

## HOME LESSONS

A Little Surprise For His Son—And a Big One For Father!

By F. Morton Howard

Captain Caleb Mockford, of the Lily of Lydney, bent to the billiards table and played hard for a cannon. His ball, falling in its mission, careered wildly round the table, smacked into the red ball, and scuttled ingloriously into a pocket.

"Got it!" Captain Mockford had the hardihood to proclaim.

"You only won by a fluke," growled Captain Benjamin Jupp, of the Enterprise.

"My dear feller, I played for it deliberately," averred Captain Mockford. "I can beat you at anything, and you know it."

"Specially at talking," said Captain Jupp.

"Same with our ships. I've got a smarter ship than yours, and a smarter crew. My cook's practically a chef," went on Captain Mockford, "and as clever as a lawyer, and I've got an A.B. strong enough to lick any of your Enterprise chaps."

"If you're meaning that run-to-seed Charlie Wrapson o' yours—"

"Meaning him," assented Mockford. "He can lick anyone in this town."

"Har, har!" commented his companion ironically.

"I'll bet you five pounds as you can't find anyone to lick him!" heatedly offered Mockford. "I'm willing to stake five pounds on Charlie Wrapson giving a good hiding to any chap in this town you like to bring forward. That's the way to talk, isn't it?"

"Oh, you know the way to talk, all right!" said Jupp, and closed the door violently behind him as he went out.

It was raining outside, and he was without an overcoat. Arriving at his abode, he angrily shook the moisture from his jacket, and was hanging up his peaked cap when he paused to stare at a smart mauve raincoat that decorated the hat-stand.

"Oh, yes, of course!" grumbled Jupp, with somewhat unreasonable bitterness. "Father can go out and get himself wet to the skin without an overcoat, but this blessed la-de-da, nambly-pambly son can afford to have violet overcoats hanging up, unused, all over the place! And pink hats!" he went on, at the sight of a soft felt hat that certainly was of a hue approaching roseate. "What I've done to have a twopenny-halfpenny masher for a son—"

The sound of his irate voice brought forth his daughter, Rhoda.

"Hallo, father!" she exclaimed brightly. "We've been waiting tea specially for you."

"So I should hope!" he snapped inimically.

"You haven't come home cross again, have you?" she asked in dismay.

"How the dickens do you expect me to come home?" he demanded. "Singing and laughing? Dancing round the maypole? Its time I put my foot down! I'm tired of being treated as if I was a nobody. Where's that precious brother o' yours? Hi, Cyril!" he bawled. "Come here this minute, do you hear?"

The slim and elegant son of Captain Jupp presented himself.

"What the devil do you mean by cluttering the hat-stand with all that rubbish?" scouted the captain. "Take them away this minute!"

Cyril hurriedly removed his hat and coat.

And a silver-mounted umbrella!" cried Jupp, staring at the article revealed by the removal of the mauve raincoat. "It's time I give my full attention to you, my lad! A milk-and-water, haw-hawing young imitation toff—that's what you've grown into! I've never seen such a tailor's dummy in all my life!"

It was a strained and silent meal to which the family sat down in the front room. The others were glad when at last Jupp rose from the table and stalked forth again into a wet, uninviting world.

He was dawdling indifferently at a street corner when Captain Mockford hove in sight. Here, at any rate, was the chance of a verbal altercation which might restore a measure of his self-complacency.

"Hi, Mockford!" crisply began Jupp. "Do you know what I think of your billiards?"

Mockford, waving him aside, passed on.

"Can't stop now," he said over his shoulder. "Been called up to London on business. Only just got time for my train. Shan't be back till noon tomorrow."

He marched on. Jupp stood staring in foiled hostility after him until the spectacle of two dapper young men daintily negotiating the puddles in the roadway sent his thoughts to Cyril.

"It would do him good to be picked up by the ear and clouted one day

when he's swanking about in them beautiful clothes of his," he reflected. "Might shake him up and teach him a lesson. For two pins I'd take and set about him myself, to knock some sense into him, only it would be—it would be beneath my dignity."

He meditated.

