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To Meet Miss Dale
By JANE DREW

(G. 1930, by McCure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"You'll never know her by sight by just that description," said Steve Powers, digging diligently into the spaghetti-kettle with a chain-disk cloth. "Not a chance, the way your relatives find these little jokes on you, anyhow. Don't they know you're keeping hector's hall here with me?"

"She won't come here. I'm only to meet her at the train and get her over to the Long Island terminal. Mother says she's blonde and wears a blue serge suit with a white silk waist and white hat."

"There'll be 6,000 girls dressed just like that, Tommy, you poor fish. Saturday afternoon in the Grand Central. I suppose she has a full description of you, too—slender, distinguished youth with dark blue serge suit, brown trousers, reddish hair, blue eyes, affable manner."

"Shut up," growled Tom. "Perhaps you'd like to meet her yourself. Nobody's ever trust you to take a young person under your wing and land her safely in the bosom of her family."

"Yet I shall go with you, Tommy, to see that you behave," Powers warned cheerfully. "Have I ever deserted you in any emergency? No, sir. Whether through, through thick and thin, I will stand at a safe distance while you meet her."

Therefore, promptly at three minutes before two, there waited at the lower level gate two anxious young men, watching for Miss Virginia Dale, from Tuckahoe, N. Y. But one after another the arriving passengers dispersed and there was no young blonde person clad in blue serge with a white hat or white silk waist.

"Did I miss her?" asked Tom anxiously. "If you'd shut up and not get me all rattled, Steve, I'd have been sure."

But Powers failed to respond because he had been accosted by a young person. "Certainly she was not the one expected. All in pink she was short, ruffy pink skirts above white stockings and black patent leather slippers. Her brown hair was braided in pig-tails with big, bunched pink bows hiding her ears and she had blue eyes."

"I suppose you're expecting Virginia," she said in the friendliest fashion possible. "Well, she couldn't come. She's gone to be bridesmaid up at Elaine Farrell's wedding, because Anne got sick and couldn't. You are the right one, aren't you? Which is Tommy? I've heard your mother and your grandmother talk so much about you. I guess I just know everything that's ever happened to you ever since you were born."

"How did you know about me?" asked Steve, wistfully. "You're leaving me out."

"Well, she stepped as between them she tripped to the taxi. "Virginia was telling about you. She says she knew your big brother when he went to the Jussand Military school up where we live. That's about five years ago."

"He's my younger brother," said Steve gravely. "I'm twenty-five. He's twenty? You don't look it. Virginia's nineteen. I'm thirteen. I'm tall for my age, don't you think so? Everybody takes me for fifteen. I didn't tell you my name, did I? Guess not."

"Guess not," said Tom hopefully. "Guess not," said Steve hopefully.

"Agnes, Evangeline, Beatrice, Barbara, Constance."

"Oh, dear, no. It's just Betty," she chuckled. "It's this one, taxi."

It was Steve thought with relief. All the way to the Pennsylvania she kept up a running fire of questions, and finally made them promise on her way home they would meet her, and give her a spaghetti dinner.

"Right up in your most special, secret place," she urged, lest of all. "Good-by. Tell Virginia how I love her every Saturday. I think she's a beauty. You can keep your lefty, golden-haired Virginia."

Letters came from Betty every other day, all to Steve. Likewise the box of fudge. And he answered all lovingly and sent back huge boxes of marsh-mallow creams and Turkish paste tied in pink satin ribbon. Also he sent out his folding-knife that had been sent to him about a sudden visit from Tom. "I want to," he said, in answer to Tom's teasing. "I never had a kid sister, and she's a beauty. It takes my mind off my troubles. Let's see it."

Then came a sudden visit from Tom, the younger brother. Certainly he knew the Dale family up at Tuckahoe, he told them, while Steve listened, wide-eyed. Virginia was the finest girl ever happened.

"I like her sister," said Steve thoughtfully. "She hasn't any sister," Tom retorted slyly.

"Name Betty?"

"No, Betty. Virginia's the one and only."

"Blonde?" queried Tom eagerly.

"No. Brown braided. Dimples, blue eyes, little bit of a hump."

The two stared at each other, and Tom grinned aggressively. But Steve

FIND LONG-BURIED NIAGARA
Canadian Engineers Unearth Site of Falls Overgrown by Trees of the Present.

A dead and buried Niagara, its tinders stilled for countless ages, once perched and there was no young blonde person clad in blue serge with a white hat or white silk waist.

No memories of this lost Niagara linger even in aboriginal tradition. When it existed or when it ceased to exist the course of the stream and its source of water as the present falls, has been unparaphed by excavations made in the course of the new Welland ship canal and near Thorold in southern Ontario.

The engineers who partly uncovered it believe it was the original Niagara, diverted the course of the stream and buried the falls and the old river bed level with the surrounding country.

"Canada's greatest asset today is its land," said one of the canal engineers. "It is the 'great bank' of the future. Its greatest development in the next few years will come from the settlers' unwillingness to make houses on its vast, unutilized acres. Canada then would not have to share its wealth-producing energy with the United States and the nation might be today one of the great manufacturing centers of the world, which the development of its other wonderful water-power resources eventually will make it."

The edge of the tract so far uncovered begins at the eastern abutment of the Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto railways' new bridge near Thorold and extends to a south-westerly direction for 400 feet. The ledge continues under the earth for an unknown distance beyond the point at which the excavation ends.

What is supposed to have been the first fall is in the form of steps, with a total drop of 25 feet. Below it the excavation was revealed a precipice, but to what depth this yawning perpendicular rock chink into the earth has not yet been determined. This ledge is believed to mark the main plunge of the ancient cataract.

The eastern abutment of the railway bridge has been built on the edge of the steps down which the old river once shot in foaming cascades. The central abutment, 15 feet away, went to a depth of 75 feet before striking rock. This rock sloped at a sharp angle and evidently had been worn smooth by the rush of torrents through unnumbered years.

The grave of this buried Niagara is half a mile from the escarpment of the present Canadian falls. A deep, canyonlike valley, through which the ship canal passes where Eight-mile creek once descended on its way to Lake Ontario, is believed to have been the bed of the prehistoric river which furnished the waters of the giant falls their outlet to the sea.

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was a shade paler and there was a determined look in his eyes. He had a date on Long Island, it appeared, an immediate one. Tom called to him as he left them to take out square Turkish paste with him and a kiddie-car for luck.

And when he faced her in the cool living room at her chum's house not one bit did Virginia back down from her stand, only in her blue linen dress she looked fully eighteen, and only her eyes and dimples gave her away.

"Just did it for a joke, and because Molly, your sister, said I never could put it over. We went to school together. And at commencement last week you didn't come up, you know, and I'd liked your picture so much, and I did want to see you so Molly and I arranged to write Tommy's mother. She's a dear, and well, it did work out, didn't it?"

"I suppose Molly told you a lot of stuff about me?"

"No, honestly. You're going to be long that you needed some one to cheer you up and make you take an interest in life. Did she tell you like that?"

"Loved it," he answered, earnestly. "We'll have spaghetti tonight, if you like, and supply even a chaperon if you'll come up."

But she shook her head.

"I can't, but you know the way out now, don't you? You might give me back my pencil now and the soap."

Steve smiled.

"Maybe you think I don't know when I'm engaged," he answered. "There's no coming back. You've got to be good on all that Betty promised me."


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