

S.O.S.

Three Heart-Breaking Months The Had Been Apart, and Then—the Hand of Fate

By M. F. Lewer

Had they been a few rungs higher up the social ladder, doubtless a smug little announcement would have hidden or flattered itself, as the case might be, in the papers, to the effect that the marriage recently arranged between Mr. Martin Warner and Miss Marjorie Summer would not take place.

But she was merely one of the typists in Henry & Co.'s expert department, and he one of the firm's draughtsmen, and the finale was simpler.

Of course, it had started from the most trifling beginning, as world upheavals usually do, but it ended in stark tragedy just the same.

One of our up-to-the-minute superwomen had just done something superlatively remarkable, and Marjorie had chosen the wrong moment to indulge in a little irresistible feminine crow.

Martin, in reply, somewhat tactlessly referred to what he considered a woman's true career.

Marjorie had tossed her fair head and reminded him it was 1930.

Martin's reply was heavily reminiscent of 1850.

Marjorie had responded in terms prophetic of, say, 1950, and then, almost immediately, both were rapidly rushing backwards down the ages to the cave-men.

Outside the usual fruit-shop adorning the Tube entrance, Marjorie turned a flushed face and suspiciously bright blue eyes towards the grimly set profile of the young man towering above her.

There was no excuse for them to walk any farther together, as Marjorie's people lived on the edge of the common, and Martin hung out at a boarding-house high on the hill, with a mile and quarter of High Street meandering between.

"Well if you think those things of me, Mr. Warner," snapped Marjorie, "it's a good thing we found out in time; because, frankly, I dread a lifetime of silly little arguments with you and you don't seem able to understand—"

"I quite agree," he said grimly, "it would be a pretty ghastly prospect."

"Then there's no need to prolong the agony," said Marjorie, with biting brevity. "Here you are." She held out her right hand.

He thought she was shaking hands to dismiss him for the evening. Anyway, it was Tuesday, and a night she never spent with him; something at her club committee always claimed her.

He held out stiff fingers, and got the shock of his life. For she dropped into them a small, glittering something, hard and cold, and with a whisk of her raincoat she was gone.

He dropped the ten guineas' worth of gleaming diamonds and sapphires in their slender gold setting into his waistcoat pocket and trudged off up the hill, with teeth clenched, jaw grim and set, rain trickling off the brim of his hat, and very hard feelings regarding the opposite sex in his heart.

For three bleak, frozen months, albeit they included a short-lived, sweltering English heat-wave, Martin kept scrupulously away from the typist's department in the office. This, combined with going home by bus instead of Tube, and giving the local tennis club an exceedingly wide berth, completed his isolation.

But even a lover with a broken romance still has ears and eyes, and unpleasant little news items filtered through. Marjorie had played in the mixed doubles with "that young Hunt" and had on a subsequent Sunday joined a boating-party up the Thames which included the said young Hunt.

This was not devastating, because Martin had good reason to believe that Marjorie only regarded that young cub as a little boy. But later he heard from a colleague that Marjorie had been lunching at the same table with a fellow from the Tobacco Corporation offices in the next block; rather a smart-looking fellow, too! Now, this gentleman was quite unknown to Martin, and the unknown being always more or less to be feared, he did not at all relish the idea.

Still, a man cannot reasonably expect to have any influence over the movements of the girl who has flatly turned him down; so what could he do?

Martin had no hankering at all for forming fresh attachments, either at office or boarding-house, so he prowled about London night after night, giving a fair exhibition of just how miserable a loose end can be.

Marjorie meanwhile discovered that she had lost first two pounds, later three; and when she went to buy her weekly quota of beauty aids she included in her purchase a rouge compact.

One evening Martin sauntered up to the glittering entrance to the Palladium, his eye having caught the resemblance of a girl in green evening-coat, just vanishing inside, to his lost love.

On a sudden impulse, he wandered up to the box-office and found just one odd seat at the side of the grand circle. It afforded him a neck-twisting view of the stage, but compensated by giving an uninterrupted view of the stalls below.

