

Buy Quality



The Rise in Gold

(London Times)

Like all other commodities, gold is subject to the law of supply and demand. To-day demand is so persistent that although production of new gold from the mining fields is greater than it has ever been, and is being supplemented by sales of gold formerly hoarded in India, supplies are insufficient to satisfy it. Gold production is mainly an Empire industry, and London offers the largest and freest market for its disposal. Its importance as a gold market has grown steadily in the past year or so. Scarcely a day passes without a large amount of gold being offered for sale and readily disposed of. Yesterday £500,000 was sold, chiefly to Continental buyers, who for the most part hoard the metal.

But to say that the rise in the price of gold is due to a demand greater than the supply is to leave a still more important question unanswered. Why should the demand for gold be so keen at a time when the output is greater than ever and when most countries, normally attached to the gold standard, have for the time being suspended gold payments and, therefore, no longer compete for it? The great increase in the demand for gold owes its origin to the economic—rather than the un-economic—consequences of the war and loss of confidence in paper currencies.

The war caused a riot of spending on the part of all those engaged in it. Great Britain for instance, returned from the war with a national debt more than ten times as large as before, and in spite of many efforts to economize her household expenditure, as it were—namely, the annual budget—is

still about four times as large as before the war. Other participants in the war found themselves more or less similarly burdened. This vast increase in money obligations affected the whole financial economy of the nations. The increase was effected by substituting an unlimited paper currency issued by political action for a limited gold currency. Every European country which participated in the war, except Great Britain, frankly faced the fact that they could not redeem their greatly inflated obligations, or even carry on their business, in currency of the war gold content. Each reduced the gold content of its currency according to its needs; that is to say, they raised the paper currency price of gold. France, for instance, multiplied it by five, and Belgium by seven. Great Britain made a valiant, but unsuccessful attempt to restore her currency to its pre-war value, and the United States, though her obligations were relatively lighter and her gold reserves larger than they had ever been, in April elected to suspend gold payments in order to reduce the gold value of the dollar. The most interesting feature of the present demand for gold is that it comes chiefly from the Continent, and particularly from those countries which remain on the gold standard. It follows, therefore, that the buyers of gold are doubtful whether these countries, owing to economic pressure, can maintain convertibility, and prefer to hold gold instead of paper. It is easy to understand the anxiety, say, of the French and Belgians, who have already suffered from a severe depreciation of their currency, to avoid a possible repetition of it.

Rule Bars Many Noted Architects

London.—The government has decided architects more than 55 years old are too old to compete in designing the great £10,000,000 office block to be built in Whitehall, centre of the United Kingdom's administration. This rules out such world-famous architects as Sir Edwin Lutyens, Raymond Unwin, Herbert Baker, Reginald Bloomfield and Banister Fletcher. Sir Giles Scott, president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, although only 53, is also barred because the institute is asked to nominate 10 architects from whom the government will make the final choice.

Reason given for the age limit is that buildings of the new block will occupy several years and according to government experience shows that elderly architects engaged on a big undertaking often die before the work is completed. The big building will be built on the left side of Whitehall opposite Downing Street, on the site of Montagu House, where, wartime army huts are still visible.

The Fox and the Lady

Agnes K. Carruth
A lady sought the fox one day
And told him she was sent
To wipe an age-old feud away
For man desired peace so they
Must make a covenant.
"Madam," the fox replied, "come in"
And pushed aside a boulder.
"But first," he added, with a grin,
"Will you remove my father's skin
Which hangs upon your shoulder?"



SYNOPSIS

Captain Trevelyan had rented his large house in Sittford to Mrs. Willett and had taken a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend Major Burnaby and three neighbors were playing at table tennis with Mrs. Willett and her daughter Violet, a "spirit" message was received that Trevelyan had been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead, his skull fractured by a blow. Trevelyan's estate, of about 50,000 pounds, was divided in equal parts to four relatives—his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead. James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He was arrested by Inspector Narraoott. Emily Trefusis, Pearson's fiancée, hurried to Exhampton, made the acquaintance of Charles Enderby, reporter for the Daily Wire, asked him to help her clear Pearson, and went with him to Sittford. There she had a talk with Violet Willett, she heard Mrs. Willett murmuring, "I'll never come! I can't bear it." Enderby recalls an incident in connection with Martin Dacres, whose wife was the former Sylvia Pearson, one of the Trevelyan heirs.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Listen," said Enderby. "You know I came down to Exhampton on Friday evening, Emily. Well, there was a bit of information I was going to get from a pal of mine, another newspaper man, Carruthers his name is. He was coming round to see me about half past six if he could—before he went on to some literary dinner—he is rather a big gub, Carruthers, and if he couldn't make it he would send me a line to Exhampton. Well, he didn't make it and he did send me a line."

