

Recent Events From Overseas

WEDS FRENCHMAN

PARIS—An English girl of 21 has turned a new page in the story of English women's fight for equal rights with men.

For pretty Ina Ginn, of Stanmore, Middlesex, has become Mme.—or rather Mrs. Lucien Albert of Paris—and retained her British nationality. She is the only Englishwoman to have married a Frenchman—or any foreigner—and remained British.

"British Subject"

Shyly she told of how she wrote to the Home Secretary on her engagement explaining her patriotic desire of the long negotiations between the French and British authorities.

She came to Paris to be married—Boxing Day. Since then, presumably, she has had no nationality.

She showed me the new British passport, in her married name, which she has just received. Written in by hand I read: "British subject under the provision of the British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act, 1933, wife of a French citizen."

NEPHEW REWARDED

LONDON—To show his appreciation of "the many hours of pleasure he has given me on Saturday evenings," the late Mr. Alfred Page, of Blackhall road, Wanstead, E., left his nephew, Frederick Page, £100.

AND SO IT GOES

For twelve years Rose Orkell, aged twenty-six, had been a trapeze artist before she took a post as maid at Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton, Surrey.

One of her acts had been to hold up eight girls.

She was taking coffee to the maids in the hospital, and was about to serve a girl in the automatic lift when some one pressed a button on the floor below. As Miss Orkell tried to open the door the lift restarted and she was fatally injured.

At the Carshalton inquest recently the coroner, returning a verdict of "accidental death," said it was ironic that a girl who had been a trapeze artist should die from inadvertent use of a lift.

VULTURE VS. AIRPLANE

JOHANNESBURG—A vulture and an airplane collided in mid-air over the Crown Mines. The vulture was killed, and the airplane—piloted by Mr. G. D. B. Williams, of the Johannesburg Light Plane Club—was slightly damaged, but landed safely.

HEROIC WAR HORSE

MAIDSTONE, Eng.—Thirty-year-old Charlie grazes contentedly in a field at Maidstone.

His owner is Mr. Bill Bricknell, a retired butcher, of Boxley Road, Maidstone.

Charlie came to Mr. Bricknell as a colt. For years he pulled the butcher's van.

Then Charlie went to the war. When the war finished Charlie came back, but not to Maidstone.

He was sold to a tradesman at Bristol. Years passed.

One day Mr. Bricknell went to Bristol on business. He was walking along the street when a horse passed by drawing a van.

Mr. Bricknell recognized Charlie. He bought him back.

Now Charlie is self-appointed keeper to the cows who share his field. He rounds them up with the skill of a sheep dog and guides them to the gate.

CRASHES AND LIVES

BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH, Eng.—A pilot named Elliott, attached to the Southern Flying Club, nose-dived and crashed at Burnham-on-Crouch recently.

Mr. Elliott was attempting to land on the flying field behind the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club. The airplane was badly wrecked.

The pilot escaped unhurt, lunched at the club, and flew back to Southampton in another machine.

JAY WALKERS FINED

WARSAW—Three thousand people were fined nine-pence each in one day here for crossing the streets when the traffic signals were against them.

AIRMINDED FAMILY

LONDON—The Londonderry family are now one hundred per cent. air-minded.

Lady Helen Stewart, the third and youngest daughter of Lord Londonderry, the Secretary of State for Air, is learning to fly at Heston.

All five members of the Londonderry household fly now—a record number for one family in this country.

Lord Londonderry is a qualified pilot. He bought a private airplane recently and had it painted in the family colors.

Lady Margaret Stewart is also a pilot, can fly an airplane, though not yet allowed to fly alone.

Lady Londonderry has had lessons and resumes them next month.

The Flying Courier

by Boyd Cable

SYNOPSIS

Glynn Elliman, Always Pilot, is employed by the Prince of Nepal to India in order to foil "The Vulture," a film of the Prince, who is trying to gain control of the Prince's subjects. Two films are carried by Glynn. One is stolen. Several attempts are made to get control of the other.

Norah Seaman travelling on the plane to visit her father, is interested in Glynn and becomes alarmed at the series of attacks.

