APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Kate and Martin are the only working members of the Widow O'Hara's family. Martin studies medicine at night and gets an opportunity to go to Germany, but finances forbid. Christopher Steynes a friend of Mary Kate's employer, is being followed by a Russian countess and her daughter—object matrimony. In order to discourage them, Christopher proposes to Mary Kate that she play the part of his wife at a reception to the countess. Mary does so and the ruse works. Christopher takes Mary Kate to his home in Burlingame, then, and she retires for the night. She hears a sound at the window and is terrified.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

And as she stood there, half-turned toward the room, panting, she saw the shutter swing slowly out. The figure of a man was silhoueted against the night.

There was no moon; a heavy fog had crept in with the turn of the night, and had shut out the stars. But there was a faint glow from some distant roadside lamp, in the side garden, and it penetrated through the trees and shrubs enough to show her the moving figure—a figure that was busy now with the shutters opening them back noiselessly securing them against the wall, where they would make no sound.

She turned the key in the latch, the door was open. In a nightmare of panic she reached the lower hall, and was groping with shaking hands for the passage that led toward the sitting room—toward the stairs.

To escape from the house was unthinkable, she must rouse someone before she must get to Chris.

Barefooted, clad only in her nightdress that she had washed and ironed herself for the great adventure she went swiftly, hardly breathing, along the passage. To call, prematurely, to risk even a second of light, might be to bring upon her her own destruction. The fingers of the murderer seemed clawing at her hair as she went.

The stairway! It was a narrow, iron-balustraded stairway that climbed against one of the plain white-plastered walls; its balustrade was only a heavy tasselled red rope, supported by filagree posts. What was above Mary Kate had no idea, but Christopher must be up there—he must be up there or she would go shrieking mad with terror!

At the top of the twisted flight was a narrow hall, in which a low red light was burning. Mary Kate tried a door—piles and piles of linen. Another door, giving upon a dark, empty room full of books—somebody's study. The third door was Christopher's bedroom, and at her first whispered "Chris!" he was awakened, had turned over in bed.

She was beside him, sitting on the bed, holding his hands with her own frozen, trembling fingers. The blessedness of finding him, of finding someone living, warm, familiar, protecting, almost robbed her of speech.

"No—don't light the light——"

"Mary, for God's sake, what is it?"

"Don't light the light!"

"But what is it?"

"It's——" she bowed over him, fighting for breath, cawing in her dry throat. "It's a man!"

His hands were gripping her arms tightly, reassuringly; he was still lying on his pillow.

"You're dreaming!"

"No, no, no, I'm not dreaming! It's a man——"

"Nonsense!" Chris persisted, but in a whisper whose inaudibility matched her own.

"Downstairs in my room—it must be the pearls——" she breathed.

"You saw him?"

"Oh, clearly. I had—I had bolted the shutters—because of the porch windows. But the windows—where the shutters are—weren't locked——"

"Don't tremble so! It's all right. I'll call—I'll get the police. He won't come upstairs——"

By the dim light in the room she could see him reaching for the telephone that rested on a little rack beside his bed.

"Oh, don't! Wait! He may go away! Don't risk him—he might have a gun——"

"He may be only a drunk."

Mary Kate had moved enough to give him room to sit up, and put his feet to the floor, now he reached for a dressing gown and in the shadows she could see him sticking his long arms into the sleeves. Barefoot, without making a sound, he crossed to a desk, and quietly drew out an upper drawer.

Chris came back to the bed, and breathed into her ear.

"I think you were dreaming," he said. "But just the same I'm going to look around. It wouldn't do any harm to take that little telephone and tell Peter I want him and Tony and anyone else right away—tell 'em to get in the back door—Mrs. Peters has the keys—ring the bell twice, with your finger—it won't make any sound—"

There was a second's silence. Then from downstairs came a muffled sound, the sound of a chair falling.

"Hello!" Chris said, gripping her wrist. "You're right! He's in. He's in the dining room, probably. Get Peters if you can—"

The little, flat, double-disked receiver quivering in her hand, the girl placed it at mouth and ear.

"Did you ring twice?"

"Yes."

"Make it snappy," said the whisper at her ear. "Unless he starts up the stairs he can't hear you."

"You talk!" Mary Kate quavered in the very shadow of a voice. She surrendered the instrument, and Chris leaned heavily on her shoulder as he talked, in a sharp, rasping breath.

"Peters? Man in the house, Peters. Rouse Tony, and get over here as fast as you can—No, I'll call the police, you get over here——"

And instantly he was speaking through the other telephone hardly above a whisper, she could hear the click of some alarmed reply.

