## One Touch of Kindness

The usual serenity and peace of Sweet Repose Avenue, Upper Balham, had been disturbed by a snake in the grass, and Mr Alfred Shoebuckle, retired boxer, was out for revenge. He was going to show Mr. Henry Tickle a few things, but before declaring the proceedings open he was going to pop into the Bald-Faced Got for a quick one.

So it was some time later before Mr. Shoebuckle was seated in the office of Messrs. Tootle, Tootle & Tootle, solicitors and commissioners for oaths, of Peckham Rye.

"Good-morning!" said Mr. Tootle, jun. "And what can I do for you?"

"It's about my next-door neighbor," replied Alfred Shoebuckle. "He's thinking of taking proceedings against me. Me, mind you, what has a lamb-like disposition and wouldn't knowingly hurt a cheese."

Mr. Tootle looked at the unshaven face of his client, and felt that he could not agree.

"Tell me all about it," interpolated the solicitor.

"Not 'arf I won't," said Mr. Shoebuckle. "That's what I came along here for. Well, I live in Sweet Repose Avenue, and I've lived there in peace and quiet with my neighbors for four years. Of course, one or two of us might have a scrap now and then, and I might give one or two of them a good hiding, but that sort of thing only adds to the harmony of our neighbrly lives. Why, we've been like a lot of turtle doves for years."

"Quite," remarked Mr. Tootle.

"Well," went on Alfred Shoebuckle, "three weeks ago a pie-faced kyhoot named Henry Tickle, a traveller in the glue trade, came to live next door to me in a house called the Sanctuary, and as soon as I saw his face I laughed. I never saw such a clock in my life. He reminded me of an old cottage-door-knocker.

"Well, I says to myself, me being all for peace and we cannot always help our faces, we've got to be nice and neighborly, but when I saw his wife I had another shock. She's one of those women who look as if they had been poured into her dress and forgot to say 'When.' 'Ere,' I says to Mr. Tickle, pointing to his wife in the garden, 'did you find it, 'Erbert, or did you win it in a raffle?' "

"And what did he say?" asked Mr. Tootle.

"Say," sniffed Mr. Shoebuckle. "He didn't half go in off the deep end. I suppose he was annoyed about something, because he says to me, 'You mind your own business.' Now, that's a nice, kind, neighborly way to talk to a chap like me.

"'Ere,' I says to him, 'if I comes over into that ashtip you call a garden, you're going to wake up in some place where everything is nice and quiet and white and clean.' Well, then he made a face at me and went in. And, bless me, if next day he didn't half give me a black look, just because a kettle I threw into his garden caught him in the face.

"Then he said something about me not knowing my manners, so with that I just hops over the wall and sloshes him one."

"You mean you struck him?" exclaimed the lawyer, in horrified tones.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Shoebuckle. "What would you have done? Not half I didn't slosh him. I landed him a proper fourpenny one and closed up one of his eyes with a click. Talk about Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. Then I'm blessed if he didn't become rude and said I wasn't nice to know, and that he didn't want to know me A nice, gentlemanly way to treat a eighbor I call it.

"And then if he didn't get cross the very next day because I went into his garden and half-inched his lawn-mower. Borrowed it without his permission, he said.

"'Look here, Mr. Tickle,' I said, quite neighborly-like, 'you run away and bowl your hoop while I use this lawn-mower.' Then he called me a thief. That was a nice thing to say, wasn't it? 'Look here,' I said to him, 'you ain't no gentleman. I've seen better things than you on lettuce,' and with that I told him to hop back into the cheese. I'll tell you what it is, sir, some people don't deserve good neighbors. They ain't fit to live in a good-class neighborhood like ours.

"Then the very next day after that, just because I threw a sack of old tins into his garden, he says I was rude again, and then he became personal and said I wasn't good to my wife."

"And I take it you are?" said the solicitor.

"Certainly, sir," replied Mr. Shoebuckle. "I treat her more like a friend than a wife. Of course, we have the usual tiffs, and now and then I might throw a bit of crockery at her, but I don't mean any harm It's just my way. Well, when he said that I just pops over the garden wall again and I hit him for six. When he came round I warned him that the next time I sloshed him one I should hit him so far it would take a postcard a week to reach him."

