

Single Men Only

She loved him—and sent him to a job where marriage was barred

By Rowan Glen

With the middle finger of a pudgy hand, Mr. Humphrey Barclay, of Barclay's Advertising Service, pressed the buzzer on his desk. Five seconds later a clerk opened the door marked "Private."

"Tell Miss Maine I wish to see her—now!" snapped Barclay, and lit a cigar. When the door opened again, through a haze of blue-grey smoke the advertising agent looked at an extremely pretty girl of twenty-three, fair of hair and skin, but with, at the moment, a rather worried expression in her large, grey eyes.

"I want a word with you, Miss Maine," Barclay announced. "A serious word. Sit down."

With superficial meekness she obeyed, and listened to a livery and unjust criticism of her work in the agency's art department. "Well, there it is," she was told finally. "For all I know, you may be a genius as a highbrow artist, but you're no good on commercial work—not here, anyhow."

"Does that mean you are sacking me, Mr. Barclay?" "Yep! I never give anyone a fortnight's notice. I give 'em the money instead, and cut the connection sharp. Much the best way. I've rung through to the cashier, so—"

Sally Maine had risen, and, though she did not know it, she was prettier than ever, because there was added color in her cheeks. She might have no great talents, and very little money, but she had courage and a good deal of pride.

"Thanks," she said. "Posts are difficult to get nowadays, and I hadn't pluck enough to resign; but I'm glad you've dismissed me. It's been rather horrible, working for a bad-tempered, fault-finding, vulgar little man, blown up with his own conceit. I'm sorry for whoever takes my place here. Good-bye!"

That was well enough said; but once she was outside the big office, and on her way towards the boarding-house in Kensington, Sally became for her, unaccountably grave of mood. While it was true that she was glad to have seen the last of Barclay the Bully, as she had christened him some six months previously, other things were equally true.

For instance, she hadn't enough cash to keep her for more than a few weeks. Her only relatives were some uninteresting hard-up cousins down in Devonshire, to whom she could not possibly apply for help, even should help be necessary, and she had but few friends in London. There were a good many acquaintances, of course; but they are different.

She smiled somewhat ruefully on realizing that she was now in the same position as her fellow-artist and boarder, James Carruthers, an out-of-work. She liked Carruthers very much, and it was a shame, so she told herself, that he should have so long a spell of ill-fortune. He had said little about himself, and had never complained, but Sally guessed that of late he must have been knowing something pretty near distress.

Within a few seconds of reaching the boarding-house, she met him in the little hall, and had the odd fancy that he flushed on seeing her; he seemed to be suddenly and "unusually ill at ease."

"Hallo, Miss Maine!" he started. "I've never known you get back so early as this before. I—I'll be able to say a good-bye to you, after all."

Ghandi Spins

part of his general craziness. You won't like him, but on the other hand, a job's a job.

"You bet your life," said Carruthers, and did not know that his voice was less steady than was normal. "A job! A weekly income! After months of—"

He broke off there, because he was ashamed of himself. He said so.

"I've been talking like a selfish rotter," he said. "If I click with Barclay's I'll let you know. But the point is—what about you? I've no right to ask, but how are you fixed?"

"You mean about money? About carrying on till I land something else?" "Yes, yes, I know what a devil of a business searching for a post can be; and I know what the free-lance game is like, these days."

"I'm quite O.K.," she told him cheerfully. "I can hang on here till long after the last cow has come home. But—What's the matter now?"

"It's nothing, really," he answered; but, all the same, looked as though some sudden worry had assailed him. "I've just remembered I left something upstairs I'd better take away with me—now. I'll hop up and get it, if you don't mind waiting here for a second. Will you?"

"Of course," she said. "But watch that ash from your cigarette. Drop it into that fern-pot. Mother Goose as you call her, doesn't really believe it is good for the carpets."

She was still speaking when Carruthers had gone from the room—was still wondering about him when she went up to her bedroom and removed her hat.