"It's a thundering good idea, though," he told himself, quite wistfully. "If I could only find some chaps—to do it for me—"

At this juncture there appeared before him two mariners. One of them was big of frame and wide of girth; the other was small. Jupp recognized them at once, with an eager little start, as members of the crew of the Lily of Lydney, the larger of the two being the formidable Charles Wrapson. The other was William Gossett, the cook.

Jupp beckoned the mariners to him. "Could you chaps do with a couple of bob apiece?" he inquired. "It's less than five minutes' work for one of you. All the other's got to do is to give the alarm if anyone comes along."

"Good enough," said Gossett. "That's just the sort o' job I'm good at."

"Yes; but he said 'work,'" objected Wrapson.

"It won't be work to you, my man," said Jupp. "It'll just be a few minutes' enjoyment and pleasure to you. Clouting someone's head for 'em, and pushing 'em about," he explained. "I'll tell you where he lives, and you can wait for him. You'll easy know him—wears a pink hat and a light purple sort o' coat, and he'll be carrying a swagger, silver-mounted umbrella."

"I think I'll 'ave that, Charlie," remarked Gossett. "Yan can 'ave the comic 'at and the fancy overcoat. All right, sir, 'e won't feel so la-de-da when Charlie's finished with 'im."

"When he comes out of the house," instructed Jupp, "you follow him somewhere where it's lonely."

"There was some talk about a couple o' bob apiece," murmured Gossett.

"Bob each now, and a bob each tomorrow morning," promised Jupp. "I'll be outside the Seamen's Institute at eleven."

Gossett and Wrapson, avowing their loyal co-operation, set forth on their mission. A belated pang of remorse sent the captain trotting after them.

"No need to be too harsh with him," he said.

Although Captain Jupp sought to persuade himself that he was only doing his duty as a loving father, he felt rather uncomfortable, and finally conscience drove him home.

"Where's Cyril?" he asked his wife. "He'd better stay indoors to-night. It'll be better for his health."

"You treat that boy like a child, but he's more of a man than you think," observed Mrs. Jupp tartly. "In any case, he went out five minutes ago. Gone out with his sister to a concert or something. Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned Jupp hastily. "Where have they gone? I'll go along and keep an eye on 'em."

"You're acting very strange," remarked Mrs. Jupp, glancing at him apprehensively. "What are you so suspicious of, I'd like to know?"

"Me? Suspicious?" said Jupp, with ill-feigned unconcern. "I ain't suspicious, but I—I'll just go and have a look round on the off-chance."

He went out again, but could see no one. It was late when at last he returned.

"Cyril and Rhoda in yet?" he asked.

"They've gone upstairs to their rooms, long ago."

"I didn't see his hat and coat in the passage. Are—are Cyril and Rhoda quite all right?"

"Of course they are! At least, Cyril's got a bit of a headache. He came in first and called out to me as he went straight upstairs. Some one—friends—saw Rhoda safe in."

"Well, I'm—I'm off to bed," announced Jupp, lest some chance remark should betray his guilt.

Remorse and anxiety about the state of Cyril kept the captain of the Enterprise restlessly awake until far into the night, and it was late when he dressed and went downstairs next morning.

"You are late!" complained his wife. "Cyril and Rhoda had breakfast and went off to their work ages ago."

"Cyril's—er—headache?" he whispered.

"Gone this morning. He's quite all right."

"How was he looking? A bit—a bit untidy?"

"Of course not. He never is."

"Untidy about the face, I mean."

"As if he would be!"

"Then that's all right," declared Jupp, relieved.

He finished his breakfast and made his way down to the harbor. Gossett came hurrying to him.

"You and your pal are a couple of nice ones!" said Jupp. "I suppose you made up your minds not to go through with it last night?"

"N-not go through with it?" quavered Gossett. "Why—Hi Charlie!" he cried.

Mr. Charles Wrapson appeared. His right eyeeked through a foreground open and yellow, and one of his said burgeoned far beyond its normize, and was of a firey red hue, so, his lips were swollen fantally, and one cheek was adorned a cut.

