

# Before The News

By SHAUGH COURTEY

"That is the end of the second general news bulletin," boomed the wireless behind the bar. "The next part of our programme will follow in two and a half minutes."

Mr. Spiers, drawing a glass of bitter, glanced up over the shoulder of the two friends, Frank and Harry, leaning on the bar. He watched the door open. Outside a line of flannel-shirted young men and hatless girls in shorts swung past with linked arms, singing the theme song from the latest talkie. Beyond them the English Channel was settling peacefully down for the night.

The small man came in and closed the door after him. Curious eyes turned on him as he began to move self-consciously towards the bar, painfully aware of the contrast his appearance made with the holiday garments and open necks of the others.

He was in a shabby black coat and striped trousers. His bowler hat defied the ministrations of a brush. A baggy umbrella, obviously a habit rather than a protection, swung from his arm.

He moved timidly, glancing from side to side, as if a bar were something new to him.

"I think I'll have a little whisky," he said, then cast his eyes hesitantly round. "These other gentlemen—I'd like them to join me if they would."

Half the assembly uncomfortably dropped their eyes. Mr. Spiers raised his eyebrows and rubbed his hands. Frank took his pipe out of his mouth and surveyed the small man's shabbiness.

"Very kind of you," he whispered. "Much appreciated and all that. But I wouldn't push the boat out if I was you. Big round. Not expected, you know."

"But I want you gentlemen to drink with me," insisted the little man. "It's many a year since I've had a real stroke of fortune, and I've got no friends here to help me celebrate now one has come my way. Take the gentlemen's orders, will you please, Mr. Landlord?"

"Very good of you," beamed the stout Harry. "I wouldn't mind a bitter. None it's a good stroke of luck you've had."

"Not so bad. Might be something very good. I'm sure I hope so. I could do with it."

Mr. Spiers busied himself with the round of drinks. An awkward silence, during which everybody seemed to want to ask questions, but nobody liked to start, was broken by the opening bars from the wireless band.

"Nice to have a wireless," commented the little man. "Maybe I'll be able to afford one now. Funny it feels to have some luck, when you've been out of work for two years."

"Well, 'ere's to it!" a man with a straw hat and a red nose gurgled through the foam on a porter pot.

"Dropped into a job at last?" asked Harry. "Good luck."

"Not exactly a job. Something better than that, I hope."

"Come into money?" asked someone.

"Or won a sweep?" suggested another.

"Nothing like that. It's—"

The little man looked as if he were hesitating about making some rather shameful admission. "Well, I've invented something."

"Invented a septical cough from the bar side of the room. Grins were heard behind glasses."

"Can't tell you what it is yet," went on the little man. "Secret between me and the firm that's taking it up. But it'll all be in the papers in a week or two. It's going to revolutionize the fishing industry. That's what I'm doing here. Final experiment's with one of the directors of the firm, Mr. Calthorpe Hanbury. I expect you've heard of him. He's just gone back to town. Pleased as he can be. Gave me a thousand pounds on account."

"A thousand pounds!" Necks strained forward. Voices murmured incredulously. "Cool!" They had heard of stupid little men who thought they could invent things—but a thousand pounds on account! That little fellow with the walrus moustache. It took a bit of believing.

The "little fellow" was enjoying the sensation.

"Here, Mr. Landlord, will you fill 'em up again, please?"

"Mind you, I wasn't expecting quite such a success," he resumed. "After the bad luck I've had I was wondering if there was anything but bad luck in the world. My daughter ill, and all me little savings gone. The little man drained his glass."

"You never know what you can do till you try," returned the little man. "That's what I've always said. My daughter, she never believed. I could do it. Didn't say much. Just suffered in silence. But I could feel she never hoped to get the treatment that's going to make her well again. Very expensive; and it means her going abroad. Couldn't manage that as a shipping clerk, even if I'd been in work."

"It was her I wanted to do it for. She's all I've got in the world. All I care for. But for her I might have chucked me hand in after six months of unemployment. But I didn't. Went out after work by day, and worked on me invention by night."