Then she began to sniff. In the room—her own, very private room—there lingered the smell of cigarette smoke! She never smoked in her bedroom, and, anyway, her infrequent cigarettes were Virginian. Whoever had been in her room smoked Turkish or Egyptian. James Carruthers smoked Turkish, when he could afford any cigarettes at all!

But she had other things to think of than this minor mystery. She had lost her job. She had no one to whom she could turn. Far better artists than she were going to the wall gallantly or otherwise. Worst of all, she had said good-bye to Jim. She knew now that in her heart she had been calling him that during the many weeks when she had thought to be merely sorry for him.

When she was going to bed that night she said silently: "I don't understand, Jim, but I suppose everything will come all right some day. I hope you get the job with that beast, Barclay. If you do—well, it's 'single men only.'"

When Sally was near despair, and down to her last ten-shilling note, she received this letter from Carruthers: "Dear Miss Maine,—Some weeks ago I wrote you to the effect that I'd got a job with Barclay's. My blessings went to you for the chance. Now I have left the 'Bully,' as you called him, and am in charge of the art-room with Atex Morrison & Co. There's a small job for you here, if you wish one."

Canada Has 391,372 Miles of Highways

Ottawa.—There were 391,372 miles of highway open for traffic at the end of last year, a preliminary report of highways and motor vehicles in Canada issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics shows.

The province of Saskatchewan led in mileage with 154,859, and was followed by Alberta with 62,426 and Ontario with 52,270 miles of road. The highways of the two Western Provinces, however, were mostly un-surfaced. Quebec was fourth with 33,040 miles, Manitoba fifth with 26,152, British Columbia sixth with 22,936 and Nova Scotia seventh with 14,681 miles of highway.

The district of Northern Ontario, which is listed in the report separately, came next with 13,552 miles, New Brunswick ninth with 11,825 miles and Prince Edward Island last, with 3,650 miles of road. There were 80,497 miles of surfaced highway in the Dominion, and Ontario led with 34,373 miles of this, while Quebec was second with 13,392 miles. Some 20,000 miles of highway was constructed or improved during 1930, over 4,000 miles of this being in Saskatchewan and over 3,500 in New Brunswick.

Capital expenditures for provincial and provincially subsidized roads in 1930 was \$64,265,000 for the Dominion. \$34,502,000 of this was spent on main provincial highways, \$10,338,000 in secondary provincial highways, \$10,338,000 on county and market roads and the remainder on township and local roads, bridges constructed during the year in Canada cost \$5,713,000, making a grand total of \$99,998,000 spent on highway work. Maintenance of all these roads and bridges cost \$23,102,000.

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Providence Journal: Nothing is to be gained—indeed much is to be lost—from a continuance of an attitude which refuses to acknowledge the cold, hard fact that the moratorium is but the beginning of an inescapable task in securing common sacrifices from the creditor nations. Theoretically, Germany should pay and pay and pay. Practically, she can not pay and pay and pay unless the creditor nations are prepared indefinitely to retard the recovery of the world's economic equilibrium for the sake of collecting an excessive political debt levied when the collectors were still dominated by the unreasoning passions of war. The sooner definite information comes from the creditor nations that a complete readjustment will be made when the moratorium expires, the better it will be for creditors and debtors alike.

Shrewsbury, Eng.—The great Roman Highway, known as Watling Street, continues to give up its secrets, as a result of archaeological enterprise, according to a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. The latest of these is a section of the colonnade of the Forum in the City of Uricinium at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury, Eng., which has recently been disclosed through the initiative of Sir Charles Marston, president of the Shropshire Archaeological Society.

The base of the columns are many feet below the level of the surrounding land, showing the accumulation of vegetation during the 1600 years which have elapsed since the destruction of this Roman city. The colonnade is claimed to be the most imposing found in Britain. The ancient market place covered 2½ acres, was completely roofed, and was the shopping centre of the city.

Our intercourse with the dead is better than our intercourse with the living. There are only three pleasures in life pure and lasting, and all derived from inanimate things—books, pictures, and the face of nature.—Hasselt.