"That's at your la-de-da young fellow do poor old Charlie!" bitterly aniced Gossett.

"He did?" gasped Jupp.

"In ab two minutes, Charlie never soich as touched 'im. And after they we watched him come out of those and follered 'im till we could 'im nice and quiet by 'issel, to

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"What,ve you heard of it already? V. Pennington's only just told me!"

"Penning? What's he go to do with it?"

"Well, was him those two chaps set on! Ty follered him, and picked a qual with him. And he set about theg one, and soon had him down aneut, and then he smacked the otheone's head, and let him go. Andey didn't ever mark him. Shows at a good-plucked one he is, does it? I can't think why you everook to disliking him."

"Becau I didn't want him dangling afterRhoda."

"Well, hasn't given up hope. Matter of fa'guy'nor, he was round at our placeyesterday afternoon, when you cameome."

"Then 'was his hat and coat and umbrella?"said Jupp.

"Yes. I was going to make another appd to you, and we were all going t back him up. But we saw at oncyu weren't in the mood, so we thought it better not to let you know e was there. He was in the hack rom while we were having tea."

"And tm when he left those chaps mus have seen him come out—"

"Yes, an he gave them more than they barganed for. You know, guv'nor, if you're a sport, you'll—give Pennington a chance with Rhoda."

Captain Jupp considered. Suddenly a happy smile lit his face.

"Tell you, Pennington to call round to see me first chance he gets, and I'll make him welcome."

"You're a trick, guv'nor. I'm sure—Hi, where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"To the railway station," announced Jupp gleefully. "I want to meet Captain Mockford and fix up something before anyone else has a chance to get talking to him."—London "Answers."

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## Please Return Key

Following is an extract from The London Times of March 30, 1933.

"Disconsolate Parents.—An advertisement appeared in a morning paper a few days ago respecting a young lady who had eloped, which concluded as follows: 'She is most earnestly requested to return to her disconsolate parents: but, if she will not return, she is earnestly desired to send the key of the tea-chest.'"

He who lives after nature, shall never be poor, after opinion, shall never be rich.—Seneca.

## English Actor Believes in Authenticity



Charles Laughton, famous British actor, who has just returned to London after his Hollywood triumphs, is preparing for the part of Henry VIII. in an English talkie. With him is Elsa Lanchester, his stage wife—"Anne of Cleves"

## '3,000 Bits of History' To Be Preserved In Gt. Britain

H. M. Office of Works Careful Jurisdiction Will Save Famous Spots for Posterity

London.—The new list of ancient monuments scheduled for preservation by H. M. Office of Work contains a record of 3,000 buildings and other places of historic interest throughout the British Isles.

Curiously enough only three of these are in London—the Chapter House and Pyx Chapel in Westminster Abbey cloisters, and the Tower of London—all of which are Crown property.

The Commissioners of Works also have charge of the Banqueting Hall (Whitehall), the Horse Guards, Kensington Palace, Chelsea Royal Hospital, and the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Normally, buildings which are the property of the Crown are excluded from the Ancient Monuments Act and do not appear in the scheduled lists, so that the inclusion of the Tower of London and the Abbey chapter-house and chapel in the latest list is of some significance.

### As Regent Street

Crown ownership does not necessarily give protection to any building, as has been shown in the case of Regent-street and, more recently, Carlton House-terrace.

Unless these Crown properties are brought under the care of the Commissioners of Works they are just as liable as any privately-owned property to destruction by process of "commercial development."

The Commissioners of Crown Lands merely act as estate agents charged with the duty of getting the best possible revenue out of the management of the property, whereas the Commissioners of Works are concerned with the preservation of monuments of national importance to whomsoever they may belong.

### 51 Buildings

Fifty-one old buildings—castles, abbeys, palaces, cathedrals, etc., starred as having come into the Works Commissioners' charge as Crown property—are now included in the scheduled list and have apparently been taken over from the Crown Lands Commissioners for permanent protection.

Among these are three castles in Kent (Deal, Dover, and Walmer), and the Knights Templar Church, Dover. In Middlesex there is the old Brew House, Bushey Park; and in Essex the Gateway, Tilbury; Fort; St. John's, Abbey Gate, Colchester, and Harold's Bridge, Waltham Abbey.

