

## NOT ON THE MENU

"Food!" said Jean, who was knowing a mood of quite unusual bitterness. "Look at them! All of them gobbling like turkeys. Food, food, food! I'm fed-up with food. But it's all they seem to think about."

She leaned back on one of the hard chairs placed near to a service-hatch in the restaurant where she was a waitress, and sighed. Then she spoke again—this time directly to the tired-looking but calm girl sitting beside her.

"Sometimes it makes you feel absolutely ill—taking their orders and hearing their complaints. The women are the worst. There are times when I'd like to drop a tray on their heads. You get the same way, don't you, Ann?"

Ann, who was nearly thirty-three, and so ten years older than Jean, and as plain as the other was pretty, moved her thin shoulders as she had seen the French proprietor of the restaurant do a thousand times.

"What's the good of talking?" she asked. "These people come here to eat, and we're here to fetch the stuff to them. That's all there is to it. Trouble with you, Jean, is you were brought up too soft. Oh, you work hard enough, and you don't often grumble, but you've told me about yourself, and I know! What's the matter with you? Fallen in love, or something?"

Jean rose. "Don't be mad," she said. "There's old Mother Tukey signing to me. She looks as cheerful as a hen in a pond. I wouldn't be surprised if there was a row she's had in for me these last few days. Goodness knows why."

"Perhaps she thinks you've been paying too much attention to one particular customer," Ann remarked, as she, too, rose. "Oh, I don't think so, Jean! If I'd been attending his table I'd probably have fallen in love with him myself."

"Idiot!" said Jean, but she flushed. Her interview with Miss Tukey, the manageress, was brief, sharp, and final. Admittedly, it was almost wholly Jean's fault, and later she was gracious enough to make this admission, though she did so by letter. At the moment she was suffering from frayed nerves; a wretchedness-making sense of loneliness, and something else and more important whose presence she denied even to herself. However, all that may be, she said things to the manageress which she should not have said; was charged with insolence; told that she was dismissed, and need not return to work on the morrow. Money in lieu of a week's notice would be given her by the cashier.

Head in the air, and assuring herself she was glad things had happened so, Jean went to a table where a good-looking young man sat alone. He beckoned to her in the pleasantest possible way.

"Anything else, sir?" she asked, as she halted beside him, and tap-tapped with the butt of a pencil against her chin.

He shook his head, the while his grey eyes, lighted now by a smile, watched her appreciatively.

"Nothing, thanks," he answered. "At least, what I want is not on the menu. I want a long talk with you. I don't suppose that's possible here, so I'm wondering whether you'd meet me—"

"Outside and have dinner together!" she finished the sentence for him. "As they say in the House of Commons, the answer is in the negative. Thanks all the same, though."

"But listen, please! I'm going away and—"

Again she interrupted him. "So am I going away, but with this difference—I'm never coming back here. Oh, please don't think me horrid. I'm not, really, only—but it doesn't in the least matter. . . . You are Mr. Hugh Benton, the airman, aren't you?"

His eyes opened more widely. "That's me; but I'm more of a business man than an airman. Flying's my hobby."

"So I read this morning in 'The Daily Round.' That's where I saw your photo. I'd seen it before somewhere, but I couldn't place you, as we say. Well, my name's Jean Cairns, Mr. Benton, and it's a case of how-do-you-do and good-bye. . . . What would be the point in a long talk between you and me, anyway?"

He was watching her with new interest, but with no lessening of appreciation.

"You Scots folk are direct, aren't you?" he asked. "I knew your name already, Miss Cairns—got it from the girl at the cash desk, and made her swear she wouldn't tell you I'd inquired. . . . And so you won't dine with me, and have the talk? Do you dislike me—or something?"

"I dislike everybody and everything, including myself and this place," she said. "Listen, Mr. Benton. We'll never meet again, so I'll be frank with you. My father was a doctor in the Highlands. He died and I had to work

wanted to come to London, and I did, and got this job. I've been sick of it from the start—fetching and carrying, and having men ask me out to dine with them! I'm through with the job. I'm going back to Scotland at once to stay with an aunt who can't stand me, and whom I can't stand. And I'm going, after a while, to marry a farmer—called John Duthie. He's a good deal older than I am but he's fond of me. . . . Oh, if you knew how tired I am of food!"

She looked very young when she said that, and Benton fancied there were tears trembling in her eyes. But she blinked them away so quickly that they might not have been there after all.

"If that's the way of it," he said, "let me offer you a lift in my plane. I'm due to fly to Thurso tomorrow night, which is when you would be going, and I'll put you down anywhere you like. Give me that much of a treat, Miss Cairns. Are you sport enough?"

She looked straight into his eyes. "Sport enough?" she repeated, and he did not see how her lips were quivering. "I'm sport enough for anything—almost! But you don't mean it. You haven't room in your plane for a passenger."

"Yes—and for her luggage," he said. "Frankly, I don't want to take you to your aunt, nor to your Mr. John Duthie, but if you'll trust yourself to me I'll see you're put down a mile or two from where they live. . . . I've a letter in my pocket meant for you, but you won't get it now, unless, of course, we were to crash—which we won't. There's that old dragoness of yours frowning at us! Will you fly North with me—or are you afraid?"

