

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE

By Neil Bell

That which God writes on their forehead they will come to, be the roads thereto what they may.—El Koran.

Gregory Brown looked out of the bathroom window at the roofs, out-houses, walls, poles, and aerials of suburbia. It was eight o'clock on a fine June morning. As he slowly lathered his chin the sun climbed above the roof of the great power station, seemed to blink for a moment, and then stared boldly into the bathroom.

It was past such a morning as this that, twenty years before, had seen him start off for his first day with Bassett and Branson of Mincing Lane. It seemed incredible that it was all that time ago—twenty years. That made him—well—oldish; but he didn't feel old—he didn't look old. But there it was, twenty years, almost a third of a lifetime; and there were the four years he had spent in France during the War: they alone had seemed an eternity.

Confident secretary he was now; a good job, with a salary more than enough for his needs, although not enough to marry upon. Two thousand a year was all right for one, but for two, plus an unknown number, it wouldn't do at all. Although there was his drawing, he had always had a bent for drawing, and since the War he had begun to turn it to pretty good account. Most of the humorous papers had taken, and continued to take, his work, although he had no success with the serious stuff he wanted to do. Still, it was a paying hobby; he must have averaged a thousand a year out of it for the last three or four years.

He sponged his face, an dthen, stepping into the bath, splashed, puffed, and blew for some while.

Outside the sparrows were chirping gaily. He hopped from the bath and began to rub himself briskly. He looked out through the window at the tiny garden, a miraculous patch of green and colour among the bricks and mortar.

"Twenty years," he said, "twenty years; Good Lord! Why do I stick it? Is this all I'm going to get out of life? Why don't I chuck it? I could live down at Bannerton in that small cottage we saw last year. What was it? One dollar a week rent and other things on a par. One's rich in Bannerton on fifteen dollars a week, and I'm making twenty now by drawing, and in my spare time, too. Hang it all! Down there, with the sea and the little lanes and the green creeper cottages, and all my time to give to it, it'd be queer if I couldn't make double that."

He began to griddle his dressing-gown about him. Suddenly he laughed. "By heck!" he cried. "I'll do it to-day. I'll tell Bassett I've finished."

When he went down to breakfast a parcel lay by his plate. He looked down his nose at it. "If I'm not mistaken, and cutting the string took out a number of his drawings and a note from the Art Editor of The Flair."

Dear Mr. Brown (it ran), I'm sorry to have to return all these but I don't think they are quite up to your usual high standard. I hope you will let me see some more of your work a little later on; just now we are crowded out with stuff.

"Ass!" said Gregory. "He doesn't know good work from bad; the man's a fool."

He had not been in the office an hour that morning when Mr. Bassett sent for him.

"I'll save me asking to see him," mused Gregory, as he rose from his desk. "If I want to see him, that is. But do I? Shall I chuck it? Oh, curse!"

"Er—Bassett," said Mr. Bassett, "I've a letter here from Parsons; he'll be away this week. Will you take over his ledger? If will, I know, mean a lot of extra work; and it's just for that reason that I'm asking you. Do you mind?"

Here was his chance. Nothing could have been better. It was inquisitive shoving Parson's work on to him. A compliment—yes, maybe, but to the devil with such compliments. A sudden vision of an out-of-work shuffling along the highway drew itself on his brain. And then that heartening letter from the Art Editor of The Flair drove the picture from him.

"Very well, sir," he said, "I'll be only too pleased to do what I can." And turning away he went back to his desk.

Asheporedover the ledger he shut his mind to Bannerton and his lost freedom. He had fussed it, and he knew now that he would never risk it. And as he turned over a page he smiled a little savagely. "We'll try the Palais deDanse to-night instead," he said, with a wry grin.

Ann Nancarrow stred out through the oen windows of her little room. It was ten o'clock on a soft June morning. She had stopped typing. She felt tired. She was very small and frail. There was a sort of undefined beauty in her face. Despite her thirty years, she looked little more than a child. She sat back in her chair and looked a little whimsically at the printed heading to one of her correspondence sheets. The Nancarrow Typing Agency. Authors' MSS. revised and carefully typed 25c a thousand with one carbon. Translating a specialty.