"Hello, operator, look alive, will you? I'm reporting a burglary—the man is in my house—yep, now. Yep. Will you? This is the Bersinger house—up beyond the club—tell 'em to move fast, will you? Steynes, Steynes. In the Bersinger house."

CHAPTER XXII.

He hung up without a sound. He gripped Mary Kate's arm, and she moved beside him toward the door, in the darkness.

"S—sh! Go easy. I'm going to have a look into the hall."

"Oh, please——please, Chris!"

"It'll only be a moment before Peters gets here. We've got him now, unless he makes a run for it. And I'd like to be near enough to pop him, if he does!"

There was another angled dim light and shadow in the room, from the garden, to show the upper hall, when the door was open. Chris's lips were close to Mary Kate's ear.

"Did you put out this light?"

A sickness of absolute horror shook her.

"No—no, I'm sure I didn't! It was—it was lighted when I came up."

"It can be put out from below," he breathed.

"Why—why would he come up?" In her thin nightwear, barefooted, she shuddered like a person in a chill, as she leaned against him.

"If he gets his head above the stair level—" his whispered.

"Oh, Chris; why should he come up?"

"Why, if he saw those pearls—which he probably did, if he was hanging 'round, he'd think you were upstairs—"

They were clinging together, half crouching, half kneeling, in the doorway. Chris had his arm tightly about her the pistol glinted in his free hand. All about them the shadowy house was very still.

"There may be more than one of them, Chris."

"Maybe."

"Have you got another pistol?"

"No. Can you fire one?"

"I could!" she answered, with chattering teeth.

"Here—take this—" He was writhing out of the dressing gown. "You'll be ill. Take it! Go on. Slip it on."

She gratefully got into the thick, warm, flannel garment, resumed her former position.

An interval of watching, of complete silence, intervened.

"Could he have got away?"

"I thought of that."

"In that case, what would they do?"

"Chase him, probably."

More silence, infinitely reassuring. "We didn't count on this, did we?"

"I'll say we didn't!"

"I'm only sorry you got the scare."

"You really think he gone?"

"It sounds like it, doesn't it?"

But he hadn't had time to get anything? Silver, or anything."

"Where'd you leave the pearls?"

"I put them back in the case, and into the bureau."

"What the deuce is he doing? I wish to goodness——"

Silence.

"Has he gone?"

"I'll be damned if I know!"

Christopher straightened up, and she stood up beside him clinging to his free arm. They moved across the upper hall, Mary Kate feeling invisible fingers clutch at hair and ankles as she went.

"I think he's beaten it!" the man whispered.

Then suddenly bedlam broke loose. Mary Kate heard Christopher shout, "Hah——look out there!" and felt him perk his arm away from her fingers. He ran a few steps forward, she could not see just where, in what was all darkness and strangeness to her, and called downward as if he were leaning over the stairway hear, "Turn round there!"

Below, meanwhile, there was the horrible sound of pounding feet, silence no longer necessary, and a sudden angle of hideous light on the stairway wall, and a babble of voices.

Then the revolver cracked and something fell—slithered on the stairs—groaned, Peter's voice came above the confusion.

"You got him, sir! It's all right—you've got him. The police are here sir—we've got him!"

Then the babble again. A woman's voice in a long pitying "Ah-h-h!"

(To be continued.)

Words
Let thy words be few and thy heavenly and mighty deeds be many.
Minard's Liniment aids Sore Feet.

Turns to Radio

Horace Greeley's advice "Go West, young man, go West" is altered by Merrill Denison, foremost Canadian playwright to "Go on the air, young playwright, go on the air". Mr. Denison has turned from writing for the legitimate stage to the creation of radio playlets. He is the author of the "Maple Centre" sketches, and will shortly write a series of historical plays for the air.

French Detective Finds Way to Remove Tattooing

Dr. Locard, the most famous scientific detective in France, has made a hobby for years of tattooing, says "The Washington Star." Contact with criminals from all over the world who have come to his laboratory in Lyons has taught Dr. Locard virtually everything there is to know about the various systems and markings of tattooers, if not a little more. For he has been able to announce recently a cure for tattooing, something hitherto unknown.

Thousands of people have been swindled by fake tattoo removers; thousands more go through life miserable because they cannot get rid of some objectionable design, bitten deeply into the skin.