"I'm not afraid," said Jean. "Tell me where to meet you—and when!"

They did crash. They came down on one of the lower shoulders of Ben Alsh when the pearl-grey mists of a Highland morning were being poked away by fingers of the sunrise.

It was not a tragic crash, for though the machine was damaged beyond immediate repair, Jean was unhurt, and Benton suffered nothing beyond a badly-damaged knee. Even so, he was helpless, though he did not admit it till it had been demonstrated to Jean by his futile attempts to rise and walk.

Beating back her pity for him Jean, able to breathe with comfort again, said primly: "Well? This is a nice state of affairs, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm sorry, Jean. Forgive me for calling you that—the first time, and the last, I suppose. Even now I don't know exactly what went wrong, but we're alive, and in the same country as your aunt and that man John Duthie. There's a house down below there in the glen. I should be the one to walk there, but I'm afraid I can't. Will you?"

"Of course."

"Well, wait a moment. There's something I want to say—something I shouldn't say, things being as they are. After the second time I saw you

at that restaurant I knew I was going to marry you—or remain a bachelor all my days. But I couldn't resist asking you to make this trip with me—"

Jean had formed the habit of interrupting him.

"You seem to forget that we're marooned on a mountain side and that you need a doctor, and that the plane needs mechanics," she said. "First of all, though, I'd like to see that letter you wrote to me. Have you got it with you?"

He nodded. "Yes, in my jacket. I'll show it to you. It was bidding you an au revoir and telling you what I told you a second ago. . . . But what's the use of all that now?"

"I'll tell you," she answered. "I'm every bit as much in love with you as you are with me. And listen carefully, please, for I've some things to say I scarcely know how to say."

"Then why try? Things are bad enough as they are. You're being wonderfully good about it all, but you needn't pull my leg, y'know—about loving me, and all that. D'you realize we might be in danger here, even if we are on the ground? Mists can come up on those mountains, and it would be a poor sort of finish for you if—Jean, don't look at me that way!"

"I don't know how I'm looking at you," she told him truthfully enough. "You're being very stupid! I'm trying to tell you something."

Benton's face was grey with the pain he was suffering, but he managed to smile at her.

"Go on then," he said. "But let me down as easily as you can—more easily than I let you down."

She looked away to the valley where the lochs were shining in the early morning sun.

"I did have an aunt in Scotland," she said. "But she's dead, Hugh. I don't know any farmer called John Duthie. I made that up, because I suppose I was too proud to let you think I cared for someone whom I didn't believe cared for me. And I flew to Scotland with you because—because I'd gone a little mad, and was trying to fly away from myself. That's all, I think. Is it enough?"

"For the time being," he told her and put out a hand to hold one of hers.

"We're both hungry," Benton said after many minutes had passed. "D'you think that there might be food down in that farm-house?"

"Food?" Jean repeated sharply. Then she laughed, and rose. "Oh, yes, I'd forgotten about that! Food is important after all. I'll go down and fetch it. I didn't know I'd be getting back on the job so soon, but this time I love it."

With a song in her heart she went swinging down the hillside, and he watched her with eyes from which all traces of pain had gone.—London "Tid-Bits."

Carbon dioxide is present on Venus, ammonia on Jupiter, and oxygen on Mars, according to spectroscopic tests made by Prof. V. M. Slipher.

## Wireless Is Means Of Saving Lives

### Health Reports Sent to Ports and Ships at Sea by League of Nations

Thousands of lives are saved by wireless every week and the spread of plague is checked by timely advice sent out to ports and ships at sea by the League of Nations Health Bureau.

The League's Eastern Bureau collects data from all over the East, from Vladivostok to the Hawaiian Islands and from Alexandria to New Zealand. This data is transmitted in code from the powerful wireless station of the Government of Indo-China at Saigon.

These messages are picked up by 163 ports in the Eastern Hemisphere and also by liners and other vessels. They are thus warned of outbreaks of typhoid at the next port of call.

The messages are also sent out daily from the Dutch East Indies, the Tokio station, too, re-transmits the Saigon messages. It is now possible, according to the Singapore Bureau's report, to insure that every public health administration in the East knows within a few hours of any fresh outbreak of plague, cholera or smallpox.

As soon as the Singapore Bureau discovers "first cases" of an epidemic it sends urgent messages to Geneva and Paris. This information is then wireless and cabled to all ports having trade relations with those in which the epidemic has broken out.

The Singapore Bureau also keeps the closest watch on ships carrying pilgrims to Mecca.

It is supported by the countries within its area and also by the League and the Rockefeller Foundation.

### Great Britain's Penalty For Reckless Drivers

"The reckless driver in Great Britain especially if he is known as a 'repeater,' gets little sympathy from the courts," observes the Owen Sound Sun-Times. "The authorities in that country are making a determined effort to keep irresponsible drivers off the roads and it is said their campaign is succeeding admirably."

