WINGS OF FORTUNE

BY

LESLIE BERESFORD

SYNOPSIS

Sylvia Darnley, an orphan is employed at a travel bureau, in that way she meets John Christopher Fellowes, going to Paris and Monte Carlo.

Because of poor business Sylvia loses her job, but at the same time Mrs. Paula Carmichael staying at the hotel with her brother, Tony Mallison, surprises her by telling her that she is heiress to a fortune by her uncle Luke Massingham.

Accompanied by Paula and Tony Sylvia goes on a shopping orgy in Paris. Paula lends Florrie, her maid, to help Sylvia dress for her first big party in Paris. Sylvia feels Florrie has a definite dislike for her. Paula warns her of fortune seekers, especially John Christopher Fellowes.

A GRATEFUL HEART

When she began to come to herself again, she was conscious first of a man's arms carrying her, a man's shoulder on which her head had been lying, inanimate. She heard noises, voices, saw that she was being carried through darkness, which was flitfully lit by a ruddy flare, as if something was burning some little distance away.

Real and final consciousness did not come to her then, but later. And now she was in a lighted room, a large one in which quite a number of people were collected. She guessed now that the man's arms carrying her must have been those of Tony. He had just set her down on a wooden seat in what she realised to be a station buffet. They were evidently using the place as a temporary hospital for the injured. Railway officials and police, with grave men who looked like doctors were helping in and examining wounded people of all sorts.

Sylvia beyond a terrible throbbing pain in her head which was so heavy that she could scarcely hold it up, became gradually aware that she must be otherwise unhurt, for she could sit up without any other pain. And she saw that both Paula and Tony were with her, both quite unhurt, more alarmed about her than anything, both looking ghastly pale, Tony especially.

She saw too, in a little group quite near to her, John Christopher Fellowes, with the Darlingdorks hovering about him. The Titian-haired girl trying to staunch a trickle of blood oozing from that nasty cut in his forehead. At that moment, strangely enough, Sylvia felt less the pain in her head than a sense of anxiety over that nasty wound of his. She simply longed to get up, go over and thrust that Titian-haired Darlingford girl to one side see to the cleaning and bandaging of John's hurt herself.

But Paula overwhelmed her with anxious enquiries, and Tony was holding out something for her to drink from a glass. It was a burning spirit, which took away her breath, but was swift in its stimulating effects on her. It made her able to think more clearly, to speak.

"It was a collision, I suppose? What a lucky thing we have not all been killed, or badly hurt! How—how did we get out like this?"

"By good luck, precious, I was all right. Paula told her. "I hadn't as you know—gone to the restaurant car before it happened. My compartments were not derailed, and we all got out quickly. With you and Tony it was different. The restaurant car was quite smashed. The people were in a panic, and only one way for them to get out. I found Tony on the platform with you in his arms. However he managed to get you out I cannot think."

"Don't let's talk about it, Paula!" Tony intervened, livid and evidently still suffering from shock. "Anyhow, you are safe and not too badly hurt, Sylvilkins. What I think is—if you are strong enough to walk—we'd best get out of this, find a hotel, put you in bed, have a doctor see you."

"Oh, I'm not so bad as that, Sylvia said, a palm pressed over her aching head, which had a nasty swelling over the right ear.

"Anyhow, we'll get out of here!" Tony slipped an arm round her waist to lead her away.

For a moment she suffered a frantic desire to slip away from Tony's hold and cross over to that little group around John Christopher with the Titian-haired girl bandaging his head. And perhaps, if he had looked at her, she would have done so. But he seemed not to know she was there. He was looking up at the other girl, gratitude in his eyes.

And Sylvia's gratitude, she reminded herself suddenly should be all for Tony, who had brought her out from that horror in the dark. She leaned against him confidingly as, between Paula and him, she passed out into the night.

Tony of course had saved her life. Sylvia realised that more vividly after overhearing some people talking on the platform of the station just outside which the rapide had been wrecked. Nine people, she discovered, had been killed in the burning and ruined restaurant car alone. It was apparently a miracle that anyone escaped at all.

And Tony, it appeared had performed that miracle for her. What a debt then she owed him. A debt which, of course she must pay. The thought filled her with a sense of tenderness towards him such as she had not imagined possible before.

