

ACROSS THE WAY

BY IRENE STILES.

The little typist, working in the third window on the fourth floor of the building opposite the hospital, finished her letter with a flourish. A man went to watch her as he went his rounds in the men's wards, prepared to smile.

It was hardly necessary to pause, he reflected. He knew so well what she would do. She would open a drawer, take out her powder-puff, and powder her impudent little nose. Then she would perhaps throw some laughing remark to the girl who worked nearest her. In any event, it would be some minutes before she started work again.

Yes, as it happened, the little typist only sat back and sighed. The man opposite was so surprised that he paused longer than usual, until the bright face at the window turned away.

"That young man certainly knows how to stare," Judy Carstairs said to her companion.

"You should feel flattered, dear," said Miss Macintyre.

Judy shook her head.

"His eyes are too critical; besides, the wretched creature always manages to look across when I am powdering my nose. You know, that building opposite has blighted my life."

Miss Macintyre was horrified.

"Oh, you shouldn't say that. Don't forget it's a hospital. Don't forget the good work they do."

"Yes, I always do try to remember that, but I can't help regretting the pleasant green squares we used to look upon. You weren't here, so you don't remember what this place was like a year or two ago. It was a pleasure to work here then."

"And now?" ventured Miss Macintyre, timidly.

"It's a penance," said Judy solemnly, "and that's final."

"Haven't, what's go you down this morning?" demanded Miss Macintyre in alarm.

"The building opposite," said Judy tersely.

But that, though indirectly true, was not so entirely. Judith would hardly admit it to herself, but it was the man opposite who had upset her. He stared so often and so hard that she had been forced to notice him, but she was often forced to wonder whether he had really noticed her.

And because she was no, sure she was angry with herself for being so interested in him, angry with herself for liking his fair, thoughtful young face, his serious, frowning brows, but she was angrier still with him because he never smiled.

He seemed very remote and abstracted in his work across the way. The boys in the men's ward smiled at her, and were only too happy if she smiled back. The boys in the men's ward waved to her, and were delighted if she waved back. The old men sat by their windows in the sun and nodded to her.

They were all pleased to see her—all except the serious young man. He just stared and frowned, almost as if he was not pleased with what he saw. Thus it was that on this bright morning Judy also frowned over her typewriter.

She was still frowning when a note was brought to her by one of her own firm's messengers.

"A young man left it for you in the hall, miss," said the departing messenger.

Judith looked down at the note with puzzled eyes. When she had read the address she was more puzzled than ever. It was addressed to "Miss Busy Bee, care of Messrs. Harford & Harford, Third Window, Fourth Floor, Facing West Central Hospital."

It was a joint invitation from some of the boys in the men's ward, asking her to tea the following Saturday. There was to be a concert, and if she could join in, so much the better. They had watched her so often, and she had smiled at them so often, that they all felt they knew her. She looked so happy that they wanted to know her better.

Judy, surprised and touched, decided

to go. If she could cheer those boys up she would. Besides—

The Saturday afternoon concert proved to be the usual hospital affair, replete with kind old ladies exercising somewhat doubtful talents. Judy couldn't help being the star.

When she had finished her first piece at the piano, no one would hear of her leaving the instrument. Some students, who had gathered in the doorway, ran forward every time she tried to escape, and held her down.

She played popular dance tunes and all the old favorites she could remember. She sang an old-fashioned love song and had half the ward singing with her. It was towards the end of this song that her voice faltered and her energetic little hands played not so surely. She saw the fair young man pause in the doorway.

When she had finished the song he spoke to the students, and a number of them turned on reluctant heels and went away; but he remained, frowning.

She felt suddenly nervous, or she would have gone up to him and asked him why he did not like her song.

She often went over to the hospital after that, but though she made friends with all the patients and many of the students, she never made friends with the fair young man with the serious eyes.

"I don't think he approves of me," she told the rosy-faced boy with the broken leg. "He always stands and glowers at me when I'm playing—that is, if he deigns to notice me at all."

"Oh, he approves of you all right. He wouldn't come round at all while you're here if he didn't. He's always very busy. But then he takes his job very seriously, you know. He's very young to be house-surgeon. He was a student less than two years ago, you know, playing Rigger in the hospital."

A team. It's told me that when he heard her I broke my leg."

The next week was Hospital Week for the West Central Hospital, and excitement ran high. Students paraded the streets in white coats or fancy dresses; smiling nurses collected at corners. On the Tuesday there was a door to door collection, and the students raided the offices of Messrs. Harford & Harford.

Judith watched eagerly from her window, trying to recognize some of the fantastically dressed figures.

After long minutes she began to think that her own room on the fourth floor had been forgotten; then the door opened and someone came in. He came straight across to her seat by the window as if she were the only person he wished to see.