"What has all this got to do with it?" asked Emily.
"Don't be so impatient, I am coming to the point. The old chap was rather fuddled when he wrote it—done himself well at the dinner—after giving me the item I wanted, he went on to waste a good bit of juicy description on me. You know—about the speeches and what asses so and so, a famous novelist and a famous playwright, were. And he said he had been retreating placed at the dinner. There was an empty seat on one side of him where Ruby McAlmott, that awful best-seller woman, ought to have sat and an empty place on the other side of him where the sex specialist Martin Dacres, ought to have been, but he moved up near to a peevish, who is very well known in Blackheath, and tried to make the best of things. Now, do you see the point?"

"Charles! Darling!" Emily became lyrical with excitement. "How marvelous. Then the brute wasn't at the dinner at all?"
"Exactly."
"You are sure you've remembered the name right?"
"I'm positive. I have torn up the letter, worse luck, but I can always write to Carruthers to make sure. But I absolutely know I'm not mistaken."

"There's the publisher still, of course," said Emily. "The one he spent the afternoon with. But I rather think it was a publisher who was just going back to America, and if so, that looks fishy. I mean it looks as though he had selected someone who couldn't be asked without a lot of trouble."
"The awkward thing is that you can't go and ask him about it now. I mean they wouldn't let you see him alone, would they?"

"I can put Mr. Dacres on to him," said Emily. "You see your solicitor alone, I believe. The worst of Jim is that he is frightfully obstinate; if he has once said a thing he sticks to it."
Emily paused, lost in thought. Two very different theories stretched out in opposite directions. There was the one suggested by Mr. Ryeroft, in which Jim's quarrel with his uncle was the determining point. The other theory, however, took no cognizance of Emily whatsoever. The first thing to do, Jim felt, was to see the doctor who had first examined the body. If it were possible that Captain Trevelyan had been murdered at—say—four o'clock, it might make a considerable difference to the question of alibi. And the other thing to do was to make Mr. Dacres urge most strongly

on his client the absolute necessity of speaking the truth on this point.

She rose from the bed. "Well," she said, "you had better find out how I can get to Exhampton. There's a train at three ten to Exeter. That will give me time to see the doctor first. And there's just one other thing I want to do before leaving Sittford," said Emily.
"What's that?" asked Mr. Enderby.
"I am going to pay a call on Mr. Duke. He's the only person in Sittford I haven't seen. And he was one of the people at the table turning."

"Oh, well, pass his cottage on the way to see about getting a car to Exhampton."
Mr. Duke's cottage was the last of the row. Emily and Charles unclashed the gate and walked up the path. And then something rather surprising occurred. For the door opened and a man came out. And that man was Inspector Narraoott.

He, too, looked surprised and, Emily thought, embarrassed. Emily abandoned her original intention.
"I am so glad to have met you, Inspector Narraoott," she said. "There are one or two things I want to talk to you about if I may."
"Delighted, Miss Trefusis." He drew out a watch. "I'm afraid you will have to look sharp. I've a car waiting. I've got to go back to Exhampton almost immediately."

"How extraordinarily fortunate," said Emily. "You might give me a lift, will you, Inspector?"
The inspector said rather woodenly that he would be very pleased to do so.

"You might go and get my suitcase, Charles," said Emily. "It's packed up and ready."

Charles departed immediately.
"It's a great surprise meeting you here, Miss Trefusis," said Inspector Narraoott.

"I said au revoir," Emily reminded him.
"I didn't notice it at the time."
"You've not seen the last of me by a long way," said Emily candidly.

"You know, Inspector Narraoott, you've made a mistake. Jim's net the man you're after."

"Indeed?"
"And what's more," said Emily, "I believe in your heart that you agree with me."
"What makes you think that, Miss Trefusis?"

"What were you doing in Mr. Duke's cottage?" retailed Emily.
Narraoott looked embarrassed and she was quick to follow it up.
"You're doubtful, inspector—doubtful. You thought you had the right man and now you're not so sure, and so you are making a few investigations. Well, I have something to tell you that may help. I'll tell it to you on the way to Exhampton."