And then he found that there was a very good reason for the resemblance of that fair-haired girl in green to Marjorie, because she was Marjorie.

Sixpence in the slot released a pair of Palladium's opera-glasses. These were wobbly and misty, and seemed designed for someone with oddments in eyes, but they were better than nothing, and presently discreet focusing brought Marjorie to heart-breaking distance. And never before had she appeared quite so dear and desirable.

She was apparently one of a party of four young people. The other girl Martin seemed to remember somewhere or other drifting about Henry & Co.'s offices; the two young men were just the ordinary, decent sort, who brushed their hair glossily, wore quiet clothes, lived in the suburbs, and would take nice girls to the Palladium when they liked them. Nothing at all to hate in these fellows, but Martin was convinced he could never like them!

The Palladium is one of the last surviving strongholds of variety. Long may it flourish. But none of the colorful, tumultuous, breath-catching, heart-stirring, mirth-provoking turns did Martin see that night. All his senses were concentrated in the soothing dimness of the auditorium, on a slim splash of glimmering green below in the stalls, topped by a gleam of living gold!

But in the second half a turn came on which commanded his attention by reason of its unusualness. "Thought that sort of thing went out with the War," he grumbled to his programme. But if it had, it was also making a very good come-back. The beautiful, wistful figure with its helplessly bound eyes, and little white hands, clasped in its black velvet cap, told some very wonderful things as its confederate in immaculate evening dress wandered round amongst his victims in stalls and circle.

There was a certain piquancy and unexpectedness about the things she told that arrested one's attention from the start. Quite beneath her blindfolded notice were the one-time monotonous descriptions of the charms and medals dangling from gents' gold Alberts, and the value and date of coins in ladies' purses.

Waves of titters and giggles rippled round the house, mingled with little gasps of interest. Really, the things people did carry in their bags and pockets! And they didn't seem to mind the all-seeing, blindfolded lady on the stage telling of them in her marvellously clear voice.

Martin leaned forward with his chin on the red plush ledge in front of him, watching intently. The wizard had now reached Marjorie's row of seats, hesitating, bowing, smiling, offering, getting shy refusals, and—yes, by Jove, if he hadn't collared Marjorie's bag!

It was impossible for Martin to see what the man was touching in the bag, but he strained every nerve to listen to the slow, thrilling tones of the girl on the stage, rising above the quick back-chat of her confederate.

The man with his rapid clues did not matter, but a recital of what Marjorie carried in her bag was very, very important to at least one listener.

"In this lady's soft green leather bag," chanted the voice from the stage, "I see a ring-case, heart-shaped, red morocco, lined with red satin—and the ring-case is empty."

"By Jove, that is the ring-case!" Martin told himself.

"And the lady is evidently a patron of the theatre, for on a small card is written 'Journey's End,' 27th May. No doubt a souvenir date."

Martin bit his lip hard. It was May 27th that that brute of a wet night when she dropped her ring into his hand.

"Then I see a torn fragment of blue tracing-cloth, bearing part of a sketch of an engine, and in one corner are written yesterday's date and the initials 'M. W.'"

Martin clenched one hand in the other. He had scrapped that tracing yesterday, after spilling it, and dropped the bits in his wastepaper-basket.

"And the only other thing I shall mention in this lady's bag is a letter, written in pencil on thick grey paper, rather creased and illegible, but it is dated Saturday night, November 30th, 1929. These last three articles are held together with a rubber band."

Ah! That was the first letter he had written her. He remembered it; that wonderful Saturday night. He had held her in his arms and kissed her, and walked back up the hill on clouds of trailing glory; and he had sat down by his dressing-table and pencilled that note, then dashed out and posted it, all before he slept.

And she had kept it! Kept it in her bag! Bless her! Deep down in her heart something began to throb with joy again. It was like coming back to life after weeks of slow death.

She had not forgotten! Surely she cared!

The wizard had passed on to reveal somebody else's secrets. The house yelled because of his disclosures. And down below in the stalls Marjorie was whispering to her friends, and drawing her wrap close round her, and getting up.

Before ever she could reach the outer corridor Martin was before her. A drowsy man in many medals dozed against the gilded wall, waiting for the end of the long day.