"I must be sensible," she told herself. "I must think of Tony differently. It's just silly to say that I can't ever fall in love with him. As silly as imagine that I was in love with John Christopher. That's definitely off the map, of course."

She was entirely convinced of this when eventually she slept that night. They put up at a hotel in the main square near the station of this country town. There was here none of the magnificence of the Paris Hotel on the Avenue of the Champs Elysees. Indeed this was just a market town hostelry, with everything so plain and comfortless that there was not even carpets on the floor.

But these were scrubbed so spotlessly white, and everything smelt so sweetly fresh, that Sylvia forgave that They had been lucky to get in anywhere, Tony had said. And it was only till morning. He was arranging to finish the rest of the journey to Monte by car, taking no more risks with the French railways.

Morning found Sylvia practically herself again. A morning of warm sunshine, clear air, the perfume of flowers drifting in at the open window. And to her relief and delight, it was Florrie who wakened her, bringing in hot fragrant coffee and rolls. Florrie in a part of the train which had fortunately not suffered much, had been badly shaken but not hurt at all.

"Well, it's a wonder I am alive this morning, Florrie!" Sylvia felt full of gratitude as she sipped her coffee, its surface thick with country cream. "It it hadn't been for Mr. Mallison."

"So Mrs. Carmichael was telling me last night, Miss!" Florrie interrupted her, busying herself with her duties in her quiet efficient way. "She said that Mr. Tony behaved like a hero, carrying you out of the car at the risk of his own life."

"Yes, I owe it to him that I am here at all. Sylvia mused, stirring her coffee. "That's a tremendous debt to owe anyone, isn't it? It means—"

"You'll fall in love with him now, Miss Sylvia, of course. And—you know, don't you, that he's in love with you?"

"Well really, Florrie!" Sylvia eyed the girl in surprise, stiffening a little at this frank question which, from a maid, was scarcely what she would have expected.

"Now I'm putting my foot in it again, Miss Sylvia," said the other, her pale face contrasting with her dark, burning eyes, eloquent of defiance.

"I suppose I ought not to have said that, it not being my place, Miss!" she added in a subdued voice. "But I meant no wrong please."

She spoke suddenly, all her defiance fallen from her. Sylvia looked at her in some amazement remembering vividly the curious behaviour of this girl towards her in Paris. That something lay behind it, Sylvia felt certain, something more serious than the girl would admit. But—what?

Chapter VIII—Where There's Money There's Trouble

Sylvia was half inclined to ask Florrie there and then what was behind her strange attitude towards her. But the girl looked so distressed that Sylvia changed her mind.

Instead she spoke forcibly, determined at least to put Florrie once and for all in her proper place. She said,

"Still, Florrie, I don't think we ought to talk about Mr. Mallison,—and what may be his feelings toward me. It isn't that sort of thing that is usually done, is it? I'd better get up now. Is Mrs. Carmichael still in her room?

"She has been up some time Miss. It's late. Nearly lunch time. She had my orders not to wake you wakened till now, just in time for lunch, and to go on in the car, to Monte, as they have arranged.

Sylvia slipped from the bed in haste to dress and join the others. Except for a slight ache in her head, which she scarcely noticed as she began to move about, she felt perfectly well. Florrie reduced to silence, after Sylvia's decided rebuke, had a sullen expression on her pale face as she flitted here and there in her noiseless way, laying out the clothes Sylvia was going to wear, putting away those she had taken off overnight, and gradually leaving everything packed and ready for an early move.

Sylvia was still puzzled over the girl, feeling more than ever that some thing even tragic possibly lay behind the rather sad mystery of her pretty face in the troubled deeps of her large and dark eyes, even in the silence to which she had turned quite pointedly as the result of Sylvia's words.

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY

by **P.C.2**

I had warned that man at least a couple of times before. He used to drive pretty regularly along No. 2 Highway. Sort of salesman, I should judge.

What about him? Well, I'm telling you.

He was a good driver all right, so far as driving goes, but he seemed to think the whole road belonged to him. You know what I mean—could not keep to his own side, and thought he had as much right to drive on the left-hand side of the road as on the right. I don't suppose he thought anything about the danger of it, and I'm doggone sure he never paid much attention to the rule of the road.

What happened? I'm telling you if you'll listen a moment. He's in hospital now—be lucky if he gets out in a month. He'll be luckier still if he ever drives again.