Footsteps sounded down the road, and Ronnie Garfield appeared. He had the air of a truant, breathless and guilty.

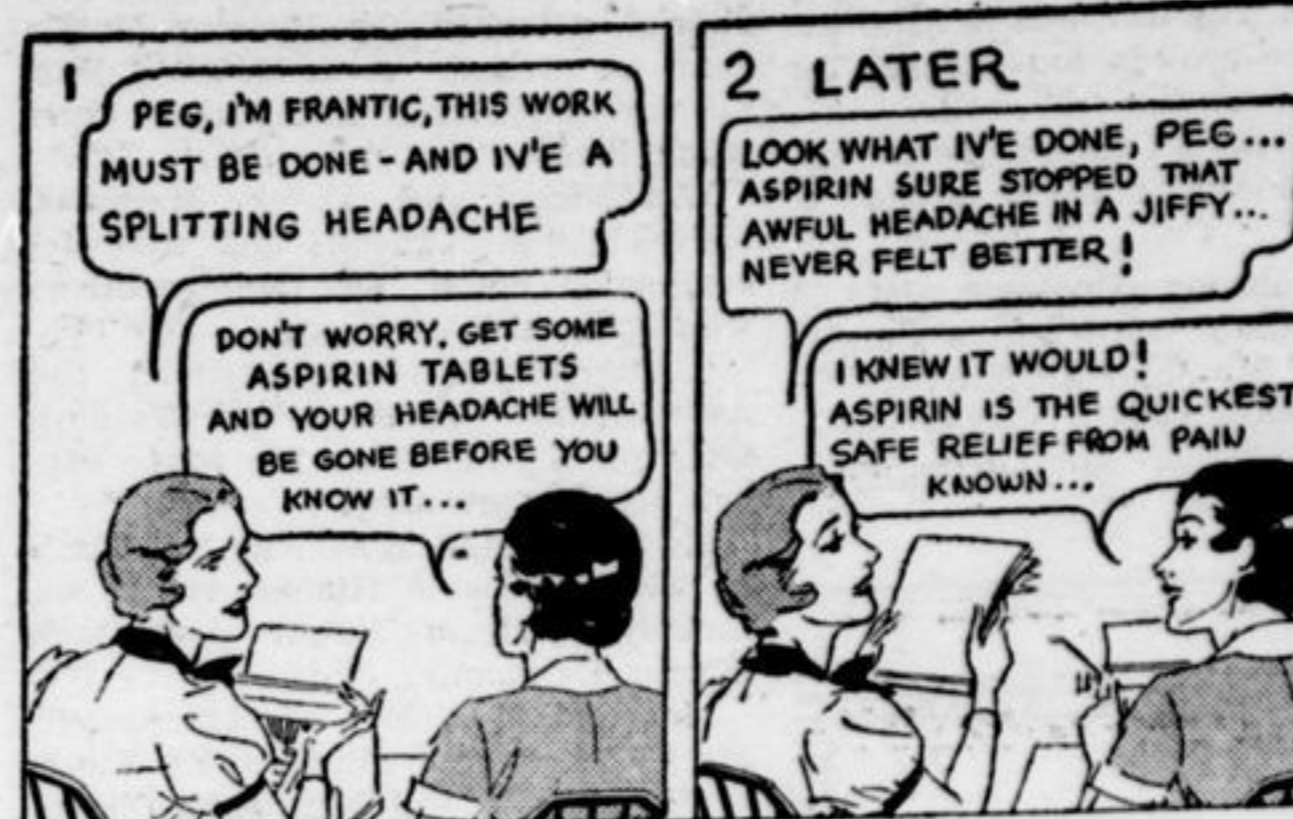
"I say, Miss Trefusis," he began. "What about a walk this afternoon while my aunt has a nap?"
"Impossible," said Emily. "I'm going away. To Exeter."

"What, not really? For good you mean?"
"Oh, no," said Emily. "I shall be back again tomorrow."
"Oh, that's splendid!"
Emily took something from the pocket of her sweater and handed it to him. "Give that to your aunt, will you? It's a recipe for coffee cake and tell her she was just in time; the cook is leaving today and so are the other servants. Be sure you tell her; she will be interested."

At half past two Dr. Warren received a call from Emily. He took an immediate fancy to this business-like and attractive girl. Her questions were blunt and to the point.