Well, here is what Dr. Locard says to do: First, apply to the tattooed area a concentrated solution of tannin. Then open each hole made by the tattooer, and rub each tiny wound with a pencil of silver nitrate. The skin will turn black. Then powder it again with tannin. Within sixteen or eighteen hours, according to Dr. Locard, the tattoo marks will disappear. Caution must be used in this method, and a doctor's advice is necessary. Not more than two square inches of flesh should be removed at one time.

Christmas Sweets

Too much tempting candy about at Christmas time keeps one nibbling at all hours. A little care on the part of the mother may change a candy-sick Christmas into a happy holiday. Try to see that the candy is put out of sight—and reach—between meals, and let the time of indulgence be after meals.

Plenty of substitutes for candy is another trick which the wise mother will have up her sleeve. Fruit gelatines in different colored layers; hard cookies with colored sugar frosting; nut-filled dates and figs; pastes of chopped dried fruits, especially of figs, rolled in powdered sugar and chopped nuts—these will fill the holiday bill and not be so trying.

Loving letters,
Cupid's fetters,
Foolish youth—the tale is old.
Jilted! Fury!
Judge and Jury!
Letters worth their weight in gold.

Laws die, books never.—Bulwer Lytton.

Gems From Dickens

We must look forward.

* * * *

Moralize as we will, the world goes on.

* * * *

The office is one thing, and private life is another.

* * * *

Where's the good of putting things off?

* * * *

Strike while the iron's hot.

* * * *

Do not allow a trivial misunderstanding to wither the blossoms of spring.

* * * *

It's very much to be wished that some mothers would leave their daughters alone after marriage.

* * * *

Be faithfully affectionate against all discouragement, and never cease to be so, until you cease to live.

* * * *

Home is the best, after all, and its pleasures are the most heartily and enduringly prized.

* * * *

The hardest and best-borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record.

* * * *

Conscience is an elastic and very flexible article, which will bear a deal of stretching, and adapt itself to a great variety of circumstances.

* * * *

David Copperfield from head to foot! Calls a house a rookery when there's not a rook near it, and takes the birds on trust, because he sees the nests.

* * * *

The first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, calling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant in nature.

* * * *

You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderfully fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by that lonely feeling.

Potato Growers Warned

While there is a marked improvement on the part of potato growers in the grading and marking of their product for sale, the general practice is still far short of the requirements of Federal regulations under the Root Vegetables Act. The Dominion Fruit Commissioner states that in Ontario alone over fifty infractions have been dealt with by his inspection staff so far this year. The general requirements for marketing potatoes are: They must be graded 'Canada No. 1,' "Canada No. 2," or "Canada No. 3," or "Canada Fancy"; the grade must be marked by a tag on bags and by stencilling on barrels or other containers; the marking to show the name and address of the grower and the grade of potatoes in the package. The regulations for grading and marking potatoes apply throughout Canada and infractions involve serious penalties.

Penitentiaries Crowded

Kingston.—There are now 914 prisoners confined in the Portsmouth Penitentiary, the largest numbers in the history of the institution, and for the first time in the history of this prison one of the corridors is being use to house the overflow of inmates. All the other prisons in Canada have record enrolments. The total population of the penitentiaries in Canada is about 3,200. At St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary there are 850 prisoners, and it is stated that at the Stony Mountain in Manitoba the convicts are sleeping in the corridors.

Skating On Thin Ice

The first few days of the winter sport season are usually fraught with danger to heedless young folk. Now is a good time to impress upon their minds the necessity of observing caution.

You can be confident that its quality never varies

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Fixing New Year's Day

Where does the New Year actually begin? It starts, of course, earlier in Europe than it does with us, and the farther east you travel the earlier is its coming. But there must be a limit somewhere, for if you went on traveling always eastward you would eventually circle the globe and arrive back in Canada.

It was agreed originally that the days should begin on the 180th degree of longitude, a line running from the North Pole to the South, exactly halfway round the world from Greenwich Observatory. But this was found to have curious results.

The line passed right through a good many countries, so that the date might be December 31 in one town and January 1 in another only a mile or two away. On one island it used to be a standing joke to send newcomers a note saying "I shall be glad if you will come to lunch yesterday!"

This led to so much confusion that an alteration was made in the date line. It now bends in various places in order to include the whole of any country that lies in its path.

There are still some rather weird possibilities. If a steamer sailing from America to India reaches the date line at midnight on December 31 the captain puts his clocks forward twenty-four hours and makes the date next moment January 2. His ship sees no New Year's Day at all.

But if he were sailing in the opposite direction he would have two New Year's Days! Supposing he reached the date line one minute before midnight on January 1, his clocks would be put back twenty-four hours, and the next day would also be January 1.