She sighed. "Ten years," she said, softly. "Ten years; ten years in a cage! And what do I get out of it? Just about enough to keep me going, to earn enough to keep me going." She laughed. "I suppose it's funny—but I don't see it this morning. Good! I wish I could get out of it."

She sat very still for a while, tapping her fingers upon the table. "It's a holiday I want," she said, presently; "but the question is: can I afford one? What does she say again?" She opened a letter by her side, and flattening it out upon the table read: Dear Madam,—I could let you have the cot-

tage from the beginning of next week. I'm sure you would enjoy yourself. Bannerton is at its best in June. Please let me know by return.

"Two weeks by the sea," whispered Ann, "and at Bannerton, too. I'll do it; I'll chuck all this. She slipped a fresh paper into the machine, and began to type.

Dear Mrs. Murphy,—

Thank you very much for your letter about the cottage.

There was a knock at the door, and her landlady entered with a letter. "It's from the stationers, Miss, and the man says he'll wait, please."

Ann opened the envelope and looked at the account, totalling \$15, with the notation, "An immediate settlement will oblige."

"Tell him," said Ann, "I'll call round and pay at lunch time."

She turned to the letter in the machine. She gave a little savage laugh. Then she continued:

I am sorry, however, that I cannot close with your offer, as I now find it impossible to get away this summer. I know how much I should have enjoyed Bannerton. I spent many happy summers there as a child.

She sat back in her chair. "Ah, well," she said, in a voice that was a little too jaunty. "We'll see what the Palais deDanse will do for us to-night."

They met at the Palais de Danse that evening, and within three months they were married. Whether or not they lived happily ever after, no man may yet say, for it all happened so little a while ago.

II.

Gregory Brown came down from the bathroom on a fine June morning. Twenty years to that day, it was, since he had begun at Bassett and Branson of Mincing Lane. Twenty years in a cage. Why did he stick it? He would chuck it all, and that very morning. He was making enough, surely, by his drawing to live on, especially if he lived in the country. He knew of a delightful little cottage down at Bannerton—Bannerton, that delicious, quaint mile of a place by the sea in Devonshire.

When he went down to breakfast a package lay by his plate. He looked at it whimsically. "If I'm not mistaken, and cutting the string, he took out one of his drawings and a note from the Art Editor of The Flair. Dear Mr. Brown (it ran),—I am returning one of your drawings, but am keeping the other eight. We are, by the way, shortly starting a new humorous weekly periodical, and we should like to fix up with you to do a weekly full-page drawing.

"Good morning!" chuckled Gregory. "I think that's an omen."

He had not been in the office an hour that morning when Mr. Bassett sent for him.

"I'll save me asking to see him," mused Gregory, as he rose from his desk. "If I want to see him, that is. But do I? Shall I chuck it? Oh, curse!"

"Er—Bassett," said Mr. Bassett, "I've a letter here from Parsons; he'll be away this week. Will you take over his ledger? If will, I know, mean a lot of extra work; and it's just for that reason that I'm asking you. Do you mind?"

Here was his chance. Nothing could have been better. It was inquisitive shoving Parson's work on to him. A compliment—yes, maybe, but to the devil with such compliments. A sudden vision of an out-of-work shuffling along the highway drew itself on his brain. And then that heartening letter from the Art Editor of The Flair drove the picture from him.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I can't do it."

"Can't do it?" gasped Mr. Bassett. "In fact?"

"In fact," went on Gregory, hurriedly, "I'm leaving—leaving to-day."

"Leaving us?" Mr. Brown!" said Mr. Bassett. "Leaving us! But why? Aren't you—"

Gregory squared his shoulders and laughed. "I'm chucking it all, Mr. Bassett," he cried; "chucking the lot of it; I'm going to live in the country and earn a living, or try to, by drawing." He shook the astonished Mr. Bassett by the hand, and turning away, went out and closed the door behind him.

"Good God!" said Mr. Bassett, breathing heavily. "He must be mad."