Under a great cut-glass cluster of many lights Martin seized his girl's hands; held them close.

"Marjorie," he said huskily, "I was there—inside—up in the circle, and I couldn't help hearing. Does it mean

Air Liner and Sea Liner



When the R-100 giant British dirigible, flew above Montreal recently she passed over the new Harbor Bridge, one of the largest structures of its kind on the continent. Just clearing the bridge, there is seen the Canadian Pacific liner Duchess of Bedford, arriving in Montreal from overseas. The two great ships are pointed in the same direction and both were travelling at slow speed in passing the bridge. As will be seen, the R-100 is about one-sixth longer than the Duchess, which gives a good idea of the huge size of the great dirigible.

There's a chance for me—that you still care?" She nodded wistfully, with a sweet sincerity.

"Terribly, Martin," she whispered. "Oh, my dear," he murmured, still holding her little soft hands, "you can say the modern woman is the most marvellous thing in all the marvellous creation, and I'll own she beats mere man into a cooked hat every time, but, darling, don't make me live without you!"

She shook her head gently. They were wandering down the softly carpeted, deserted passage leading to the main entrance now.

"I won't, dear. It hurts too much, being away from you. But we're not marvellous, and our place is the home. Oh, Martin!"

There was no one in sight; their lips met.

"Let's celebrate somewhere!" he cried joyously. "It's only just past ten."

"But my friends—I promised. I said I'd a headache and would get some water on a wait outside."

"I've waited three months," he said firmly. "I'm first."

Over a dainty supper-table, laid for two, he leaned forward with his adoring eyes on her sweet face.

"My dear, isn't it just wonderful you should have that bag with you, and with just those four things—sort of links, you know!"

She smiled and colored warmly.

"Not really, dear. You know, those glasses you hire for sixpence at the Palladium aren't much good, but I saw you; and when that man was coming my way I had the sudden idea of just pitching those treasures out of their secret pocket into the middle of my bag, and—Well, you see, Martin, it was a sort of S.O.S.—Answers.

Montreal-London Flight Will Be Attempted

Montreal.—A transatlantic flight from Montreal to London will be attempted by Capt. Erroll Boyd, Canadian flier, in the plane Columbia, in which Clarence Chamberlain and Charles A. Levine flew from New York to Germany. It was announced Aug. 21 by J. A. O'Brien, representative of Captain Boyd.

The start will be made, Mr. O'Brien said, within the next 10 days or as soon thereafter as weather permits. Captain Boyd had planned a transatlantic flight earlier this summer from New York to London.

"Not every one can warm both hands before the fire of life without scorching himself in the process," Dean Inge.

Proper Care of Milk

The dairyman has no problem of greater importance than that of proper care of milk so that it may arrive on the market in good condition, according to Professor E. R. Gross, agricultural engineer for the State Experiment Station at New Brunswick, N.P.

Professor Gross in a recent bulletin issued by the station says that to meet this problem the dairyman should have a milk house and cooling facilities which are adequate and up-to-date.

"As one means of helping New Jersey dairymen meet this problem, the agricultural engineering department at the experiment station has just completed plans for a simple milk house with an insulated cooling tank, which may be used with mechanical refrigeration or ice," says Professor Gross.

"The plant is designed to meet the needs of a wide range in size of dairy herds. The unit about which this plan is built is the cooling tank, which may be built for four, six, eight, ten or twelve cows of milk, to suit herds of from ten to thirty cows. The size of the house is made to suit the tank."

"Thus the six-can tank house measures three feet by six feet inside, and exactly fits into the floor plan of a house measuring nine feet by ten feet, occupying all of one side of the house and leaving floor space for handling the cans. Other sizes are arranged in the same convenient and economical way."

"This milk house is intended for dairies where the milk is to be cooled in cans and marketed in bulk. The tank size is standard and affords ample room for ice or for the installation of the refrigerating unit. The plan shows a table of sizes so that any desired size of house and tank may be built from the one blueprint."

No Chance

Mrs. Sniffens, a regular visitor to the doctor's surgery, commenced to tell the worried man of her latest troubles. The doctor patiently endured the torture, and then gave her another bottle of medicine.

After a while she started out, and just as the doctor was congratulating himself she came back.

"Why, doctor," she exclaimed breathlessly, "you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated?"

"No," he returned desperately, "I'm sure it isn't. Grass never grows on a speed track."—Answers.

"It's a boy sir," said the nurse, entering the professor's study. "Well, why bother me about it?" replied the professor. "Isn't my wife at home?"—Tit-Bits.

Kingly Canines



Mrs. P. Lewis of England, dwarfed by these beautiful specimens of dogdom, Stephen of Addestone and Mythe Petrov, entries in recent Richmond championship dog show.

Vultures Outpace Fastest Scaplane

Jackdaws, When Pursued, Can
Travel Well Over
60 m. p. h.

Races between men and racing pigeons are becoming popular. Already there have been four of these contests, and the pigeons are leading by a total of four minutes.

To many this lead will appear small, for birds are faster travellers than trains or even aeroplanes. But the pigeons lose time in a peculiar way. On being liberated they rise and start circling, gradually increasing the radius until sure of which direction to take. While this is going on the rival may gain a fifty-mile start.

As the pigeon is the only bird that is sufficiently domesticated to race properly, we cannot estimate what would happen if, say, a swallow were to race a man from London to Edinburgh. We know that during the migration periods in the autumn and spring these birds cover prodigious distances at a high average speed.

Approximately, a swallow is 20 m. p. h. faster than the clumsy rook. But even the rook is capable of flying at 40 m.p.h.

TIMING FEATHERED FLYERS

During the war several airmen were noted for their interest in ornithology and kept records of the speeds of different species. Through them we know that a jackdaw, when pursued, can travel well over 60 m.p.h. And a flock of starlings, when flying parallel with an aeroplane, maintained a steady 26 m.p.h. against a strong wind—a really remarkable feat.

Earlier, however, than any birds that we see in Great Britain, are the vultures that soar and swoop over the deserts. These birds, with a wing span of over six feet, can outpace an aeroplane in a straight dive.

Experts have calculated that, when swooping down from a height, the speed of a vulture is nearly 400 m.p.h.—about 50 m.p.h. faster than the fastest Schneider Cup seaplane!

Hawks and other birds that prey on live animals have slender wings which, coupled with their bullet-shaped bodies, make them streamlined, and thus faster fliers than ordinary birds.—Answers.

Grumble

Ah me—the moons I miss!
(I can't stay up all night).
And are they all like this—
As strange, as white?

The sea calls to the bird,
The bird to sea, all day!
Why am I not a third?—
Can't get away.

The hill, the wood, the bay,
Each beckons like a ghost,
And whispers, "Come away!"
Wouldn't I, just?

The world is full of things
Most worthy to be seen,
But Life spreads jealous wings
And stands between.

—London Observer.

Beauty From the Garden

An apple eaten slowly is excellent for the teeth, and has a most beneficial effect on the liver, as also have plums and peaches taken regularly.

When the liver is in good condition the eyes will sparkle! Therefore eat plentifully of these three fruits if you would have sparkling eyes.

A slice of raw cucumber is the finest daily bleach for the neck and shoulders that any girl could use. It should be applied after washing in warm water before the skin is thoroughly dry and allowed to dry on the skin.

Sunday School Lesson

September 14. Lesson XI.—Jeremiah (The Prophet of Individual Religion)—Jeremiah 1: 1-10; 14: 7-22; 31: 27-34. Golden Text—Everyone of us shall give account of himself to God.—Romans 14: 12.

ANALYSIS

I. THE CALL OF GOD, Jeremiah 1: 1-10.

II. TRUE AND FALSE PROPHETS, 14: 7-22.

INTRODUCTION.—Jeremiah lived in the latter part of the seventh century B.C., a little more than a hundred years after Isaiah. The date of his call to be a prophet is given in chap. 1: 1—the thirteenth year of the reign of Josiah, which would be B.C. 626.

His work continued until after the fall of Jerusalem and the end of the kingdom of Judah in B.C. 586, covering more than forty years. Like Isaiah, he lived in a period of great and tragic unrest and change. Isaiah saw the rapid rise and expansion of the Assyrian empire, first of the great military powers which sought to rule the world. He saw the downfall of the kingdom of Israel and the exile of the multitudes of its people in B.C. 721. Jeremiah witnessed the fall of Babylon, the second world empire, the decline and fall of Assyria, and the end of the kingdom of Judah in captivity and exile in B.C. 586.

With their uncompromising belief in the supremacy of the God of Israel whose purposes of good were being ceaselessly worked out in and through these changes in human affairs, and with their zeal for righteousness, justice, and clean living, they may truly, with their fellow prophets be said to have been raised up for such times as these.

It is due to them, as true servants of God, that Israel's religion survived the nations wreck and the rise and fall of empires, and is a part of our rich inheritance of faith. The message of the prophets is vital for the present day.

I. THE CALL OF GOD, Jeremiah 1: 1-10.

The first three verses of this chapter give the date and historical setting of the remarkable story which follows. The times were unsettled and there were portents of coming storm. The great loose-jointed Assyrian empire was showing signs of weakness. The Chaldeans from the south, the Cedees from the east, the Scythian hordes from the north were all pressing in upon the territories which Assyria had ruled for more than a hundred years.

It is not Judah only which the young prophet has in mind when he hears the call of God to high service, but the nations and the kingdoms. It is not surprising that he remembers his youth and distrusts his own powers. But with the call there comes the assurance of divine aid—"Be not afraid . . . for I am with thee." His mission is to be destructive of what ever has proved itself evil in the nations, and to build and to plant what is good. Strength and steadfast courage will be given for his difficult and heroic task—he will be made "a defended city, and an iron pillar, and brasen walls."

It is so in all genuine religious experience. The response to God's call to service is certain to be followed somehow by the comforting and encouraging assurance of his presence. But the servant of God may have his hours of doubt and darkness as Jeremiah had. Exceedingly sensitive to the hostility which his messages sometimes aroused and to the unbelief with which they were often received he was tempted to question and to doubt, as in 15: 10-11, 15: 18; 20: 7-10. But the memory of these first great promises remained with him and enabled him to overcome the temptation and to continue with heroic steadfastness and courage upon his difficult way, 15: 19-21; 20: 11.

II. TRUE AND FALSE PROPHETS, 14: 7-22.

There has been a severe drought and the whole country is in mourning. The cisterns and the wells are dry. Both rich and poor are suffering, both wild and domesticated beasts. The prophet regards this calamity as a sign of God's wrath because of the iniquities of the people. He becomes their intercessor, praying to God on their behalf. First he pleads that the Lord will work deliverance for his own "name's sake," to vindicate his own honor, while, at the same time, he admits the people's guilt. God is surely not a stranger who does not care! Nor is he as a strong man stunned with the magnitude of a calamity which he is unable to resist or prevent. He is Israel's God, "the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble." We are called by the name "Jeremiah" pleads; "leave us not." But his prayer receives no comforting answer because of the waywardness of an unrepentant people, a people who have "loved to wander." It seems for the moment as if prayer is useless, vs. 11, 12.

The false prophets have given false encouragement; they have aroused hopes that Jeremiah is sure will not be realized. Both here (vs. 13-18) and in chap. 23, he denounces these men who "prophecy lies" in God's name, "lying vision, and divination, and a thing of nought, and the deceit of their own heart." Such prophets are not sent of God. In contrast one cannot but recognize and honor the transparent sincerity of Jeremiah, true messenger of God's anger and true lover of his afflicted people, vs. 17-18.

Again he pleads with God for healing and for mercy, and that he will do for his people of Judah that which none of the vain idols of the heathen can do—send rain upon the dried-up corn fields and pastures. For, he prays, "Art thou not he, O Lord our God? therefore we will wait upon thee; for thou hast made all these things."

Some of the family skeletons seem to have escaped, clad in bathing suits.

"What's an empty title, pa?" "An empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."