The Discoverers

How much we owe to all the noble sages,
Those chosen ones of God who set men free.
Who teach them how to rise from lethargy,
And with the truth correct the wrong of ages
That hampers men in their unfolding stages.
Such prophets' work and aim it is to see
The truth that helps mankind not seem, but be.
Discoverers' names are writ in history's pages.
How quickly people seek new lands afar;
How soon they drop the chaise for motorcar.
And who will live without the telephone?
But let a vital truth that blesses men
Be given to all in a new tongue, and then
Prophet and message almost stand alone.

—Irving C. Tomlinson

Paint Odors

The odor of fresh paint may be killed or considerably lessened. A basin of water containing a few drops of sulphuric acid placed in the room will absorb the odor.

An open paper bag containing several pieces of charcoal left in the room and the room tighly closed will remove the odor. One woman has tried leaving several pails of cold water in the room a few hours, then replacing this with fresh water for overnight, and it proved effective.

In the country they put a handful of hay in a pailful of water and this completely eradicates the unpleasant odor of fresh paint.

British Columbia Salmon

Five principal varieties of salmon are caught in British Columbian waters—sockeye, Spring, Coho, pink, and chum.

"Economy does not mean parsimony, but value for value."—Ernest J. P. Benn.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

2842

The modishly cut gored skirt makes this model distinctly unusual. Incidentally the tapering movement of the upper edge of the gores in rounded outline is very slimming.

It features the becoming cowl neckline that also minimizes the breadth through the bodice. The sleeve frills are pretty.

The original model in dark green crepy woolen with novel ring dots is perfectly stunning and wearable too.

Style No. 2842 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

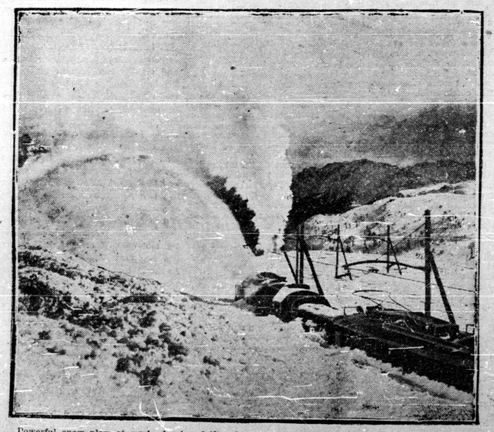
Black canton crepe with white accents in the sleeve frills and in the gardenia at the left shoulder is chic. Transparent velvet and crepe marocain are charming for this model.

Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of each patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

King Winter's Reign Defied!



Powerful snow plow at work clearing drifts along electric railway between Tirano, Italy, and St. Moritz, Switzerland. No matter how deep the snow, traffic is successfully maintained throughout winter on this Alpine line.

Doctor Claims Canada Needs More Corrective Footwear

Montreal — Despite the fact that Canadians imported more than $4,000,000 worth of corrective footwear last year, there is vital need for at least $10,000,000 worth of such footgear, Dr. Hubert Pocock of Toronto told the Quebec Association of Osteopathic Physicians at a recent meeting here.

Dr. Pocock, illustrating his talk with X-ray photographs and slides, spoke on the importance of foot correction and the relative influence on the human anatomy.

The follies of life are the amusements none of us cares about.

Inhale Minard's Liniment for Asthma.

Australian Woman Urges Girls "To Get Back to the Land"

Adelaide, S. Aust.—The feature of the conference of women of the Labor Party was an invigorating address by Mrs. Martha E. Vaughan, who urged people to get back to the land. Mrs. Vaughan did not speak theoretically but from hard experience. She is a successful practical example of what women can do in the cultivation of natural products in days when the call throughout Australia is to an expanded husbandry.

Recently Mrs. Vaughan placed before the president of the National Council of Women, Mrs. J. L. Leal, notes outlining the plan of work she has undertaken in the Adelaide hills so that representative organizations might consider the launching of similar schemes to provide employment for workless girls. Mrs. Leal is so impressed with the idea that she will urge the executive to draw up a plan which may be put into operation.

Mrs. Vaughan has always been an enterprising leader in women's movements. During the years of the war she conducted a training center for land girls near Monmouthshire, and was decorated by the King. His Majesty sent her a letter expressing appreciation of the capable manner in which she had served the country, stating she had carried out work of equal importance with any performed by man, equal to any on land or sea. It was a high tribute to her camp for training women for the land.