The concert party was third rate, and visitors were reluctant to patronize the show—except one little man who had not missed a single performance. His continual presence had been the only gratifying speck on the horizon, but even his support could not keep the show going. On the last night the manager stepped before the curtain. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he announced, "before taking leave of you we wish to thank our friend here in the front row for his esteemed patronage—he has not missed a single performance!" The little man rose and stammered his acknowledgments. "It's awfully decent of you," he said, modestly, "but, as a matter of fact, this is the only place where my wife has never thought of looking for me."

## Muscle of a Bird Solves Problem of Hemorrhages

Also Removes Possibility of Blood Clots Forming—Pigeon Favored

Confronted with a hemorrhage, even a serious one, the doctor can now stop it instantly, under certain conditions, by a simple application of the muscle of a bird.

This, writes Dr. Ogliastrri in Science et Monde (Paris), is a therapeutic novelty.

It has even removed a serious peril involved in certain operations—that of the possibility of a subsequent blood clot.

But this is among the possibilities of the future. The certainties seem to be as follows. Writes Dr. Ogliastrri:

"The blood, as all are now well aware, is not, in a true sense, a liquid.

"It is composed of a solid part formed of microscopic elements referred to as globules, swimming in a liquid substance called plasma.

"The blood, as soon as it emerges from the vessels, undergoes physico-chemical modifications ending in its coagulation.

"The clot is made up of a substance termed fibrin, presenting the aspect of meshes or links close together, imprisoning the globules.

"It appears that fibrin is the product of the action of a substance technically termed 'thrombin' upon another substance normally in the blood plasma and known as 'fibrinogen'—giving rise, that is, to fibrin."

The tissues, and especially the muscular tissue, of birds, contain the two substances—the plasma containing, for its part, only the fibrogenic substance. Dr. Ogliastrri then proceeds to give us these further details:

"If we previously remove the blood of the bird in such a way that it has no contact with the tissue mass, the blood will remain liquid indefinitely, coagulation not being possible.

These considerations have led certain authorities to utilize the coagulating power of the muscle of the bird.

"Hemorrhages are a real difficulty for the surgeon, and at the same time a great peril for the patient.

"All physical expedients hitherto adopted proving insufficient, Dr. de Martel and his aid had recourse to a biological procedure based upon the hemostatic action of the muscle of a bird.

"Thanks to this procedure it has been possible to check hemorrhages that must otherwise have proved fatal.

"Obviously a method capable of affording such service to the surgeon was speedily found susceptible of more general application.

"Other experts resorted to it in varying cases, especially to stop hemorrhages following dental operations or operations on the ear or larynx.

"Among the patients known technically as hemophiles—whose trouble is due to more or less difficulty where the coagulation of the blood is concerned—such hemorrhages may endanger life.

"Any bird almost can be used, but Dr. de Martel has employed the pigeon, because it can be obtained readily, and because its maladies, which are rare, occasion symptoms sufficiently definite not to be missed."

## University Gives Advice For Dressing Economically

A little money can go a long way toward a Spring-clothes outfit, say clothing specialists at the State College of Home Economics at Cornell University. The distance it will go, they say, depends upon imagination and skill in changing old clothes into new. If a faded dress of last summer is tinted blue and the sleeves are lengthened by capelets or by spiral bands of the same material, or perhaps of a new plaid, money otherwise needed for a dress may be used for gloves, stockings, a purse, and a scarf of matching shades to blend with new shoes of reptile leather and a sailor hat. An old spring suit, too, may be freshened to take the place of a new one by making clever new blouses from discarded dresses, these authorities add. If a woman takes stock of her old cloths, looks ahead and makes a wardrobe plan, she can choose her clothes so that each garment is becoming and in harmony with those she already has. In the wardrobe plan her own standards of comfort, becomingness and adaptability should be built around distinctiveness and service. For instance, in selecting shoes she should consider how they will suit each costume and how their comfort will add to her poise at all times, the university experts conclude.