

Mistaken Motives

By RENE M. WORLEY

He came to No. 17, Harmay Street, on a pouring wet night in a month early in the year. The unfavorable weather conditions, combined with the lateness of the hour, and the fact that Aunt Emmeline knew he was speaking the truth about other houses being "full up" proved to be his good fortune. She took him in. True, as she said to Jean, her niece and general "help," it wasn't her practice to take in strange young men late at night, without much luggage or a reference.

"But I can always be safe for a few nights, anyway," by asking for a week in advance," she ended up complacently.

Jean was in bed when her aunt came panting up the stairs. She was tired and not very attentive, and she dented her head into the comfort of her pillows and murmured sleepily: "Oh, I expect he's all right! Burglars don't pick on a small boarding-house in a side street for a good haul!"

So Jerry Stevens came to be a lodger at No. 17. He seemed a nice enough young fellow. Aunt Emmeline was completely "won over" because he didn't want bacon for breakfast, and he always stood up when she came into the room. Aunt Emmeline had kept a boarding-house for the ten years of her widowhood, and she could only recollect three other gentlemen lodgers who had treated her so courteously and cost her so little to keep. Trust Aunt Emmeline to know a gentleman when she met one!

"You mark what I say, Jean Caroline Matthews," she said solemnly to her niece, "that young man has known better days."

By which she meant that Jerry Stevens had been brought up in a decent home, and was not one of your regular "diggins" fellows. He had a nice little air about him of being able to order a taxi whenever he felt inclined, and he played golf on Sundays as naturally as you pleased without talking about it over breakfast.

Yes, Aunt Emmeline knew a gentleman when she met one, and, to tell the truth, she liked having Jerry in her house because he gave a nice "tone" to the drawing-room, where he spoke in that pleasant voice of his to everybody, from Simpson, the shop-walker, to little Miss Jordan, who sold sweets in the High Street.

Jean Caroline Matthews liked his being there as well. Directly they saw each other, he was coming up the stairs and he promptly ran back again to let her pass—they looked at each other, the sort of direct, long look that just escapes being a rude stare by reason of a little mutual "something" in the eyes of both. And when he said "good-morning," and she replied, they both passed on their separate ways with a feeling that they had known each other for ages.

"It's very funny," said Jerry, when a day or so later, he was friendly enough with her to talk in this strain. "What is funny?" asked Jean, flushing in spite of herself.

"It's funny the way I feel towards you—I mean, as if I've known you all my life," he answered firmly.

And Jean felt her cheeks grow so hot that she dared not look up at him, but murmured an excuse and ran away to the kitchen. There, in the mirror, over the sink, she looked into her own eyes and confessed to her heart peeping through them something that a moment ago had seemed almost incredible in its unexpected wonder.

"I love him!" she told herself. Then she was confused and bothered, and started to strain off the potatoes with such agitation that they rolled into the sink.

Now this might have been quite a straightforward love story had it not been for the arrival of Madeline Sinclair. She was an actress—tall, willowy, and blonde—and on and off for three years she had occupied the first floor front during those periods known in the theatrical profession as "resting." This time, Madeline Sinclair told Jean ruefully that she was resting for a long time, because her voice had "croaked" and her varicose veins were so bad no manager would even look at her.

"So I shall have a nice long rest and get myself up to concert pitch again," she said hopefully.

Jean was very sorry for her, because obviously her days for securing juvenile leads were past, and her vanity would never let her acknowledge this.

From the very first, when they met each other at dinner, Madeline Sinclair took to Jerry as a duck takes to the water. They discovered a mutual interest in antiques—Jerry was assistant in an antique shop—and from discussing china and old gold they passed to more personal topics, and soon were on the friendliest terms.

her fluffy blonde head. She had her jewel-box on her lap, and she was showing Jerry some of its contents. Her jewels were a source of great admiration and envy among the female population of No. 17, although, as Aunt Emmeline said with a sniff: "No real lady would come down to breakfast in three different kinds of jewellery!"