When Mrs. Vaughan returned to South Australia she managed an orange grove with the assistance of her daughters. The girls grew all grown up now, but Mrs. Vaughan has still her love for outdoor life and, as she puts it, "working with my hands in the garden." Her brother, James McGarvie, has taken up land in the fertile and beautiful Aldgate Valley, and she is helping him to make the place self-supporting. She intends to keep poultry and bees and grow vegetables and small fruits.

"Later I may add pigs to the list," she said the other day, chatting over her new plans.

"The land is good, and the soil will suit strawberries, which I shall plant on the slopes. See this house!"—Mrs. Vaughan was spreading sand around her sleeping apartment—"It is a model sports hut which I bought at the show. It is ideal for sleeping out as the four sides are open to all the breezes that blow."

After Mrs. Vaughan has burned off the scrub, she will dig, plant, and rake the ground. Working on her block, she has a most businesslike appearance in a short skirt, cardigan jacket and gaiters. The outlook is impressive at the site of her dainty little home. The mountain air is a delight, particularly in the days of winter sunshine that floods the valley and glids the high hills that look down on the farm blocks.

"It will cost me nothing for wood and water," she said, sweeping her hands toward the wooded distance and in voicing a stream that tinkled through the blocks. "When the vegetables are grown, and the fowls are laying well, all I have to buy will be ordinary staples. Already the peas, beans, cauliflowers and onions are beginning to repay the labor spent, and I am now getting the ground prepared for potatoes."

Mrs. Vaughan is proceeding with her work on most systematic lines and there are even touches of artistry which only a woman can give to prosaic tasks such as vegetable growing and the management of poultry. Echo Point is the name of the little estate. The valley reverberates with the music of the birds and the calls of cattle and at dawn and dusk there are the impetuous and persistent exchanges of raucous compliments between neighboring poultry yards.

Any girl who sees what is being done at Echo Point, and who, in addition to feeling the radiant joy of out of doors, is able to appreciate the business side of the venture will surely long to emulate Mrs. Vaughan's courage, and be stimulated to follow her inspiring example.

What the Tourist May Expect in 1931

The Christian Science Monitor gives a brief outline on their editorial page of future summer attractions—under the title of "What Next In Miniaturing."——We read:

With miniature golf in hibernation, it is fundamental from the open to empty stores, halls and basements may be called that, amusement purveyors are turning their attention to the prospective demands of another summer. Reports of counter-attractions are being heard and the great outdoor-loving public is looking forward with speculation as to what next in the way of open-air diversion. It has seen golf shrink to dimensions not far removed from those of a postage stamp and it is wondering what other popular pastimes of the bygone days are susceptible to similar treatment.

Will playing outdoor hockey on a parlor rug come into style as a summer activity? Perhaps pony polo on rocking-horses may be vanished by the more robust of summer sportsmen? An even more strenuous prospect is ping-pong, which may find its way out of the back parlors of the last century and perch upon attractive roadside settings as a by-product of the gasoline stations. It is already masquerading indoors as "baby tennis."

But the real summer sensation promises to be the flights of the flightless airplane in which the veriest, trip in aerodonetics may safely perform all the sensational maneuvers of the most audacious of air pilots. Barrel rolls, nose dives, zooms, banks and loops are only a few of the items which the promoters of this new form of summer entertainment offer in these guaranteed-never-to-leave-the-ground flights. The erstwhile aviator needs only to operate the "stick" to put the plane through all its capers and roam through a skyless sky in a flightless flight that will make golfless golf as thrilling as an all-day sail on a frogless frog pond.

"Amos 'n' Andy"

In view of their tremendous popularity over the radio, it would hardly seem necessary that anyone should be paid to listen to "Amos 'n' Andy," especially their own wives. Nevertheless, Mrs. "Amos" and Mrs. "Andy," who in real life are Mrs. Freeman F. Gosden and Mrs. Charles J. Correll, are paid regular salaries to listen to each program, and to criticize and comment upon it. The Christian Science Monitor.

MILK THIEF!

Milk thieves are a nuisance and many bad words were said over one at Ada, Ohio, who used to get the bottles off the porch and break them on the sidewalk. Ralph Collins finally chanced to see a dog clamp its teeth on the top of a quart bottle of milk and carry it carefully down a flight of outside steps to the pavement. The animal lifted the bottle as high over its head as it could, smashed it to the pavement, and then proceeded to lap up the milk.

Woodland Tragedies

A remarkable sidelight on the way in which a woodland epidemic may spread is afforded by a report on elm disease in England which has just been published by the Forestry Commission.