"Yes, Miss Trefusis, I see exactly what you mean. You'll understand that, contrary to the popular belief in novels, it is extremely difficult to

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Does Not Harm the Heart

fix the time of death accurately. I saw the body at eight o'clock. I can say decidedly that Captain Trevelyan had been dead at least two hours. How much longer than that would be difficult to say. If you were to tell me that he was killed at four o'clock, I should say it was possible, though my own opinion inclines to a later time. On the other hand he could certainly not have been dead for much longer than that. Four and a half hours would be the outside limit.

"Thank you," said Emily, "that's all that I wanted to know."
She caught the 3.10 train at the station and drove straight to the hotel where Mr. Dacres was staying.

Their interview was business-like and unemotional. Mr. Dacres had known Emily since she was a small child, and had managed her affairs for her since she came of age.

"You must prepare yourself for a shock, Emily," he said. "Things are much worse for Jim Pearson than we imagined."
"Worse?"
"Yes. It's no good beating about the bush. Certain facts have come to light which are bound to show him up in a most unfavorable light. It is these facts which led the police actually to charge him with the crime. I should not be acting in your interests if I withheld these facts from you."

"Please tell me," said Emily.
Her voice was perfectly calm and composed. It was not feelings that were going to help Jim Pearson, it was brains. She must keep all her wits about her.

(To be continued.)

After a Japanese Proverb

When one in deep distress I stood,
Straight by his sinking side I viewed,
And helped him to firm standing ground.

When to my great delight I found
The place from which I set him free
Left a receptacle for me.

In which the trouble that I bore
Fell, and by me was seen no more!
And then to me 'twas plainly shown
We're rid of troubles of our own
When we help others to others.

Remembering that we all are brothers,
As Job's captivity was turned
When for his friends in prayer he yearned.
—Alexander Louis Fraser.

Combines Writing Novel With Learning to Cook

Mansfield, Mo.—Miss Catherine Brody reports two accomplishments of a trip to the Ozarks—the writing of a novel and learning how to become a good cook.

She came with Mrs. Rose Wilder Lane to write, and not to cook, but as she tells it:

"It was a case of having to learn to cook if we continued to eat. Our housekeeper just vanished one day and if we ate I had to cook. So I cooked—decided by note. However, I'm getting so I can scornfully raise my nose at the cook book."

"A good many modern novels include five cents worth of realism, which is written as though it was \$17,000.50 worth."—Theodore Dreiser.

"If 'getting back to normal' means crowded brokerage offices, factories running all night and everybody rushing helter-skelter, then I say, God pity us."—Bruce Barton.

"The most perfect organization, when it finds itself with a lack of customers, is in the position of a huge boat aground in low tide."—Andre Siegfried.

Turnips For Sheep

While there is little danger of over-feeding roots to sheep, the quantity which can be profitably fed is limited. When feeding 1½ to 2 pounds of hay, approximately 1½ to 2 pounds of roots may be fed per head per day. Occasionally, as much as 4 pounds may be fed profitably, but, when feeding roots, the point must not be lost sight of, says the Dominion Husbandman, that they are mainly useful as a source of succulence, and a relatively small quantity is effective for this purpose. Mangel are not as safe a food as turnips, particularly for rams. Carrots can be used successfully to take the place of swede turnips, but are a less reliable crop in that they are more difficult to grow with success. No class of sheep derives more benefit from roots, particularly swede turnips, than the breeding ewes.—Dominion Department of Agriculture.

Art of Great Surgeon More Quickly Acquired Than Cook's, Contention

New York.—It takes longer to be a cook than it does to be a great surgeon if the Research Department of the Hotel Workers Branch of the Amalgamated Food Workers knows its stuff. And the first 15 years are the hardest. After that, a cook gets to know something about the art. This contention will be submitted to the N.R.A. during hearings on the hotel and dining bearings.

"The trouble with the world is that we have not learned to distribute wealth."—Clarence Darrow.

NEIGHBORS TALK

"I am employed in a theatre and it is a problem to make ends meet, as I like to dress well but haven't very much to spend on clothes. To give the appearance of variety to my slender wardrobe I change the color of my dress or stockings as soon as the things become faded. I always use Diamond Dyes for the work—using them as dyes for dresses and as tints for stockings. I have always gotten such perfect results that our neighbors talk about the great number of new things I have.

"I learned about Diamond Dyes from our wardrobe mistress. She says she has tried all the dyes on the market but none do such splendid work and are so easy to use as Diamond Dyes. I understand they are the world's most popular dyes—and they deserve to be."—L.P. Montreal.

The reason for the hour of birth being recorded is that the family believed in astrology, according to which science the hour of birth decides the nature of one's entire life.

Annie Laurie's girlhood was similar to that of any other lass of her age. As she grew up, however, she became the most beautiful Dumfriessian of the ballad and the heroine of the ballad which has made her charms immortal. As she was unusually beautiful, it was only natural that she should have many admirers; among the foremost was Douglas Finland. Finland after the accepted practice of the day, wrote a poem to Annie Laurie. It is from this poem that the lines which form the song are taken. But it was not the poet Annie Laurie loved. She married his rival, Alexander Ferguson, and lived happily ever after, an exchange says.

Prudery is often immoderately modest; its habit is to multiply sentinels in proportion as the fortress is less threatened.—C. D. Prentice.



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EATS DIRT

Nourishing Food One Cent a Portion

B Maude M. Hutcheson in Toronto Saturday Night.

Washington, D.C.—It is, of course, to the depression that the once-lowly penny is indebted for the new prominence it has achieved. Who would have dreamed, such a few years ago, of a popular restaurant serving wholesome food at one cent per portion? As a matter of fact, the venture is in the nature of a second, and this time successful attempt; the idea was first tried out twenty-five years ago when Bernarr Macfadden served dishes at a five-cent restaurant in the basement of a five-cent apartment in New York City.

There was no object of the scheme was to prove how cheaply sustaining food could be sold to the public. Apparently the mass mind of the day could not accept anything lower in the monetary scale than the five-cent portion, for the penny part of the restaurant got next to no patronage. The "old order" has changed, however, and the pennyteria has which the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation has maintained for the last few years in New York are proving so popular that one was recently opened in Washington.

The penny restaurant is run on the cafeteria system, which is too well known to need describing. The "landmark" tables, however, are a novelty. These are about the height of bookkeepers' desks, and the reason no seats are provided is simple enough. Were the majority of pennyteria patrons to be given seats they might be tempted to put in the better part of an otherwise empty afternoon over a meal, but if the restaurant is to make expenses it must count on a constant flow of customers; therefore it invites one to eat, but not to loiter.

A sign, prominently displayed, reads: "Our table space is limited. Please make room for those behind you by leaving when you finish." Certain dishes are included in the regulation menu, e.g.:

- All soups 1 cent
- Cracked wheat 1 cent
- Cornmeal 1 cent
- Oatmeal 1 cent
- Cabbage Salad 1 cent
- Bread Pudding 1 cent
- Whole wheat bread 1 cent
- Raisins 1 cent
- Prunes 1 cent
- Coffee 1 cent
- Enriched milk for coffee 1 cent
- Butter 1 cent

Then there are "specials," varying from day to day, such as beef stew with vegetables, 5 cents, or beef meat cakes, two for 5 cents.

In a leaflet dealing with these restaurants, issued by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, cracked wheat is given prominence as the "staple dish." Two servings are considered a good meal—at a price of two cents. With regard to the soups, the leaflet explains that they are made "rather heavy and not strained. There is no meat base, although chopped fried onions, with a liberal quantity of oil or beef fat, are added to enrich them." It seems that many customers whose funds consist mainly of coppers eat two or three bowls of soup.

If the penny restaurants were originally intended for the "tougher" elements of society, they are also catering to other and very different classes—not only the "white collar" workers, who have been so hard hit in these times, but even to people still on salaries. Those who have suffered the ignominy of the jobless have been able to feed themselves in respectable surroundings for a few pennies, and in Washington particularly, "bank holiday" may be said to have freed the pennyteria from any stigma of pauperism.

The Inspiration For Annie Laurie

The whole English-speaking race knows the old Scotch ballad "Annie Laurie," but not all know that Annie Laurie, as a Scotch lassie who lived during the last quarter of the Seventeenth century, and the first quarter of the Eighteenth. She was a daughter of Robert Laurie a Scotch baronet. In the Laurie family register is this entry: "At the pleasure of God, my daughter, Annie Laurie, was born on the 15th day of December, 1682, and was 6 o'clock in the morning, and was baptized by Mr. George Hunter (minister of Gleincrain)."

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ISSUE No. 41—'33