"And what did he say?" asked Mr. Tootle wearily.

"Well," replied Mr. Shoebuckle, "he told me he was going to the police about me, and accused me of being unneighborly. That's all the thanks I got for trying to be nice to him and making him feel at home. A nice thing to say about a man like me! Well, that got my dander up properly, so I just lands him a beauty in the eye.

"But he didn't improve, sir," continued Mr. Shoebuckle, "for the very next morning, just because I said I'd like to borrow his face to poison a few rats with, he again threatened to summons me. Really, you know, you can't call your life your own, sir, so I sloshes him again; and when he came back from the doctor's he didn't half rap on.

"'Excuse me,' he said, 'but do you know that the doctor had to put in three stitches.'

"'Well,' I says, 'what about it? Let that be a lesson to you, for the next time I lands you one the doctor won't stitch you up by hand. He'll use a sewing machine. And then, sir, believe me or believe me not, blessed if he didn't call me a bully. Now, I ask you, sir, is that a neighborly way to go on?

"Then my wife says I ought to humor him. Now, I asks you, I had given him two black eyes and landed him a few extras. What more could I do?"

"And what do you want me to do?" asked the solicitor.

"Well," replied Mr. Alfred Shoebuckle, "what about me having a summons against old rabbit-face for disturbing the peace?"

## A Flowering Climber

Yakima, Wash.—To give that cool shade and delightful fragrance so desirable in summer about home, the climbing honeysuckle with its general adaptability and hardiness may be strongly recommended. Coming into bloom in late spring, it will continue through the summer months, giving a wealth of bloom and foliage on the trellises which must be provided as it possesses no other means of grasping a support than twining. Several species are in cultivation and they differ somewhat.

Halls' honeysuckle, Lonicera Japanica Halleana, is the one most frequently planted and perhaps the most desirable. This climber remains green far into the winter and in mild climates may be in fair shape in spring. Its general foliage effect is light green.

Like other climbing honeysuckles, it confines itself to the trellis provided, except perhaps at the base. There vines are inclined to run along the ground and take root, hence such shoots must be pruned away occasionally. If a shrub is close by, shoots will reach out and clamber over it. This climber is charmingly placed at corners of squatty houses, and, if trained to a pillar form, serves the useful purpose of making the house appear higher. Its trait of clothing itself with foliage all the way to the ground commends it for such use. Also, planted two feet apart, it makes acceptable screens for porches where shade or privacy is wanted.

The flowers have the peculiar habit of coming out white and soon turning yellow. They are in pairs in the axils of the leaves, and as the leaves are opposite this brings four flowers together. The flowers are two-lipped, the lower lip being narrow, while the upper is four-toothed The berries are black.

Somewhat similar to Hall's honeysuckle is Lonicera Periclymenum, known as woodbine. The general foliage effect of this is darker green. The flowers are of the same shape, but instead of being in the axils of the leaves are in terminal clusters at the ends of the branches. They are white inside and carmine or purplish outside and soon turn yellow. This climber drops its leaves without delay in the fall, thus bringing small red berries clearly into view.

The trumpet honeysuckle, Lonicera sempervirens, is a neat climber with glaucous foliage and orange-scarlet flowers which are borne in terminal spikes made of several six-flowered whorls. The upper leaves show the peculiar trait of uniting about the stem.

## The Preference

Saint John Telegraph-Journal (Ind.): Premier Bruce of Australia has cabled the British Prime Minister a protest against abolition of the Imperial preference. Hon. J. A. Robb, Finance Minister of Canada, in a recent interview pointed out that Imperial preferences are favored by Canada. South Africa is disturbed over the utterance of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, in opposition to the preference. The stage is being set for a lively session of the proposed Imperial Economic Conference. This first conference of this kind was held in 1923. At the Imperial Conference of 1926 economic problems were also discussed and committees appointed to gather information. It is hardly likely that the British Government in the face of overseas opinion as now freely expressed will stand out for complete abolition of the preference This is nt a time for disputes over trade matters between the Mother Country and the Dominions.

## Living Beautifully

That man began to live beautifully who said to himself, "Every-time an ugly thought comes into my mind, I shall put a beautiful thought in its place."

