

#### NOT ON THE MENU

"Food!" said Jean, who was klow ing a mood of quite unusual bitter—"let me offer you a lift in my 'plane ness. "Look at them! All of them I'm due to fly to Thurso tomorrow gobbling like turkeys. Food, food, night, which is when you would be

She leaned back on one of the hard chairs placed near to a service-hatch in the restaurant where she was a waltress, and sighed. Then she spoke again-this time directly to the tired ooking but calm girl sitting beside

"Sometimes it makes you feel at solutely ill+taking their orders and hearing their complaints. The women are the worst. There are times when I'd like to drop a tray on their heads You get the same way, don't you.

Ann, who was nearly thirty-three and so ten years older than Jean, and as plain as the other was pretty moved her thin shoulders as she had seen the French proprietor of the res taurant do a thousand times

What's the good of talking?" she asked. "These people come here to eat and we're here to fetch the stuff to them. That's all there is to it. Trouble with you, Jean, is you were brough up too soit. Oh, you work hare enough, and you don't often grumble but you've told me about yourself, and brow! What's the matter with you? Fallen in toxe, or something?"

Jean toxe, "Don't be mad," she said

"There's old Mother Tuke signing to me. She looks as cheerful as a he in a pond I wouldn't be surprise it there was a row She's had it in for me these last few days. Goodnes

Perhaps she thinks you've been paying too Luca attention to one par tierlar customer." Ann remarked, a she, too, rose. "ca, I don't think so.
Jean! If I'd been attending his table I'd probably have fallen in love with him meself."

"idlet!" said Jean, bu, she flushed. Her interview with Miss Tuke, the manageress, was brief, sharp, and fi-nal. Admittedly, it was almost wholly Jan's fault, and later she was graclous enough to make this admission, though she did so by letter. At the noment she was suffering from frayed nervis; " wretchedness-making sense of leneilness, and something else and thing I want to say—semething I more important whose presence she denied even to herself. However, all are. After the second time I saw you that may be, she said things to the manageress which she should not have said; was charged with insolence; told if it she was dismissed, and need not the said; was charged with insolence told in you to make this trip with me—" return to work on the morrow. Money in flou of a week's notice would be given ner by the cashier.

Head in the uir, and assuring herself she was glad things had happened dem went to a table here a good loc ing young man sat alone. He beckene' to her in the pleasantest

possible "ay." "Anything lse, sir?" she asked, as she haited beside him, and tap-tapped 'e buil . . of a pencil agains

He snock his head, the while his

grey eyes, lighted now by a smile, watched her appreciatively.

"No.hing, thanks," he answered, "At least, what I want I not on the

menu I want a long talk with you.
I don't suppose that's possible here. so I'm wonderin whether you'd meet

gether!" she finished the sentence f him. "As they say in the House of Commons, the answer is in the nega tive. Thanks all the same, though." But listen, please! I'm going away

Again she interrupted him. "So am I going away, but with this difference -I'm never coming back here. Oh please don't think me horrid. I'm not, really, only—but it doesn't in the least

matter. . . You are Mr. Hugh Ben-ton, the airman, aren't youi". His eyes opened more widely. "That's me; but I'm more of a bus ness man than an airman. Flying's my hobby.

So I read this morning in 'Th Daily Round.' That's where I saw but I couldn't place you, as we say We!!, my name's Jean Cairns, Mr. Benton, and it's a case of how-do-you do and good-bye. . . . What would be the point in a long talk between you and me, anyway?"

He was watching her with new in terest but with no lessening of ap

'You Scots folk are direct, aren't you?" he asked "I knew your name already, Miss Cairns-got it from the girl at the cash desk, and made swear she wouldn't tell you I'd inquired. . . . And so you won't dine with me, and have the talk? Do you

dislike me—or something?"
"I dislike everybody and everything including myself and this place," she said. "Listen, Mr. Benton. We'll never meet again, so I'll be frank with you My father was a doctor in the High-lands. He died and I had to work. I wanted to come to London, and I did and got this job. I've been sick o it from the start—fetching and carry ing, and having men ask me out to dine with them! I'm through with the lob. I'm going back to Scotland a once to stay with an aunt who can't stand me, and whom I can't stand And I'm going, after a while to marry a farmer—called Johr Dutile. He's a good deal older tha! I am but he's made by Prof. V. M. Slipher,

fond of me . . . Oh, if you knew how tired I am of food!"

