

SAY SOMETHING GOOD

Say something good! You've said too much that was gruff. A little of that is enough. Too much, I think, for the little vine.

Another Short Story

THAT SMITH GIRL

BY RENE HAWKINS

Donald Campbell had been on the Examiner about three months. His style of writing was refreshing and original.

Gale Smith, slight and blonde, had a typewriter near the City Desk. She was the girl who had been able to capture the important beat assigned him.

As Gale Smith sank into the old chair at her well-battered desk, Donald Campbell strode past her to procure an interview with Stark.

"If I could put something over on Blake, Sir," Young Campbell left his sentence unfinished. His gray eyes were twinkling.

"Well, you'll have to go some," returned Stark almost gently. Blake was his star reporter, the Examiner's most expert muckraker.

A moment after, Donald Campbell was slipping into his coat, and pushing a few stray papers into his desk drawer.

"You shouldn't have ears," Gale took him up, but there was no smile in her eyes.

"Oh, no I'm not. I'm simply allowing one of the best newspaper men in the game to teach me all he knows."

If in mind when they sit the scandals and look at the men in public office whom Blake alone has torn the masks from.

Gale's reply was surprisingly even. "Well, let's not argue about it. Don, I'm tired all over. Look, it's five o'clock."

"Oh, she'd do a lot for me, even take you in," laughed the girl. "But to get back to my scoop, Gale!"

"He wanted to," half chuckled the boy. A few steps farther on Gale stopped at a butcher shop and a bit farther on at a grocery.

"To a house full of job stuff if you want to know. There is material for a column of the weeps which I wouldn't pass on to Stark and which he wouldn't print if I did."

The two had been walking all this time in the down town district, and Gale finally stopped in a mean street, before a big house that looked ashamed of its degradation.

Donald muttered, and drew slightly back as the door at the top of the stairs was opened by a little woman.

"This is Mr. Campbell," said Gale, quickly. "A good friend of mine whom you will like to know. Don, this is Mrs. Darrell."

"Donald Campbell will never forget that dinner—his evidently well-bred hostess, her flush when her two under-nourished children, less controlled than herself, pounced upon the unusually good food."

"I'm doing it," Gale discouraged him, as he proffered help when the two were walking back.

Gale flushed, bit her lip as though to punish it for the slip. "Well, people I know," she explained hurriedly.

"But I do, Mrs. Darrell and those two pitiful children are Robert Darrell's family, Robert Darrell, one time city treasurer, now no more than a number in a cell."

With a sharp exclamation under his breath, Donald strode on. In a moment they had reached the Examiner Building, where most of the members of the City Room would be on duty until ten o'clock anyway.

"I shouldn't have ears," Gale took him up, but there was no smile in her eyes.

"Oh, no I'm not. I'm simply allowing one of the best newspaper men in the game to teach me all he knows."

"That old lady said he hadn't, that since that time he'd been a model citizen and is now a model husband and father. She said she hopes that he'll be elected mayor as the city needs a decent

NIAGARA CHALLENGED

Keen rivalry exists between Niagara Falls, in Canada, and her taller, but less majestic sister, Keteur Falls in British Guiana.

Until recently Niagara Falls alone drew the big crowd and Keteur was left almost neglected. In fact few people knew that Keteur was left almost neglected.

"I'll take you. How far?" "Eight blocks. Let's walk," pleaded Gale.

The two reached the residential section. It had been Donald's regular beat on the Examiner, too exclusive and respectable to offer much for the columns.

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Quality has no substitute



Tea 'fresh from the gardens'

FOUR 'TRINIDAD'S'

One Discovered and Named by Columbus The name "Trinidad" which Columbus gave to that particular British West Indies island when he discovered it, implies "triple" or "three."

There are at least three other "Trinidad's" in the New World, one in Bolivia, one in Cuba and one in Uruguay.

We had ham for dinner yesterday and to-day beef tongue, and I said, yesterday we had the hind-end-of-a pig, and to-day the front end of a cow.

"I'll wait in the lobby," Gale answered, gravely. "Twenty minutes passed before Donald stepped from the elevator. Gale asked no questions. His face was pale. "I'll be going back in the morning," he announced listlessly.

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TO SAVE A LIFE

Late at night, a child seriously ill with pneumonia was threatened with an attack of the dread infantile paralysis. The family doctor immediately telephoned to the London Institute of Public Health, was stating that if he could obtain the serum that night the child's life might be saved.

Before dawn in Seaforth the London doctor arrived. The Long Distance telephone calls in the dead of night from the child's bedside, the prompt action of the London doctor, and the ready aid of the railway company undoubtedly saved a life.