You know the sharp bend in the road just east of Jonesville? That's where it happened. Our friend swings over to the left-hand side of the road—probably figured he could save a second in rounding the bend. Didn't figure there might be cars coming the other way. Well, there happened to be two of them. The first managed to pull over, but the second hadn't a chance in the world. Just sideswiped him like nobody's business. Tossed his car clean over into the ditch with him underneath it.

I came along just after it happened and helped to get him out. Sure he was unconscious—I wondered if he'd get into hospital alive.

See what I mean? A big hospital bill, and a big lawsuit for heavy damages to face when he gets out—just because he would not keep to his own side.

Say! people are funny; risk their lives, cars, and everything for the sake of a second of time.

Yes, you've said it. That's my opinion, too.

"SALADA" TEA

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Russian Hoboes Given Setback

MOSCOW—Hoboes are most unwelcome on the railways of Soviet Russia. The Communist government is seeking to abolish railroad hooliganism.

Damage to tracks and railway cars by hoboes, reported from many portions of the country, has moved the council of the People's Commissar and the central committee of the Communist party to issue an order to imprison for six months all persons caught stealing rides on trains.

Vagrants who deliberately damage railway property may be imprisoned for three years.

All persons not employed by railways are forbidden to live on railway property, and Communist railway workers have been enjoined to inaugurate wide propaganda campaign among transport employes to protect passengers and guard state transportation against sabotage and disruption.

Both official Russian newspapers, "Pravda" and "Izvestia," published leading articles emphasizing the necessity for a general rally of law-abiding citizens against elements which have contributed to railway accidents and are said to be impairing transportation so vital to the public interest.

"Pravda" enumerated many cases where discharged and drunken employes have caused damages to tracks and rolling stock, and pointed out that a new order providing stricter penalties against hooligans and inaugurating a general campaign of education should result in great benefit to national economy.

Mother and Son

One of the saddest things we have read for some time, says Ed. Duncan, in the Wiarton Echo, was the case of an aged widow of Wardsville, who won her second fight for possession of her home which was claimed by her son. The son had appealed the case, but the appellate court dismissed his appeal with costs. We know nothing of the circumstances, but it does not look well for a son to be fighting his mother through the courts for possession of a home. It is often the case when children grow up and get the little possessions that their parents have managed to get together, that they turn the parents out. It must be the fault of early training, often indulgent parents think nothing is too good for their children and the children get the same idea and wash their hands of any responsibility towards their parents. We need to take pattern from the Chinese where age is revered and where the old grandmother rules the household as a Matriarch.

ITCH TAKEN OUT OF WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR

Mam's inhmanity to man will cease soon. Itchy woollen underwear is out.

A new process has been perfected which relieves the discomfort to the tender epidermis of the old-style woollens worn next the skin.

A new treatment of fabrics, which it is claimed renders them unshrinkable, also adds lustre to the material, and can be applied with equal facility to loose, scoured wool, tops, or to knitted fabric.

The method is being kept secret for its discoverers and fellow members of the British Wool Industries Research Association, who hold patent right, according to a recent report of the association.

It is stated that the new discovery is the outcome of advances in technique in an entirely different industry.

MAKES FALSE TEETH FEEL LIKE NATURAL

There must be a reason Dr. Wernet's Powder is the world's largest seller and prescribed by leading dentists: it holds teeth so firmly—they fit so comfortably—that all day long you forget you ever had false plates. Leaves no colored, gummy paste—keeps mouth sanitary, breath pleasant—the best powder you can buy yet cost is small—any druggist.

Morality

"Morality is the vestibule of religion."—Chapin.

"Moral conditions will be found always harmonious and health-giving."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"Good manners are a part of good morals."—Whatly.

"There is nothing that strengthens faith more than the observance of morality."—Addison

"Moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments, and not ruins, behind it."—Lowell.

"Morality must always precede and accompany religion, and yet religion is much more than morality."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Russian Movie Problem

—Soviet Russia, too, has its moving picture troubles. The chief problem there is not dirt but dullness. A survey in a recent number of Izvestia is quoted in the Russian Economic Notes published by the Department of Commerce at Washington. Russian films are described by Izvestia as being low in artistic merit, uninspired in theme and overladen with propaganda. The last condition is one that obtained in Soviet literature until Stalin issued orders for a little less proletarianism and a little more artistic truth and entertainment. The human mind is capable of absorbing just so much propaganda. After that it goes to sleep; as it has done in Soviet Russia and Nazi Germany.

