

Zen of the Y.D.

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to Linder. Easy generosity that, while you continue to love—Zen Transley!"

Down by the river a spiral of smoke wound upwards from the Transley chimney, and even as Grant looked he saw an automobile trailing dust about the shoulder of his hill. It was Transley returning to his home.

Transley's wife had fortified her good resolutions behind an outburst of activity.

But there were times when the craving to be quite alone, where she could re-survey her life and bask for a moment in the luxury of old imaginings, became irresistible. On such occasions she would follow the road that skirted the cliffs of the river bank to a point where it turned in the basin of a now deserted quarry. The old quarry lay on the edge of the hills like a cup from which a side had broken and fallen into the river which boiled in a green foam a hundred feet below. The only access to this cup was by the road, no longer frequented, which Zen had chosen for her solitary rambles. Once inside the quarry she was isolated from the world; here her vision could sweep the sloping bluffs across the valley, or the circle of blue sky above, and her thoughts could rove at will without prospect of being interrupted. The road by which she entered the cup was the road by which any intruder must enter it. It was also, as Zen was suddenly to discover, the only road by which one could escape.

It was upon the afternoon when Truth confronted Dennison Grant in his furrow that Zen made that discovery. Her self-imposed tasks completed for the day, she scoured the fruit stains from her hands, changed her frock, and took the now familiar trail up to the quarry. "I'll be back in an hour," she told Sarah; "I'm going to the quarry just to loaf and invite my soul." The quotation was lost upon Sarah, who took refuge in her gift of silence.

At a point where the road rose high enough to command a view of the surrounding valley she stopped and swung a slow, half-guilty glance to the southward. There, sure enough was the plow team of Dennison Grant warping its slow shuttle back and forth across the brown prairie. For a long minute she fed her eyes, and her heart; then resumed her slow course to the quarry.

Inside the great cup she was conscious of a sense of security. Zen seated herself in a half-reclining position on a great slab of rock and fell into a day-dream, watching the while with unseeing eyes the procession of white clouds which drove across the disc of blue sky above her.

Perhaps it was because of the position which she had taken, or her unconscious study of the sky that she caught no hint of the presence of a man at the point where the road entered the quarry. From an ambush of willow scrub he had seen her stop and survey the fields where Dennison Grant was at work, and had followed her stealthily down the trail which led to her trap. Now he had her.

"How do, Zen?" he said, suddenly stepping into the open. "Ain't you glad to see me?"

The girl sprang to her feet and turned startled eyes toward the road—the only exit from this stone dungeon.

"Who are you? What do you want? Go away! I don't know you at all—"

The offensive smile broadened. "That is where I have the advantage of you, Mrs. Transley. I have changed, I admit, but you—you are as beautiful as ever."

"How dare you speak to me in such a way! You have learned my name, it is true, but I do not know you at all. Now will you go, or must I call my husband to throw you into the river?"

"That would be some shout, seeing that your husband isn't at home, and hasn't been for two weeks. You see, I may be a stranger, but I know some things. And even if he was at home, wouldn't you be more likely to call Dennison Grant?"

The man had gradually advanced, but still kept himself well between Zen and her only avenue of escape.

"Who are you?" she demanded again. "Why do you follow me here?"

"An old friend, Zen; just an

FRENCH CABINET INCLUDES A WOMAN



For the first time in the history of French politics, a woman was given a post in the Government when Leon Blum took office. Above we see Madame Suzanne Lacore, French Under-secretary of State for Child Welfare, standing beside Premier Blum on the steps at the Elysee, Paris.

old friend, come to collect an old account. Pay up quietly and there'll be no trouble, but raise a fuss and I'll throw you into the river. That wouldn't leave much evidence, would it? It's wonderful how a person who has been drowned disappears and is soon forgotten."

Zen's eyes had gone large and her limbs were shaking. "Drak!" she exclaimed.

"Right enough; your old friend George Drak." He came up close to her and extended his hand. "Ain't you goin' to shake hands with your old friend, Zen?" he smirked before her.

"You were no friend of mine—ever," she flared back, while her brain was hunting wildly for some plan of escape. "I thought I had killed you. And I was sorry I had done it. Now I'm sorry I didn't"

"Well, now, Zen, that's too bad. I was willin' to forgive you and hoped we'd be friends. Don't you think it would be better to be friendly-like, Zen?"

There was a menace under his words that gripped her in terror. She decided to play for time. Perhaps Sarah—perhaps Denny—If only Dennison Grant would come!

"Sit down, George, and tell me about it," she said. "I suppose I owe you an apology. Tell me how you got away, and where you have been all this time."

"That's better. We're goin' to be good friends, eh, Zen? The best of friends, eh, Zen? You and George 'll just sit down and talk it over."

She led him to the rock where she had been seated, and let him sit down beside her. He seized

one of her hands in his; she would have withdrawn it, but he held it tighter.

"No, we're goin' to be good friends," he reminded her. "The best of friends—"

"Yes, but first tell me about yourself. How did you get out of the river that day?"

"Oh, I drifted ashore. Can't kill George Drak. I was pretty full of water, and I lay on the bank for quite a while, but I came around in time. Then I seen what happened about the fire, and I reckoned this was a good time to make my getaway. So I beat it right out o' the country, and nobody bothered followin'."

"Yes, yes, go on," she urged, eager to keep him absorbed in his story. "That was very clever of you. And then what did you do—after you got out of the country?"

"Got a job. No trouble for George Drak to get a job. Then when the war came I tried to get on, but somehow they wouldn't have me. Said I'd be more useful at home. So I stayed on and had some pretty good jobs and some pretty nice girls, Zen, but I never quite got you out of my head and I kept sayin' to myself, 'Sometime I'll go back and make it up with Zen.' And here I am. Ain't you glad, Zen?"