Beautiful Girl: "No, Sam, I cannot be your wife. Please go way and forget me. "

Dejected Lover: "No use; I'm a memory expert."

ACCORDING TO THIS IT'S SIMPLICITY ITSELF

Two Australian students create a mild sensation in London by using water-skis to navigate the Thames.

## A Farmer Goes To Sea

Freeman Filden

When the Silverbelle slid out of San Francisco harbor last November, bound for the Orient, she carried a farmer named Frank T. Elliott. The Silverbelle, a new ship of the type that is revolutionizing traffic in perishable commodities, has 1320 tons' measurement of refrigerator space. In that space Elliott had 2000 packages of grapes, apples, lettuce and celery, most of it raised on his own California farm. His intention was to sell those fruits and vegetables in Oriental ports, where such things had never been sold before. Most of the people who knew of his venture merely remarked, "It's a shame he should go broke this way."

Perhaps Elliott thought he might as well go broke in the Far East as on his own farm. Back of his trip was the problem facing American agriculture: the farms, with improved machinery, produce more and more; and the American consumer eats less and less. Gone, for instance, is the big breakfast of wheat cakes, cereal, eggs, and bacon, doughnuts, pie, and coffee. America has food to export. And yet there are millions of people in the outlands of the world who have actually never known what it was to have all they wanted to eat. Could they buy American food?

It has been the conclusion for many years that foreign markets were always at the saturation point. Elliott found that this was not true in the Orient. He made Japan his first objective. It turned out that he had struck his poorest market first, though the situation here was interesting. He found that the Japanese have heard of these things called vitamins, and actually propose to use them t oraise the stature of the Japanese people. Hence they are doing a great deal of talking about getting more food with vitamins in it. But the tariff laws of the country keep such products out. On fruits and vegetables the duty is 100 percent ad valorem. Though many California fruits can be delivered as cheaply in Japan as in New York, California oranges are selling in Japan for 35 or 40 cents apiece.

In Shanghi Elliott ran up against the age-old Chinese guild idea. He found that all the principal dealers in fruits and imported vegetables were incorporated into a nice, solid guild with central headquarters. Member of this guild have to report to headquarters everything they buy and the price paid for it They have the American commission merchants looking like solitaire players when it comes to teamwork. Yet the guild was greatly interested in what the American farmer had brought in the refrigerator. They made him an offer on 500 lugs of grapes at a price slightly lower than he was prepared to take, and he declined. An English firm, however, bought a hundred lugs of grapes and were greatly satisfied with their quality and condition. The whole cargo that was taken across the Pacific by Elliott was the last word in quality and packed with the idea of getting it to the Asiatic consumer in as good condition though it had just come from the orchard. The bulging boxes, which do very well for domestic shipments, but offer a fine opportunity for the fingers of the collie handlers, had not been used.

In Shanghai there are said to be 70,000 Chinese in the quality-buying class. A San Franciscan, just home after a long stay in China, is authority for the statement that there are more millionaires in China than in the United States. This seems hard to credit at first glance, but on a relative basis, comparing the buying power of the dollar, country for country, it may be so.

"I am convinced," says Elliott, "that personal contract is absolutely necessary to begin trade with the Orient. The Oriental merchant is flooded, just as the American business man is, with advertising letters which simly go into the waste-basket.

"When I went there in person I was received most courteously everywhere. I usually cabled ahead to my next stop the fact that I was arriving on a certain day with my wares, and the merchants who were interested would be waiting for me."

The voyaging farmer next went to Manila and then to Cebu, in the Philippines. From there to Surabaya, in Java. In this port Elliot found an Arabian Jewish merchant who was just opening a fruit market with 16 branches. To his surprise, the Californian found that some of the grapes he had dropped in Shanghai had beat him into Java and were on display in the Java markets. Usually tiny samples were laid upon a leaf and bought by the natives as a rare treat.

In Batavia and Singapore Elliott found the demands for his fruits so lively that he could have sold out entirely, but preferred to keep his samples and take orders for the future.