Soviet planning as applied to the screen industry does not show up better than American cutthroat individualism. Izvestia mentions four pictures which have been two years or more in the making. An extreme case is the film "It Happened One Summer," which was five per cent. completed at the end of a year at a cost of 500,000 rubles. The Russian market can hardly carry such costs. Attendance in 1933 was one visit a year per head of the population. In the United States it was 30 visits a year.—New York Times.

"All fear is in itself painful, and when it conduces not to safety, is painful without use. Every consideration, therefore, by which groundless terror may be removed adds something to human happiness." — Dr. Johnson.

Issue No. 31—'34

MOTHER HAS HER TROUBLES IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

When Children Have Accidents She Must Keep Cool and Have First Aid Kit Handy

The good old summer time brings its own troubles for the mother. Her children need roughage, that is, a bit of venture, and it will be a most remarkable and lucky child who will escape entirely without a bruise or cut or blister.

The best way is to take things as they come and not worry from dawn until dark for fear something may happen. Warnings are in order, but obsessions about accidents can put the strongest mother to bed herself.

As to warning, there are, of course some things that should be absolutely "verboten," such as swimming in a dangerous spot, riding wheels, small wagons or playing ball in the street, climbing brittle trees, or going barefoot in snake country.

Be Prepared

Outside of such things or whatever hazard she lives near, the mother would be better to say, "Johnny is bound to have a few accidents. Am I prepared to do the right thing at the right time? Can I get used to seeing blood without losing my head? Have I the proper materials on hand for quick help? Do I know how to use them? Will I scream or cry and make Johnny think he is hurt worse than he is. Or will I let things go, trusting that time cures most things very well?"

Keep a Handy-Kit.

Contents for a handy-kit cost little. Some sterilized absorbent cotton, a narrow and wide roll of gauze bandage, some clean (boiled) old linen, iodine, peroxide of hydrogen, baking soda, salt, a tube of pure vaseline, or whatever else the doctor may suggest. Keep a basin that isn't used for anything else in the house. There won't always be time to stop and scrub one out. A household bucket or a bathroom basin may look clean but it won't be sterile enough to use in the medical department.

Although a mother can give first aid, she must remember that except in minor cases, it is only temporary. When there is a deep cut or a puncture caused by something rusty or dirty, a bad sprain, a blow on the head that causes vomiting or unconsciousness, a dog or snake bite, she should get a doctor to come at once. And in sunstrokes or in cases of near-drowning.

Watch Swelling Wounds.

Also, if there has been what she thought was an innocent wound that has begun to swell and redden and cause pain in such a case the doctor is absolutely necessary.

Every mother should have directions of some sort to refer to in case of minor accident.

A short talk with the doctor (she can take notes) will be of help. And most "mother's books" today contain the information needed.

Running rusty nails and splinters into bare feet is a common summer occurrence with children To run a nail into the hand or foot isn't good. We always speak of "rusty" nails, but it doesn't matter whether they are rusty to the eye or not. A dirty nail, and most are, is just as bad as a rusty one when it comes to chances of infection and that dread word "tetanus."

No use going off the deep end and imagining that every youngster who builds a shanty or runs about in his bare feet will get hurt. But in case he does, there is that handy kit in the bathroom you have laid by for just such emergencies. While you're getting it, however, have someone call the doctor. Tell him what you know, and he won't lose much time getting that foot or hand treated.

Wash Wound Thoroughly.

If Johnny has a shoe on, off it at once. "Then wash his foot with soap and water," directs a famous nurse, "and keep it wet by a solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) or peroxide of hydrogen. Let the wound in an Epsom Salts solution (1 lb. to the pint)."

This will keep it open until the doctor arrives.

Another authority suggests using the peroxide in after the soap-and-water wash, as it will foam and loosen dirt particles, and recommends a salt solution (1 teaspoon for every 2 cups water) in the case of soaking the foot until the doctor's arrival.

At any rate, the procedure for first aid measures differs little. The aim is to get the deep narrow wound clean as possible and to keep it open either by soaking or by applications until it can be taken care of professionally.

Deep splinters should be treated in the same way. You don't get rusty, but anything that sinks deeply into the flesh can't be played with. All sorts of the sort need a professional hand.