Glynn is met by a supposed envoy of the Prince, who declares he has been ordered not to leave Glynn during his stop-over in Karachi. A plot is laid to overcome Glynn who is carrying the film chained to his person.

Jimmy Doyle, Norah and Glynn, under the Indian's advice take a cab to a theatre, where Glynn is to meet a supposed envoy of the Prince who requests him to accompany him to a "theatre."

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led Jimmy with his eyes on Glynn carefully lighting a cigar, and the waiter bringing to his table a tray with a glass and a syphon.

But as the waiter put the tray down on Glynn's table, the Subardar stepped quickly forward from where he had stationed himself behind the chair upon which Glynn sat, and spoke in rapid angry Hindustani to the obsequious waiter.

"The sahib will permit," the Subardar murmured, bowing to Glynn as the waiter picked up the tray and hurried off. "It is an order that I see you do not drink nothing alone that is not from a bottle which has not been opened before."

"You'd be getting on my nerves, if I had any, Subardar," said Glynn half-amusedly. "I see what you're at of course, but it seems a bit silly. I am not a claimant to the throne or anybody special to be poisoned off hand."

"If the sahib permits," said the Subardar, "it is on my head if my orders are not obeyed by me."

"Have it your way," murmured Glynn, "but keep a look-out for our august friend who wants to meet me."

The waiter returned with a full and uncorked bottle of whiskey and a small half bottle of soda water on his tray. He set the tray down on the table and produced a corkscrew, but before he could do more, the Subardar stepped forward, picked up the whiskey bottle examined the cork and the capsule carefully, and then turned the bottle upside down, and with even greater care scrutinized the bottom of the bottle.

"Think the bottle has sprung a leak?" asked Glynn with unconcealed amusement as he watched this business.

The Subardar took the corkscrew from the waiter's hand and dismissed him curtly. "Does the sahib not know that a diamond drill can make a little hole in the bottom of a bottle, and through it the bottle be emptied, or something be added to what the bottle holds."

"I've heard of it," said Glynn indifferently, and watched casually while the Subardar carefully used the corkscrew, pulled the cork, put the opened bottle on the table and then wiped out the glass with a napkin left on the tray as Glynn tilted a small drink from the bottle the Subardar opened the half-bottle of soda and passed the napkin around the neck of it. What Glynn did not see was that in proceeding to the last movement, the Subardar slipped a little pellet into the opened bottle of soda.

Glynn himself poured the soda into his whiskey, and because he was thirsty, filled his glass with it, and drank off more than half of the mixture at one slow draught.

"If the sahib permits," said the Subardar a moment later, "I see the one who comes to talk, I see he has another with 'im, and it is my order that I should know who talks with you."

"Go ahead," said Glynn again, good humouredly. "It's on your head, as you keep reminding me."

The Subardar moved quickly past the table and to two men coming towards them and looking at the Subardar meet and talk a moment with the two, and then turn and lead them towards his table. One of the two halted a dozen paces away, while the other came forward with the Subardar.

"The Secretary of the Vizeir of His Royal Highness desires talk with the sahib," he said the Subardar bowing, and he brings with him one of the household he desires to be present at the talk."

was a great honour to be ordered to meet the Courier who had travelled so far across the Black Water, that he had been told of the difficulties and dangers which had been met and overcome, but that it was sure that His Royal Highness would know of and make due recompense to the Courier.

Glynn sat up with a jerk realising that he was not taking in all that was being said, and vaguely that nothing was being said, that mattered, and that—damn the man's droning driel, that was enough to send one to sleep.

"It is late," he said abruptly, "and unless you have other orders for me, I have to take the train to-night. Have you any orders? If not—I mean—if not—I mean, well, you understand that...it not..."

Again he tried to pull himself together with a sense of humiliation that he was so confoundedly sleepy that he was making n s s of himself.

The scribe who was busy with paper and fountain pen looked up, murmured in Hindustani, "If it is permitted, I have not heard and written. Will the sahib of his goodness repeat."

At the entrance of one of the walks leading into the open electric-lit square appeared a young Englishman with a couple of men of the Indian Police at his elbows. The three began to move methodically and swiftly from table to table glancing at the people sitting at each, and passed rapidly on. The Subardar standing behind Glynn's chair, coughed loudly, and as the Englishman looked up at him, turned his head straight ahead and the queuing policemen, and lifted a hand that gave a glimpse of the silk cord.

To be continued

Let Cows Die, Is Fined \$100

Soulanges County Farmer Punished for Gross Neglect

MONTREAL—A fine of \$100 and costs or two months in jail was the penalty imposed upon Roch Laroux, Soulanges County farmer, by Judge Maurice Tetreau here, following Laroux's conviction on a charge of ill-treating his livestock. The complaint was laid by members of the farmer's family, the court end of the prosecution being looked after by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Five of Laroux's seven cows had died of starvation, the judge was told, and accused's barn was in disgraceful condition. Four horses were also found starving by officers of the S.P.C.A. Laroux at first pleaded guilty but changed his mind when the court informed him he could be sentenced to a fine of \$500, one year in jail and two lashes.

The case proceeded after his change of plea and his children testified his stock had spent both his time and his money in a neighboring village.

Milk and Cream Consumption Off

WASHINGTON—Americans are drinking less milk and cream, an Agricultural Department report indicates.

Consumption in cities and towns last year was estimated at 3,629,470,000 gallons compared to 3,731,743,000 gallons in 1932, 3,739,645,000 gallons in 1931 and 3,782,042,000 gallons in 1930.

Per capita consumption declined from 46 gallons in 1931 and 1932 to 38.8 gallons last year. The decreases occurred chiefly in the North Atlantic states where about four per cent. less milk and cream was used than in 1932. Consumption decreased 3.5 per cent. in South Atlantic states, three per cent. in South Atlantic and about two per cent. in North Central.

Young Men Rally Round Girl Trained in Home Economics

JACKSON, Miss.—Practical minded young men and wedding bells have created a problem in the home economics department of the Mississippi school system.

F. J. Hubbard, state director of vocational education, says the high turnover of home economics teachers is really getting to be something to think about.

The home economics teachers spend years learning the art of home management, cooking, baking and dressmaking and do their work so well that the young men begin to rally 'round. The casualty list is high, Hubbard says.

"But why not," he added philosophically. "A lot of the home economics teachers return to the teaching profession after practical experience in their own home, and they make excellent teachers."

CHURCH NURSERY
A Methodist Church at Croydon has established a nursery, with toys and cradles, in the church hall, so that mothers may attend service.

"SALADA"

Orange Pekoe Blend TEA Fresh from the Gardens

Curious World

Sixteen children are born to every 1,000 people in Britain in a year, according to the last statistics; sixty years ago there were thirty births to every thousand of their population.

Rural Postmen in the North-West districts of the United States have been officially supplied with packets of birdseed to carry with them on their rounds and deliver to the birds.

80,000 pictures a second have been "shot" by a remarkable super-speed movie camera patented in Germany. At this rate the rebound of a rain-drop as plain as the bounce of a tennis ball.

Nutria farming is proving successful in Surrey, nutria being a species of swamp beaver from South America, resembling a cross between a large rat and a porcupine, and highly valued for its fur.

Four blind typists are employed by the London County Council at the County Hall.

Big-game hunters are now having the trophies converted into furniture, elephant tusks making excellent bedposts. One hunter has a greatly-prized smoking stand designed from a giraffe's foot.

2,600 fingerprinters were taken by the police of Prague to trace a murderer, the only clue to whose identity was a fingerprint on the window-sill of the victim's house. A scientific sifting of the results brought them his man.

The potato's most dangerous enemy, the Colorado beetle, is threatened with extinction by a flower, the petunia, whose leaves attract the pest and then poison it.

Stately Old Home

"The Maples" Tavistock, formerly the home of the late Frederick Krug, has been sold in order to wind up the estate, and it was secured for \$2,650, observes the Stratford Beacon-Herald.

The property itself consists of three and one-half acres, and there was splendid taste shown in the first place in placing the house well back. There are fruit trees and shrubs, flower beds and hedges, a large barn, an ice house and a chicken pen.