She looked very young when she said that, and Benton fancied there were tears trembling in her eyes. But she blinked them away so quickly that they might not have been there

"If that's the way of it," he said 1000d! 1 m led-up with food. But it's going, and I'll put you down anywhere at which the Wall... so touched all they seem to think about." treat, Miss Ca. Ps. Are you sport

She looked straight into his eyes. quivering. "I'm sport enough for anything-almost! But ou don't mean . You haven't room in your 'plane for a passenger,"

"Yes-and for her luggage," he said. "Frankly, I don't want to take you to your aunt, nor to your Mr. John Duthie, but if you'll trust yourself to me I'll see you're put down a mile or two from where they live. . . I've a letter in my pocket meant for you, but you won't get it now, unless, of ourse, we were to crash-which we There's that old dragoness of .J'L. yours frowning at us! Will you fly North with me-or are you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid," said Jean. "Tell ne where to meet you-and when!" They did crash. They cam down on one of the lower shoulder They cam of Ber Alsh when the pearl-grey mists of a Highland morning were being poked away by fingers of the sunrise.

It was not a tragic crash, for though the machine was damaged beyond immediate repair, Jean hurt, and Benton suffered nothing beyond a badly-damaged knee. Even o, he was helpless, though he did not amit it till it had been demonstrated to Jean by his futile attempts to rise nd walk.

Beating back her pity for him Jean, able to breathe with comfort again, said primly: "Well? This is a nice

state of affairs, isn't it?"
"Yes," he said. "I'm sorry, Jean.
Forgive me for calling you that—the first time, and the last, I suppose, Even now I don't know exactly what went wroug, but we're alive, and in the same country as your aunt and that man John Duthie. There's a house down below there in the glen. I should be the one to walk there, but I'm afraid I can't. Will you?"

"Of course."
'Well, wait a moment. There's someing you to make this trip with me-"

Jean had formed the habit of inter-

rupting him. "You seem to forget that we're mar ooned on a mountain side and that you need a doctor, and that the 'plane needs mechanics," she said. "First o all, though, I'd like to see that letter you wrote to me. Have you got it with you?"

He nodded. "Yes, in my jacket. I'll show it to you. It was bidding you an

au revoir and telling you what I told you a second ago. . . . But what's the use of all that now?"

"I'll tell you." she answered. "I'm every bit as much in love with you as you are with me. And listen carefully, please, for I've some things to say I scarcely know how to say."

enough as they are. You're being won- and told me about the book. Now I've deffully good about it all, but you read your note and studied those enneedn't pull my leg. y'know-about tries, I'm pretty sure the murderer loving me, and all that. D'you realize was looking for this incriminating eviwe might be in danger here, even if we are on the ground? Mists can comup on those mountains, and it would be a poor sort of finish for you if lean, don't look at me that way!"

Jean, don't look at me that way:
"I don't know how I'm looking at
you," she told him truthfully enough.
"You're being very stupid! I'm trying
to tell you something."

Benton's face was grey with the pain he was suffering, but he managed to smile at her.
"Go on then," he said. "But let me

down as easily as you can-more easily than I let you down." She looked away to the valley where the lochs were shining in the early morning sun. "I did have an aunt in Scotland,

she said. "But she's dead, Hugh. don't know any farmer called John Duthie. I made that up, because suppose I was too proud to let you think I cared for someone whom didn't believe cared for me. And flew to Scotland with you because because I'd gone a little mad, and was trying to fly away from myself. That's all, I think. Is it enough?"

"For the time being," he told her and put out a hand to hold one of hers.
"We're both hungry," Benton said after many minutes had passed. "D'you think that there might be food

down in that farm-house?" "Food?" Jean repeated sharply. Then she laughed, and rose. "Oh, yes, I'd forgotten about that! Food is important after all. I'll go down and fetch it. I didn't know I'd be getting back on the job so soon, but this time

I love it." With a song in her heart she wen swinging down the hillside, and he watched her with eyes from which all traces of pain had gone.-London "Tid-Bits."

Carbon diexide is present on Venus ammonia on Jupiter, and oxygen on Mars, according to spectroscopic tests

# YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS by Sax Rohmer

"His orders would justify it." Into SYNOPSIS. the high voice crent a soothing note. What does it matter, most beautiful, provided that it corrects the conse quence of your folly?"
"My folly!" the woman exclaime

that it meant so much?"

But there are many. A woman who has not only leauty but also intuition

s a worthy companion."

He resumed his promenade and pre

ently began to laugh. As the short

squeals of Lis evil merriment ros

higher and higher, reaching a not unattainable b' any normal humas voice, the woman shrank back in he

seat. She had dropped her ermine cloak on the back of the chair. Sheath

ed in a black frock she looked tiny,

"Tonight," said the man who laugh

ed, "I shake off the dust of England

from my feet forever, or I lay my benes in this sold island.

"Tender flower," the reedy voice re plied caressingly, "a clever man knows

how long to wait. It is only the ioc

I have promised you a rope of pink

pearls twice as long as your body. This, also, is the length of the rope used at executions in Engiand."

Dawson Haig sat back in the char

replacing the telephone. A transcar was passing along the Embankment

ail-night trams with their cargo of

weary Fleet Street workers. He its-

tened to the familiar sounds audible through an opened bedroom window

"His throat was mangled as though

he had met a wild animal....the jug-

ular had been penetrated ..."

That was what Len in Street has

reported. Automatically his hand touched the little leather-bound memo

book. In leaving the establishment of Jo Lung, Matt Kearney had picked up

omething which meant life or death

one's name; began to believe that what he had failed to find in Singapore

might lie here under his fingers.
"The jugular...penetrated..."
He no longer doubted that poor Nor-

ich had been followed by agents of

that someone. And for this-this very

Yes! here lay the clue—if only he could unravel it. Here on the table,

lay something which meant the hang-man's rope for the Big Chief!

It was maddening! He bent again

over the pages of the diary.

And now, suddenly, he found him

self listening—listening for what?
"He bled to death..."
Dawson Haig thought of thos

hought he detected a faint sound in

He sat rigidly still. Definitely,

omething was moving in the bedroom

Haig turned very quietly in hi

chair and looked towards the half-open door leading into Kearney's bed-

oom...silhouetted against it he saw a creuching figure... The fact Lashed through his mind

that he was unarmed... Gently, out unmistakably, he could hear the door opening behind him. With assumed

indifference, he walked towards the

lobby, and went out.

In five seconds he had snatched

rom the wall a Japanese sword (the

lights in the sitting room had been switched off), unsheathed it—turned.

As a man he could not regard this visitant who fabulously had gained

he saw the Thing which, he could not doubt, had killed poor Norwich!

mously deformed, humped, grotesque

...long arms and disproportionately large hands. But the head!—the head,

glimpsed for a moment in the lobby light!

upon a small, dark face, was repre

(To be continued.)

The Bridge

Beneath the bridge, as I was hurry

ing by, It chanced I looked sloft where

The way the structure leaned agains

Its towering splendour and its sym

loomed above me like a poem

With rhythm and with rhythm

The soul who viewed it could not fail

That mortal man can dream immor

had the splendour of a dream com

The speaking silence of immorta

This web of steel where white gu!l

erying flew
In lofty spirals on extended wing
—Matthew B. C. Wherry.

Heavier saiting of ice to keep down

could see

the sky.

metry.

steel

to feel

true,

things,

metal beams:

tal dreams.

Nausea swept over him at sight of

But

And as he turned-he saw It ..

admission to these chambers.

words, and, at the same

he bedroom behind him!

gently, lightly.

ook upon the table!

Haig believed he knew that so

d the gardens. He knew tho

What are we waiting for?

"Let us start!" the woman implored

SYNOPSIS

Watt Kearney sees his zister zilleen abourd the Wallaroo, bound for Colombo. Elleen tells Jack Rattray, chief offeet has she is upset by the slight of feet pulsive looking man bailet goodbye to have a subject of the sight of the sight of the same and the subject of the subject of

CHAPTER IV .- (Cont'd.) Dawson Haig pulled out his pipe filled it very carefully, and lighted it. Then he reread Kearney's note and oaed for and found a maflet referred to. It was one issued by the steam ship company, and it gave the dates at which the Wall-oo touched ports

Very de arately although his brain was on fire, he compared certain an tries in the memo book with this leaf "Sport enough?" she repeated, and let. The date, the 17th, corresponded e did not see how her lips were to that at which the ship reache Marseilles; the next, the 22nd, to that when she arrived at Port Said. The final dates meant nothing to him, except that he estimated them to corespond to the Wallaroo's position at who flies when no enemy pursues hun

some place south of Suez.

Of course, Kearney might have set him off on a wild goose chase, and these entries bear no relation to the voyage of the Wallaroo. But, consid ering where the book came from. what was he to think?

"B 4" was the number o And Eileen's stateroom! "What the devil does it mean?" he

aid aloud. He turned the leaves back. If only he could read those hieroglyphic notes. But they were meaningless. He stared again at the entries in the diary. Then possible explanation presented itself.

of course! He should have thought o These notes related to Jo Lung bandoned dope-running enterprise!

This theory almost covered the facts, but left him uneasy about the entry "B 4" until, sitting back in Kearney's chair and smoking furious ly, a possible explanation came of this

also. The cabins of all suspected per sons, who might be revenue or police agents, had been marked by the ploter, and for some reason Eileen had fallen under suspicion.
"That's it!" he muttered.

At which moment the phone be rang, and:

"Is that you, Haig? Kearney speak ing. I'm hung up at the office awaiting a phone call from New York. Bri have you grasped the facts about the memo book I pinched from Jo

"Some of them. It needs a good many ours' work and a man who know But I think it does the hanging trick. Good for you! Shall

you be long?"
"I may be an hour. Can't say." "Then I shall have to push-off. I'll take the book with me. I'm on my way back to Limehouse—"
"Limehouse! Why, at this hour?"

"An awful thing has happened Watt—Norwich has been murdered!" "What!"

The words had a stupefying effect upon Kearney. Norwich murdered! ... That cry ii. the fog! The shado vy figure in the doorway . . . the unmistakable figure which had scoked in at he back of the taxicab!

"You left him somewhere at the corner of Three Colt Street?" Dawson Haig went on rapidly.

"Yes-yes-that's right." "He was found, some time later dead in the door of a warehouse. His pockets had been rifled-everything taken. Looked like the work of a con mon footpad, but I know it wasn't! "Then why try? Things are bad I didn't know until Wilson phoned me

dence on the table before me! You had a damned lucky escape!" "But-" Kearney gasped vas poor Norwich killed?"

There was a slight interval; then:
"I don't know," Haig replied.
From the account given by Limehouse and confirmed by Leman Street, he seems to have fallen in with a

tray panther." "Stray panther? What on earth do "Well, they tell me his throat is

horribly torn, but not by a knife cut. The thing's teeth pierced his jugular. upper lip below those flattened nostrils protruded inhumanly.... He bled to death.

"But-the Wallaroo . . " "I'm putting a good man aboard

CHAPTER V.

The person variously known as 'Yu'an" and 'Excellency," wearing a plain b'ue house robe, paced up and down Jo Lung's office. The darkcyed woman seated in a chair near the door watched him uneasily.

"They do not return," he crooned resently. "This may mean death presently. out you sit there very quietly, tender

"What can I do?" "You have done all that it lies in a woman's power to do. You have perhaps ruined me. Jo Lung, who did his share, will fall in that ruin, and

Polodos with him." He continued to walk up and down once pausing to glance at a clock or

the writing table. "We are watched," he said, in his high, reedy voice, "because of the trade, the petty trade, which is done here. And because of a series of blunders, those who are watching these small things may be rewarded

unjustly by a glimpse of the great."

Ceaselessly he paced the boor, until the end of the journey than at the "Ali left more than an hour ago," beginning in transporting fruit for said the woman suddenly; "and we cannot trust the Adder. If he has.." long distances.

### Told in Brief

It takes 2,000 silkworms to produc me pound of silk.

Newly distilled water that is abso

lutely pure has no taste.

A cow will eat as much as 100 lb. o

are estimated to speak some 3,129

and laughed indignantly. "How was it to know when I saw the man pick "he of shipping faid up than twelv book up that it was not his ownnonths ago. "A woman who is bootiful," the Chinaman retlied softly, "is desirable,

eat ten pounds of meat and bone a Bombs, shells, and grenzdes to the

the street scarengers. fabrics, the only drawback being that spiders cost more to rear than fuk-

"Red-letter days" are so called from the practice in medieval time marking saints' and other special days in calendars in red ink.

motor-ships has just been launched; 230 feet long, her draught under full cargo is less than fourteen feet.

253,000 licences were issued; in three years this number has decreased to 230,000 Purchases for the British Museum are made from a special fund granted annually by Parliament. This sum has fallen from £32,500 in 1930 to

Grandmothers have their own swimming club in Plymouth, England. There are five members, and they bathe all the year round, although at

Private owners of aeroplanes in America use ti. m just as they do their cars—for getting about. In Gt. Britain more attention is paid to the

Passengers on the L.N.E.R. English railway are to be more comfortably placed, as new carpets and linolenm, better lights, and more cheerful paint are to be supplied to the waiting

Sunken treasure worth more than £50,000,000 is said to lie beneath the sea in various parts of the world. The richest prize is the San Pedro, which ank off the coast of Venezuela wit £13,000,000 on board.

Motor-cars of out-of-date patterns will be destroyed, to the number of three or four thousand every year in New Zealand, if a plan now being considered by the motor salesmen of that Dominion is carried out. The idea is to increase the sale of new cars, and to reduce the supply of second-hand cars until only the best are for sale.

#### Tht Benignity of the English Fields

Here, something almost huma looks out at you from the landscape Nature here has been so long unde ninion of man, has been taken up and laid down by him so man times, worked over and over with his hands, fed and fattened, by his fail and industry, and, on the whole, has proved herself so willing and tract able, that she has taken on something of his image, and seems to radiate his presence. She is completely do cated, and no doubt loves the titiva-tion of the harrow and the plow. The fields look half conscious, and if ever the cattle have "great and tranqui thoughts," as Emerson suggests the do, it must be when lying upon these lawns and meadows. I noticed that the trees, the oaks and elms, looke like fruit-trees, or if they had fell the humanizing influences of so many generations of men, and were betak-ing themselves from the wood; to the orchard. The game is more than half tame, and one could easily understand that it had a keeper.

But the look of those fields and

parks went straight to my heart. It is not merely that they were so smooth and cultivated, but that they is not merely It was bending over the writing were so benign and maternal, so reof cattie and sheep and of pa only here and there a glimpse of such inches bust. Size 16 requires 5% in this country. I see occasionally yards of 39-inch naterial with 3 yard in this country. I see occasionally about our farms a patch of an acre or half acre upon which has settled this ripe and loving husbandry; a choice that small, malign. thead that near-ly hairless head, like the skull of an chard, or near the house, which has infant. The brow was no more than had some special fattening, perhaps an inch and a nalf high, and the nose been the site of some former garden or barn, or homestead, or which has upon a small, dark lace, was represented by two distended nostrils. The had the wash of some building, where chin retreated into the neck, but the generations, and the flocks and herds have been fed in winter, and where they love to iie and ruminate at nigh -a piece of sward thick and smooth and full of warmth and nutrimen

where the grass is greenest and fresh est in spring, and the hay finest and thickest in summer. This is the character of the whole of England that I saw. I had been told I should see a garden, but I did not know before to what extent the earth could become a living reposi tory of the virtues of so many generations of gardeners.—From "Winter Sunshine," by John Burroughs. (Bos-



"Aw, everybody had to crack alleged joke as he paid his bill."

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### Seeing Truly

The search for the excellent is the high road to excellence, as not to ar preciate it when found is the sures test of mediocrity. The refining of fort and habit teaches the mind to think; from long pondering on the beautiful world without, snatches are caught of the beautiful world within and a glimps: is granted to the choser few, of glories hidden from the vul gar many. They indeed have eyes, but see not; nay scarcely do they > hold the things of external nature, until told what to look for, where to find it, and how to observe it; then a new sense, a second sight, is given Happy, thrice happy those from whose eyes the film has been removed, who instead of a previous vague genera and uninteligent stare, have really learnt to see! To them a fountain o new delights, pure and undefiled, wei: ing up and overflowing, is opened, it proportion as they comprehend the nfinite form, color and beauty with which nature clothes her every work albeit her sweetest charms are only revealed to the initiated. — Richard Ford, in "Gatherings From Spain" (1846).

Logic helps us to strip og the out ward disguise of things, and to be hold the judge of them in their own

#### Concentration Upon Commercial Orchards In view of Canada's increasing ax

port trade in fruit, the summary of the world-wide production and trade of all kinds of fruit, issued by the Empire Marketing Board, will prove of much interest to Canadian growers. United With regard to apples, the United States is the world's largest exporter Canada holds second place, and Australia third. "Statistics of fruit production," says the report, "are imperfect in too many countries for any measurement of changes in the world output of the various fruits to be possible. There can be little doubt however, that production of nearly all fruits has tended to expand during the past decade, more noticeably per-haps in countries which grow fruit extensively for export that where it is grown solely for the domestic market. But in addition there is a ten dency, generally prevalent, towards improved methods of production and marketing. Even in countries where aggregate production appears not to have increased, there has been a def-

inite move towards the production of more commercially marketable fruit. The commercial production of ap-ples in the British Dominions has increased materially; in the United States and the United Kingdom the numbers of apple trees have declined (in the United States by as much as 100 million between 1910 and 1930) but the trees are now more concen-trated in commercial orchards and the greater care and attention they receive has resulted in no diminution in the quantity of fruit produced and a marked improvement in its average of quality. In Europe generally much the same change has occurred, and it several countries farm orchards are steadily being displaced by commercial orchards, more carefully tended, and planted with varieties of apples more suited to modern market require ments. In the aggregate, however the increase in the world production of apples is probably of ne very great dimensions when compared with the inerea e that has caken place in mos agricultural products.

Gems from Life's Scrap-book

"Inconsistency is shown by word without deeds."-Mary Baker Eddy. "Words are the wings of actions."

Lavater.
"Fair words gladden so many s "Words are but holy as the deeds they cover."-Shelley.

"Words are mighty; words are liv ng."—Adelaide A. Proctor.
"Words, once spoken, can never b

## Save on Ties For Christmas

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Shop 3, Mezzanine Ploor,
Dominion Square Bldg, Montral



Helen Searles Marsh "What did you bring me?"
This was the grating I received rom my eight-year-old niece when I net her for the dist time, upon my arrival for a visit with my sister is New England. During the ten years I had spent as a kindergarten teacher on the Pacific coast. I had anticipated seeing the little zirl who had come in-

Appreciation

A Lesson in

o my sister's home.

Before my hag was deposited, she began trying to open it, saying again, in a commanding way. Tell me what you brought me. Didn't you bring me enything? What did you come for, f you didn't bring something for me?"
The mother apologized. "Of course Joan is glad to see you, but she expects you have brought her something prety from the coast."

Surely I had not forgotten to bring

my only niece a gift. In fact, I had many in the trunk yet to come, and had been looking forward to the pleasure of giving pretty things, books and trinkets, to my sister's child. Howver, the situation became less and less pleasing. Joan continued teasing and hinting for specific things. I took from the hard-bag a choice illustrated book for children. Seeing the disap-proval on her face when I passed her the book. I felt uncomortable, and was about to explain that I had other gifts in my trunk, when she broke out, "Is that all you brought me? I don't want that old book," and threw it aside. Running to her mother, she cried, Auntie didn't bring me anything but

To my surprise her mother patted the child and told her not to cry, of course Auntie had other lovely things

for her which she would get later.

I was deeply concerned by the child's conduct and my sister's attitude. I changed my mind about the gifts in the trunk. The child must be taught a lesson, even though it was not her fault that she was an ungrate

ful, spoiled child.
Her mother had encouraged her little daughter to hint and tease for gifts and had allowed her to think she should have whatever she wanted. It would be necessary for my sister to realize her misake in allowing Joan to acquire such selfish habits. I knew I must help her correct them without intertering with the happiness and harmony of the home. She had seen her only daughter as about perfect, Auntie came.

"I like that, Auntie," Joan would say of something that belonged to me "Mother says it's going to be mine when you die." "When you get through with that gold ring is it go handkerchiefs, but yours are prettier want this one.

Never a word of appreciation. She nexer expressed pleasure with regard to the many, many beautiful things she possessed, but teased constantly until she got what she wanted for the moment. Never was she giving anything but always taking. The situation was getting serious. I spoke to

my sister about it.
"Why shouldn't she have everything she wants? She is an only child."

was the surprised reply. But one morning, Edna, a neighbor's little girl of Joan's age, called for her to go to school with her. "I brought you these daisies, because I haven't any Auntie," she said as she came toward me. "It must be wonderful to have an Auntie come from so far, far way," she added, turning to Joan.

Her words gladdened my heart, and I was especially hopeful of the effect on my niece when I learned that Jean admired this little schoolmate. Later, I gave Edna the book Joan would not

iccept.
"It is a lovely book and now I have three all my own." she said. I learned from my sister that Edna had very few things, but I found she was orderly, careful, and appreciative of what she had. The gifts I had intended for Joan, I gave to Edna, who manifested great delight and gratitude. And so it was that Joan began her first lesson. My sister noticed a

hange in her. Gradually, Joan began to appreciate her Aunties' presence in the She had been reluctant to let even Edna share her dolls or playthings. Now she began to want to share with everyone and especially with the little girl who had won her Aunt's love because of her appreciation and unselfishness. Edna loved Joan and Lad

never excited her jealousy.

On Joan's ninth birthday, the usual party was given, but the invitations read, "No gifts, please." It was Joan's own idea to give each little girl who came, a present, instead of receiving one herself. I gave Joan a simple. inexpensive token and a card, "With love from Auntie."

"I like your card with 'love' on it. Auntie," she whispered affectionately. "I want you to love me and I'm—I'm going to be just as good as I can be." -Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

## An Apple a Cupboard

Stale perfume, perspiration, shoe olish and other odors often bacome offensive in your clothes closet. An apple, into which cloves have been tuck, will absorb the various smeds. Simply take an apple, stick where loves into it until the surface is entirely covered and attach a long string to the stem. Hang up the apple in the closet, ceing careful not to let it touch any of the garments.

Strategy! "How did you make your neighbor keep his hens in his own yard?"
"One night I hid haif a dozen eggs nder a bush in my garden, and rext lay I let him see me gather them. I rasn't bothered after that."-Boston ranscript.

By biting a woman's toe a cat gave the alarm and three families were saved from a fire at Clerkenwell.

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reen food every day.

The British Government receives

about £61,000,000 a rear from moto

The world's 1,900,000,000 inhabitant

It costs about \$500 a year to keep a healthy lion, as on an average it will

number of 350 a month are still being abandoned in Paris and cleaned up by Spiders' webs can be woren into

One of the largest \_ritish coastal

£15,000 this year.

porting side of aviation.

ton: Houghton Mifflin.)

anguages.

Britain has now 4,600,000 tons less

Dogs are slowly becoming rarer in London, England. in 1928 more than

least two of then, are seventy years

rooms throughout the system.

nature.-Dr. -Watts.

"How forcible are right words."-

ecalled."-Wentworth Dillon.