Dirt and "Tetanus"

"Tetanus" is a word we hear. It may be caused by rust or by dirt. It doesn't jump in fearful and picture your child with lockjaw or something equally terrible if it gets hurt. There will be time for worry if the doctor is called and the wound is cared for in one of the ways suggested above. These injuries are only "first aids." And keep one's head and set about it in a businesslike way is the very thing that will divert danger until more help arrives.

CANNIBALS DON'T LIKE TO EAT WHITES

Cannibals are easy to get on with if one knows how to handle them, according to Capt. Eric Salisbury.

The captain, who for 40 years explored the remote corners of the world and often has been among man-eating tribes are a recent arrival at Rochester, N.Y., before leaving on another voyage.

"The average cannibal has the mind of a 4-year-old child," the captain explained. "My attitude toward them has to be like the nurse toward a group of children. Should they begin to squabble or forgotten as soon as their attention is turned to something else, the problem, if they began to threaten a potential meal, is to distract their attention."

The captain also explained the popular belief about the cannibals with the assertion that they do not boiled in a large pot or "cooked over hot rocks."

If that is no consolation, the captain offered a bit of comfort in the statement that cannibals do not like white men as their "main course" and prefer members of any other race as a choice diet

In order to discover truth, we must be truthful ourselves, and we become those who approve and love our discoveries.—Mary Baker Eddy.

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Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan

CRISP, COOL SALADS.

Summer menus cry aloud for crisp, cool salads. The eye does half the thing in hot weather and so color and beauty in food are of double use.

Try this molded crab-meat salad with watercress sandwiches for luncheon on the porch some hot noon.

Molded Crab-Meat Salad

Two cups flaked crab-meat, ¾ cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons shredded green pepper, ¼ teaspoon onion juice, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons lime juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin, 4 tablespoons cold water, 4 tablespoons boiling water.

Soften gelatin in cold water for 5 minutes and dissolve it in boiling water. Add lime juice, vinegar, onion juice, crab-meat, celery, green pepper and mayonnaise. Turn into a ring mold and let stand on ice to chill and firm. Unmold and garnish with mayonnaise, cucumber slices and radishes. Lime juice is suggested in place of lemon juice because the favor of lime is particularly delicious with crab-meat. If limes are not to be had, lemon juice of course may be substituted.

Ham Salad

Two cups finely chopped but not packed cold boiled or baked ham, ½ cup shredded new cabbage, 1 shredded green pepper, 1 package lemon flavored gelatin, ¾ cup boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 1 cup mayonnaise. Pour boiling water over gelatin when dissolved add cold water. Cool and add ham, cabbage and green pepper. Mix well and fold in mayonnaise. Turn into a brick shape mold and let stand on ice for 4 hours to chill and become firm. Unmold and serve on a bed of lettuce with a garnish of dill pickle and mayonnaise.

This salad may be varied in many ways. Add celery and grape fruit in place of cabbage. Green pepper is a refreshing touch of green as well as a tang that is pleasant in both combinations. You may wish to add 2 or 3 tablespoons vinegar reducing the amount of cold water that much.

COOL DRINKS

All the deliciously simple and delicious concoctions in the category of summer drinks are some first. Chilled to the degree without the actual forming of crystals, granites are refreshing and cooling.

To make a granite a heavy syrup is combined with fruit juice and the mixture is half frozen. Always is liquid enough to drink, thoroughly chilled that it just is being an ice. Chill it until it is white with frost and ice crystals gather against the sides of the

Combinations are almost countless these granites. All the canned fruits and most of the fresh may be used singly or in combination. The combination of fresh and canned fruit produces many flavors that are delightful.

Berry Granites

Berry granites are seasonal and easy to prepare. Wash and drain a quart of berries. Put into a deep bowl and cover with 2 cups granulated sugar. Mash and cover with a towel. Let stand two or more hours. Extract all the juice by straining through a fine wire sieve or cheese cloth. Add two cups of water to pouring it through the fruit juice into a mold and freeze. Garnish with a garnish of mint.

All fruits must be cooked with the sugar to make a heavy syrup, cooking the fruit as it cooks. Then the syrup is strained and combined with water as for fresh fruit.