That day week found Gregory installed in the tiny cottage in Bannerton.

Ann Nancarrow (The Nancarrow Typewriting Agency) stared out through her windows at the sunshine of a soft June morning. Despite her thirty years she looked little more than a child.

She sat back in her chair and sighed. "Ten years," she said, softly, "ten years." Good Lord! but I want a holiday. The question is: can I afford one? She opened a letter by her side, and flattening it out, read: Dear Madam, I could let you have the cottage from the beginning of next week for two weeks. I'm sure you would enjoy yourself. Bannerton is at its best in June. Please let me know by return.

"Two weeks by the sea," whispered Ann, "and at Bannerton, too. I'll do it!" She slipped a fresh paper into her machine and began to type.

Dear Mrs. Murphy,—

Thank you very much for your letter about the cottage.

There was a knock at the door, and her landlady entered with a letter. "It's from the stationers, miss, and the man says he'll wait, please."

Ann opened the envelope. Dear Miss Nancarrow (she read), We are pleased to say that we have decided to offer you the contract for all our typing. Please let bearer know when you can call to see us.

"Tell him," said Ann, "I'll come round at lunch time."

She turned to the letter on the machine. She gave a little happy laugh. Then she continued:

I am very pleased to say that I find I can come to Bannerton for the two weeks. Your terms will be quite acceptable. I shall come down probably at the end of this week, but I will let you know the exact time later.

That day week found Ann comfort-

ably installed in Mrs. Murphy's neat little cottage at Bannerton.

"Next door's got a tenant at last," said Mrs. Murphy to Ann on the evening of her arrival. "He's a Mr. Brown, and is an artist, they say."

They met on the beach the next morning, and within three months they were married. Whether or not they lived happily ever after, no man may yet say, for it all happened so little a while ago.—John O'London's Weekly.

The Believer Speaks

Many may not agree with the writer (who prefers to remain anonymous) when he lauds the rising generation in the following lines:

I like the rising generation. I like the way it laughs,—with head thrown back and wide mouth full of wolf-white teeth.

I like the way it's built,—slender and supple as a willow wand, to bend and not to break.

I like the way it moves,—like a bird swooping, direct and certain, but graceful withal.

I like the way it talks,—slangily, succinctly, chary of words and prodigal with laughter.

I like the way this rising generation works,—matter-of-factly, and with a proper pride.

I like the way it plays,—wholeheartedly, gaily, with a nice appreciation of the fine points of every sport with a really sporting spirit and a liking for them all.

I like the way this rising generation dresses, riding hatless in the easy comfort of jodhpurs and open shirt, or swimming in bathing togs and soul of brevity—its street clothes trim as a clipper ship,—its evening dress formal to the last degree of elegance.

I like this rising generation,—its nonchalance that lifts a "olletly bored eyebrow at reference to the "Golden Rule," the while it tucks a steady hand beneath Old Ag's elbow.

I like this rising generation,—its wisdom and the poise it gains there with, and I like its delightful occasional descent into infantile ingenueness.

I like its caniness,—that leaves a picnic ground immaculate, but strews its small belongings from attic to front door, at home, for those whose best love shows itself in service to pick up.

I like this rising generation.—I admire its standards, its overmindling honesty, its clean, wise mind in a clean, fit body, its persistence, the sporting spirit in which it takes its knocks,—or, having attained a measure of success, the wholeheartedness with which it extends the helping hand to the next fellow.

I like its perfect grooming,—from dense, bright hair to shining finger tips and well shod, high arched, eager feet.

I like this rising generation.—I like its friendliness—and cool indifference. I like its level-headedness in danger, its efficiency in difficulties.

I like it for its derring-do, its superficial gloss, its basic strength and fitness.

I like this rising generation—with its future held securely in both strong, slim hands, a smile on its lips and high hope in its young heart.

I LIKE this rising generation.

A Party Puzzle

If you have friends dropping in frequently, it is a good stunt to have a jigsaw puzzle on hand. Have it carefully spread out on a card table—when you know that guests are coming. The natural desire for everyone will be to put the pieces together. The evening will pass quickly and you will have saved the strain of searching for conversational topics.

High Production of Water-Power

Ottawa.—Water power is the source of about 90 per cent. of the total output of central electric stations in Canada.

Britain's New Air Marshal



Sir John Salmond retires in April and here we see his brother, Sir Geoffrey Salmond, who will take over the reins of Chief Air Marshal of Great Britain. A capable family!

How Dickens Found Names For Characters

London.—One of the problems which always have fascinated lovers of Charles Dickens' work is that of where he got the names for his characters. It is slowly being solved by the verger of a London church.

It was long thought that Dickens, out of his own imagination, had coined such surnames as Chaband, Tigg, Guppy, Marley, Dorrit, Mold, Varden, and Boffin, but these various have been found in the parish register of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, where the verger, A. Jones, has spotted them down for many years in the course of his normal work. Jones thus far has listed 40 names of people who had lived in Holborn during Dickens' residence there.

A few other Dickens' names have been traced in Kent, where the novelist spent his earliest years, and Piekwick, as is well known, is a name Dickens found in Bath and treasured up for later use. The origin of such names as "Micawber," "Chuzzlewit," and "Copperfield" remain obscure.

No methodical search of the parish files ever has been undertaken in Holborn, but now that it is revealed that Jones is so plainly on the right track, it is probable that such a search will be made. The novels which contain most of the Dickens names found so far are "Pickwick Papers," "Barnaby Rudge," "Little Dorrit," and "Our Mutual Friend." These are doubtless names which Dickens, in his meanderings, saw on shops, gates, and houses.



Visitor—"You say you enjoy book agents coming around here?"
Farmer—"Yep."
Visitor—"But you're not fond of reading."
Farmer—"No. But I have made several book agents pay 10 cents a glass for condensed milk and purty near sold one of 'em a hoss."

Farmers Become Fishermen

Owing to the slump in the potato market many farmers in the Maritime Provinces are preparing to engage in lobster fishing, and consequently the catch is expected to create a record. The season opened a few days ago and will last to Oct. 15, according to a recent bulletin.

Liverpool Reported City of Widows

For every six women in Liverpool, England, married or single, over 19, there is one widow, and there are 37,698 of them, outnumbering the widowers by three to one.

Authorities cannot explain this abundance of widows, but they declare that there is no doubt that Liverpool has been a mecca for young widows, who have been thrown on their own resources, and have started in business here in the belief that they would prosper in such a busy centre.

An official of the Mercantile Marine Service Association pointed out that demands on their fund, from widows of seamen were so heavy that recently there were 4,000 applications for help, to which they were unable to respond. A large proportion of those 4,000 widows live in Liverpool.

Barnacles "Color Conscious"

Ocean travelers, perhaps, might select their ships according to color if they knew that this would speed up their trip, writes the Berlin correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. They could, for instance, take a red or green boat when in a hurry or a white or blue one for a more leisurely trip. For the barnacles and other crustaceans of the seven seas have their own notions about color. They appear to be attracted more by one shade of brown or blue than by another. As they cling to the hull in masses they naturally affect the speed of the vessel. Passengers may scarcely notice the difference but experts must bear all this in mind and select the color which is most suited to ward off the sea folk. For the examination of these questions a special laboratory has just been established in Cuxhaven on the North Sea where the big liners stop before going up the River Elbe to Hamburg.

BEATEN

Two men were boasting about their brothers. The first said: "My brother once went to a billiards match, picked up one ball in the right hand and squeezed them, and the result was powder."
"Well, that's nothing," said the other. "My brother once went to a bull fight, and he took one bull in the left hand and another in the right; he squeezed them; result—meat extract."

PROSPERITY

The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings. It consists in the number of its cultivated citizens in its men of education, enlightenment, and character. Here are to be found its true interests, its chief strength, its real power.—Martin Luther.

A Ride on the Prairie

How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared; nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever.

It occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his fragrant and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far

and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They crambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended.

I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic lustre, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting light lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path, before I saw, from the ridge of a sand-hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valley, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky.—From "The Oregon Trail," by Francis Parkman.