He smiled. Standing before her, shaking his collecting-box, he seemed younger and gayer than she had ever seen him.

"You're not supposed to do this sort of thing, surely," she said, when she had recovered from her surprise, she fumbled in her bag for half-a-crown, which really was the most she could afford, and as she fumbled she read the legend: "Peter Maddox, House Surgeon's Collecting Box."

"I came across more to see you than to collect," he was saying. Her heart leapt, and she raised starry eyes to him.

"I wanted to see you about our luncheon-hour concert on Thursday. Her heart sank again.

"It's going to be just an impromptu affair on the first-floor roof garden. I suggested that it was no use having a modern building if we didn't make the most of it, so we are going to have a short concert there at lunch-time, when everyone will be out and about. They'll get an awfully good view from the street, and we'll have people down in the streets collecting. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"Splendid!" said Judy. "Of course I'll do everything I can to help. I expect I can get some extra time off for something as important as this. Will you be there?" she asked, as if in an afterthought.

"Of course, if I possibly can. I shall want to see the concert. And to see you," he added.

But on Thursday, even when the concert waged wildest and most hilarious, Peter Maddox was nowhere to be seen.

"Why doesn't he come?" Judy kept asking herself. "Why didn't he come?" she finally asked one of the students.

"I believe he's busy with an operation now, or going to be very shortly," he replied; then he looked at his

Followers of Pavlova's Art



Members of the Juno Art School at Finchley, England, pose effectively in a mirror owned by the late Anna Pavlova. Many ballet classes are now preparing for Christmas programs.

watch. "Why, we're due down there at three o'clock, aren't we?" And more than half of the students fled, leaving Judy and about four others to clear up.

"Ever seen the operating theatre from this point of vantage?" asked the student who had spoken first.

"No," said Judy, "nor from any other point."

"Well, it's just right here at hand, if you want to look. It's that next bit of low roof that backs on to here. It's lower than the rest so that they get daylight through the roof. Gosh, girl, you should see the lamps they have in there!"

"I wish I could see them," said Judy.

"Follow me, child," beckoned the student, "and you shall see all."

"But we can't go in," she objected. "It isn't a proper visiting hour."

"Oh," said the young man, "it's much more exciting out of visiting hours. Besides, we are only going to take one short peep through the window."

Judy followed the young man meekly along a ledge to a small side window, where there was another accommodating little ledge to hang on to.

One short peep it was for Judy. Everything in the operating theatre was in readiness, and amid that glaring whiteness and careful cleanliness there was the man Judy loved. Masked and rubber-booted, he seemed more remote than ever.

Perhaps it was a sudden feeling of hopelessness and helplessness which overcame Judy, or perhaps it was the sickening reek of ether which clung stickily about the air. Her grip on the ledge slackened. She felt faint. She fell.

When she recovered consciousness, her broken arm had been set, and her whole body ached with bruises. She was a little light-headed from the chloroform they had given her, and it was some moments before she realized whose was the face that bent above her.

Still light-headed, she raised an inquiring finger and touched the corner of the house-surgeon's mouth.

"What a serious young man!" she said.

"Something to look serious about, this!" he muttered, but smiled back at her, nevertheless.

"You don't seem nearly so remote when you smile," she said. "You should do it more often."

"Remote—I remote?" He threw back his head and laughed. "Why, it was you who seemed so remote. You smiled at everyone except me."

"You used to glare at me when I powdered my nose."

"Why, I loved to see you powder your little nose! You all seemed so carefree over there. Everything seemed so serious here. I'd work much better after I'd watched you for a minute. And why do you think I came across collecting. It was just that I couldn't bear this sense of your being just across the way, always just out of reach."

"And now I've come across to you," she said, "and you'll have to smile at me because I'm a patient."

"I'll do more than smile," he said, as he bent over her again. "Accidents have their compensations," murmured Judy happily, after he had kissed her. "Answers" (London).

New Hardy Rose Produced in Dominion

Montreal.—A new rose has been produced at the Experimental Farm, sufficiently hardy to withstand the climate as far north as Ottawa without protection. It is a cross between an unnamed double white variety of the Rugosa type and R. spananissima. In the report of the Dominion Horticulturist for 1930, which is issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, the rose is described as having a handsome bush with distinct foliage, the leaves glaucous green with seven leaflets. The flowers are large single, pale pink on opening, fading to white. The plant blooms until the middle of June.

In the Air

A well-known bishop was giving a religious address from the London broadcasting station. His peroration concluded: "... And if we obey these laws... we shall all meet in Heaven!"

The listeners were surprised to hear, almost without a pause—"I don't think!"

It seems that the bishop, immediately on concluding his address, turned to the announcer and said, "I don't think I spoke too long, did I?" but the announcer did not "fade out" until the words: "I don't think—" had been transmitted.



Daughter—"You'll have to give me away when I marry Tom."

Father—"I have already told him how extravagant you are and he isn't discouraged yet."

"I think Elsie's boy is a credit to her."

"Well if I know Elsie, she'll need every penny of it."

"Did you ever hear of the straw which broke the camel's back?"

asked the guest at a country inn.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlord.

"Well, you'll find it in the bed I tried to sleep on last night."

Try These

New Wine in Old Bottles

Have you tried the amusing game of making new endings to old proverbs? "It's a long lane"—says one, "that has no picture palace," continues another. Or, "Where there's a will—there's a way," and "People who live in glass houses—should pull down the blinds."

What are your new endings for "Too many cooks"—"The early bird"—"When the cat's away"—and a host of others?

Party Problem

Can you make any sense out of these four lines?

dingstnthsmdtwtgtdm.

Whistbrdsawidawtwtgtdm.

lightwdsngngnsgntktrngbrght

nghtvrgpgrgmwmsaxtdlght.

It only needs the addition of one vowel to make four lines of quite good poetry. The letter is "I." Put it in the right places, and the lines then read:

Idling I sit in this mild twilight dim,

Whist birds in wild, swift vigil circling skinn,

Light winds in sighing sink, till rising bright

Night's virgin pilgrim swims in vivid light.

Conundrums

Why is a wet blanket like a train?

Because it is usually seen upon a line.

What does your butcher weigh—Meat, of course.

Why is a clock like a discontented worker?—Because it never passes a day without striking.

Why is a careful housewife like a dog trying to bite its own tail?—Because they are both trying to make both ends meet.

What has a foot and a brow, but no leg and no face?—A hill.

Why is a false friend like the letter P?—Because, although the first in pity, he is the last in help.

"I admire a man who says the right thing at the right time." "So do I—especially when I'm thirsty."

There came a knock at the door. The cottager opened it. "Good morning!" said the shabbily dressed visitor. "Is it here that you are offering a reward for a lost dog?" "Yes," said the cottager anxiously. "I'm offering ten shillings. Can it be that you have news of my poor little Fido?" The other shook his head. "No, not yet," he replied. "But as I was just going in search of the dog I thought you might let me have a little on account."

A sportsman who was a very bad shot but very free with his tips, was one day accompanied by a keeper who was anxious to keep on good terms with him. Soon after they were posted a rabbit appeared about ten yards in front of them. Bang, bang, went the sportsman's gun, but the rabbit darted away. "Did I hit it?" asked the sportsman. "Well, sir," replied the keeper thoughtfully, "I couldn't exactly say you hit 'im, but I never seed a rabbit wuss scared!"

Sunday School Lesson

December 27. Lesson XIII.—The Spread of Christianity in Europe.—Isaiah 11: 1-10. Golden Text.—The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.—Revelation 11: 15.

For six months we have been following the studies of the spread of Christianity after the departure of Jesus in the resurrection the little band of followers became aware of the living and eternal Christ and they went everywhere spreading the message and the power of his gospel. As we have looked again upon the faith and the courage of these early followers of Christ, and realize something of the price they paid in new outlooks and heroic endeavors, risking and sacrificing all that they had, we feel that we have entered into a rich heritage indeed. We are constrained to ask ourselves whether we have been as faithful witnesses.

The past Quarter's lessons have shown us Christianity moving out into new areas, the extension of the missionary activity of the church to include Europe. Help the class to see the enlargement of view as well as of area that has taken place. This part of the review you might gather up under the heading, "Jewish vs. Universal Christianity." Recall with the group the Judaizing tendency of a certain group. They regarded Christianity at first as exclusively for Jews and within the Jewish church. When did this idea get its first challenge? Recall Peter at Joppa. But who was the real champion of the larger view? It was Paul who "tore the gospel from its Jewish soil and rooted it in the soil of humanity." Call to mind his experience on his first and second missionary journeys and his call into Europe. Review the circumstances of his preaching in Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, and Corinth. Note especially that Paul was demonstrating all the while that Gentiles could enter into the faith and life in Christ equally with Jews and it was not necessary for them to accept the unfamiliar ceremonial of Judaism in order to be good Christians. But it was very hard for the Jews to see this, as is evidenced by the bitterness with which they opposed Paul and the Gentile mission. The matter of consequence is that the Christian gospel demonstrated itself as a universal gospel rather than for a merely Jewish sect.

Notice what were the implications of this. Racial equality was recognized or prepared for, and the way opened for racial understanding. In Christ there was to be no East or West. Paul was the world's greatest pioneer under Christ into this field. Have the class attempt to estimate what we owe to Paul in this.