The house itself is heated by hot water, has a metal roof, stone foundation, electric lighting, and unlike a number of other large homes, has been kept in excellent repair. The house, solid brick, is 44 by 32 feet and at the rear of the house is a kitchen 20 x 16, and at the front there is one of those spacious and substantial verandahs which speak of comfort and enjoyment. There is a living room on the ground floor, a library and a dining room, hardwood or parquet oak flooring, and this same standard of excellence is carried through all the floors. On the floors above there are seven or eight bedrooms, all large and airy.

Almost every community has such homes, but they do not sell readily today. They are considered too large, and the reason probably is that home life has changed. People are away now more than they used to be; the car has opened wide spaces and long roads to daily venture, and there are many who look for amusement and entertainment outside their own homes. So it is that the stately old home is not in great demand. It seems a pity because it has so much to commend.

All Play and No Work

Jack Will Be a Dull Boy If He Spends All His Time Amusing Himself Instead of Learning To Do Certain Work About the House or Garden — Thus Making Himself Useful

All children should work. We don't mean in mills or factories but either in the house or yard, or even to help dad stack up the cans in the store.

We are advocates of child labor, just as we are champions of child play and child freedom of the right sort. An advocate of labor in this way — of duties that put some iron into them and condition them to the work habit later in life.

It's perfectly silly to bring up children on a diet of pap and then expect them to enjoy hard food later on, silly and criminal to say, "They are just children once," and let them get lazy and expect every one in the house to stand around and wait on them while they never turn a finger.

Soft Life Harmful
It is unfair to the child to have a nurse or governess at his beck and call too long; if he has to make no or little effort to look out for himself physically, it is all wrong.

It is unkind and short-sighted to keep girls out of the kitchen and say, "They'll learn to cook quickly enough when they are married." Maybe they will, but not being "conditioned" to cook, they will hate it very likely. Or only like it as long as they are emotionally interested.

Too many children go through school and emerge in utter confusion to the world of work — the world of "must," or having - to - use - their hands - mind - to - support - their bodies. They are suddenly expected to develop work habits entirely foreign to their natures.

They have studied, of course, and that is labor. We do not discount that — but except in the cases of self-earned educations they cannot be expected to face the new situation cheerfully when the world stares to see what they will make of themselves.

Japan to Raise Standard of Living

Geneva—Japan aims to raise her living standards and thus does not threaten world trade through competition made possible by a low standard, Ryozo Asano, representing the Japanese employers, told the International Labor Conference here recently.

"Those who seem obsessed by the bogey of Japanese competition and who fail to see the benefits of trading with a healthy progressive nation, may now dismiss from their minds the fear of a low standard of living in Japan," he said.

If the Japanese are left to pursue their economic activities peacefully, he declared, they will become a huge market for the world's goods. He argued that Japan can only raise its standard of living by a higher industrial development.

A man of seventy-two and a girl of seventeen were married at Pewsey, near Marlborough, recently.

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A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by P.C.2

Motorists generally don't seem to realize the importance of the hand signal. Some of them will raise a hand from the wheel for a split second and expect the driver of the car following to see through the people in the back seat. Others put a hand through the open window like a flash and jerk it back as though something had bitten them. Still others wait until they've almost completed whatever movement it is they want to make before signalling. More than half the drivers don't give any signal at all. One of the worst offenders is the chap who reaches the exact centre of an intersection before he makes up his mind to turn left; then he suddenly sticks his hand out from away over

on the right side of the road and he gives his turn. Usually, in heavy traffic several cars pass him with tooting horns. The fourth or fifth car is likely to bang right into him. His excuse usually is, "Well, I had my hand out, didn't I?" Of course, I remind him that he should have edged over the centre of the road before reaching the intersection—but it's too late then.

Some day there'll be a definite code for hand-signalling, but in the meantime, the driver who makes SOME KIND of a signal, whether he's turning right or left, or stopping, or pulling over from the side of the road, will save himself, and others a lot of grief.

Well, I'll be seeing you.

String beans...
One pound...
Two...
Wash and...
Sweet, Pungent...
One pound...
Fourth teaspoon...
Wash beans...
One pound...
VEGETABLE...
Eat lettuce...
Banana Ice...
First press...
SOFTENING...
To aid in...
COOKING VE...
Time tables...
MUTT A...
JEFF, I'LL...
MAGAZINE...
LOOK LIKE...
YOU AIN'T...
8-28