"An instance of how seriously the courts regard this matter is given in the case of a motorist who had been convicted of reckless driving some months previously and as a result had his license cancelled for a year. He was foolish enough to think he could ignore this warning, so, armed with a license issued to his brother, he once more sallied out on the road and had a collision with a motorcycle."

"In court he was charged with driving dangerously, with driving when disqualified, with using a driver's license issued to his brother with intent to deceive and with using a car without an insurance policy. Here is the punishment that followed his conviction on these charges: A sentence of six months' imprisonment; a fine of £30 and 30 guineas costs; disqualified from driving for 10 years."

"The third penalty was, of course, the most severe as well as the most effective; he is banished from the roads for ten years and in view of what happened when he ignored the first cancellation it is safe to say that for the next decade he will keep his hands off the wheel of a car."

### Old Bridal Crown Found in Denmark

Copenhagen.—A silver bridal crown, large enough to encircle the head, together with a cross and heavy chain in the same metal, has been found at Middlefart, a thirteenth-century town of Fyen.

The crown is said to be the first to be found in Denmark, although similar ones have been discovered in Iceland and Sweden. The date is believed to be 1450, about the reign of Christian II, or Frederick I.

About a mile and a half from Middlefart is the castle of Kongeborg dating from 1287. It was destroyed by the rebel followers of Marck Stig, but was rebuilt shortly after and badly damaged in a war with Sweden in 1659. Hindsjavil castle in the neighborhood also dates to the thirteenth century. The treasure has been handed over to the National Museum at Copenhagen.

For the first forty-five weeks of this year, 48,831 sheep were shipped from Western to Eastern Canada as compared with 35,783 for the same period last year. Cattle numbered 76,702 as against 72,579 for the corresponding forty-five weeks of 1932.

United States had only 17 vessels in overseas trade at the beginning of the World War.

## ...SMILES...



The big man, who had just been introduced to one of his host's guests, stood staring blankly at him for some time.

Big Man (after a while)—"You know, sir, you look like a man I've seen somewhere before. Your face seems very familiar; you must have a double. Strangely enough, I distinctly remember I formed a strong dislike for the man who looked like you, but I don't remember having met him socially."

The Guest—"Yes, I think I'm the man you mean. I passed round the collection plate for two years at the church you attended."

A Scotsman paid a visit to a friend in New York, but stayed far longer than was expected. Time dragged on, and still the visitor made no attempt to leave. At length the friend dropped a gentle hint:

Friend—"Don't you think that your wife and children would like to see you again?"

Scotsman—"Thanks very much. It is most awfully kind of you. I'll send for them at once."

A friend of this colyum endeavors to describe the difference between clerks and managers as follows:

"A clerk is a man who knows a great deal about a very little, and who goes on knowing more and more about less and less, until finally he knows everything about practically nothing."

"A manager is a man who knows very little about a great deal and who goes on knowing less and less about more and more until finally he knows nothing about practically everything."

There are more men than women in the world. But at that, the women make twice as much noise.

Sandy McNab had found lodgings with a landlady of a very mean disposition. For one thing she never overfed her boarders. At the dinner table McNab was handed a very small helping indeed. Eyeing it ruefully, the Scotsman said:

Scotsman—"You've made a mistake, haven't you, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown—"Not that I know of. Why?"

Scotsman—"Because my name is Sandy, not Gandhi."

A man evidently from the country was in town recently and saw an article in a music store, but could not understand the purpose for which it was used.

Country Man (indicating article in question)—"What is that thing for?"

Clerk—"That, sir, is a chin rest. It is used quite a lot by lady violinists."

Country Man (giving a cry of joy)—"Give me one of them! (Then, after a pause): "No, I'll take two. We got the missus' mother staying with us as well."

An expert says that not one Canadian woman in 10 can pass a beauty test, and, apparently, as a result of that situation, not one in 10 can pass a beauty parlor.

Tourist—"I don't suppose you keep anything so civilized as dog biscuits in this dun-down jay town, do you?"

Brushville Merchant—"Oh, yes, stranger. Quite a few folks like you come through Brushville from the Big City, and we aim to have everything called for. Do you want them in a bag or do you want to eat them here?"

"I'm sorry to have to do this, said Junior, as he spread the jam on the visiting baby's face, "but I can't have suspicion pointing it's finger at me."

Mabel—"Do you see Helen often?"

Janet—"Quite frequently."

Mabel—"Is she happily married?"

Janet—"Is she? I should say so. Why, that girl is so happily married that she has to go to the moving picture theatre for a good cry."

"Life wouldn't be so bad if it were not for interest and taxes," say the farmers. The same goes for us, too.

Aunt Mirandy Tatters says matrimony is the only state that allows women to work twenty-four hours a day.

If those windowless buildings be come more general, life will be simplified for the small boys playing baseball.

Britain's oldest Baptist Church is to be demolished. It was built at Dudley in 1672.

### Fire-fighting in Germany



Dressed in asbestos suits and gas masks, employees of the Berlin Germany, gas works during a recent demonstration when called to extinguish a fire caused by a bomb explosion that destroyed pipe lines and set the gas afire.