"Things had got desperate by last week. Only five pounds left of me savings. You can't keep up a respectable home and a sick daughter on unemployment benefits. Then I heard from Mr. Calthorpe Hanbury. Asked me to see him in London. I took all the money I had and went. Then we came on here."

"It was an anxious day, I can tell you. If it hadn't been a success I should be stranded here now without even me fare back to Newcastle, and Mildred waiting there for me,

as brave as can be. If she couldn't get her treatment she'd like as not be an invalid for life, and if she couldn't get the ordinary comforts of life she might die. I can tell you the strain was almost too much for me. But it's all right now."

"She must have been anxious, too, waiting like," put in Harry.

"She didn't know things were so bad as they were. I couldn't tell her about the interview with Mr. Hanbury. It would have made her too excited. She thought I was seeing a man in London about a job."

Frank blew a cloud of smoke above the little man's bowler.

"I'm sure we all of us wish you the best o' luck, old man," he said. "It's great! But you want to be careful in this life. People promise things and then don't do 'em."

"Garn!" sneered the red-nosed man in the straw hat. "You ain't 'arf a pessimist! We've all 'eard tell o' 'Anbury an' Collington, an' we've 'eard tell o' Calthorpe 'Anbury. They wouldn't 'ave nobody on, not with their reputations."

"Besides," added the little man, "I've got his cheque." He dug a hand into an inside pocket. "Here you are. 'Pay Edwin John Harcastle the sum of one thousand pounds.' Signed S. Calthorpe Hanbury."

They crowded round to look at it. A cheque for a thousand pounds was not to be seen every day.

Only Mr. Spiers held back. He seemed more interested in something else.

"Edwin John Harcastle," he muttered. "Harry thought for a moment, then he uttered a low whistle.

"By gosh!" he exclaimed. "So it was! Harcastle, of Newcastle."

"What's that?" asked the little man.

Harry and Mr. Spiers looked at each other, each hoping the other would speak. Then Mr. Spiers, as landlord, revealed the fact.

"It's like this, Harry. I hate to give bad news, especially on top of your stroke of luck, but I feel sure it's your friend."

"Me they want?" cried Mr. Harcastle. "Who wants?"

"It was on the wireless at nine o'clock, sir. Would Edwin John Harcastle—I'm sure that was it—of something round, Newcastle—"

"What is all this?" screamed Mr. Harcastle, panic streaking across his face. "Tell me! What is it?"

"Well, sir," blurted Mr. Spiers. "I'm afraid they wanted you to return at once to your home. Your daughter's dangerously ill."

"Daughter Mildred, too, now I come to think of it," put in Frank.

The little man clutched at the bar.

"Mildred!" he mouthed. "My daughter!"

Frank shot an arm round his shoulders to keep him from falling. Many hands helped him to a bench, where he flopped, his head on his knees.

"Pull yourself together, old man," soothed Frank.

Mr. Harcastle groped for his bowler and jammed it determinedly on his head.

"I'm—I'm all right now," he stammered. "Oh! That should have to happen now! My poor Mildred! Suppose she's dying, and me not there."

"Maybe she'll be better when you get home," tried Harry.

"Doesn't take so very long," said Frank. "There's a train up to town at ten-ten. Catch it easy if you brace up."

"I can't—I can't!" wailed the little man.

"What do you mean—you can't?" growled Frank.

"Oh dear!"

"Ain't yer got no sense, one o' yer?" said the man with the red nose and the straw hat. "Didn't yer 'ear 'im say 'e 'adn't got no money left, 'cept that there cheque? Can't get that cashed till the banks open ter-morrer."

"Oh!" mused Harry. "I never thought of that."

Frank stood up and lit his pipe, looking thoughtfully down between the puffs of smoke at the pathetic little figure huddled on the bench.

"Look here, folks," he began. "This is a case of proper bad luck. Here's the poor fellow stranded, his daughter dangerously ill, and a thousand quid in his pocket that may be no use to him till it's too late. We're all on holiday. We're enjoying ourselves. Can't we help him out of a hole like? I haven't got much meself, but here's the ten bob to open the fond with, if some of you'll lend what you can spare. He can pay it back when he clears his cheque."

"That's fair enough," agreed Harry. "Here's another ten bob."

"You're all too kind!" cried Mr. Harcastle, sitting up and looking at them with wide eyes. "But I couldn't take it. Really I couldn't!"

Frank silently passed round a plate; then he set it on the bar and counted the money.

"Five-pound-seven-and-six," he announced. "Now, Mr. Spiers, if you'd be so good as to make a note of what gave what, Mr. Harcastle can send the money to you, and you can pay us back when you get it."

The list was completed and the money handed over.

"Now you'd best be off," advised Frank. "Catch that ten-ten."

Mr. Harcastle was nearly weeping with gratitude.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he said, and shuffled out.

At one minute to nine the following evening a two-stater drew up in on a portable wireless set.

He was a small man, and he wore a brown lounge suit.

"Before the news," announced the

a country lane; the driver switched wireless set, "there is one S O S. For Appleby, Will James William Appleby, last heard of at 13 Colhurst Avenue, Swansea, go at once to St. Swithin's Hospital, Aberdeen, where his mother, Mrs. Maria Appleby, is dangerously ill!"

The driver took a fountain-pen from his pocket, and a cheque-book from his suitcase.

"Pay James William Appleby," he wrote, "the sum of one thousand pounds."

He put the cheque in his pocket and drove on to the next town.—London "Answers."

## Canadian Women's Institutes Lauded

### Delegates To International Meeting, Honolulu Enthusiastic in Their Approval of Canadian Idea.

Honolulu. — One of Canada's outstanding contributions to the International meeting of the Pan-American Association in session here, is the women's Association in session here, is the women's institute idea, the basis of which is the promotion of rural and urban women for increased efficiency in the home and community and their co-operation with Governmental extension services.

"We called it Canada's gift to the women of the world," said Mrs. J. W. C. Hensley, vice-president of the Countrywomen's Association of Australia, a similar organization modeled on the Canadian idea.

"The peace of the world rests on educated public opinion that will override the so-called human sheep who are swayed hither and thither by the loudest spoken propagandist," said the international president, Dr. Georgiana Sweet, of Melbourne, Australia, in her presidential address.

"There can be no lasting prosperity, no rest, no peace between all lands and peoples until stark truth, justice, equal opportunity for all and friendliness are the controlling characteristics of life.

The world cries out for men and women of winged intellect and flaming spirit, self-spendng sons and daughters of truth, power and love. To think peace and will peace where they go."

Miss Sweet made a strong plea for the trained woman, whether married or single, to be allowed the opportunity of choice of service.

The open forums have considered many topics, including equal pay for equal work; abolition of child labor in all countries bordering on the Pacific; uniformity of rationality laws concerning women; efficiency and training; the basis of employment of women, whether married or single; and industrial legislation.

In connection with industrial legislation, Miss Margaret Macintosh, of the Federal Department of Labor, Ottawa, submitted an excellent paper on "Canada and the International Labor Conference."

## House Transported To Australia

Melbourne, Australia.—Packed in 253 boxes and transported by 35 lorries, Captain Cook's cottage was taken through the streets of Melbourne on its arrival by the steamer to the Fitzroy Gardens, where it is to be re-erected in connection with the centenary celebrations.

Everything about the Yorkshire cottage has been preserved with amazing thoroughness, even to the creak on the staircase, as one wit remarked. Stones for the walls, rafters for the floor, joists, rafters and beams have all been marked and numbered.

A bag has been forwarded containing the original mortar, which held brick and stone together also a bag of nails which will not be much use for hammering in, but interesting as showing the type used.

The ivy alone will not be replaced in its original state. The quarantine authorities demand that it be fumigated, as a potential bearer of diseases. In exchange for the cottage Cook's birthplace, Great Ayton, Yorks, is to possess a stone obelisk modelled on the monument commemorating his discovery at Cape Everard.

## "Post-Positional Preposition"

A few days ago, in a letter that appeared on this page, a correspondent referred somewhat apologetically to the fact that he used a "preposition to end a sentence with." There was little need for the apologetic note. Objection to use of the preposition in this position is now confined largely to word prudes and stilted stylists.

A debate on this question has been going on for some time in a London paper, and it has been pointed out, quite properly, that a word cannot literally be a "preposition" if it is placed last. However, if gracious use of language is a worthy goal, it would be better to change the name of the part of speech than confine it to use as a "joiner."

Free use of the preposition, according to the New York Times, is "a grace to strive after," and it points out that post-positional use of this form is often helpful in getting rid of the word "which," the "sign manual of a stuffy style."

If there were rigid rules as to use of the last word, the world would be denied the beauty of lines such as:

"Only the dead world knows the tunes  
The live world dances to."  
And it would have been necessary for Shakespeare to write:

"We are such stuff as that of which dreams are made."  
We will hold with Shakespeare. Our correspondent can apologize if he wishes.—Hamilton Herald.

## British Participants In Cartier Fetes



The British Government's representatives to the celebration of the fourth centenary of Jacques Cartier's landing at Gaspé are seen with their wives on board the Empress of Britain as they reached Quebec. On the left are Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes and Lady Keyes and on the right are the Rt. Hon. H. A. Fisher, P.C., and Mrs. Fisher.

## The Sunday School Lesson

LESSON XII, September 16—ISAIAH CONTRASTS FALSE AND TRUE WORSHIP.—Isaiah 1: 10, 20. GOLDEN TEXT—Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? And who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.—Ps. 24: 3, 4.

THE LESSON IN ITS SETTING Time.—Isaiah's call to be a prophet came in the year of King Uzziah's death, B.C. 55. Hiezekiah's sickness, B.C. 710. The great invasion by Sennacherib, B.C. 701. The death of Hiezekiah, B.C. 685. The death of Isaiah, about B.C. 679. Place.—Jerusalem.

"Hear the word of Jehovah, ye rulers of Sodom." Isaiah bids his listeners not to make excuses, even to themselves, but to listen to God's word. "Give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. Let not the people excuse themselves on account of the sins of their rulers, they themselves are just as bad. If the rulers are Sodom, the people are Gomorrah, sinks of iniquity all of them together, deserving nothing but destruction at God's hands.

"What unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith Jehovah, Let not the people think that they can condone their sins by bringing many sacrifices to the temple. 'I have had enough of the burnt-offerings of rams. A burnt offering is one wholly consumed on the altar, symbolizing entire consecration to God. 'And the fat of fed beasts.' Beasts fed in stalls until they were fat and so best fitted for offering. 'And I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats.' The blood of the various sacrifices was variously treated; but it was always sacred to Jehovah (Lev. 1: 5; 4: 6, 7, 25). Here he refuses to accept it.

"When ye come to appear before me," in the temple at Jerusalem, at the three great annual feasts, attendance at which was required of every male adult Jew. "Who hath required this at your hand." Who has commanded you. "To trample my courts?" There is bitter sarcasm in the word "trample." It is as if Isaiah asked, "Is this all that going to the temple means to you, trampling up and down over the floor of God's sacred edifice?"

"Bring no more vain oblation," the "oblation" was technically the meal-offering (Lev. 2: 1-11; Num. 28: 12-31),—a cake of fine flour mixed with olive oil. "Incense is an abomination unto me." The meal-offering was usually joined with the offering of incense and incense signified prayer to God; but if the prayer was absent, the

incense was not grateful to Jehovah. "New moon and sabbath, the calling of assemblies." Once a week, on the sabbath, the Jews were solemnly called together to worship; and once a month, when the first faint sickle of the new moon appeared; and three times a year, at the passover, and the feast of weeks or Pentecost, and the feast of tabernacles. "I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn meeting." God cannot endure the combination of the two.

"Your new moons," Num. 28: 11-15 sets forth the sacrifices that are to be offered in the temple on the first of each month at the new moon. "And your appointed feasts." The three great feast days enumerated above. "My soul hateth; they are a trouble unto me; I am weary of hearing them." Heavenly weariness and disgust at this formal religion, accompanied by social sins and abominable wickedness, could hardly be more pointedly expressed.

"And when I spread forth your hands." When, alarmed by the approach of Assyrian foe or some other dread calamity, the people should lift up their hands to God in supplication. "I will hide mine eyes from you." As is said in Prov. 1: 28: "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they will not find me." "Yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear. They will not be heard for their much speaking." "Your hands were filled with blood." Their hands were literally blood-stained, as by the tradition of murder of Isaiah himself; but also their hands were figuratively full of blood because of their oppression of the innocent.

"Wash you, make you clean," The analogy of sin to defilement, and of washing to cleansing from sin, has been felt among men universally wherever there has been any sense of sin. "Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes." Thou God seest me, we are always to remind ourselves. His all-seeing eye beholds our most secret deeds. "Cease to do evil." You know a deed is wrong: stop doing it!

"Learn to do well." It is never enough to cease to do evil; that is only negative. We must go on to the positive side of religion. "Seek justice." Here is something else that requires activity. No one can live a just life and remain sluggish. Justice to others requires seeking; we must be earnest in our endeavor to understand conditions, to comprehend circumstances, to get an insight into diversified characters. "Relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." Aid for the underlings, justice for orphans, sympathy for widows—here we come close to the very heart of the Mosaic Law.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith Jehovah." Let us end this deplorable matter, says Jehovah. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they

shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." The assurance of God's forgiveness which deals with guilt, and of God's cleansing which deals with inclination and habit, must be the foundation of our cleansing ourselves from filthiness of flesh and spirit.

"If ye be willing and obedient." If ye consent to the invitation given you, "Ye shall eat the good of the land." That was what the Jews of Isaiah's time longed for—peace and plenty.

"But if ye refuse and rebel." Refusal of God's offer of mercy is equivalent to rank rebellion against his sovereign will. "Ye shall be devoured with the sword." "A more idiomatic rendering is, 'Ye shall be made to eat the sword.' For the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it." And therefore it is every word true, both the promise and the warning.

## Gliding Experts Exchange Titles

### Each Breaks Record Held by the Other—Aces' Daring Feats.

London.—Two British gliding records for distance and height were smashed simultaneously on the same day recently.

The two record holders exchanged titles.

While the holder of the altitude record was smashing the distance record, the holder of the distance record broke the altitude record.

The two rival pilots are Mr. G. E. Collins and Mr. P. A. Wills.

Mr. Collins flew from Dunstable (Beds) to Holkham Bay, near Wells, Norfolk, a distance of 95 miles. The previous record was set up by Wills last March.

Collins took off as the unofficial holder of the 6,000 feet altitude record.

The same night he heard that while he was breaking Wills' record, Wills had broken his.

Gliding from Sutton Bank, near Thirsk, Wills reached an officially recorded height of 5,100 feet above the starting point, and 5,000 feet above the sea level.

The previous official record was 4,500 feet.

During his flight which lasted for three and one half hours, Collins reached 4,000 feet. Although he was not wearing a parachute, he looped the loop before landing on the beach.

It is stated that he could have flown much farther, but was prevented by the North Sea.

The world distance record is held by a German, Heini Dittman, who last month, starting from the famous Wesserkuppe slopes, flew two hundred and thirty-three and one quarter miles.

## Selling Trip Is Successful

### Roosevelt Tour Leaves Its Impression on Northwest

Portland, Ore.—President Roosevelt's selling campaign of the New Deal and its purposes had left its impression on the Pacific Northwest.

Residents of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana understood better the aims of the President to insure "a more abundant life for Americans."

His tour of the Northwest met with tremendous personal success and presumably strengthened Democratic party lines.

Supporters and critics alike agreed that he had kept political promises made prior to his election.

Nearly \$100,000,000 is being spent at Bonneville, Ore., and Grand Coulee, Wash., to harness the Columbia river. These dam projects will provide cheap electrical energy, improve navigation, produce water to irrigate thousands of acres and reduce flood dangers.

All over the Northwest are numerous PWA, CWA, SEEA and kindred Federal projects. Thousands of citizens are receiving monthly pay cheques from the government and still more are recipients of direct and work relief.

Improvement in business has been apparent in many industries. Agricultural prices have increased. Idle mills especially lumber plants, have reopened bank debts have gained and business failures decreased.

Democratic leaders hailed the arrival of the President as the most valuable asset possessed by the party in fall campaigns to elect state and federal office seekers.

## Be Brief

The world is in a hurry; please be brief.

Poor terminal facilities for authors and speakers often nullify all their excellent wisdom. A man may possess all kinds of useful knowledge, but fail in "discussing when to have done."

Brevity is the torchstone of success in any field. You may offend your customer, your reader or your hearer, in one respect and please him in another. But if you tire him by your tediousness, you lose him altogether.

The newspaper leads the style today in pith and cogency and has educated the public to the expectation of receiving much in little. The well-executed cartoon, will impart a whole philosophy of life at a glance, a proverb silent comment on current events worth a column of words.

Brevity is the soul of wit. Yet they who have wit, or think they have, are in special danger of saying too much. Some one has said: "It is better to say nothing and be thought a fool, than to open the mouth and dispel all doubt."

## Predicts Baths In Every Bedroom

Toronto.—A bathroom for every bedroom will be found in the home of the future, said William C. Groening, chairman of the research committee, in addressing the convention of the American Society of Sanitary Engineering recently.

In Columbia, Ohio, hotel rooms had been constructed with two bathrooms connected with each room, and they had been popular, he stated. He pointed out the opportunity which existed for co-operation between the sanitary engineer and the architect during the planning of the building.

## Business Firm Records Sought For Historians

A Council for the Preservation of Business Archives has recently been formed in London. Its purpose is to organize information about records of business men and firms to prevent further destruction of papers which are likely to be of value to economic historians.

Since destruction of documents may often be traced to a lack of storage space, the council hopes to arrange their deposit in public libraries. The first object will be to compile a register of all business records more than 100 years old by means of questionnaires to firms. If the owners are unable to classify their records, the council will do the work.

## Do You Know?

The fork did not come into use in England until the beginning of the 17th century when an eccentric traveller brought one from Italy, notes William G. Mead (in "The English Medieval Feast.") The lack of forks compelled the use of fingers, so when the carver wished to offer a slice of meat he held it out on the point of his knife and the guest received it with his fingers. Not unnaturally, in the absence of forks, the knife was often employed where we now use a fork, as is still not uncommon in some circles today.

The origin of the phrase "Black Maria"—a patrol wagon used to carry prisoners to prison—says Godfrey Irwin (in "American Tramp and Underworld Slang," an extraordinary book) is this:

A Negress, one Maria, once kept a sailors' boarding house on the Boston water front, and was a terror to her boarders: for her size and temper. When sailors rioting along the docks became too much for the police, they set up the call for "Black Maria."

"Self-abnegation, by which we lay down all for Truth, or Christ, in our warfare against error, is a rule in Christian Science." — Mary Baker Eddy.

## SNAPSHOTS OF A BOY ON THE DAY OF A JOURNEY



WAKES UP AT CRACK OF DAWN AND RUNS TO WINDOW TO SEE WHETHER IT'S A GOOD DAY FOR LEAVING FOR THE COUNTRY

GOES TO PARENTS' ROOM TO REPORT HIMSELF ALL DRESSED AND READY. FINDS THEY'RE STILL ASLEEP

DOESN'T QUITE DARE TO WAKE THEM UP. CARRIES BAG, COAT AND CAP DOWN TO FRONT HALL

RETURNS TO PARENTS' BED SIDE. WISHES THEY WOULD HURRY UP AND WAKE

CARRIES BAG UPSTAIRS AGAIN OUTSIDE THEIR DOOR AND REPACKS IT WITH MUCH CLATTER

BRUSHES TEETH AS NOISE AS HE CAN AND LETS THE WATER RUN LOUDLY

STARTS HIMSELF BY THEIR OPEN DOOR, SIGHING AUDIBLY AND CLEARING HIS THROAT NOW AND THEN

AT FIRST SIGN OF THEIR STIRRING DASHES IN AND MAKES SURE THEY DON'T DROP OFF TO SLEEP AGAIN