You may use jelly, too. Combine it with a citrus fruit juice. Orange, lemon, lime and grapefruit juices all are good and each produces a distinctive flavor. Currant jelly and orange juice, blackberry jelly and lemon juice, red raspberry and lime—these are a few combinations that will suggest others to you. Use one large glass or standard measuring cup of jelly to one cup of fruit juice, ½ cup sugar and 3 cups water. A tart juice such as lemon may require up to one cup of sugar. Make a syrup of the sugar and water by boiling them for 10 minutes. Add jelly and when cool add fruit juice. Strain and freeze.

This may seem like a large amount of sugar, but as extreme cold has a tendency to deaden the taste, these drinks must be made extra sweet before chilling.

Plums Good Choice

Plums make a restful granite. Add a few whole cloves and a two-inch stick of cinnamon broken in small pieces when making the syrup. Red yellow or blue, they make a rich fragrant beverage. Cook them just long enough for the juice to flow freely, pour over the prepared syrup and let stand until cool before straining and freezing.

If the granite is to be chilled in a crankless freezer, use three parts crushed ice to one part ice cream salt and let stand one hour. To hasten the chilling process, scrape down the edges of the mixture as it freezes.

Orange and Lemon

An orange and lemon drink is very refreshing and easy to make.

Peel four oranges and two lemons very thin and put in a vessel with a pinch of salt. Allow to simmer and finally bring to the boil. Take out the peel, and, when cool, add the juice of the fruit.

This makes a good syrup and may be diluted with water or soda water as required.

A few slices of cucumber, an add grape or lemon, or cherry, two or three raspberries, or wherever fruit is handy, add a new flavor to the drink, which will interest your friends.

Gooseberry Quench

Gooseberries simmered with sugar and water then strained, make a good fruit syrup especially if a little thin orange peel is added. Rhubarb, too, will give a tang to a syrup which, when diluted, makes a much appreciated drink.

A good general rule is to boil slowly the sugar, peel and water for syrup, but not the fruit juice, as it loses its flavor. This should be added afterwards.

Lemon Squash.

The children all love lemon squash. Here is a good recipe:

Boil 2 cups sugar in 1 pint of water for ten minutes, then leave to cool. Mix 2 oz citric acid with two teaspoons of essence of lemon, and stir into the cold syrup.

Add the pulp of two lemons, and shake thoroughly in a bottle. Allow one tablespoon to a tumbler of cold water.

Lemonade.

Extract the juice from six lemons and put this, with 1 cup sugar into a jug, pour in a quart of boiling water.

When the sugar has dissolved, strain the lemonade through muslin and allow it to get thoroughly chilled before serving.

Cherryade

Crush 1 lb. picked-over cherries and break a few of the stones. Put the fruit into a saucepan with the kernels and one pint of water, bring to the boil and boil steadily for five minutes. Sieve, stir in half cup sugar, and when cold store in bottles. Serve two tablespoons diluted with each tumbler of water or soda water.

Chocolate Milk Shake.

One cup chilled milk, three tablespoons chocolate syrup, one tablespoon whipped cream, dash of cinnamon.

Put syrup and milk into a glass and beat well. Top with a spoonful of whipped cream and sprinkle with a dash of cinnamon.

Grape Lemonade.

To make 2 qts. of this drink, use juice of 4 limes, 3 cups grape juice, 5 drops oil of peppermint, 4 cups plain soda and plenty of ice. Sweeten with syrup made of sugar boiled with water. Add mint to syrup and mix all together. Add ice and water. Serves 6.

Mint Cup

Place in a large bowl 2 cups hot tea and add a cup crushed mint leaves. Let stand until cold and strain. Add to the mint flavored mixture the juice of 3 oranges and lemons, 1 cup shredded canned pineapple, 1 cup sugar and water syrup, 1 pint grape juice. Let stand on the to chill and ripen. When ready to serve add 1 qt. cracked ice, 1 qt. chilled soda water and 3 drops oil of peppermint. Mix well, stir in two diced bananas and ½ pint maraschino cherries with the juice. Serve in tall glasses and garnish each with bouquet of fresh mint. Serves 12.

Ginger Frappe

1 cup tea, 1 cup ginger chopped, ½ can cherries and juice, juice 3 limes, juice 1 lemon, 1 cup sugar and water syrup, 5 bottles ginger ale, 1 bottle plain soda, 1 qt. raspberries.