"Now, this necklace!" said Madeline Sinclair, with enthusiasm. "Count Bombasi gave it to me when I was playing Rose in 'Love Files.' It's very precious, and almost antique, having been in the count's family for years!"

Jerry looked very attentive and very polite. He even threaded the pearls in and out of his fingers and held them up to see their effect in the light.

"Beautiful!" he murmured appreciatively; but his eyes were on Jean, meeting the blue of her eyes, and she set down his cup with a hand that trembled slightly, because, though she couldn't quite be sure, she felt she wouldn't be far wrong in her guess that he meant her, and not the pearls.

It was three days later that Aunt Emmeline answered the front door and encountered the fierce regard of a police inspector.

"Mr. Jerry Stevens live here?" he inquired abruptly; and she only just restrained herself from screaming by clapping her hand over her mouth. She panted into the kitchen, her cheeks positively sagging with fright.

"Lucky, Jean Caroline Matthews!" she gasped. "There's a policeman on the step and he's come to take Mr. Stevens!"

Jean went to investigate, and a few seconds later returned to her distracted aunt with a triumphant and smiling face.

"Silly! It was only about his firearms license—he hadn't notified his change of address!" she reproached gently. "Surely you didn't think Jerry had done anything wrong!"

It was a morning of incidents. After the inspector came a telegraph-boy with a wire for Miss Sinclair, and within a few moments of its delivery came a wild rushing of feet, and a distracted Miss Sinclair, in a no less distracting kimono, who flopped her head on Jean's shoulder and sobbed about her brother being desperately ill—wasn't it awful?

"You'll have to go to him; I'll help you to pack!" said Jean sympathetically.

The sobs increased, the weight on Jean's shoulder was lifted, and the tragic eyes of the actress, streaming tears and eye-black, looked at her.

"Yes—yes, of course!" she murmured brokenly. "I'll go at once—no, to-day; to-morrow, or perhaps the day after. He's in Paris, you see!"

Next day Madeline Sinclair came down to breakfast and announced brightly that she was going to Paris. Everybody stopped eating. It was marvellous, they considered, to be able to go to Paris as quickly and easily as all that!

So Madeline Sinclair went off, and Jean stood on the step waving goodbye to her. Then she went upstairs and started on the beds. She left Jerry's room until last. It was fun to dust his room and arrange the things on the dressing-table. She lingered a long time over his brilliantine, his comb, and his brushes.

Just as she was moving the case that held his brushes something rattled inside, and out fell a pearl necklace. She recognized it at once—she had seen it too many times, heard its story too often, to mistake it. It was the valuable one Madeline Sinclair had been showing him a night or two ago.

It was a terrible shock. Jean recalled the visit of the policeman—his tale about a firearm license might have been bluff so as not to scare her.

Oh, what a little beast she was to distrust Jerry so easily! Still, here were the pearls in his brush case, and the policeman had called, and Aunt Emmeline had taken him in without a reference, and—and—Oh, it was too hopeless, too horrible! She didn't want to suspect Jerry—one half of her simply refused to think of such a thing—but there was the practical intelligent half of her that read of such cases in the newspapers, that had to face facts as she saw them.

Brave Sea and Sharks to Rescue Woman



Diving from "A" deck of the Canadian Pacific liner "Empress of Russia" into the shark-infested waters of the China Sea, midway between Hong Kong and Shanghai, on May 25, Tom Ellworthy, ship's carpenter, battled for the life of Mrs. Katherine Makaroff, one of the passengers. When he saw his shipmate in danger, D. R. Dean, intermediate fourth engineer, went over the side to his aid and the trio were picked up by one of the ship's boats. Both Ellworthy (left) and Dean (right) have been officially cited for their heroism.

Horses Honored at the Capital

By ANNE MERRILL

Great homage was paid to the horse in the Canadian capital on May 24th, when the Ottawa Horse Parade and Show Association held its third annual event. There were three hundred and sixty-two entries of splendid animals, big and little, old and young, and the gay procession took forty-five minutes to pass a given point on Parliament Hill, where the parade, which had formed at By Ward market, turned down Metcalfe Street and proceeded to Lansdowne Park, being later reviewed before the grand stand, and where some notable speeches were made, including one by the Lieutenant Governor.

Lord Willingdon began in a humorous vein, saying that he had just attended the Toronto races at the Woodbine, where he "had lost a certain amount of money," and then mentioned his having recently judged cattle at Brampton. He took occasion to remark that "a judge assesses one or two people but gives the rest the impression that he is the worst judge in the world."

Striking a serious note, His Excellency recalled the days when he was "an agriculturist"—and used to farm and breed horses himself. "People tell us there is a period of depression in this country," he stated, "but just look round the world and you will find that, of all countries, Canada is the best to live in. Canada is more frightened than hurt (he went on) and it will have many years of prosperity. I have never seen farming conditions in this country more satisfactory than they are this year."

Mr. W. D. McKay, of Moose Jaw, Sask., president of the Canadian Live Stock Producers, said he was glad to see the horse given the right of way for a day on the streets of the Capital, adding that "any consideration we can give our four-footed friend will help to develop the instincts of humanity." He came, he said, from the West, "where perhaps more than in any other section they owed a great debt to the horse," and Mr. McKay made the assertion that the hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat we now produce on our prairies were largely

the trip to see him. A very proud lady it was, who didn't want anyone to know she had been forced to raise money on her jewellery.

Jean's eyes were shining. "Oh, Jerry!" she breathed, and was too ashamed, too terribly fond of him that moment, to say any more.

"It's all right, dear. I think you had every justification for thinking I was a thief. The only thing that mat-

ters to me is that you could say you loved me in spite of all!" he said swiftly. "And you can leave the pearls in Miss Sinclair's room; because I was returning them to her anyway."

"You see, darling, they're not worth a penny of the four pounds I gave her for them, poor old thing! I know, because I happened to sell them to Count Bombasi for seventeen and six!"—Answers.

When cooking greens, use the least



POPULARITY

A group of university co-eds adopted a formula for popularity which is worthy the study of the young miss and her fond mamma who wants her to get on well. It is this:

1. Always be a "lady."
2. Use good taste in selecting your clothes and do not let your actions belie that taste.
3. Always be a good sport. Do what the majority wants, but not to the detriment of your own convictions and ideals.
4. Play bridge, tennis, golf, swim and dance.
5. Read the papers. Know your current events, politics and athletics. It is well to converse on serious topics as well as light ones.
6. Handing a "line" is helpful. This "you-great-big-wonderful-boy" stuff does get over.
7. Do not neck, and do not try to be a gold digger.
8. There is no harm in kissing a boy friend of whom you are particularly fond, but do not kiss promiscuously.
9. Dress attractively, but not necessarily expensively. A boy notices the general effect you produce, so be as pretty as you can.
10. First, last and always—be feminine. Don't emulate men in dress, language or conduct.

FROSTING HINTS

Cakes which are to be frosted should be cool and have a crust free from crumbs. A boiled frosting should not run nor soak into the cake.

Keep the edges of the cake even. If the layers are not even, place them so that the cake, when frosted, will be uniform in thickness.

Frost the top of the cake first, putting the frosting in the centre and working it lightly to the edges. Next frost the sides, keeping the utensil free from crumbs. Use quick, deft strokes.

To make a boiled frosting, pour a half cup of boiling water on three-fourths cup of sugar. Add one-fourth teaspoon of cream of tartar or a tablespoon of white corn syrup. Either of these will make the frosting less likely to crystallize. Boil this mixture until the syrup is the soft ball stage or spins a thread. To tell when it is this, drop a little of it into a cup of very cold water. If it forms a very soft ball which loses its shape when removed from the water, it is as you want it. Add it to the stiffly-beaten white of an egg. The egg should be beaten until it will hold up in a peak, but not until dry. If it is over-beaten the frosting has a curdled appearance.

Pour the syrup over the egg white in a fine stream, beating constantly. Add a little flavoring, and beat the frosting vigorously to make it smooth and fluffy.

To make uncooked frosting, sift together two and a half cups of confectioners' sugar. Add two teaspoons of hot water to a stiffly beaten egg white. Add the sugar until the mixture is the right consistency to spread, then flavor and beat thoroughly.

SUNSHINE MEALS

Those who live on the farm have the best chance to be healthy chiefly because they can eat sunshine meals; that is, foods which have been growing in the sunshine and have absorbed its powerful rays. Fresh, green vegetables are the first of these. In the same class are fresh egg laid by healthy hens who live out in the sunshine, and milk from cows who spend all day in the sunny pasture. Such foods are rich in vitamins.

When cooking greens, use the least

possible amount of water and cook them as short a time as will make them palatable. Otherwise you destroy the vitamins and wash away the valuable mineral salts. If you can eat them raw, that is ideal. Carrots may be chopped and used in salads, or served in slices, raw; and many other raw vegetables can be used in salads.

If you do not live on a farm, make an especial effort to provide sunshine meals for your family. They are cheaper than doctor bills. Many mysterious ills come from a diet deficient in vitamins; calcium, iron, phosphorus and other mineral salts.

PLAY

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—and Jill a dull girl. Adults as well as children need play. Is your nose constantly at the grindstone? Do you have one joyous activity which stretches your muscles, makes you laugh and feel gay, and which encourages your loyalty, team-spirit, courage, self-control and co-operation?

Play is the business of children. It makes them physically strong, mentally alert, and spiritually rich. They will not thrive without it. Begin with the toys on the living room floor, and the sand pile, lead up through dolls, marbles, bat-and-ball, skates and all sorts of games, to basketball, football, tennis and volley ball. And keep it up with golf, chess and cards until the curtain is drawn on the last game.

CLEAR CLOSETS

Do not board a closet full of things you think you may possibly use some time. They attract moths and hold dust and make it hard to keep the closet airy and sweet smelling. Those things will not grow more valuable but rather more out of style. If you cannot use them now, it is likely you will care less for them as time goes by. Another consideration is that there are poor people, who have been out of work, whom you could make more comfortable with some of those outgrown or slightly worn clothes.

Thrifty mothers could make them over for large hoods of needy youngsters. There are probably enough garments hanging unused in the closets of the well-to-do to clothe in comfort all the poor. Ready-made clothing is so expensive to-day that it is folly to hoard cast-offs on the presumption that you may use them some time.

COMFY NIGHTS

Night, the time for recuperation and renewal of vigor for the next day's enterprises, falls of this when one tosses and turns with indigestion through long "nights devoid of ease."

To sleep well, one must have a comfortable stomach. This means eating a light supper and your heaviest meal in the morning or at noon.

At evening time, one feels worn and craves something special to tone her up. She thinks it is food, but it is not. A light meal with rest or play afterwards, will turn the trick. After a night of discomfort and wakefulness caused by indigestion, the next day will look gloomy enough and one is certain to be very inefficient. Put the dimmers on your appetite at evening time if you would make your days happy and full of achievement.

FOOT AILMENT

Many adults have a foot disease, caused by a vegetable parasite which flourishes on the floor of public dressing places, shower boards and mats, bath tub, bathroom and bedrooms. The maldy is rarely serious, but is annoying. After one believes the disease is cured, it may break out again, as the fungus will lie dormant in the skin for a long time. One may be rid of this pest by the persistent use of a strong disinfectant ointment rubbed into the soles at night. Tourists would do well to slip on bedroom slippers before stepping on hotel floors, and to spread a newspaper on the floor of the shower bath.

EGG SALAD

Add chopped nuts to chopped hard-boiled eggs, pile on crisp lettuce leaves and cover with mayonnaise.

MRS. SOLOMON SAYS:

Neighborly love is the sauce which makes delicious the dry bread of everyday living.

Lady Luck

Luck is your own making. Luck means rising at six in the morning, living on one dollar a day if you make two, minding your own business, and not meddling with other people's. Luck means the hardships, privations which you have not hesitated to endure; the long nights you have devoted to work. Luck means the appointments you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources—a religion whose motto is: "Help yourself, and Heaven will help you." Luck comes to them who help themselves and know how to wait.—Max O'Rell.

My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not.

International Air Rules Advocated

World-Famous Airmen Endorse Move of Geneva Organization

Geneva.—Three famous international airmen have joined in urging upon the League of Nations transit organization that the nations of the world should co-operate in establishing something like an international code for air navigation.

Communications to this end from Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, Dr. Hugo Eckener and Gen. Italo BoBo, Italian Air Minister, were published recently by the transit section. All endorsed the move to adopt international rules for regulation of commercial aircraft.

The three airmen were replying to the section's request for statements from a number of fliers who have become eminent in the science of aviation and contributed to it by their research and practical achievements.

"Aviation must be considered from the international standpoint," said Col. Lindbergh.

"An ability to cover great distances in relatively short time makes it a leading factor in world intercourse. There is a great need for international co-operation in standardization of airways."

Easy Dinners

Here's the dinner easy to prepare and satisfying: Put 1 cup of macaroni into 3 cups boiling water, heaping ½ teaspoon salt. Cut 1 onion in thin bits and add, also two cold hamburger cakes (nearly ½ pound (5 cakes in 1 pound hamburger). Let cook uncovered, at boiling point, till the water is absorbed, about ½ hour, stirring occasionally with a fork to keep the macaroni from sticking; to bottom. Served hot with toasted bread, string beans and a salad composed of lettuce, shredded, and a few cucumber slices, cut in quarters, and bits of cold beet (which had been cooked with butter and sweet pickle vinegar), boiled "saad" dressing and golden peach pie.

Another easy dinner is made with ½ cup rice, cooked in 3 cups water; ½ teaspoon salt. Cook till water is nearly absorbed, then the contents of a 7½-ounce can of tuna fish is broken up and added. Then this is put into casserole and baked till well heated. Serve with tomato catsup, or if you have ½ cup of leftover tomato, add it to the casserole. Serve with boiled beets, raw cabbage or celery salad, and apple pie. Most men like pie. Hot muffins or biscuits may be served instead of potatoes. These are especially good with fricasseed beef or pot roast, or any meat with plenty of Boiled haddock, with butter gravy, is an inexpensive fish dish, and boiled onions, lettuce salad, apricot or pineapple short-cake go well with it.

Washington — Arabs like phonographic chants, and there is a ready sale of Arabic music and songs among natives of Algeria, a consular report to the Commerce Department states. The romantic music of the desert is more and more coming from phonographs and less and less from Bedouins moved by the vocal urge.

Portable machines are popular, the Consul-General, L. W. Haskell, reports, even the cheapest being sold on the installment basis. The native taste for music is different from that of Europeans, Mr. Haskell warns manufacturers, much attention being paid to a handsome cabinet and little to tonal quality.

Phonograph Music Liked By Arabs

Her husband was reading his evening paper, and she was talking. After a while she shook him by the shoulder.

"You are not listening to what I say, George!" she cried angrily.

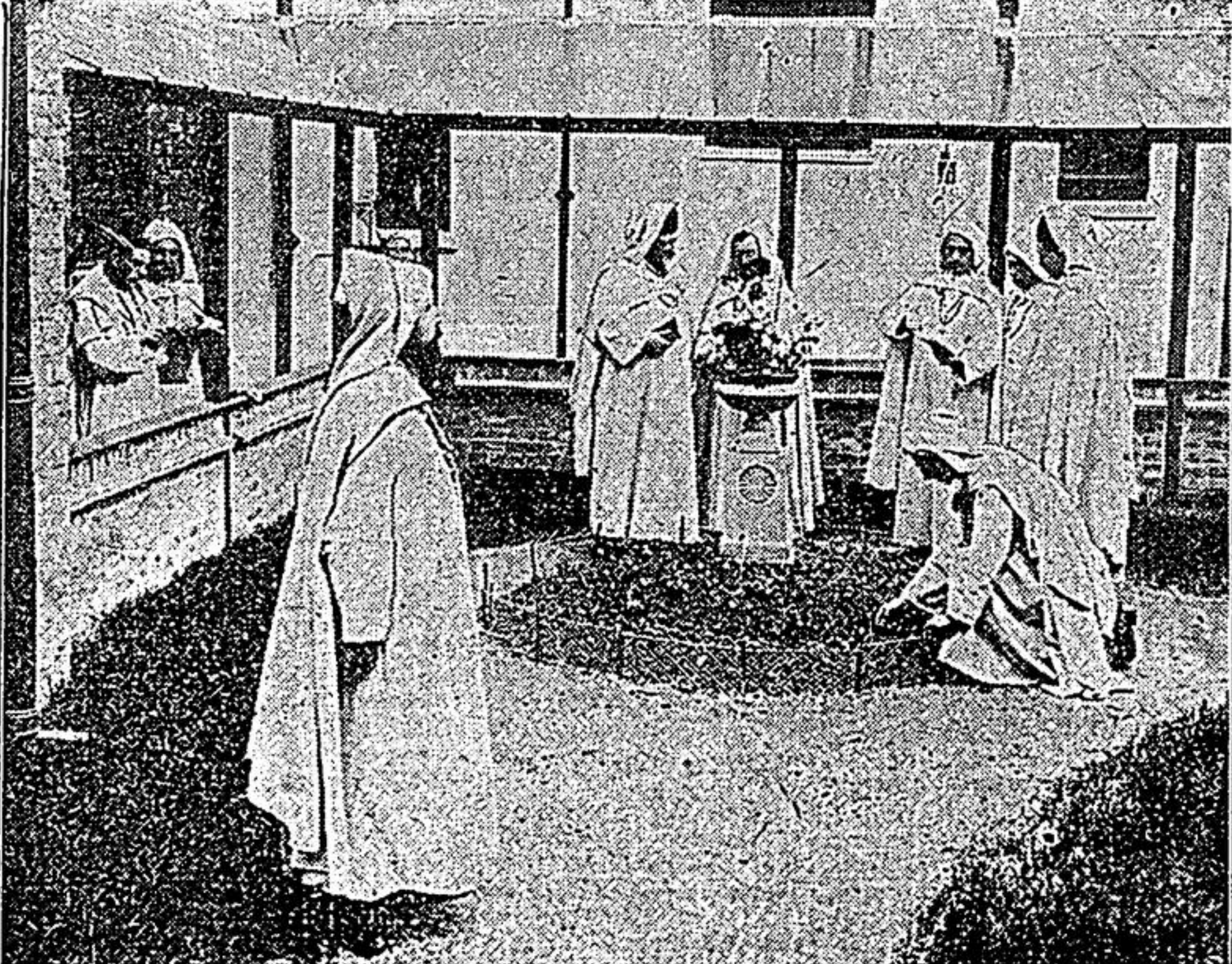
"How do you know, dear?" he hastily replied.

"I asked if I might spend two pounds on a new hat," she explained, "and you said, 'Certainly, darling!'"—Answers.

The natives of foreign countries are pretty well fed up on American tourists.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly.—Jerome Taylor.

Fathers Open Garden



Here is a scene in the monastery garden which a religious order known as the White Fathers have opened at Heston, England. The fathers go to all parts of Africa.