alone—with him?" He nodded at Rattray.

"Yes, Dr. Dawe, the other partner, is dead."

"And is there much valuable stuff in the place?"

"A certain amount," she told him. "There are some pearl necklaces in the window which are worth a good deal." She lowered her voice. "I think it's awfully risky, but Mr. Rattray insisted on putting them there this morning."

"Did he, by Jove!" said Dick. He glanced at his watch. "I'm afraid I must go now, Mary. But I'll see you again quite soon, and if you have any more trouble with that chap just let me know."

She promised that she would, and soon after he had gone she went out to her lunch.

Rattray did not speak to her when she came back. She thought he seemed rather preoccupied; but just then several customers came in, and she did not have time to notice him.

Shortly before three there was a bell. A customer had been buying fruit knives, and Mary was putting away the sets which had not been chosen, when Rattray called her. He had been writing a letter in his office, and he came out with it in his hand.

"I want you to take this note to Jackson's," he told her. "It's about those leather wrist-straps. You had better go now."

Not sorry to leave the shop for a few minutes, Mary took the letter and slipped on her coat and hat. Jackson's was only a few minutes' walk away, but she did not hurry. She was think-

ing about Dick Lennox, and wondering when she would see him again. She thought he was even better looking now that he had been in the old days when they had both lived in the little North Country village, and gone to dances together.

Her message delivered, she began walking slowly back to the Jewellers. A bend in the road brought the shop back into view, and she saw, to her surprise, that a large crowd had collected in front of the window. More and more people were gathering every minute, and two policemen were trying to keep order.

Almost at once the word robbery flashed into her mind, and for a moment she stood staring, startled, and rather frightened; then she broke into a run.

The crowd was standing quietly gazing at a large hole in the plate-glass window. Two errand-boys were excitedly exchanging theories as to how the theft had been committed, but everyone else seemed content to stand and stare without comment. Mary tried to push her way into the shop, but a large policeman stopped her.

"You can't go in there, miss!"

"But I work here!" Mary panted.

"Ho, do you? Then you'd better come with me."

Importantly he ushered her inside. Rattray was there, leaning against the counter, talking to a police sergeant, who scribbled notes in a pocket-book.

"This young lady says she works here," the constable announced.

"Yes, that's correct," Rattray said. He smiled at Mary. "You see, we've had a bit of excitement in your absence. A smash-and-grab raid."

"What have they stolen?" Mary asked. Rattray's calmness surprised her.

"The pearls, I am afraid," he said.

"Now, then," the sergeant broke in. "I'll take this young lady's name and address."

He asked Mary a few questions, then he shut up his note-book and turned back to Rattray.

"I suppose you've not seen any suspicious-looking characters hanging around here, have you, sir?" he asked. "Seems a bit funny that they got those pearls the first time they were put in the window."

Mary did not hear Rattray's reply. A dreadful suspicion had come into her mind. She remembered how she had told Dick about the pearls—how he had questioned her. Suppose he had just been pumping her! Suppose he was the burglar! Everything pointed to it. The new job he was so mysterious about—everything.

She dropped down on to a chair and covered her face with her hands. Dick a burglar! It was horrible!

The sergeant's voice aroused her. "Here is the detective-inspector, Mr. Rattray."

Dreading further questions, she looked up miserably at the man who had just come in.

"Hallo, Mary!" Dick Lennox said cheerfully. "I'm back sooner than I expected."

"But, Dick!" She stared at him in amazement. "I thought you—?" She broke off, blushing.

"You thought I was the burglar?" Detective-inspector Lennox laughed. "I am afraid I'm nothing so romantic. And now, Mr. Rattray—he turned to the dark man, who stood watching him uneasily—"about those pearls of yours. I'm afraid you've been taken in. They were not genuine."

"What?" Rattray made an involuntary movement. There was a moment's tense pause, then he laughed. "You are wrong there, inspector," he said, smiling. "They are perfectly genuine. I examined them closely."

"Well, we'll have another look at them, shall we?" Lennox said pleasantly. "Search him, please, Smith!"

The constable stepped forward to help, and the cursing, struggling Rattray was held firmly, while efficient hands went through his pockets.

"Here they are, sir!" said the sergeant. He pulled four strings of pearls out of an inside pocket, and handed them over.

"I thought so," said Lennox. "The smashing of the window by the man who made off in a car was just a blind. The pearls were taken out of the window a moment before. They would have been sold later, and the insurance money collected as well. Quite a clever idea."

He glanced at the snarling Rattray. "All right, Smith, you can take him along. Better use the bracelets!"

"But—but how did you know?" Mary asked, when Rattray had been led away. "I didn't like him, but I never thought he was a crook."

Dick Lennox lit a cigarette.

"We've known he was a crook for some time," he said. "We've reason to believe that he has been a receiver of stolen property for a couple of years, but we have never been able to obtain proof. A couple of days ago I met Mrs. Lee, from Ambleside, and she told me that you were working here."

Naturally I was worried, and this morning I came along to have a look round and see if you were all right. I couldn't tell you that I was a detective, as I knew that Rattray was listening to our conversation."

"Then, this afternoon, when they phoned and told me of the robbery, I guessed there must be something fishy somewhere. Things wouldn't rob a receiver in that way. When I told Rattray that the pearls were not genuine, I was trying to catch him out."

"That involuntary movement of his hand towards his pocket gave him away."

Mary looked at him admiringly. "I had no idea you were so clever, Dick. Now that you are a policeman I suppose I shall have to mind my p's and q's."

Dick Lennox drew her towards him. "Perhaps I had better mind them for you," he suggested.—London "Answers."

Many Books

To desire to have many books, and never to use a candle, is like a child that will have a candle burning by him all the while he is sleeping.—Henry Beecham.

Reminiscences

The present Chinese hymn of the people is peculiar, says Svea Hedra, the Swedish explorer (in his great book "Across The Gobi Desert"). It does not contain a single word of politics, nationalism, patriotism, or actuality. Its words date from antiquity and are said to be four thousand years old. In all its astounding simplicity it reads:

"The clouds are very beautiful; they are white like cotton. The brightness of the sun and moon continues from day to day."

That is all.

Talk about slang!—From "This Side of Hell," being the lively story of Ivan Edwards, "perfect old-time rip-roaring United States Army sergeant," as told to Lowell Thomas.

"You can bathe my apple tarts with red pepper if that old mess sergeant wasn't just about the foxiest old coddler I had ever seen."

"You can put dishwater in a stew if a recruit was oven given a second thought in that outfit."

"You can starch my underwear if he even put a hand on me."

"I'll eat mustard on my pie if the mess sergeant don't always blame the cook."

It really takes a sailor to spin a salty yarn. And no yarn has more tang to it than a salty 'un spun by an old sea-dog. Some beauties are told by Captain S. C. S. ("Sandy") McNeill, in his jolly reminiscences "In Great Waters." Captain McNeill has recently "swallowed the anchor" after 47 years at sea—having reached the retiring age of sixty. And, naturally, he feels like a fish out of water.

Which adds joy to his yarn about one Captain who, having retired at the age of 62 after being in command of sailing ships for 37 years, decided to run the home—he had to command something or somebody. There were three daughters at home, very attractive girls and much sought after. It took the old sea-dog some weeks to realize that the only time he had seen the girls was, occasionally, at lunch or dinner-time, though not once at breakfast.

One morning, therefore, he was up as usual at 6 a.m., and took a stroll around the house. No one was about. He asked his wife when "the hands turned out?" and was told that it depended on what they had been doing. So he made his way to his daughters' bedrooms. Waiting there he told them that they should be out on deck and dressed.

One girl started to argue with him, told him he was perfectly ridiculous, that he had been asleep for thirty years and it was time he woke up; and would he please go out of the bedroom at once! That was like a red flag to a bull; and, with that, he pulled all the bedclothes of the girl, went to each of the others and treated them in the same way. Then, upstairs to the maids' rooms, denounced them for skulkers, informed them that in future "all hands" would be roused at 5.30 a.m., and treated them the same.

His wife told him that a house could not be run like a ship; the maids gave notice and the daughters went off to stay with relations. After six months the old man went back to sea to the joy of his wife and daughters, and to his own intense relief.

Then there is the story of the Captain who was very keen on cleanliness on board ship, to the point of often being unreasonable and unfair. One day, in walking round the ship, he discovered some dust on a small ledge rather high up. Thinking that he would teach the responsible ones a sharp lesson, he placed a penny there. The following day, on inspection, he told the chief steward what he had done.

"I knew that ledge had been dirty a long time," he added, "it is never attended to."

With that, he reached up for his penny and drew down—two half-pennies. Some steward had seen him and passed word along.

And again: Paderewski, when quite unknown, went to London with letters of introduction to various musicians and not-

Nipponese Make a Come-Back



Japan's famous field hockey team, defeated by British India, came back strong to trounce the United States 9 to 2 in a hard-fought contest. The nimble Nipponese took the lead after five minutes of play and were never threatened thereafter.

gation to the Arab, says Major C. S. Jarvis, Governor of Sinai (in "Yesterday and To-day in Sinai"). There is not an Arab in Sinai who has not at least one unsettled case, and men of standing and repute have, as Arabs youth cannot lay claim to man's estate till he has a case to bring or defend against another.

When a criminal case is brought to trial before an Arab Court and it is impossible to prove the accused's guilt, the Sinai Arab will often pin his faith on the "Bishaa"—an interesting relic of the trial by ordeal. The ceremony opens with the heating of a heavy iron ladle over an open wood fire, where it remains until it is white-hot, when it is passed round to the assessors, who have to certify that its condition is satisfactory. The accused then steps forward and is given a cup of water with which to rinse his mouth.

The ladle is held out to him and, bending forward, he licks it with his naked tongue three times. He then submits his tongue to the Sheikh of the Bishaa and the three assessors for inspection, and if they detect any sign of burning the accused is found guilty. If, on the other hand, the tongue is unmarked he is declared not guilty and "leaves the Court without a stain on his character"—or on his tongue.

This ordeal appears at first sight to be a brutal and primitive ceremony (adds Major Jarvis), with nothing to recommend it, but it is based on a certain amount of common sense, as the Arabs contend that if a man is guilty he knows that he will be burned and his mouth becomes dry with fright, so that this actually happens. If, on the other hand, the man is not guilty he has no fear and his mouth and tongue have the normal amount of saliva that effectively prevents burning. Try it.

You never can tell! Paderewski, when a pupil of the Warsaw Conservatory, played the trombone in the students' orchestra. This brought forth the following remark from his teacher:

"You foolishly waste time on that piano, which will never bring you anything; whereas with your good lips and lungs you'd be sure to get a position in the band at the variety show."—From Tromboners, Or Musical Anecdotes.

And again: Paderewski, when quite unknown, went to London with letters of introduction to various musicians and not-

THE GOOD HOUSE

The school should be an introduction to life, and all things that concern life are the concern of the school. Here we wish to mention one thing which a correspondent thinks is too often forgotten.

We all live in houses of some sort, good or bad. Every child should learn what a house should be like, why it should have a certain relation to the Sun, why it should have ventilation, why it should be well sited, why and how labor can be saved in it, and what are the best ways to achieve these things. As building goes on everywhere it can easily be made part of the education of every child to be taken to see building operations—which may be practically explained.

These things done, the children, when they grow up to need homes for themselves, would be prepared to look for proper accommodation, understanding its essentials. Also, it may be added, they are likely to become better citizens because they will demand better homes, healthier homes, and more beautiful homes.

HAPPINESS

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest and most steadfast happiness.

Farm Problems

Conducted by Prof. Henry G. Bell, Dept. of Chemistry, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph

Question Box on Fall Wheat

1. Is there any profitable after-effect from fertilizers on wheat?

Ans.—Three years demonstration experimental tests conducted over the province by the Department of Chemistry, O.A.C., show an average increase of 11.1 bushels per acre in yield from the use of fertilizers. It is quite common to find from 200 to 375 lbs. of fertilizers used per acre on wheat. It is an established fact that the growing crop takes up only about 50% of the nitrogen and about 8 to 15% phosphoric acid applied in fertilizers. It is therefore apparent that much added plant food must remain in the soil for succeeding crops. Phosphoric acid not used by the wheat for sweet soils, and with iron and aluminum in sour soils. Potash likewise forms combinations with the soil and is lost in only minute quantities from soils to which it is applied.

Quotations from actual growers illustrate common experience. "Where the phosphate and potash was applied last year a stand of red clover and timothy (following wheat) is much heavier. Valuing the whole field at 10, I would rate the crops on the different fertilized plots at 13 and 14."—W. C. B. Galt.

"The demonstration field was seeded to clover and timothy. It is a good stand. You can plainly see where the fertilizer was sown." (in 1931)—G. deM., Woodstock.

"Fertilized plots of last year were seeded to red clover. There is a marked difference where no fertilizer was used; not so thick and not so good a growth."—A. E. D., Tilbury.

"Early this spring the plots could be picked out of the field. The grass started to grow at least a week sooner than the rest of the field and had a much darker colour. Since the cattle were turned out they seem to prefer the plots that were fertilized, for there is usually some of them grazing there."—E. H., Milton.

Actual investigations by this department show the effects of fertilizer to continue for at least three years.

2. Is there danger of burning wheat when fertilizer is used?

Ans.—When a fertilizer is applied through the grain drill attachment it is scattered through the soil at a depth at which the wheat seed is sown. The ordinary fertilizers sown at prevailing rates of 200 to 400 lbs. per acre certainly cannot injure the sprouting grain. At the rates quoted

this would be about 23 oz. to 1 1/3 oz. per square yard, which would not provide enough fertilizer near the seed to injure it in any way. If double or triple strength fertilizer is used, however, greater care must be taken in the distribution, since this stronger fertilizer falling near the seed may tend to draw the moisture out of the seed and thereby injure it. Of course, double strength fertilizer is sown in smaller amounts.

3. Will fertilizers prevent winter killing?

Ans.—Additional plant food (either in manure or fertilizers gives added strength to any growing crop. Inasmuch as the fertilized crop has this additional strength it can more successfully resist bad growing conditions.

Winter killing is largely the result of a heaving of the plants out of the ground. This is due to freezing and thawing. If the wheat field is poorly drained the freezing of the water will usually heave the wheat and clover plants out of the ground, causing considerable winter killing. Necessarily, the addition of fertilizers will not prevent such action. Many wheat growers have expressed their opinion on the effect of fertilizers in combating winter killing throughout the past two years. Out of 73 inquiries sent to wheat growers, 45 have reported that the fertilized wheat came through the winter better than the unfertilized. The following are typical replies:

"Fertilized plots of last year were well. The unfertilized plots showed stronger growth."—T. McK., Pt. Robinson.

"The fertilized wheat wintered in splendid shape but the plots unfertilized are in poor shape and badly winter killed."—T. J. W., Lakefield.

"Where I sowed fertilizer the wheat did not kill at all, but where there was no fertilizer you can see right to a row where it winter killed."—O. B., Pt. Hope.

"The unfertilized wheat is very thin and short and has a bad colour. These cold, dry winds seem to do more damage to the unfertilized wheat."—T. L., Zurich.

"The sections of fertilized grain are growing as are the unfertilized, but the strength and thickness of stand and the degree of healthy green color of the grain is very pronounced in favour of the fertilized. As you cross the rows you can see at once when you are on the fertilized grain and when not."—W. E. N., Peterboro.

Sunday School Lesson

September 11, Lesson XI—Israel Journeying Toward Canaan—Numbers 10, 11-13, 29-32. Golden Text—Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.—Numbers 10: 29

I. ON THE MARCH, vs. 11-13.

II. IN SEARCH OF A GUIDE, vs. 29-32.

III. THE UNFAILING GUIDE, vs. 33-36.

INTRODUCTION—Israel had learned much of God at Sinai; they would learn more in the vicissitudes of their later history. The time of their departure from Sinai had come. God had appointed them a mission in the world, a destiny to be fulfilled. They must set off to their God-appointed place in history. Further, just as the adoption of Mohammedanism later forced which drove them out on the path of world-conquest, so there was kindled in the newly-born nation of Israel at Sinai, such an elemental power that they were to sweep over the borders of the desert to invade the fertile lands of Canaan. Thus, early religion showed itself as a terrific power with an instinct for conquest; under the touch of Christ this power was to be transmuted into the world's greatest missionary force.

I. ON THE MARCH, vs. 11-13.

After a year's sojourn at Mount Sinai, Israel finally broke camp and took up the march. Their signal for marching was impressive. In a previous lesson we have seen that when God came down to commune with Moses in the desert, a cloud descended and rested like a veil in front of the tabernacle, Exod. 33: 9. Elsewhere it is said that it was a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, Exod. 13: 21, 22. This cloud now became the divinely-appointed means by which the Israelites were guided in their desert journeys. The devout phantasy of Israel very beautifully conceived the cloud, as the chariot on which God journeyed, Isaiah 19: 1 and Psalm 18: 10-14. It was natural for the Israelites to associate Jehovah's goings with the clouds, for his holy mount, Sinai, had been covered with a dense cloud, Exod. 19: 16. The point of emphasis, however, is that the choice of their route through the wilderness was in reality determined for them by God. Through his guidance they passed from the wilderness of Paran—a journey of several days or stages, v. 12. Paran lay to the north of Sinai towards Canaan.

II. IN SEARCH OF A GUIDE, vs. 29-32.

Hobab, elsewhere called Jethro, had visited Moses previously at Mount Sinai, and Moses had shown him great deference, Exod. 18: 1-27. Moses now proposed that Hobab should accompany the Israelites as their guide to Canaan. The country through which they must go was desert and offered many dangers; its few inhabitants were for the most part, fierce and hostile like most of the sons of the desert; its oases and routes were unknown to Moses who was a stranger in these desolate regions. But Hobab was a Midianite, and to the Midianites belonged the greater part of the territory through which Israel must pass. Hobab would prove a most excellent guide. The invitation which Moses extended was enticing. It would be a pact of mutual benefit to both parties, for Hobab would be given a share in the promised blessing at the end of his journey. "It is Jehovah," said

Noses, "who has promised prosperity to Israel," and since it is God who has promised, he will surely fulfill v. 29. Hobab was homesick and declined the invitation. Even a nomad of the desert may feel the longing for home, v. 30. The invitation was repeated, and this time made more pressing. In the picturesque language of the desert Moses suggested that Hobab would bab finally yielded is not stated, for the account breaks off abruptly. Judges 1: 16 implies that he went with them.

III. THE UNFAILING GUIDE, vs. 33-36.

It was, surely, in a moment of keenness that Moses requested the company of Hobab on route. What need had he for a human guide when he had a divine one? God did not fail Israel. With his all-seeing eyes he spied out the oases which would form suitable camping-grounds for his people, v. 33. Throughout the journey God associated himself closely with the ark. That the people should break camp and move forward, must have been an impressive sight. When Israel came into Canaan it was the custom to carry the ark into battle as the symbol of the divine presence.

THE COMMON LOT

I would not live my life apart in some sequestered place; I would not seek a favored start in life's exacting race. But I the common lot would share. And with my brethren do not dare.

I would not stand upon a peak in loveless solitude, No prominence would ever seek Where those may not intrude Who share the attributes which be The birthright of humanity.

The common lot is all I ask, The common road and role, The common fare, the common task, The common prize and goal— And yet I would, with might and main, Uncommon excellence attain.

—A. B. G.

Caught

Little Eric was studiously reading his nature book.

"Mum," he said, looking up, "do fish really travel from one place to another in schools?"

"Why, yes, my son," said mother helpfully.

"The boy was silent for a while. Then he said: 'Well, what happens when the teacher gets caught on a hook?'"

He— "Where did you learn to dive?"

She— "In divers' places."

Proportion

Between a minute and a million of years there's a proportion; between time and eternity there's none.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—THE MORNING PAPER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