This disease was first definitely discovered in Totteridge, in Hertfordshire, in 1927, when a single tree was affected. At the end of 1928 there were 600 trees known to be affected. In 1929 this figure was doubled, and this year the number of elms affected by the disease is again twice that recorded in the previous twelve months.

Elm disease is not confined to England. It was first observed in 1919, and in the following year a number of cases were reported in various parts of Holland and Northern France. Now it has spread over almost the whole of Western and Central Europe.

The disease is caused by a fungus, and may kill the trees affected completely. It is believed that the elm-bark beetle plays an important part in spreading the infection.

Elms stricken with the disease may live on for ten to fifteen years before they die, or they may manage to shake it off. But, so far, no cure has been discovered.

Locks

Economical housekeepers do not throw away the old door lock since parts of them may be useful for making repairs. When one unscrews a lock, disclosing its interior workings, one may find the very part which is needed to repair another lock that refuses to function. The bit of coiled spring, or some other part, that is out of order on a door, may be replaced by the insertion of a similar part from the old lock. Getting acquainted with the parts of an old lock is both interesting and profitable.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

The bubble of Christmas romance is pricked about the time one recognizes Santa Claus. The way to inflate it again is to blow it full of loving thought for the Merry Christmas of others.

New Year's greetings fill the air—
One hears them echo everywhere.
Let's banish fear, depression, care.
And smile—display the chinaware.

Miss America 1930

Miss Margaret Rekdahl, "Miss America 1930", taking brief vacation in southern California before returning home to Tampa, Fla. During stay in Hollywood she received offers to appear in pictures.

To a Hilltop Elm

You scarcely ever looked my way
From where you stood
Yet offered dignity and grace
For every mood.

March found you modest in new garb
All green in tone,
And fringed with lacy purple edge
The breeze had blown.

In heat you calmly harbored birds
Among your leaves,
You shaded autumn harvesters
While cutting sheaves.

You etched a cold November sun
By your sharp boughs:
And made a spider web of night
Through winter snows.

You bent your head before the storm
But wore anew
Magnificent serenity
When it was through.

Orion, treading branches high,
Strode toward the Bull;
Uncombed white clouds, adrift by wind,
Pale moons, grown full.

The majesty of all the world
Has sought your height;
Humility you sheltered, too.
At dusk; in light.

And-yet, you Guard upon the hill,
You deign to stay
Neighbor to folk who work and live
Along your way.

—Julia Cogswell Frankle.

Farmer of Ancient Days Pledged Farm For Lead

Philadelphia.—How the Mesopotamian business man of about 3500 years ago kept his records is shown by a collection of antiquities on exhibition at the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

The records are on clay cuneiform tablets, one of which indicates that agriculture had its troubles in ancient Mesopotamia. This tablet records that a farmer named Arilludupti pledged his entire farm as security for the loan of 3½ pounds of lead.

A cylindrical, hollow clay receptacle containing 49 pebbles and a long cuneiform inscription belonged to an illiterate shepherd named Zakaru. The inscription revealed that the pebbles represented 49 sheep intrusted to his care. By preserving a proper balance between the number of pebbles and sheep the shepherd could easily render an accurate accounting of his flock at any time.

Horace H. F. Jayne, director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, reported the uncovering of private houses, a great palace and a temple, finding numerous objects which enabled the archaeologists to picture the lives and customs of the people of Nuzi prior to its destruction shortly after 1500 B.. Some of these objects including sculpture and pottery, are nearly 5500 years old.

Egypt Raises Sugar Duty

Cairo.—In addition to raising the import duty on sugar from 440 to 700 piasters (approximately $22 to $35 a ton), the Egyptian Government also has increased the excise duty from 25 to 300 piasters per ton, with an explanatory note pointing out the necessity of protecting the local industry, which employs 26,000 Egyptian workers.

The sugar company, in conjunction with which a government monopoly is to be established, will not permit an increase in prices until an agreement is reached with the Government regarding minimum and maximum prices.

Marriage is an art, and now the most neglected of arts. Education should begin not later than at the age of 2.—Judge Ben Lindsey.

Varnish Hints

If linoleum is varnished, a large amount of polishing is rendered unnecessary. If the linoleum is an old friend, scrub it first until every trace of grease has been removed from it. White shellac makes a good coating, and will last a long time if no soda is used when it is washed. In this way the wear on the material is diminish to a large extent, and it will not only last much longer but looks very much better.