Combine tea, chopped preserved ginger with the juice of limes and lemons. Sweeten with syrup of sugar and water and chill. When ready to serve add ginger ale, soda and raspberries. Pour slowly over block of ice, place in punch bowl and serve. Serves 20.

Frosted Root Beer.

Turn into a tall glass 4 tablespoons thick cream. Then pour in slowly so that it will not foam up and run over glass, a chilled bottle root beer. Top with 2 spoonfuls sweetened whipped cream, flavor with lemon and serve immediately. Cracked ice may be added if desired.

Pineapple Lemonade.

1 pint water, 1 cup sugar, 1 qt. ice water, 1 can grated pineapple, juice 3 lemons.

Make syrup by boiling water and sugar 10 minutes. Add pineapple and lemon juice, cool, strain and add icewater.

Fruit Punch.

1 cup water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup tea infusion, 1 qt. plain soda, 2 cups strawberry syrup, juice 5 oranges and 5 lemons, 1 can grated pineapple, 1 cup maraschino cherries.

Make syrup, add tea, strawberry syrup, lemon and orange juice and pineapple. Let stand 30 minutes, strain and add ice water to make 1½ gallons of liquid. Add cherries and plain soda. Will serve 50.

An eggnog served with sandwiches and cookies or cake makes a nourishing lunch for the children and on hot days particularly their diet must be watched. If you serve a chocolate drink you're sure to please the youngsters. We doubt if there is a more popular flavor with little people, and a great many grown-ups too.

Lowers Amy's Mark

Clipping four days from England-Australia women's flight mark, held by Amy Johnson, Jean Batten, New Zealand miss, lands in Australia, setting mark of 15 days.

The Sunday School Lesson

Amos Pleads for Justice. — Amos 5 and 6.

"Hear ye this word which I take up for a lamentation over you, O house of Israel." Amos begins his denunciations far away, with distant Damascus.

"They hate him that reproveth in the gate." The city gate, the open square before which being the place for public gatherings, the place where Amos himself would find the largest audience for his fiery reproofs of the ruling classes.

"And they abhor him that speaketh uprightly." The righteous like Amos, seek only the approval of the righteous people; they do not want the approval of the unrighteous.

Forasmuch therefore as ye trample upon the poor." Trample is a hard word, but not too hard. These rich oppressors were squeezing the very life out of the poor as if they trod upon them with iron-shod boots. "And take exactions from him of wheat." This common tax does not refer to tribute given to corrupt judges, but to presents which the poor peasants had to offer to the grasping aristocrats in order to secure permission to retain at least part of their products.

"Ye have built houses of hewn stone." Not houses of brick, dried in the sun or baked in the furnace as in the simple days of old, but luxurious and costly houses made of stone laboriously chiselled out by masons. "But ye shall not dwell in them." The rich Assyrians were coming to pull down the stone houses and to carry their owners into captivity. "Ye have planted pleasant vineyards Perhaps in the way Ahab took in the case of Naboth. "But ye shall not drink the wine thereof." Much has been said and written, and vastly more will be said and written about the iniquities of trade and the possibilities of overcoming or preventing them, but all will be vain until the heart of the trader is touched to new motives and new aims.

"For I know how manifold are your transgressions, and how mighty are your sins." Jehovah is now represented as speaking; however, ignorant men may be, he knows

"Ye that afflict the just." Those who should be honored and protected by their rulers, rather than afflicted. "That take a bribe." The idea involved in the word rendered 'bribe' is a ransom which the poor and defenceless were obliged to pay. "And that turn aside the needy in the gate from their right." The gate here again is the city gate, before which the elders of the town sat as judges.

"Therefore he that is prudent shall keep silence in such a time; for it is an evil time." The wise, in such a time, would not give their advice or warning, since neither would be accepted.

"Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live." No one deliberately and consciously seeks evil, but all sinners virtually do seek it, make it the object of their lives, "And so Jehovah, the God of hosts." Jehovah, Sabaoth, the Lord of all the armies of heaven—God's awful and most majestic title. "Will be with you, as ye say." In spite of their many sins they flattered themselves that God was with them.

"Hate the evil and love the good" It is never enough merely to do good or merely to refrain from evil.