Another topic for discussion might be "Three Jerusalem Councils." Have some one tell of the first, where Paul and Barnabas came to report on the Gentile response to the Gospel and to get the council's approval and assurance of a tolerant attitude toward Gentile Christians. Some one else may tell of Paul's last visit to Jerusalem and the attitude of the council and of the Jewish community. Then have another tell of the Jerusalem Conference in 1928, when representatives from all the continents took counsel together on the basis of racial equality and human brotherhood. How far was Paul's thought of the universality of the gospel vindicated by this last conference? How much of the old racial antipathy and sectarian narrowness has still to be overcome?

Another interesting topic for discussion here would be Philemon's Reply to Paul's Letter, taking for granted that Philemon was as good a Christian as Paul believed him to be.

So They Say—

"This Job of being a father is the hardest thing in the world I have to do.—A. A. Milne.

"Idiot, as you know, means a person who can see no further than himself.—George Bernard Shaw.

"The United States is a great nation, with tremendous power, but a rather childish spirit.—Sinclair Lewis.

"The supreme cause of our confusion is our contemptuous dismissal of ethics.—Charles A. Beard.

"Individual initiative encouraged under the capitalist system is essential to the true progress of man.—Newton D. Baker.

"America is more bathtub-conscious than thought-conscious.—Fannie Hurst.

"Realism is a good horse to ride if you don't let it throw you.—Harold Bell Wright.

"The cure for unemployment lies in planned production and distribution for use, not profit.—Norman Thomas.

"Jealousy often grows from love.—James J. Walker.

"Try to save your strength by not using it and you lose all the strength you had.—Henry Ford.

"The Russian people impressed me as a lot of children being led.—S. L. Rothafel (Roxby).

"A frozen asset is just a banker's mistake.—Will Rogers.

"I never let my husband know what money I have. I like to have a little that nobody knows about.—Lady Astor.

"The wearing of the right tie is a dark problem for all us men.—Sir Ian Hamilton.

"There is a wide distinction between homes and mere housing.—Herbert Hoover.

"Everyone who does anything does many things.—Zona Gale.

"There's no money in grudges.—Robert Winsmore.

"The first feeling you will have on reading a 'modernist' is that the author isn't telling you anything.—Max Eastman.

"You seldom see wars on the horizon. You get embroiled overnight.—General Hanson E. Ely.

"It is strange how comparatively small things affect a man's entire life.—Walter S. Gifford.

"We have come to believe that after all we are our brothers' keepers.—Harvey D. Gibson.

Manchuria

W. L. Smyser, F.R.G.S., in Contemporary Review (London): Manchuria is as large as Egypt, with agricultural possibilities as vast, although tempered, of course, by its climate. To find a parallel for Manchurian rigors and Manchurian promise, Manchuria must be moved round the map between the latitudes until it comes to rest with its southern extremity touching the Mississippi just above Saint Louis and its northern reaching the Hudson Bay. It would here hot out not only the largest of the Great Lakes, but also Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, and most of Ontario and Manitoba. Two hundred thousands square miles of Manchurian country is neither mountain nor desert, but rich rolling land like the wheat districts of Canada. Northern Manchuria is farm land and forest, Southern Manchuria is a land of millet, maize, kaoliang and legumes, interspersed with small milles and busy growing mines.

Quebec Settlers Preferred Fat, Plump Women

Montreal.—Fat, plump wives were most desired by early French settlers in Canada, as they were better suited to resist the cold winters and also ensuring they would not be "gadding around" among their neighbors for the greater the weight the less the mobility.

These and other interesting facts from the unwritten pages of Canadian history were told by Rene B. Perrault in a recent address here.

Champlain, regarded as one of the great French explorers, actually did more harm than good for the French cause in America. Mr. Perrault stated. When Champlain sided with the Hurons against the Iroquois, the latter became bitter enemies of the French, who were almost driven off the continent in the middle of the 17th century.

Spain Projects Tunnel To Connect With Africa

Madrid.—A decree creating a governmental commission to study proposals for a tunnel to connect Spain with the African coast has been approved by the cabinet of Premier Manuel Azana.

The tunnel would be constructed under the Straits of Gibraltar, according to plans which have been discussed unofficially. Like the proposals for a railroad tunnel under the British Channel, connecting the British Isles with the Continent, the Gibraltar scheme has been studied by engineers for many years but never has been seriously contemplated by the government.

Don't try to beat Wall Street unless you have an extra shirt.

When you feel that "something just has to be done with that child," ten to one you're in the wrong. It is not something, it is Nothing that is the best thing to do.—Dr. Frank Crane.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER



A Diller—A Dollar—A Ten O'Clock Scholar.