VARNISHING THE CEILING

No doubt everyone at some time or another has been tempted "to go one better" than the conventional white-washed ceiling and to try a tinted one. If the ceiling is, for example, first painted in a pale tint of gray, pink or tan-color and then varnished, the result will be entirely successful. When the time arrives for necessary cleaning, it is an easy matter to give the ceiling a rub and a polish like any other painted surface. A word of warning, however, must be spoken. In making an experiment in painting a ceiling, let it be a simple one. Add a touch of brown siena to the creamy paint so as to give it a warmer tinge. Then do the varnishing.

Most people regard varnish merely as a beautifying medium, whereas it is one of the most valuable preservatives which can be applied to decorations. By going to the additional trouble of varnishing paint when it has thoroughly dried, the workers will be surprised to find how well the color will be preserved, and how long a time will pass before it begins to look at all shabby.

VARNISH NEEDS CARE.

If one buys varnish ready for use, it should be kept in a warm place until one is ready to use it otherwise it thickens, and may prove difficult to work with. If an attempt is made to thin it out with turpentine, it will be encouraged to bubble.

Never choose a gull day for varnishing operations. Rather put off the job until a dry sunny day appears. Use a proper brush, one that has already been employed for painting will not do. The brush must be a perfectly dry one and should have longish hairs and a square-cut edge. Be sure not to allow it to slip down into the varnish. Take up over so little each time on the top of the hairs. If the varnishing cannot be finished at once—and it is a business that one should approach in a leisurely spirit in order to get good results—the brushes should be suspended overnight with their tips just resting in the varnish itself. You cannot leave a varnishing brush overnight in turpentine, as you would a painting brush, for the turpentine will spoil the finish of your work. And, do not leave it to dry in the air; that treatment will cause it to harden so that it will be incapable thereafter of any useful service.

Humility

That old
Sweet orison—
Let it be forgotten.
Something divine has happ[illegible] new
Instead:

Thy will
Stretched other ways.
May I but remember
How I inclined and questioned not
Thy choice.

—Priscilla Doe Wright

"[illegible] over a new leaf [illegible] year's Day?"
"W[illegible] The other leaves are all f[illegible]

Ray 10 Times Stronger Than Radium Discovered, Pierces 80 Inches of Lead

Vienna.—The Vienna Chemical and Physical Society was informed Dec. 18 by Prof. V. F. Hess that, as a result of his research in the field of cosmic ultra-radiation, he had discovered a peculiar radiation of tremendous penetrative force.

He further asserted that this great force undoubtedly must be of extra-terrestrial origin, since its intensity increases with distance from the earth's surface.

Professor Hess found this cosmic ultra-radiation to be 10 times as penetrative as the strongest radium rays, piercing 80 inches of leaden plate with a loss of only half their intensity.

He believed the wavelength of these rays to be almost unbelievably short, probably one one-hundredth of that of ultra-violet and one-thousandth that of radium rays.

Prof. Hess observed that "the rays were dependent upon sidereal time, with other influences in their intensity appearing to be the seasonal air pressure, storms and probably the magnetism of the earth."

He believes that the rays emanate from fixed stars, probably those of more recent formation found in the Milky Way, and only to a small extent on the fixed star known as the sun.

To Mend Linoleum

Linoleum that is badly worn in spots can be mended by the following method: With a safety razor cut out the worn spot, following the lines of the design carefully. Use this as a pattern for cutting an insert from a left-over piece of linoleum which has had similar wear. Be careful that the pattern matches.

Slip in under the hole cut into the linoleum a piece of heavy muslin or canvas not somewhat larger than the hole. Turn the linoleum up and brush well with glue around the edges of the opening. Press down on the muslin or canvas and weight until dry.

Brush the sides and bottom of the new piece of linoleum with glue and fit into position in the hole, gluing it firmly to the muslin background. Weight it down well until the glue hardens.

After patching the worn spots of the linoleum in this wise, give the whole floor covering a coat of clear varnish and a rub down with wax.

Four New Resolutions For Safety In Air

Paris.—How to safeguard against mishaps due to failure of materials used in plane manufacture was the problem studied Dec. 12 by the International Air Security Congress.

Four resolutions, intended to avert the unexpected cracking of steel and the breaking of other metals and wood upon which it is necessary to depend for safety, were adopted.

What was probably the most thorough symposium of an investigation, real and experimental, ever made of the breakage of apparently sound materials was presented in a score of papers by engineers and natural scientists. Their work was found to be of real importance by the commission, and was regarded as a step into the unknown which can be followed by progress if necessary resolutions are adopted in plenary session.

Funny

A carrot is a common thing,
And brings but little money
Upon the city market stalls.
To poets this is funny.