Curious tailless aircraft attracts attention at Berlin-Tempelhof aerodrome following its first overland flight. The craft was designed by Hermann Kooi, transatlantic flier, and its first trip was made from Rheon mountains.

Flight-Lieut. F. N. Boothman being carried ashore after spectacular flight in Schneider Cup races. He achieved new world speed mark of 340 miles per hour.

Cotton yarn production is increasing in Japan.

Druidry—"Still at it? Why don't you join with us and put down the demon alcohol!" Wetmore—"Brother, I put down all I can get hold of."



In downpour of rain, Mahatma Gandhi, Indian leader, arrived in England, aboard channel steamer on his way to London. Here is Mahatma spinning, as he crossed English channel from Boulogne.

WITH THE LONE SCOUTS

World Jamboree It has been decided that the next Boy Scout World Jamboree will take place in 1933 at a place called Godolice, about 15 miles from the city of Budapest, in Hungary.

This was decided by the International Conference of Boy Scout Leaders held recently at Vienna, Austria. When the Canadian contingent was chosen for the last Jamboree, which was held in England in 1929, the condition was that all candidates should be First-Class Scouts.

Wouldn't it be a fine thing if, at the next 1933 Jamboree, some Ontario Lone Scouts were included in the contingent? If you are keen to take the trip to Europe, therefore, you should get busy in order to obtain the necessary qualifications well in advance.

Parents' View of Scouting The July issue of the "Miami Loner" contains a short article written by the parents of a Lone Scout in that district, in which the following statements are made: "Scout work is one of the best things for boys. It offers great possibilities for practical education as well as recreation. It develops observation and alertness, a desire to gain facts and methods of doing things most effectively. It encourages the exchange of ideas so that the boy may have the benefit of the experience of others. Also it affords a sensible form of recreation, which is eagerly looked forward to as a break in the steady routine of school work."

Travel by Plane Safer Every Year The committee on aviation of the Actuarial Society of America finds that aviation is getting safer each year. In 1929, on planes operating on regular commercial schedules, deaths averaged one for every 17,000 passengers carried.

Noticeably enough, the hazard among "pleasure flyers" was much greater. During the whole of last year only 24 passengers were killed in scheduled commercial flying—and 136 lost their lives in pleasure flying. Riding with a pilot who has less than 400 hours experience seems to be quite definitely dangerous.

The improvement in the commercial field is especially marked when one contrasts last year's record with the records of former years. In 1929 the probability of death for a passenger on a scheduled flight was one in 10,000; in 1928 it was one in 4,000.

Youth Pays Tuition With Farm Produce Barroursville, W. V.—A youth who came off a farm to Morris-Harvey College and who brought a two-year-old steer, five bushels of potatoes and 29 bushels of apples along with him to pay his school expenses was enrolled as full-fledged student.

The steer was butchered and the potatoes and apples were in the college storage bins for use in the cafeteria. Mr. Leonard Rigdon, president, recently announced farm products would be accepted for student expenses because of economic conditions.

A Corner in Gold? Boston Christian Science Monitor: The gold holdings of the United States have passed the \$5,000,000,000 mark. This is over 45 per cent. of the world's total monetary stocks. Such a record, instead of being hailed with pride, is being regarded doubtfully. Is the United States unconsciously cornering the metal on which the world's money is based? How can the United States trade with the world on even terms if it absorbs so much of the world's medium of exchange? Clearly a world on a gold standard must keep the metal fairly evenly distributed.

Many Seek Citizenship Ottawa.—The depression is credited with a striking increase in the number of applications for Canadian citizenship by naturalization. The idea that in employment and unemployment relief a Canadian citizen will be given preference is considered a large factor in inducing over 17,000 to apply for naturalization in seven months compared with 14,500 in the preceding 12 months.

Maple-Sugar Industry Toronto.—The production of maple sugar in Canada this spring was 5,484,100 pounds, valued at \$320,000. The production of maple syrup was 1,314,700 gallons, with a value of \$2,595,900. The total value of both syrup and sugar is \$3,537,700. This figure was the lowest for some years.

Celtic Objects Found Budapest.—Valuable Celtic finds have been made in the neighborhood of Pecs, where graves at least 2,400 years old have been opened. They contained forty-three objects, mostly swords and lances of iron, bronze bracelets and clay vessels. Gold coins were found depicting Celts riding bareback.

Hardly find any persons of good sense save those who agree with us.—La Rochefoucauld.

The Future of Canada

London Times (Ind.): The farmers, upon whose prosperity is built the prosperity of the West and, indeed, of the whole of Canada, are feeling the pinch of bad times, and despondent voices are heard regretting that the reduced income of the country has been so heavily mortgaged. But that—like the depression—is a temporary phenomenon. The Western Provinces will recover from their present setback, and may well be the more prosperous in the end for the lessons learned during their time of adversity. Few countries have a more assured or a brighter future than the Dominion, which, with its ten million population, already holds so high a place among the nations.

Turtle Mountain Top Border Peace Garden

Asbury Park, N.J.—A tract of land on Turtle Mountain at the North Dakota-Manitoba (Can.) border, was approved recently by the National Association of Gardeners' convention as the site for the international peace garden.

Final decision on the adoption of this site will be made next spring at a joint meeting of the international peace garden commission and executive committees of the Canadian Association of Florists and Gardeners and the National Association of Gardeners.

War Debt Readjustment

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Ancient Highway Reveals Secrets

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Pigeon Racing a Popular Sport

Millions of Birds Compete in Britain—Special Coaches Built

London.—More than 1,000,000 young pigeons are being raced in England for the first time this month. Their number gives some idea of the growth of long-distance pigeon-racing in this country. Although young compared with other sports, it has made a tremendous appeal. Special trains are now run to carry the birds to the starting points of the races. For one event a train of twenty-two specially built coaches, brought 15,000 birds from the North of England to the south-coast town of Bournemouth. More than 15,000,000 pigeons were carried by the English railways in 1930, and there are some-times as many as twenty of these pigeon trains running in one day. The birds are accompanied by men who take care of them on route and feed them when they reach their starting point.

Recently a member of Parliament, Sir William Edge, traveling by automobile and trains from the House of Commons to Coalville, in Leicestershire, won a 115-mile race against homing pigeons belonging to Coalville miners. Sir William attributed his victory largely to the fact that rain had fallen practically the whole of the way.

The importance of the weather factor in this sport has been strikingly demonstrated in Belgium. There, on a bright, clear day several years ago, all the prize winners in a race of 270 miles to Brussels completed the course within three hours and a quarter. The following year the day of the race was stormy and it was not until after thirty hours that the first bird got home.

Belgium is the original home of this sport. Long-distance flying was started there in 1818, when a 109-mile race took place. In 1823 the first London-to-Belgium race was held, and in 1881 an annual 500-mile contest from Tonnouze to Brussels was inaugurated. Of the young pigeons a large percentage do not return to their homes.

Pot. English racing pigeons, at any rate, have a queer way of "breaking their journeys" en route. One of them that was supposed to be hustling from a town in the southern part of England to one in the north suddenly decided, the other day, to stop off in London, and, to the surprise of the editor of The Morning Post, suddenly flew into his morning. Others have been known to alight on Atlantic liners, on Nelson's Column, on St. Paul's Cathedral and on factory chimneys. Some of these littersers reappear within a few months; others may not arrive for a year or more.

Code of Manners Outlined for Campers

San Francisco.—You may be reasonably "wild and woolly" when you are camping in the national forests of California, but you must not leave your good manners at home, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor. You need them as much on your vacation as when you are at home.

This is the warning which prefixes a booklet "Forest Rangers' Catechism," just published by the Government for the California Region, United States Forest S' vice. The rules for good manners are easy to learn, it declares. They are the ones followed by all good sportsmen: good campers, and good tourists: Obtain a camp-fire permit. Carry a shovel and an ax. Drown your fire out with water. Leave a clean and sanitary camp. Observe the state fish and game laws. Co-operate with the forest rangers and state fire wardens in reporting and suppressing fires. Practice these rules and preach them, too.

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