

When is a Pic Not a Pic?

BY MARJORIE HUNTOON MORRILL.

Sara Brockway swung along the trail behind her young husband, their webbed-shoes making a hushed noise in the dry snow. The sun of the bright winter day picked out the bright colors of the mackinaws the couple was wearing, filtered through the high gray branches of the hardwoods, lighted the gold of the foliage still clinging to the beeches and basswoods and blocked soft blue shadows against the snow. A flock of juncos followed them, fluttering like ghosts of dead leaves.

The young woman filled her lungs with a deep breath of the bracing air and lifted her face to "that far distant vault they call the sky." Fragments of verse, half-remembered lines, flitted through her mind. The town-bred girl never ceased to thrill to beauty of line and color and the solemn hush of the deep forests.

"The groves were God's first temples," she said the words half aloud. "What say?" asked Bob.

"Poetry," smiled his wife, repeating the line. "Well, some folks don't act very churchy in 'em. I don't think Harmon has any such ideas while he was cutting that stuff over our line. He was like as not thinking that I was an easy mark and wouldn't let a little thing like a few hundred feet of logs make any difference in my young life. But Mr. Harmon is going to be 'showed'!"

Sara sighed. The hard glint in her husband's eyes made him seem almost a stranger. She had been teaching in town schools when he had met, courted and wed her. She loved the big young woodsman and she loved the setting of camp and trees and streams in which he seemed to fit so well. It seemed wrong altogether that any one could be mean or dishonest in the forest's quiet shadow. She wondered, also, at the sort of man who would trespass on another's timber holdings.

"This Harmon—has he a family?" she asked. "Yes. One kid, a boy of nine or ten. And I guess there's a baby, too. He used not to be a bad sort. I met him a few times at school meetings and such. Two or three years ago we wanted to buy his trap, and lumber it with our own but he held it sky high and the deal didn't go through. The company can't afford to give its money away. Harmon will have a beautiful time trying to market his logs when we finish our cutting and take out our railroad. He ought to know it and get what he can while the getting is good. We sent in our surveyors and ran lines again and marked them good and plain. Now the boys tell me he has cut the strip between the old line, which was a mistake in the original survey, and the new line. He seems to think that if he is mean enough, he can force us to pay his price. But he's mistaken."

Sara sighed again. It was all wrong—she would try to forget it. A rabbit in his winter fur of white dashed down a path in his long slanting leaps. "While from my path the hare fled like a shadow!"

She spoke the lines involuntarily. Bob laughed. "The Skeleton in Armor! I remember that in our Fifth reader. Let's see—how does it start?"

They swung up a hill and down again to the measure of the verses chanted in unison. Sara was happy again. This was the Bob she understood, this quick-smiling, whimsical boy, not much older or different from the night school students she had left but a few months before.

The trail had reached the little stream known as the Silver. At its ice-clogged banks they turned to the left and followed along the creek valley, grown thick with rose, willow and ash. There was a small clearing at a bend in the stream. Bob, reaching it first, held up his hand for silence.

Against the clear blue of the winter sky several mountain ash held high their clusters of scarlet fruit. Perched on the branches or contrasted against the brilliant snow, were half a hundred birds nearly as large as robins, with rosy breasts, heads and backs

and wings of gray-blue. They were whirling and circling in flashing arcs or floating lazily, like bright leaves on a gentle wind, darting and turning against the lovely background of woods and snow and sky.

Sara slipped her mittened hand into her husband's. The sight was wonderfully rare. For several ecstatic moments they were held spellbound, then there was a flash of color and the birds were gone.

"Rosy-breasted grosbeaks!" said Bob. "The wise men say that they live in the Arctic regions and come this far south when the weather is cold and clear. Do you have things like that in your cities, Honey?"

Sara shook her head, her eyes still shining. "How can folks live in cities?" she asked earnestly.

Bob was listening to faint sounds coming from the direction of the water. Sara caught them—a whimpering as if something or someone were in pain or trouble. They followed a line of small tracks down to the bank and found a small, curly-haired dog, one leg held fast in a steel trap. The suffering animal lifted pleading eyes to the man's face. Bob parted the steel jaws and lifted the creature in his arms. "Someone's pet. Must belong to the Harmon's. They live just a piece up here."

"Maybe he belongs to the little boy," Sara said. "Can't we take him home?" "Guess we'll have to. It's a broken bone."

The Harmon cabin nestled in its snow banks in a grove of birch trees, looked snug and comfortable. The bright windows were curtained neatly and a plume of silvery smoke arose from the chimneys.

A pleasant-faced woman opened the door for them and a small boy catapulted himself into the path and fell upon the dog.

"Pal! Pal! Pal!" he cried. The dog yelped as his little owner attempted to take him into his arms. "Careful, Sonny. He got caught in a rat trap and his leg is broken. No need to ask if this is where he belongs!"

Mrs. Harmon was smiling in sympathy with the relief of her small son. "John has been mourning the loss of his dog since yesterday. We surely are glad you found him."

Bob looked down at the boy who had pressed his face against the brown head and was whispering the things that boys tell to their dogs.

"Mr. Harmon home?" he asked. "No. He went to town just after noon but he should be home in about an hour now. You are Mr. Brockway? Will you come in and wait for him?"

"Guess we'll have to fix up this pup's leg," he said to his wife, who smiled her acceptance of the invitation. "Now, Bud, we'll need some thin sticks. A shingle or so would be just about right. And some long strips of cloth." Man and boy were soon busy over their patient at one side of the neat living room which was also dining room and kitchen.

Sara Brockway looked at Nelly Harmon. They smiled—and were friends. What would two such women talk about? They had both been teachers and there was that. And their husbands had various likes concerning food. . . . and the way their socks should be darned. . . . In the tiny bedroom, flung asprawl in deep and dewy sleep, was the baby, one look at whom tied their interests at once.

When the injured bone was bound up and the dog resting on his rug by the stove, Bob Brockway looked up to see his wife in a borrowed apron peeling apples for a pie. He sat quietly and considered. This was a pretty how-do-do, to come from camp to give a trespasser a piece of his mind and home in the trespasser's house! There must be a joke on someone.

Sara caught the glint of his smile. "Mrs. Harmon has asked us to stay for supper, Bob. Her husband will be home then and you can talk business."

Joan sat on the floor beside the dog, patting and soothing the silky head. He looked up at the visitors, a broad smile showing an absent front tooth. They smiled back into the childish eyes, establishing thereby, comradeship with dog and boy.

The sound of a team, and the woman flew to the barn for a private word with her husband. They came in together and the two men met, paused a moment and then clasped hands. There seemed nothing else to do.

"The wife tells me that you found the kid's dog and fixed him up. Much obliged."

"Glad to do it. Found him in a rat trap, poor little beggar."

Sara coming from the bedroom with the baby, fresh from her nap, dumped that chubby young person into her husband's arms. Harmon offered to relieve him but the baby became interested in the red and black checks of Bob's shirt and busied herself trying to pick off those fascinating blocks of color.

So the men talked about the weather, of hunting and trapping, of trout fishing past and future but neither of them mentioned the strip of contested land which was uppermost in their thoughts. Then supper was ready. It was a good meal. There was rab-

bit stewed with bacon and onions and butter-light biscuits and cream gravy; potatoes and turnips, pickles and jam and jelly; and two three dollar chickens, whose golden-brown crust was artistically adorned with shiny crimping and a delicate fern-like device—apple pie which brings delight to a man's palate, comfort to his stomach and peace to his mind!

Leaning back in easy rockers the men watched the women clear the table and wash the dishes. They were contented, at peace with the world.

"Still want to buy my eighty?" Harmon asked at length. "That is what I came to see you about," Brockway answered quite as if there never had been a thought of trouble anywhere. Such is the effect of certain circumstances upon the human mind.

Months passed and changed the gray woods into a billowing sea of green.

A spur of railroad had been laid into the Harmon timber and Bob had invited his wife to ride to the new decking grounds and see the first logs loaded. As she was being helped down the long step from the caboose to the ground she could hear Mrs. Harmon laughing. That lady, now her good friend, was standing beside a newly made stump with a marking hammer in her hand.

"Look here!" she called, striking the hammer into the smooth white of the stump top. "Come see the Brockway-Harmon timber mark!"

Sara looked. The letters "B-H" were encircled by a crimped line and faintly marked in the background was a fern-like device.

"The ladies are pretty smart!" Harmon told the world at large. "Right!" agreed Bob, grinning at his wife. "But once in a blue moon, man. . . . Harmon, when is a pie not a pie?"

"When it's a timber mark!" was the prompt answer.

Lucky Folks. Bird—"My, those folks are lucky! That must be Florida in there."

English Woman Walker, 70, Seeks Pedestrian Laurels.

Miss Gertrude Richards, seventy years old, is challenging the pedestrian record of Edward Payson Weston, the veteran American walker. She recently completed a walking tour of 1,644 miles through Scotland and England.

Bad weather has checked Miss Richards' tour, but she will resume it next spring. When she sold her country home in 1923 she took up walking to amuse herself.

"I started at Land's End and set out for York at the beginning of my tour, but I went by highways and byways and not by the main roads," Miss Richards explained. "I went to the south coast, Exeter, Bath, Gloucester, Warwick, Rugby, Oakham, Grant-ham, Lincoln and Doncaster, studying flora and fauna. In 1924 I went to London, by way of Edinburgh, and this summer I reached John o' Groat's, putting in 185 days of actual walking."

Miss Richards always lunched on cheese and biscuits while on her tour and had her other meals in inns. She says she never experienced the slightest loneliness, and always knitted or embroidered while she was resting on the roadside at lunch time.

Another Alps Railway. An electric railway is to be built to the summit of the Zugspitze, the highest mountain in the Bavarian Alps.

Power Plant at Mines. Western Australia is planning to erect a large plant at the mouth of coal mines to produce electric power for wide distribution.

Far-Flung Radio Station Opened. Above shows the Hudson's Bay Company post at Akilavik, on the delta of the Mackenzie river, 60 miles from the Arctic ocean, where the Canadian government recently established a radio station to give direct communication with Edmonton, 1,700 miles away. This is the farthest northern outpost.

Happyness. He sought for happiness. Idly on land and sea, In various ways and places, But ever missed it sadly. And then he tied his soul To a monumental task And now of the joy he sought He has all that a man could ask. Happiness came to these Absorbed in the work they love; They have no need to seek it. It's a gift from Heaven above.

Minard's Liniment for sore throat.

World's Best "Stenog."

The Earl of Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, started out early in life to be a stenographer, but he did not get very far. He made this revelation in an address to the graduating class of a commercial college.

"I thought I would rather be a shorthand reporter than anything in the world and I worked like a beaver," he said. "I was a wonder. I broke all speed records. My teachers had never seen any one who developed fluency which can do this. It was a rule of great national value. It draws my notes, and I couldn't read them cases the dash of competing individual

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ISLAND KINGDOMS FOR SALE IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

Lundy, in the Bristol Channel, Free From All Taxation, Recently Sold to London Business Man.

The Count of Monte Cristo lived, in the midst of luxuries and wonders, on an island of his own in the Mediterranean. Like Alexander Selkirk he was monarch of all he surveyed, his right there was none to dispute, and since his day every reader of the immortal romance in which his adventures are described have envied him, not indeed his solitary grandeur, but his island kingdom.

It is not given to all of us to become a king in the sense that the King of England or the King of Italy is, but given a sufficiently large bank account, and not very large at that, there is no reason why kingship on a minor scale cannot be attained. A few weeks ago Lundy, in the Bristol Channel, was sold for £16,000 to a London business man who for this mere bagatelle acquired complete away over an attractive island, with absolute freedom from Imperial taxation or county or municipal rates.

Brownsea Island Castle. Now the news comes to hand that Brownsea (or Branksea) Island and Castle are in the market, with another opportunity for someone to play the role of island king. Brownsea Island is situated at the entrance to Poole Harbor in the heart of the beautiful Dorset lakeland. The island itself consists of 500 acres of some of the most beautiful scenery in the south of England, and apart from the Castle would offer many inducements to quit the busy world for a life of quiet communion with nature.

But to anyone who is not given to Thor's habits there is the Castle, which was built in the time of Henry VIII. as a defense for Poole and to command all shipping going in and out of the harbor.

This surveillance was indispensable. If we may believe a complaint dated 1581, which placed on record that "the Governor of Brownsea doth molest the inhabitants of the town, and will not suffer them to pass Northaven Point, but doth threaten them to shoot at them, and violently

desires within the family circle. It seems up an interest appealing to ask. It does that inestimable good to family life—it increases the family's power to hang together for mutual advantage.

Music is such an influence. Music in the home plays the part of a social reformer. It improves the standard of the mental, the emotional, the spiritual life. When you have got music in the home you have made less room for inferior interests. For one thing, you bring to bear upon the younger members of the family an influence that may be of lifelong benefit to them. Soon enough, and inevitably, valueless and injurious influences will be playing upon them. Give them music—have them taught to sing and play music for themselves—and you will have done something to counteract the danger of unwelcome influences to which they are certain to be exposed.

Minard's Liniment relieves headache.

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