Then he went to Bangkok, in Siam. As he boarded a little steamer, and watched the last-minute loading operations, he was surprised to see lugs of grapes with his own label on them being hoisted aboard. They, too, were on their way to Bangkok, having been resold by ne of the Singapore dealers. This shipment was being carried along by one of the boys of the crew according to the peculiar arrangement existing in that part of the world. These sailors get, instead of wages, a bit of space in the hold of the steamship, and from the sale of this freight space to their merchant relatives they get their stipend. In Bangkok also Elliott found business good, and had the experience of paying $1.50 for a bunch of his own grapes at one of the markets. Despite their long trip out of refrigeration, they were pretty good.

Finally Elliott arrived in Saigon, French Indo-China, the "Paris of the Orient." Great is this modern world of communications! In the markets of Saigon Elliott saw Florida grapefruit which had been shipped out of Vancouver to Hongkong, and thence had been purveyed into Indo-China. And here the voyaging farmer found a fine market awaiting him. It seems incredible, but it is evidently a fact, that a city like Saigon should be dependent upon shipments form France of fresh vegetables. A few inferior vegetables drift down from the interior, but the well-to-do natives and the French colonials will not eat them. Almost the first thing Elliott was asked was: "Can you send us some artichokes from California?"

Also, they wanted lettuce, celery, anything good, green, and free from germs. For here, as in China, Europeans will not eat green-leaf vegetables raised locally since the Chinese gardener has ideas about fertilization which are both repulsive and unsanitary. Therefore the sea-going farmer from the States was welcomed.

From Saigon to Hongkong, and then home. That is the log of the California farmer who put to sea in a ship with the truck of his own farm.

It would be a shame to blunt the point of Frank Elliott's achievement by overstatement: but what he has done is to show that there is a quality market in the Orient for the choicest American fruits far exceeding anybody's dreams. He has opened an export trade that will bring millions of dollars to tthe West Coast of America. And that is doing a good deal, for one young man and for one four months' trip.—The worlds work.

## Arab Story-Tellers

Outside the Marrakesh Gate, in the open square, there is always the true East to be seen. A caravan, coming in from the desert in long and swaying lines, camels stretching their necks from side to side, their drivers running up beside them and guiding them to the special place where they are unloaded. . . . The little donkeys I loved, and there was always a number of these coming in and going out at the Marrakesh Gate. Most of all, however, I was interested in the story-tellers, those old men who told their ancient tales to the still older men as well as to lads and children. Every evening about five o'clock we used to go to the Gate and see them sitting in circles with the story-tellers standing in the centre, everyone—old and young—listening with rapt attention, oblivious of all else. It is astonishing how still Arabs sit; even children will sit for hours quite still, almost without moving their hands.

The story-teller has an ideal audience. Nothing distracts their attention, not even strangers behind them. Their eyes are fixed on his face, none of his gestress escape them, their ears ar strained to hear his lowest words. He is telling them some story as ancient as the Bible, and many of these stories are handed down almost unchanged from one story-teller to another. There are special favorites among the stories, and sometimes a very fine talker makes one his own—that is, he tells it better than anyone else. He travels round from town to town, from village, to village, and his fame precedes him. "Achmed Ali, the story-teller is coming," is the news that runs through the place, and everyone crowds in. Arabs from distant camps, tribesmen from the near hills, natives working on the land for miles around hear the news in that mysterious fashion in which gossip spreads in the East By early evening the village is packed, and Achmed Ali tells his centuries-old story to an audience of hundreds.

Once in the far south our guide asked, rather apologetically, to be excused the next day at five o'clock. As we had fixed a very special excursion for that afternoon it was rather inconvenient and we asked him if he would not take aother day. Then he explained to us that he could not as the most famous story-teller in the Atlas would pass through for one day and would tell stories at five o'clock. He had never heard this man as he . . . seldom travelled now, he told some of the best known stories, and ur guide wished so much to hear him. He might never have a chance again.

Of course we let him go, and the neyt day questioned him. "Was it as interesting as he had expected?" . . .

I was always sorry I could never understand a word of all the stories I sat so often and listened to, but to watch the faces of the audience was an experience in itself. One could almost follow the outline of the tale by the looks on their faces.—Eleanor Elsner, in "The Magic of Morocco."

A quick-tempered mother should self-control—in the mother.—Lincoln Steffens.