"And establish justice in the gate" But, we may say, we are only private citizens, and obscure at that. We can do what we can, and that is all that God asks of us. "It may be that Jehovah, the God of hosts, will be gracious unto the remnant of Joseph." It may be that the Lord will spare a remnant and call to mind the true-hearted Joseph, your forefather.

"I hate, I despise your feasts." Your counterfeit worship, the worship of the true God under an idol symbol (the calf-worship established by Jeroboam 1). "I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies." Literally, I will not smell the savor of them, they will not be a sweet fragrance to the Lord. Wicked men often go to church to hide their wickedness. They join in public worship as a salve to their consciences.

"Yea, though ye offer me your burnt offerings and meal offerings." Burnt offerings were animal sacrifices consumed on the great altar of the temple. "I will not accept them." All these acts may have a value as aids to devotion, but they can never be made a substitute for it. "Neither will I regard the peace-offerings of your fat beasts." Beasts specially fattened for sacrifice.

"Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs." The best of music becomes mere noise when, for any reason it ceases to appeal to him who hears it "For I will not hear the melody of thy viols." We may play loudly as we can on the finest of organs, but God will not even hear us unless our hearts are in the music.

"But let justice roll down as waters." But in contrast to this hypocritical worship, substitute the real worship in which God takes delight, the just living that makes this earth a heaven, "And righteousness as a mighty stream." Let justice which has hitherto been too often thwarted and obstructed in its course, roll on as waters in a perpetual flow.

"When the destination is desirable, expectation speeds our progress." — Mary Baker Eddy.

Toll of Autos Is Decreased

Ontario Heaviest — Death Rate Higher Than Any Other Province

Ottawa.—Death from automobile accidents in 1933 numbered 954, a decrease of more than 100 as compared with 1,129 in the previous year, says a report issued by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The death rate from this cause was 8.9 per 100,000 population as compared with 10.7 in 1932.

All provinces with the exception of Alberta and Prince Edward Island showed a smaller number of automobile fatalities in 1933 than in the preceding year. In Alberta the number increased from 49 to 64. Prince Edward Island had two deaths as against one in the preceding year.

Ontario had the heaviest death rate from this cause of any province in 1933, 11.8 per 100,000. British Columbia stood second with a rate of 11.0. The next highest rates were 8.8 in Nova Scotia, 8.6 in Quebec and 8.5 in Alberta.

In the City of Montreal 104 deaths took place in 1933 as compared with 121 in 1932. In Toronto the number was 65 as against 41, in Ottawa, 25 as against the same number in the preceding year, in Hamilton 22 as against 26. In London 20 as against 12, in Winnipeg 18 as against 22. Death occuring in cities due to automobile accidents are not in every case the result of accidents which have taken place within the city limits, as those injured in accidents outside if cities are frequently taken to city hospitals.

Thrills Cost Him Plenty

Will Spend $150,000 For Tractor Trip Through Bush

EDMONTON, Alta. — Chas. E. Bedaux, multi-millionaire Frenchman, likes his thrills so well he is going to pay more than $150,000 for one this summer.

Bedaux and his party have left Edmonton for Jasper, where he will undergo a two weeks' "training period" prior to attempting a tractor dash through miles of unexplored wilderness in northern British Columbia.

With a party of 30, including three women, he plans to leave Fort St. John and hopes to arrive at Telegraph Creek on October 15th.

The party includes several exploration experts of international reputation and numbers among its equipment five specially built caterpillar tractors.

Nothing has been left to chance. Supply bases have been established along the route and radio equipment will be carried. Should anything unforeseen happen that makes outside aid necessary, help will be summoned by radio and sent by airplane.

The three women are Mme. Bedaux, wife of the leader; Mme. Alberto Chiesa, wife of a famous Cannes and Paris sportsman, and their maid.

Bedaux said the trip primarily is for adventure, but he expects to find mineral deposits, important fossil remains and some new tropical valleys, formed by hot springs.

WHITE IS FAVORITE FOR WEARING IN EVENING

Paris.—White was in the ascendant in the evening stylescape, blues and pinks took second and third places. Elegantes wearing voluminous snowy draperies that rivaled those of the visiting Bey's suite hinted that a new Tunisian silhouette may be expected in the future. Untrimmed velvet evening wraps in deep colors were favorites, often they echoed the velvet trimmings on the bodices of white frocks. Tiny befeathered Eugenie and Peter Pan hats were extensively revived for evening; they often accompanied feather capes.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER