

Mrs. Roosevelt Looks Over "Starers" Heads

New York.—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt says she has found a way to ignore the stares of crowds. "I have developed the self-protective habit of looking over people's heads," the wife of the United States President told members of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

"Soldiers and sailors are the real pacifists."—Admiral Isamu Takahashi.

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Rainbow Gold

by E. C. BULEY

SYNOPSIS
Dan Prescott and Gordon Westerby find gold in the arid bush of Australia. They stake their claim and start the long journey to the coast. Westerby has a fiancée, Gladys Clements in England, but when they arrive in Sydney he marries a pretty blonde, Gordon forwards a photo of Dan to London and when Dan arrives she believes he is Gordon. Eve Gilchrist, a typist, obtains work in Medlicott's office, the broker who is floating the mine.

Is there anything else, sir?" he asked. "I'd like you to get me into this harness," Dan said with a gesture towards the dress clothes. "Over in Australia we don't go in much for this sort of rig; not where I come from. I never wore a tail coat in my life."

"Very good, sir," the man agreed. Presently he tied Dan's bow, and helped him into the coat. "You were made for the suit, and the suit was made for you, sir, if I may venture the observation," he said. "I have often noticed how a tanned complexion is set off by well-cut evening clothes."

Eve noticed it, too; with a proprietary sense of pride. Dan was facing the music like a soldier going into battle, but he looked all of a man, though a very stiff one.

"Relax," she murmured. "These are kind, homely people, Dan; and Mrs. Medlicott is a dear."

There was certainly nothing formidable about Mr. Burdon, a grey-haired matron with a smiling face; of about her husband who was florid and actively hospitable. Mrs. Medlicott was gentle and fair, and had preserved a youthful appearance by virtue of placidity.

Australia must be a very interesting place, Mr. Prescott," Mr. Burdon said, almost as soon as they were seated at dinner. "It produces phenomenally skillful young men, like Lindrum and young Bradman. I suppose Bradman's a public idol out there?"

"He's a bonzer cricketer," Dan agreed. "Does that mean very good?" Mrs. Burdon asked. "I don't think I've heard the word before."

Dan was scarlet with confusion; but he strove to rise to the occasion. "It's miners' slang, Mrs. Burdon," he said, "so you must excuse me for using it. On the goldfields, a very rich find was a bonanza, you see. I'm told that is Spanish, and came from the Californian diggings. But on the goldfields, fellows who could just read and write mispronounced it, cutting out a syllable. And so every thing good in Australia nowadays is just bonzer."

"How very interesting," Mrs. Burdon said. "Talking about Bradman," Dan said.

"There's underground water there," Dan said confidently. "We've only got to bore for it. And then Feather-top will be a centre for prospecting and for developing the country. It's going to be a big place, in my opinion."

"And you'll be able to say that you put it on the map," Medlicott remarked. "How far is it from rail-head?"

"A bit over three hundred miles," Dan said carelessly. "What's the odds? We got a car there, and a bit of road-making will open a good track for cars, so long as it doesn't rain. The clay patches turn to glue in the wet."

"Tell Mrs. Burdon about the birds," Eve suggested. "How they disappear when the water dries up."

TO BE CONTINUED

Rothschild Heiress Marries French Baron
New York.—An heiress to the Rothschild banking millions and a titled French sportsman were married at City Hall recently.

The bride was the former Kathleen Rothschild, of London, youngest daughter of the late Nathaniel Charles Rothschild, fourth head of the great firm of N. M. Rothschild & Sons in direct succession.

The bridegroom was Baron Jules de Koenigswarter, of Paris, also a member of a prominent banking family. The bride gave her age as 21 and the Baron his as 31.

"Among my minor prejudices is the word 'hither' in the title of a book, play, lecture, magazine article or essay."—George Jean Nathan.

went on, making a noble effort. "There was a fellow passenger on the boat coming over; a lady who had to engage a new housemaid in Sydney. One of the girls she saw was a fresh importation from England; smart, and just what she wanted. But before signing this girl on, the lady asked her why she was leaving the place she held."

"Well, madam," says this girl, I'm English, you see; and the master is very Australian. And we couldn't seem to agree about the cricket test matches."

Medlicott led the laugh which rewarded this little anecdote, and Dan piled knife and fork with the air of a man who found conditions were more endurable than he had been led to expect. But his host was intent upon drawing him into the conversation; and presently began to ask questions about the lonely places which Dan had seen and known.

"It sounds an appalling place," Mrs. Medlicott ventured, "so dry and dreary; and so utterly lonely. Fancy being two hundred miles from anybody, in a waterless waste!"

"It all depends," Dan said vaguely. "Depends on what, Mr. Prescott?" asked Mrs. Burdon.

"On the time of the year, and the conditions," Dan explained. "I was once camping in a howling wilderness; nothing but loose sand as far as the eye could see. And we had two days' rain; drenching rain. Seven or eight inches of it. On top of that the sun came out."

"And then?" Eve asked, since Dan seemed inclined to leave it at that. "In twenty-four hours you could see the sand changing colour," Dan said. "In another day it was like a billiard table, all covered with dark green velvet grass. Inside a week the grass was knee deep, and patterned with wild flowers like a bright carpet. Miles and miles of it, all waying with pink and white and purple blooms. From day to day it was like one of those transformation scenes at a pantomime. And then—Bingo!"

"Bingo, o?" said Medlicott. Dan nodded emphatically. "The hot sun dried it all up," he said. "Nothing left but a lot of brown stuff like thin hay. The wind blew all that away; and there were the old sand hummocks again. All inside a few weeks."

"If they ever do," Dan agreed. "You could feed the whole world on what dry Australia would grow, if it wasn't dry."

"And that's the sort of country where you discovered your mine?" Mr. Burdon asked. "Does not the aridly make it very difficult to develop the mine?"

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TO BE CONTINUED

Orillia Assessment Up
Orillia.—The assessor's roll, delivered to the town clerk by Assessor Taylor, shows an assessment gain of \$78,989 over last year. The figures are: Lands, \$1,675,780; buildings, \$3,773,265; business, \$387,629; income, \$59,070; total net assessment, \$5,895,744. The population is up about 100 to 8,662.

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EVERY DAY LIVING

A WEEKLY TONIC
by Dr. M. M. Lappin

"THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE"
"The Eternal Triangle" is always cropping up. It is not only in books of fiction that we come across it. We meet with it in real life.

"I have been out to one or two dances with a man who works beside me. He is older than I am and is married, but he says he is not happy at home, and that I am so different from his wife. He thinks I could make him happy and he wants me to keep company with him regularly. At first I was a bit shy at going with him, but he has been so kind to me that I think I am now beginning to really like him. I am in a fix. Can you help me? Do you think I should continue my friendliness with him?"

That is part of a letter written to me by a girl of twenty-three, and my advice to her is business and tell him you want nothing to do with him. Men of that type are capable of working irreparable harm in the lives of young women. They should be left severely alone. Apparently this man blames his wife for the unhappy condition of his home life. Not a very chivalrous thing to do even if it were true, but not at all uncommon in such cases. It should be remembered, however, that, as it takes two to make a quarrel, and this man is probably not so completely without blame as he pretends to be. Personally, I would want to hear his wife's story also before I passed judgment.

I want to remind this young woman that it does matter what other folks say and think. We have to live among people and we have to mix with them daily and we must, to some extent, care for their opinions. Unless she wants to run the risk of being ostracised from the society of decent self-respecting people, she had better observe the moral sanctions and conventions of that society and quit this flirtation right away before it becomes more serious.

What are the real intentions of his man toward this girl? He cannot marry her, is she willing to have her whole life marred? Is he trying, by his legal wife grounds for divorce? Would my correspondent like to have her fair name dragged into that sort of thing? Has she thought of the reflection that it might cast upon her family? That is something that we ought to always consider—the reflection of our actions upon others and the suffering that we might cause others by our wrong behaviour.

If this girl allows her "friendliness" she terms it—to continue, she may wake up to the realization that her fondness for this man is increasing to something more than fondness and, just when she feels she is ready to sacrifice everything upon the altar of love for him, she may find herself in the same case as his present wife—left aside to mourn her folly while he passes on to some new adventure. For her own sake she should definitely end the matter now.

There are other potent reasons why I strongly advise this girl to drop this foolish friendship but I am embodying these in a personal letter to her. Sometimes one can say in a personal letter what is not appropriate to a column in public print and, since it is my business to help all I can, I am always glad to write a personal letter when necessary.

NOTE: The writer of this column is a trained psychologist and an author of several works. He is willing to deal with your problems and give you the benefit of his wide experience. Questions regarding problems of EVERYDAY LIVING should be addressed to: Dr. M. M. Lappin, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ontario. Enclose a 3c stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Tea at its Best

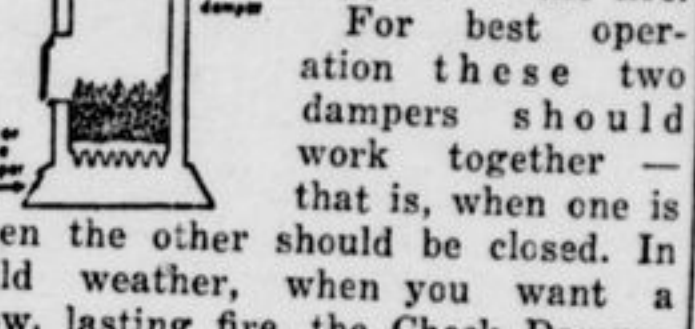
"SALADA" TEA

HEATING HINTS

by James Stewart

IN ORDER to regulate the fire for daily temperature changes, rely entirely on the Check Damper and the Asphit Damper. The Check Damper is a flap-like damper which should be located in the chimney pipe between the Turn Damper and the chimney. When this damper is open it retards the burning speed of the fire. The Asphit Damper is located below the grate and controls the amount of air supplied to the fire.

For best operation these two dampers should work together—that is, when one is open the other should be closed. In mild weather, when you want a slow, lasting fire, the Check Damper should be wide open and the Asphit Damper closed. This saves coal. When you want more heat, the Check Damper should be partly open and the Asphit Damper open part way. In extremely cold weather, of course, the Check Damper should be closed tight and the Asphit Damper wide open. (8)



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Law

"All things obey fixed laws."—Lucretius.

"The people's safety is the law of God."—James Otis.

"To suppose that God constitutes laws of inharmoniousness is a mistake; discord have no support from nature or divine law, however much is said to the contrary."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"Law is not law, if it violates the principles of eternal justice."—Lydia Maria Child.

"There is but one law for all; namely, that law which governs all law—the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity."—Burke.

"There is a higher law than the constitution."—W. H. Seward.

A Law Every Mother Should Know and Observe

Never Give Your Child An Unknown Remedy without Asking Your Doctor First

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

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A NEW TOUCH IN REPORTING

Canadian Columnist Writes His Approval of New Style Originating in New York.

Bruce Hutchison writing in the Victoria Times observes: "Miss Joan Crawford and Mr. Franchot Tone arrived in New York the other day and, in this refined and genteel age, naturally the first thing the New York newspapers asked them was whether they were going to be married. That is what you always ask a movie actress—that, or whether she is going to be divorced. In the United States the domestic affairs of the leading actors and actresses are as much a part of the public's business as the daily work of Congress."

Mr. Tone's reply to the question, "Are you going to marry Miss Crawford?" was charming, and gives you a vivid sidelight on the customs and attitudes of our current civilization. Mr. Tone replied for Miss Crawford and kept proposing to her in season and out, and if the public would just leave him alone for a while, instead of butting in, he might yet succeed in his suit. That, of course, was an absurd request. The public has a right to know all about the love-life of an actor as prominent as Mr. Tone. That is included in the price of admission.

Miss Crawford's reply also was significant. As quoted by the United Press she said, broadening her a's in a most cultured fashion: "I'm naut discussing marriage. Please don't ask." You would almost think, to hear her talk, that her love-life was her private business.

But what I wanted to discuss was not the love-life of Mr. Tone and Miss Crawford, which seems to be getting rather thin and dull, but the excellent technique of the United Press in quoting Miss Crawford's words just as she used them. Most of the newspapers are too respectable to quote what people say just as they say it. Seldom do they quote a lady as saying "I'm naut discussing marriage. Please don't ask me." But they should. When a Hollywood girl develops a broad a like that it's news. You can't convey the picture of her without the accent.

If the newspapers weren't so absurdly polite, so anxious to spare the feelings of public men and women, we should have a lot more of this sort of thing. In an election campaign the speeches of many public men, accurately reported, would be a treat. Public men are always accusing the newspapers of misquoting them. They are fortunate, too fortunate, that the newspapers don't quote them verbatim with their pronunciation and all complete."

Opportunities You Miss

Some times you hear people telling of opportunities they have missed to become wealthy. Perhaps they had the chance to go in with Ford in the days when he needed a few thousand dollars, or to buy at a ridiculously low price a stock that was destined to a spectacular advance. Doubtless it is distressing to recall such missed opportunities, but so few of you ever had or ever will have a chance to become millionaires that you are spared this particular pang.

Other opportunities, however, you are all the time missing. You miss the opportunity to cheer some one who is discouraged, to do a little kindness to some one who is unhappy, to show sympathy where it is needed, to rekindle the fires of hope in a fainting heart.

If the opportunity for you to make a fortune presents itself, it is to be hoped you will recognize it and grasp it. It is even more important that you should seize the opportunities that are all the time coming your way, to be helpful to those, who but for your aid and encouragement might miss their way in life.

Out Of Luck

A hitch hiker died
After his astral form
Started thumping a ride
One pearly morn.

He flagged a truck
After missing seven;
He said, "I'm in luck;
Now I'll go to Heaven."

But they sped right by
The golden stairs,
Where spirits sigh
Off their early cares.

For luck and turned
On this transient soul;
The truck, he learned,
Was delivering coal.

"It is necessary not only to have an ideal but to consider what are the best measures of achieving it."—Sir Samuel Hoare.

"Only the very young or the very old dramatic critic is absolutely positive on all matters pertaining to the theatre."—George Jean Nathan.

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