"Yes—in a way I am." (Oh will nobody ever come?) "But how did you find me? You know I've been married since then?"

"So you have, and it hasn't spoiled you a bit. Oh, it didn't take me long to run you down. But I didn't go breezin' up to your house, like I might've done if I hadn't been considerate of you. I didn't want no scandal about it, on your account. So I just laid low for a while. That is how I found out about Grant."

"About Grant? What did you find out about Mr. Grant?"

He made to draw her closer to him, but she held him at bay. "Oh, you're innocent, ain't you, Zen? What about Grant? That's a good one. Your husband would enjoy that!"

"If you're going to talk to me like that, we can't be friends, Mr. Drak." (Still no sign of help.) "My friends musn't think evil of me."

Drak laughed. "They say a friend is one who knows all about you and loves you just the same" he leered. "That's me, Zen. I

know all about you—you and this Grant fellow. How he's been visitin' you when your husband was away, and sometimes when the maid was away too. I've kept pretty close tab on him. Hasn't been around so often lately. Well, true love never did run smooth. Now I could tell your husband all this, and perhaps I ought to; Transley and me is old friends, worked together for years, but I ain't that kind of a fellow. You see, Zen, I know all about you, and I love you just the same. I love you—just—the—

same." He forced her toward him, and she knew that she had spun out her reprieve to its end. She was in the power of this madman. She tried to break from his grasp but her efforts were puny and wasted against his passionate strength. She struck out wildly but he crushed down her blows; wrapped his arms about hers; drew her face to his. "I came to collect an account, Zen," he hissed, "and now you are goin'—to pay!"

TO BE CONTINUED

MAKING UP A SHOPPING LIST

The hall needs a new rug. More towels are needed for the bathroom, and the kitchen floor could certainly stand a coat of paint. The children need shoes. The car will soon need tires. Well, we buy a hundred new things every year.

Scattered throughout Canada are manufacturers who make the very things we need. Their products are on sale in certain stores within easy reach. Certain of these products, and certain of these stores, are especially fitted to take care of our special need. But which products and which stores? Which can we afford, and which do we think best? We must look to advertising for advice.

Advertising is the straight line between supply and demand. It saves time spent in haphazard shopping. It leads you directly to your goal. By reading the advertisements, we can determine in advance where the best values can be found. With the aid of advertising, shopping becomes a simple and pleasant business, and budget figures bring more smiles than frowns.

From the pages of this paper you can make up a shopping list that will save you money!

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

PAINTING WITH LIGHT



When lights strike from the same distance on either side the result in a photograph (left) is a balance that tends to "flatten" the subject. In the other picture, the light comes from the extreme left and the extreme right a little to the rear. The dramatic, third-dimensional effect is obvious.

SKILLFUL photographers use light in place of the artist's brush. For with light they can create sharp contrasts, accents and shadows; undesirable features can be eliminated, important points played up.

Above are two pictures showing how a subject may be "painted" by light. The figurine and the camera were kept in fixed positions; only the lights, two of them, were moved. And see what happened! The flat, uninteresting representation at the left is, at the right, transformed and enlivened. Form and features have been brought into relief in dramatic fashion. The pathos in the pose and expression have been brought out and an impression of mystery has been introduced. The picture now speaks and stimulates the imagination to a much greater extent.

For the amateur, there is a world of fun experimenting with light "painting." Figures like this, dolls, toy animals, glass globes, spectacles, mirrors, bottles, vases, indeed any small objects that appeal to your fancy, singly or in group, may be used as subjects. The top of a table will serve as your "easel." A portrait attachment for the ordinary camera is essential, because the pictures must be made at close range in order to give a large image. Behind or on the table arrange to have a plain background, dark or light, depending upon the tone of your subject. For your "paint

brushes" two or three photoflood bulbs and cardboard reflectors placed in floor lamps will be sufficient. With these movable lamps around the table you can bring light to bear on your subject from any angle and vary the distance or elevation of one or the other to produce the light and shadow contrasts that you think will be most artistic or striking. Remember, that you have "everything under control" and can take time to study the effects of the lighting before you snap the camera shutter.

With fixed-focus cameras having relatively slow lenses, and the chrome type of film, make time exposures. With cameras having fast lenses (f.6.3 or faster) a shorter time exposure (1/2 to 1/10 second) for the chrome type and 1/25 second snapshot, for the supersensitive type, should produce good results. Of course, much depends on the volume of the light, the number of lights used and their distances from the subject. Incidentally, it is not difficult to devise a spot light. It is only necessary to use a large cardboard into which a 2-inch hole has been cut, and hold it between a light and the subject during the exposure. With the rest of the room dark, a spot light gives strong, sharp shadows, and if your subject lends itself to such contrast, dramatic effects may be obtained.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

Advertisements Are a Guide to Value

★ Experts can roughly estimate the value of a product by looking at it. More accurately, by handling and examining it. Its appearance, its texture, the "feel" and the balance of it all mean something to their trained eyes and fingers.

★ But no one person can be an expert on steel, brass, wood, leather, foodstuffs, fabrics, and all of the materials that make up a list of personal purchases. And even experts are fooled, sometimes by concealed flaws and imperfections.

★ There is a surer index of value than the senses of sight and touch—knowledge of the maker's name and for what it stands. Here is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship, or the use of shoddy materials.

★ This is one important reason why it pays to read the advertisements and to buy advertised goods. The product that is advertised is worthy of your confidence.

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