## The Horse is Popular Among the Wealthy English

JUDGING THE MOUNTS AT THE RANELAGH HORSE AND POLO PONY SHOW

A nice string of horseflesh lined up by the mounted police for the benefit of the judges at the Ranelagh Home and Polo Pony Show recentlyheld in England.

## Geologists Hunt Hidden Wealth For Soviet State

### Moscow Sends 639 Parties to Explore Domain in Their Survey of Resources

Moscow.—Thousands of scientists and their helpers are this summer exploring all sections of the Soviet Union looking for evidences of hidden sources of naional wealth below ground. Six hundred and hiry-nine geological expeditions have been sent out.

Oil and coal are the chief magnets for this activity. Sixty parties are lookin gfor oil in the Urals, the Caucasus, the Kazakstan district and on the Island of Sakhalin, off the coast of Siberia, and forty-seven parties are seeking new coal beds. Preliminary surveys in many instances have shown that coal and oil exist in some of these places, the question of the survey being only as to whether its production is commercially feasible.

ISLAND DISPUTED TERRITORY.

The Island of Sakhalin is believed to be one of those. Several years ago oi agents of Harry Sinclair, American oil man, obtained an exploratory concession from Russia to look for petroleum there. But the island's possession was in dispute between Japan and the Soviet Union, and when the American geologists arrived there they were royally entertained by the Japanese military, but somehow could not get started into the interior. Finally they went back to the United States and representations were made at Washington.

The American government, however, was powerless, since the concession had been granted by Russia, with which it had no diplomatic relations and was not recognized by Japan, with which the United States was on the friendliest terms. So that concession lapsed. ow the northern half of the island is definitely Russia's.

PRECIOUS METALS SOUGHT.

Asbestos, mica, emeralds, graphite, sulphur and porcelain clays are the obects of twenty-nine expeditions. These parties will prospect in Karelina, in central Russia; the Caucasus, the Urals, the Ferghana mountains, near the Afghan border; Russian Turkestan, and the Trans-Balkan region. Ten other parties have gone to the Irtysh River and Akmolinsk districts of Siberia and to the Azov Sea littoral in search of salt and phosphor.

Precious metals also will be the objects of numerous parties, Thirty groups are to look for gold and three for platinum in the Urals, Siberia and the Far East.

## Opulent Summer

Someone has complained that the trouble with summer is that there is too much of it while it lasts. This view might seem unreasonable unless, perhaps, expressed by an overzealous nature lover who undertakes to catalogue all the wonders to be observed on a single summer day. There can scarcely be too much of what is beautiful, although, to be sure, in the high noon of summer the beauty of the land is spread out under a sometimes too ardent sun.

No longer is there any need to search out a few shyly blooming flowers, such as gave delight in the earlier months, for now the true aim of spring's experiments in bloom is opulently apparent; and there is instead an embarrassmen of choice when plucking the manifold blosoms. The hint of green that ran softly across the fields in May has become a profusion of color in bloom-filled meadows; and the low fringe of flags that early edged the brook now stands a shoulder-high forest of blades that must be pushed aside if one would reach the stream.

Midsummer is a time of affluence in nature's wonders, but there is not too much of it. Were there any complaint, it might be that "Summer's lease hath all too short a date." Meanwhile, the shadows of the leaves, dapping the grass, give delight to one who has the leisure to observe their tremulous motion. The flash of a golden butterfly against the dark of a chestnut tree, or the bronze of a milkweed butterfly, suddenly merged in the brown of a woodland path, or the smaller one with polka-dot wings, poised on a pink clover bloom; a row of birds, swinging and visiting on a olw branch of a willow beside the brook—there are not too many of these lovely trifles that help to make up the perfection of summer time.

There is an almost universal desire to be out of doors throughtout the whole length of the glad season; to rejoice in the gayety of cottage gardens, with their honeysuckle trellises and variegated blossoms, calling the bees through the scented air; to breathe the sweet perfume of upland hills and high plains; or to count the rounded fragrant stacks in the fields where haying is in progress toward orderly provision for later needs.

The grasshoppers and cicadas express their pleasure, shrilling their thin tunes; the dapper dragon fly darts through the sunshine, pivots motionless for a moment on a blade of grass, as if the better to display its wings of sapphire gauze; and in the rich fullness of a single summer afternoon, one may

touch a hundred flowers
And not pluck one!

## How Safe Is It To Fly?

Herbert Brucker

The U. S. Department of Commerce informs us that one month from now in August, American airplanes carrying passengers, mail, express, and freight will fly, da yin an day out, no less than seventy-five thousand miles a day. This includes only regular flights over time-table routes. It omits countless thousands of private hops, sight-seeing and taxi rides.

How safe is it to fly? It depends entirely on how, and in what, you fly. With a safe craft and pilot doing sane flying, the chances of trouble are no greater than when you take a Sunday automobile drive.

Life-insurance companies no longer exclude airplane deaths from the accidents for which they pay insurance, but they lack comprehensive figures on which to base their rate for professional aviators. At present the companies which offer this insurance ask an additional premium of about $25 per thousand for those whose daily business it is to fly. This is high, perhaps doubling the normal life insurance rate for a healthy young man of 25.

There are other yardsticks which measure the danger of leaving the ground. Consider the Navy. Here flying does not depend so much on the desire for safety as the demands of the task in hand. Yet in two days' operations last February the Navy flew 350 planes an average of four hours each. This meant 1400 hours in the air, or 140,000 miles flown. There was not one casualty.

Or take a long-time experience of the Navy. In the fiscal year 1921-'22 there were 2,5000,000 miles flown and 14 naval fliers killed. In 1927-'28 there were 13,728,600 miles flown and 28 killed. In other words, the number of deaths per million miles flown has dropped to one-third in six years. The record last year was 392,300 miles flown for each death. To answer the question how safe is the airplane, then, aone can say this: that on the basis of the difficult flying done last year by naval aviators a man could fly 392,200 miles — which would take him 19 years, even if he were a frequent flier — before he would be killed.

This general conclusion is borne out by the Army's experience. Although the amount of Army flying has almost tripled in seven years, the number of fatalities has shrunk to one-third. Last year there was, approximately, a death for every 351,700 miles flown. Roughly this indicates that an average man could fly — on military tasks and in intricate military maneuvers — some 17½ years before having a fatal crash.

The air mail, with its pressure of getting through in fog, rain, or snow, day or night, is by no means so safe as properly regulated civilian flying. Perhaps because it does not require maneuvering and formation flying it is less hazardous than military aviation. Certainly the figures set up by government mail flyers in 1927, the last full year before the air mail was turned over to private contractors, shows how safe flying can be made, even under the rigorous demands of the postal service. The record shows no less than 2,583,006 miles flown with but a single fatality. A man who flies with great frequency has perhaps 200 hours, or 20,000 miles, in the air a year. At this air-mail rate of casualty, then, our continually flying private citizen could fly for 129 years before he would be killed. And private flying should be safer than mail flying, which neither rain nor snow nor gloom of night may halt.

An experience more nearly like that of the American who flies for his own pleasure o business, however, is that of the Canadian Light Airplane Clubs. These clubs were formed last year, with government subsidy, to promote civilian flying. By the end of the year there were 15 of them. During 1928 their combined membership of 2403 made a total of 25,357 flights lasting 8124 hours — presumably 812,400 miles of airplane travel. Much of this was student flying, far more dangerous than the flying of qualified pilots; yet the total number killed was three. This means 270,800 miles of flight per death.

It must be admitted that all these figures apply only to properly regulated flying. There were, in all the United States last year, 1062 accidents in civilian flying 384 persons were killed and 709 injured. Only a small number of these accidents, however, happened to licensed craft in properly controlled flying. During the last six months of the yer, for example, scheduled flying on regular airways caused only 7-7 percent of the total number of deaths and injuries. And for purposes of comparison it might be pointed out that grade-crossing accidents alone, last year, took 2568 lives, and injured 6667 persons.—The Review of Reviews.

LOVE

Love is always vicarious: it either suffers or rejoices with the loved ones; it forgets its own cares and wishes in the needs and sorrows of others.—Alfred E. Garvie.

The prisoner faced the judge with a determined gaze as the latter inquired: "You committed this theft alone?" "Yes,' replied the guilty one, "You can't trust anybody nowadays!"

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