If carrot buyers could but see
A field of carrots growing,
Their price would mount up to the sky
By spell of laces blowing.

In light green waves before the wind
Upon a dewy morning.
A carrot in a garden fair
Is certainly adorning.

And, oh, upon the market stall,
To poets, it is funny
That lovely things like carrots bring
So little, little money.

—Norman C. Schlichter.

Canada-Australia Treaty Completed

Ottawa.—Details of the new Canada-Australia trade treaty have been settled, according to H. H. Stevens, Minister of Trade and Commerce, who says it is in process of being translated into legislative form adaptable to both parliaments. It is expected that this process will be completed upon the return of Parker Maloney, Australian Minister of Markets and Transports, to Ottawa on Dec. 22.

No information as to the terms of the treaty will be made public until both parliaments can make simultaneous announcements but Mr. Stevens asserts that the results will be found eminently satisfactory to both countries.

Ontario Has Too Many Counties—Judge Avers

Toronto.—With a view to cutting down administration expenses, Mr. Justice Raney suggests that the number of counties in Ontario be reduced. He thought there were too many counties in Ontario and suggested that Halton, Peel, and Dufferin Counties be merged.

This would mean a big reduction in taxes. He also believed that grand juries could be eliminated.

Resolutions

Oh, put away the ancient pipe,
Say "By-by" to the fat cigar,
And hitch — for now the time is ripe—
Your resolutions to a star.

It is Hard

I always hate a New Year's vow,
Because one never knows.
Just how to make refusal when
The other fellow blows.

He believed the wavelength of these rays to be almost unbelievably short, probably one one-hundredth of that of ultra-violet and one-thousandth that of radium rays.

Prof. Hess observed that "the rays were dependent upon sidereal time, with other influences in their intensity appearing to be the seasonal air pressure, storms and probably the magnetism of the earth."

He believes that the rays emanate from fixed stars, probably those of more recent formation found in the Milky Way, and only to a small extent on the fixed star known as the sun.

Make Vancouver Healthiest City In Dominion

New "Health League" Plans Campaign of War on Disease

Vancouver: This city is out to win the title, "Canada's Healthiest City." It is just emerging from a health week that provided the most important demonstration of its kind ever seen on the Western coast of the Dominion.

This interested Vancouver from Nov. 14 to 19, and enlisted the co-operation of health departments of city, province and Dominion, along with that of national health agencies, local medical, dental, religious and business bodies, and leading citizens. And it has given birth to the Greater Vancouver Health League, a permanent lay-organization which will be the local branch of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council.

The interesting and valuable function of this body is to teach people how to keep well.

"An organization of this kind," an official remarked, "should exist in every Canadian community. For the fact that thousands of Canadians die every year of diseases which could be prevented, shows that we as a nation are not organized properly to combat disease. We have had our convincing demonstration of how a national disease menace may be properly fought. I refer to the progress we have made in our attack upon venereal disease.

"What has been and is being done towards suppressing these diseases, may be done with equal or even the success with many others. For instance, every year scores of thousands of people are made painfully and expensively ill by diphtheria and typhoid. Many of them die. Yet these two diseases are absolutely preventable. And so on all down the line. Here is scarcely a disease the death-rate of which may not be reduced by intelligent private and public action. Here is a frightful waste of Canadian lives and money, and the Greater Vancouver Health League plans to put a stop to it as far as possible, in Vancouver at least."

An imposing beginning was made in the Health Week. A large exhibition, featuring all kinds of health booths, was the central feature. Schools were closed down long enough to let children attend, and free milk was given them when they got there. Business men purchased and contributed full pages of advertising in the local newspapers. Moving pictures were shown, radio announcements were broadcast, and at the request of the Ministerial Association, announcements were made from pulpits. The Board of Trade and similar local organizations co-operated and large and small local stores put on special window displays.

Valuable co-operation was accorded by national agencies including the National Dairy Council, Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, American Society for the Control of Cancer, the Canadian Tuberculosis Association and the Victorian Order of Nurses. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. assisted.

Estimated attendance ran into thousands, and the League plans to carry on a perpetual educational campaign from this satisfactory beginning.

Ten Nights in a Hospital

A bunch of the germs were hitting it up
In the bronchial saloon;
Two bugs on the edge of the larynx
Were jazzing a ragtime tune,
Back to the teeth, in a solo game,
Sat dangerous Ack-kerchoo,
And watching his pulse was his light of love,
The lady, thats known as Flu.

—Public Health Journal.

"Why do people always wait until the New Year to make good resolutions?"

"Because they are so busy then that they can forget to keep them, I suppose."