Evolution of Blondes

The first blonde to appear in a race of brunettes resulted from a process much like changing water into gas, it was revealed recently by a scientist's new picture of low evolution works at Ithaca, New York.

A new idea of what happens inside genes, the microscopic units of heredity that carry such traits as blonde hair, blue eyes or snub noses from mother to daughter, were presented before the International Congress of Genetics by Dr. N. Timofeef-Ressovsky of Germany.

He said experiments show a gene is probably a large molecule, or bundle of atoms, a single physico-chemical unit like a molecule of water. The change, or "mutation," such as would be necessary to produce the first blonde in a race of brunettes, would be a rearrangement of the atom in the gene-molecule, just as atoms in a water molecule are re-arranged when the water changes to gas.

The new theory of Dr. Timofeef-Ressovsky is contrary to the old idea of many scientists that genes are partially or wholly destroyed in the process of mutation. Instead of being destroyed, he holds, their atoms are merely rearranged, thus producing some new characteristic in the next generation. Such a rearrangement of atoms, perhaps, gave early fish their first air-breathing apparatus and helped turn flippers into legs for walking on land.

Use of X-rays to cause artificial mutations in fruit-flies is the basis of the German scientist's new theory. Genes causing certain characteristics, such as eye-color in the flies, "disappeared" under bombardment of X-rays, but also reappeared under the same kind of treatment. The mutations caused by X-rays worked in both directions. If the X-rays had destroyed the genes that "disappeared," the same genes could not have later reappeared. Instead, he believes, the different changes in the genes resulted from streams of electrons of different speeds, caused by impact of the X-rays on the genes.

What New York Is Wearing

By ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



2545

A particularly striking model with jacket-like bodice gives the figure charming slimmness through its wrapped diagonal closing.

Buttons are its only adornment. The straight line of the skirt with few placed plaits proves extremely desirable for smart day wear. And its simplicity itself to make it. The original is soft tweed-like woolen in black and white and shiny finished Persian-red tone buttons.

Another youthful scheme is vivid green diagonal woolen with brass buttons and brown suede belt.

Style No. 2545 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern

The Selecting Office of the Memory

A good literary or artistic memory is not like a post-office that takes in everything, but like a very well-edited periodical which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual life. A well-known author gave me this piece of advice: "Take as many notes as you like, but when you write do not look at them—what you remember what you must write, and you ought to give things exactly the degree of relative importance that they have in your memory. If you forget much it is well, it will save you beforehand the labor of erasure."

This advice would not be suitable to every author; and author who dealt much in minute facts ought to be allowed to refer to his memoranda; but from the artistic point of view in literature the advice was wise indeed. In painting, our preferences select whilst we are in the presence of nature, and our memory selects when we are away from nature. The most beautiful compositions are produced by the selecting office of the memory, which retains some features, and even greatly exaggerates them, whilst it diminishes others and often altogether omits them. An artist who blamed himself for these exaggerations and omissions would blame himself for being an artist.—From "The Intellectual Life," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

Only what we have wrought into character during life can we take away with us.—Humboldt.

MILK

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



RECEIVES MORNING QUOTA OF MILK. NOT VERY HUNGRY

WONDERS WHAT ELSE YOU CAN DO WITH MILK BESIDES DRINK IT

SHAKES BOTTLE, BEING PLEASANTLY ENTERTAINED BY THE GURG-LING SOUND THE MILK MAKES

FINDS THAT WHEN THE FEET ARE BROUGHT INTO ACTION, BOTTLE MAKES AN AMUSING TOY

DISCOVERS, HOWEVER, THAT WHEN BOTTLE SLIPS AND LANDS ON HIS STOMACH, IT IS DIS-TINCTLY HARD

OVER IT GOES ON THE FLOOR, THE WAY OF ALL DISCARDED PLAYTHINGS

BEGINS TO REALIZE THAT THE EXERCISE HAS MADE HIM HUNGRY

GAZES YEARNINGLY AT BOTTLE ON FLOOR

OH WELL, MOTHER WILL COME AND MAKE EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT