Jill of the Fields

A ROMANCE

By Kennaway James

SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Jill Merride becomes, on the death of her father, mistress of a considerable farm. She decides to take her father's place. She counts on Mark Hanson, head man, to assist her. Mark resents some remarks made by a stranger who visits the farm. He is Philip Barbour, who professes to be investigating the history of old county families. He permits him to make notes, which he says he needs for the College of Heralds. On returning to London he meets two foreigners, who are expecting him. The reason for Phillip's interest proves to be a chemical fertilizer discovered by Jill's father before his death, which he had not made known to Jill.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

Towards dusk Jill, feeling a little ill at ease, decided to take a walk. Mark was not yet back. The farm seemed strange without him, and she felt peculiarly isolated.

She came upon George Bowker's cottage and decided to have a chat with the old man in order to occupy her mind.

George's cottage was old and thatched. The man who thatched it must have died in his 90s, for the thatch had braved many a winter. It had by this time become more than a mere roof. In summer, there grew upon it patches of self-grown grass and nettles, whilst it was riddled with rat-holes which, fortunately for old George, did not penetrate to the interior; perhaps fortunately for the rats, too, for George kept seven cats which all slept in his bedroom.

Springtime always saw a number of houses in the ragged mess in the thatch, but these George did not mind. He argued that the sparrows brought straw to the thatch, whereas the rats nibbled it away.

Besides this miscellaneous covering old George lived alone, refusing the well-meant help of the neighbors, and with a supercilious scorn for chance visitors who paused to call it picturesque.

Jill found George in the act of making tea, in which he invited her to join him.

"And what's all this you've been saying about me?" she asked goodhumoredly a little later.

"Nothing much, Missy," said George, "Only joking like. But he certainly do look a fine man. You'll excuse me, but do he happen to be a foreigner?"

"He's got a French kind of name," said Jill.

"Thought as much," muttered George, partly to himself.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Jill.

"He looks it a bit," said George, but that was not the reason which actuated his remark. Jasper Merridew, in his day, had rarely confided in anyone, save in old George, for whom he had a great liking. George had grown up with the farm, knew it and loved every acre, and Jasper rarely took any serious step without first talking it over with the old man, who in this way became almost his sole confidant. There were many things which George knew today which others would have given much to learn.

Jill accepted George's words and thus changed the subject. She could not help noticing, however, that the old fellow had become suddenly quiet. She therefore rose to go.

"You know, George," she said. "I don't like leaving you alone in this cottage with nobody to look after you."

"I'm quite all right as I am, Missy," said George. "I've lived here many a year now, and I reckon I shall live a many more,"

"I hope so," said Jill, "but you'll stand a better chance if you will only allow someone to look after you."

Old George shook his head doubtfully.

"That means women, I suppose?" he said. "Well, I don't like 'em and I don't want 'em."

Jill laughed.

"Well, come and live up at the farm —just for the winter," she pleaded, then, seeing that it was of no avail, she said, "Then let me send in a woman to tidy up and make your bed when you've left in the morning?"

It was with great deliberation that George replied:

Missy," he said, speaking slowly, "I'll tell you something about beds that you mayn't know. And it's this. If you get in careful, and get out careful, they don't need no making."

Whilst Jill had been doing what she jestingly called her welfare work with old George, Mark Hanson had returned to Stone Town. The morning's incident in the King's Arms at Denbridge had greatly disturbed his mind, but it was to be disturbed still more when he found that the farmer's joke about Barbour being at the farm was true.

Mark received the information from Larry Luby, who, fool-like, also told him of old George's gibe about weddings.

It was almost more than Mark could bear, for his simple, loyal heart was distressed as only hearts like his can be. He had known, of course, that sooner or later someone would lay claim to Jill, someone with whom he would be able to compete. But anticipation did not soften the shock. True, he did not know for sure that Barbour was besieging Jill's affection. But, as is the way of a jealous man, he could not think of Barbour being in Jill's company without being in love with her.

The only relief he could find was in the nature of the questions which Barbour had asked in Denbridge. Why should he want to know about her father's lawyer? Perhaps it was for some entirely different reason that he was calling on Jill. To ask Jill might seem an impertinence, but he was greatly tempted to risk it.

Second thoughts prevailed, however, for, if he told her he knew of Barbour's night call she might think that he was spying up her, while to retail the Denbridge incident might only be another way of hurting her feelings, which of all things in this world Mark did not wish to do. But he did it nevertheless.

"I wish to heaven I could find out what really is his game," he said to himself. "If I've half a chance I'll find out."

Then there came a wave of relief as he remembered them saying that Barbour had said he was returning to London. Perhaps it was not so bad after all.

A little later he heard the welcome sound of Jill's footsteps on the cobbled farmyard. She had heard the monotonous hum of the cream separator in the dairy and had guessed that Mark might be in there.

"Hello, Mark," she said. "How did you get on in Denbridge?"

She was leaning against the dairy doorpost, her hands in her breeches pockets. Mark tried to hide the worship in his eyes as he told her the satisfactory results of the transactions.

"That's splendid, Mark," she said. "You see, I call you Mark now."

"Thank you," he said. "It's lots nicer—Jill."

He knew he had risked a snub, but instead he received a smile which he also had the satisfaction of seeing a blush come to Jill's face.

"And what's the news in Denbridge this week?" she asked, for she had missed her usual visit to the market town.

In asking her question she had given him an opportunity which his jealous mind prevented him resisting.

"The news seems to be about you," he said bitterly.

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked. "I've done nothing to be in the news—not even in Denbridge."

"No, you haven't," replied Mark, "but someone else has."

"Come along," said Jill with a touch of her imperiousness. "Get it off your mind."

"Well, it's your friend, Mr. Barbour —yes, I've learnt his name—who has been asking all sorts of questions about you in the town—in the pub, in fact,"

"What sort of questions?" asked Jill.

"About your affairs."

"Probably they were exaggerated by that gossipping woman there."

"I don't think they were, Jill. He asked who was your father's lawyer."

"Well, I suppose he wanted to know," said Jill, "and didn't want to ask me."

"Perhaps," snapped Mark, detecting in her words a defence of Barbour. "If it suits you to think it, then it suits me."

"Whether it suits you is immaterial," said Jill acidly. "I probably know more about Mr. Barbour than you do. He was here at Stone Town today, and I found him very interesting."

"He pays visits by day and by night, then?"

Mark wished the words unsaid as soon as he had uttered them. Jill was ominously cool.

"So you know about him coming at night? Has Mrs. Blore been tattling?"

"No. I saw him enter."

"Ah——!" Jill breathed an expressive sigh. "So you've been spying on me?"

She knew very well by instinct why Mark had been by the farm that night, but she needed a verbal weapon and this one was at hand.

"I don't spy," was all Mark said.

"You'd better not," replied Jill, "and let me tell you that I object to what you said about Mr. Barbour's visit."

"I'm sorry," said Mark. "I should not have said it."

"And see, Mark," continued Jill. "You have been very strange since we started cider-making. Why is it? And why should you take so much interest in my callers?"

She was standing at her full height, all her patrician dignity in her poise. A splendid creature she looked.

Mark took a few steps towards her.

"Do you want me to tell you?" he asked almost angrily.

Jill made no reply, but stood facing him, biting her lip.

"Do you?" he repeated.

He was close to her now. She had a vague sense of his height.

"N—no!" she stammered, a momentary sense of fear coming over her. Then she felt his two hands upon her shoulders as he looked down into her eyes.

"Well, you shall hear," said Mark. "I know it will mean the end of everything, but you're going to hear it. It's because I love you, Jill."

(To be continued.)

Trade Names Which Last For Many Centuries

The Journal of the London Chamber, of Commerce, London, Eng., recently published a list of 850 business houses which have been in existence in that city for one hundred to five hundred years. The list constitutes a wonderful tribute to the stability of British business and the steadfastness of British businessmen. From it a member of the Calgary Herald editorial staff compiled two extremely interesting articles which not only recall names of world-wide familiarity but brings out the romance connected with many of the firms.

It seems almost incredible that a firm of wine merchants, Hunt, Roope, Teagle & Co., founded in 1654, should have any connection with the famous fight between the Shannon and the Chesapeake. And yet it is so, for in 1813 twenty of the firm's youngsters going out to Newfoundland took part in that battle. For this the firm was granted the right to fly the White Ensign in Newfoundland. One of many humorous incidents narrated relates to England's most famous seaman. It is recorded that Mr. Glenny, when Nelson visited his shop in the Strand in 1797, after losing his arm at Santa Cruz, hastened to express regret for the loss. But Nelson cut him short with: "Tut, tut, man; damn lucky for you it was not my leg; I want another dozen pairs of silk stockings."—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Castor Oil Or—

Magistrate David Trietser of Philadelphia has a new cure for tipplers who come before him. Dose of castor oil or ten days. Here's a couple of the boys before the bench taking the castor oil sentence without a quaver.

Trial Honeymoon Ends in Marriage

After a trial honeymoon, Fifi D'Orsay, vivacious French-Canadian film actress, and Maurice Hill, had the knot tied. Trust Buster Keaton to have his joke—he sent them these "baby" shoes.

Latest Findings Of Science

Obtaining Heavy Water — What the Insect Sees

In the laboratory of Professor Harold C. Urey in Columbia University is a half pint of water in various small glass containers and of various degrees of purity. The whole half pint is worth about $2,500. At least it cost Professor Urey that much to obtain it by patient electrolytic decomposition. Some day similar water may cost no more than that bought in bottles.

It stands to reason that this is no ordinary water. In fact, it is the "heavy" water which was discovered two years ago by Professor Urey in collaboration with Dr. George Murphy of Columbia and Dr. F. G. Brickwedde of the United States Bureau of Standards. It looks like ordinary water, yet it is different. It is composed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen, but the atoms of hydrogen are twice as heavy as those of rain-water.

UREY'S EXPERIMENTS.

Much of the oxygen which is sold commercially to hospitals and chemical laboratories is obtained by passing an electric current through ordinary water. Hydrogen bubbles off at one pole and oxygen at the other. Prof. Urey induced a commercial decomposer of water to reduce 4,000 gallons left in his cells after the current had passed through to 150—a half per cent. solution of heavy water. Fifty gallons of this Professor Urey himself reduced to one-third its volume, so that he had about a one-per-cent solution. As more and more current was passed through, the lighter hydrogen was driven off and collected. What remained in the cell was electrically decomposed still further, until at last only hydrogen which was all heavy was given off. "Deuterium" is the name of this heavy hydrogen; "protium" that of the more familiar, lighter variety.

Thanks to this discovery of heavy hydrogen, chemistry becomes a more exact science than ever. Because deuterium combines more slowly with other elements than protium, the chemist at last is able to find out what happens in some of his chemical reactions. Take sugar, for example, a compound of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Dissolve it in water. What happens when the water is evaporated and the sugar recrystallized? Does the sugar leave some of its constituents in the water and take back their equivalents in the process of evaporation?

It is such questions that deuterium and the new heavy water answer. When heavy water is used as a solvent it is just as if the atoms were identified by red and green tags. Hence it is easy to decide whether the sugar is evaporated in all light, hydrogen in the water is all heavy, or whether it is heavy. Experiments made in Europe seem to show that the atoms actually wander about and that some of the hydrogen in recrystallized sugar is heavy.

More than 300,000 organic compounds contain some form of hydrogen in addition to carbon, nitrogen and oxygen. How does the new heavy hydrogen affect these? Chemistry has evidently a huge task before it.

INSECTS' SIGHT.

It was Darwin who first pointed out the significance of color in nature. The insect called a "walking stick" is indistinguishable from the surrounding twigs, and certain butterflies look like leaves.

Why? So that enemies will pass them by in blissful ignorance. If a color is particularly garish the insect or a lower animal, it is supposed to have a frightening effect or to give warning of a vile taste. Gaudy petals are assumed to be signals to attract a pollen-bearing insect from another flower.

Even one who is not a biologist must be struck by this anthropomorphism. In other words, Darwin assumed that the lower animals, including the insects, see the world as we see it. But is the assumption justified? Dr. Frank E. Lutz of the American Museum of Natural History has been making experiments which show conclusively that it is not. All of which makes one wonder if the whole Darwinian theory of mimicry and the purposefulness of color must not be modified.

Writing in Natural History, Dr. Lutz points out that the scarlet flower is red to us because out of all the wave lengths of light which we can see it reflects only or chiefly the long ones which give us the optical stimulus we call red. If this color reflected only these, an insect which cannot see red, at least as a color, would say, if it could talk, that such a flower is black or dark gray. If, on the other hand, such a flower reflected ultra-violet rays, wave lengths which an insect can see, that insect, if it could talk and knew physics, would say that the flower is ultra-violet or blue. Probably it could even distinguish several colors in the part of the spectrum we call ultra-violet."

VISIBLE OR INVISIBLE.

On the mimicry theory a yellow spider ought to be invisible to visiting insects beside the yellow flowers in which he is accustomed to hide. Photographs show that the flower is only slightly ultra-violet. To an ultraviolet-seeing insect the spider ought to be as conspicuous as a red hunting coat amid green foliage.

Dr. Lutz proved photographically that red, yellow and pink portulacas are strongly ultra-violet except in the centre. There neither a red nor yellow nor a pink zinnia had any ultra-violet. Obviously the zinnias have not much to say for themselves if floral colors mean anything to insects. In the same way Dr. Lutz found many flowers must look very different to insects. And that insects are responsive to ultra-violet rays there can be no doubt. Lubbock proved it many years ago with ants and Dr. Lutz more recently with bees and fruit flies.

Man is made of dust—or, at least, some wives think their husbands are.

So They Say

"The world today is a kind of immense laboratory of civilization."—Guglielmo Ferrero.

"If two per cent. of our population should take a personal, resolute stand against war, that would end war."—Albert Einstein.

"World recovery won't come at once, or overnight, but 'step by step.'"—Thomas G. Masaryk.

"The American man will have to discover that, in order to gain the love of a woman, he should never try to deserve it."—Countess Karolyi.

"Under no circumstances will there be allowed a return to competition in armaments."—Stanley Baldwin.

"The spell of a technical achievement such as radio can never replace the spell of direct human contact."—Bruno Walter.

"Women do not trust each other as much as men."—Ernst Lubitsch.

"European husbands throw a barracker around their wives that amounts to vassalage."—Princess Pignatelli.

"The equal and even enforcement of the law is the cornerstone upon which rests the whole structure of democratic government." Alfred E. Smith.

"The right to acquire property and make unlimited profits is not a sacred right."—George W. Norris.

"I am convinced that seadromes will never be used for transoceanic flying."—Clarence D. Chamberlin.

"There is no true prosperity without a direct attack upon the maldistribution of the national income."—Norman Thomas.

"No form of luck will carry a man far unless it is backed by hard slogging endeavor."—Sir Henri Deterding.

"It isn't getting lost that usually does the damage, it's losing our heads."—Henry Ford.

"There cannot be a complete abandonment of force until human nature changes and the ideals of civilization the world-wide."—Sir Philip Gibbs.

"Under modern condition, production does not vary with man-power; it increases faster than man-power."—Stuart Chase.

"The people of the United States are people avid for strong emotions."—Andre Maurois.

"Only a half-wit puts lemon powder, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon lemon extract. For filling, pit prunes and cut into small pieces. Add banana, powdered sugar, and mix thoroughly. To make cake, add salt to egg and beat until very light. Mix in the sugar, add water, flour sifted with baking powder, extract, and mix thoroughly. Pour into greased shallow pan and bake 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) Turn out on damp cloth and roll up, then unroll and spread with filling. Roll again and remove from damp cloth. Spread top with powdered sugar and cream icing.

"The world would be a paradise if we could get rid of our ancestors now seems to some of us."—Bruce Barton.

"If the motion picture industry should ever start a clean-up, there would be plenty to clean up."—Eddie Cantor.

"The depression was not caused primarily by excessive production but by defective consumption."—Harry Elmer Barnes.

"Let's not forget that America has always been the land of plenty and opportunity and that better days are coming."—John D. Rockefeller.

"One of the most important things in modern affairs is to know the shortcuts which have been tested and proved."—Gerard Swope.

"Wives influence their husbands much more than husbands their wives."—Lady Astor.

"A master of politics must be a psychologist."—Benito Mussolini.

"If you learn something of the art of happiness you are likely to receive a mild kind of condemnation from those friends who have not yet learned it."—John Erskine.

"The progress of thought is fitful and proceeds by leaps."—Aldous Huxley.

"Uncle Sam" first appeared in a newspaper cartoon in 1852, in the Lantern, a New York weekly.

"These Inns Have a Lightness—"

Most English inns appear to have been designed and furnished against winter weather, and this generally is true. But there are exceptions, and these you will find in the Thames Valley. They are the only inns I know whose builders had spring and summer in their minds, and some of my happiest hours have been spent in them.....

These inns have a lightness, lent, no doubt, by the water scenery, that is lacking in other inns. Our inns are mostly exist to serve the occasions of business; their exist solely to serve the occasions of pleasure. They rank as the princesses of inns against the princes of our highways. Their style is light, their paint is light, their furniture is light, their food is light; and they effuse always the sense of holiday. Designed for the summer, they carry their grace into the winter; and even in those months when the Thames Valley evokes a shiver, their rooms seem to hold, like a bowl of potpourri, some hoard of the sparkling flush of summer. They have not the rough, hearty, smoky air of the inns of the Great North Road—no coach-yards, no hams hanging in the hall, no Falstaffian chesses. They are gracious cottage houses, chintzy and lavendery. Their rooms are small, and daintily rather than baronially, impressive; and their spirit is the spirit that possesses you when drifting in a punt past the Cleeve Woods between Pangbourne and Goring, or when moored under its aspens. They are in a high key. Words cannot reach them. The medium for them is water-color. Of all the inns I know and love, I love these most. They belong as perfectly to their setting as its trees and its meadows.

That setting—the stretch of the Thames between Reading and Oxford —is for me the most beautiful spot of England. It has the radiant serenity of a lyric of George Herbert; and when Theodore Dreiser told me that it had illuminated for him the spirit that moves behind all English poetry, he gave it its due tribute. I can go back to it spring after spring and it never stales as more luscious paradises stale. Always it yields new revelation and refreshment. It is not popular, and this helps to preserve its bloom; the few people who come to it are careful not to knock against it.—From "The English Inn," by Thomas Burke. (New York: Longmans Green.)

Woman's World

By Mair M. Morgan

After Christmas there is always an abundance of apples in every household and apple pies are in order. Here is a favorite Dutch recipe:

Dutch Apple Pie

One quart sliced apples, nutmeg, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1½ cups sugar.

Turn apples into pie tin lined with plain pastry. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Place strips of pastry across pie to form cross bars. Boil milk and sugar to a thick syrup about 10 minutes. Pour over pie. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 10 minutes, then a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 50 minutes longer, or until apples are tender. Yield: 1 pie.

Try These

Do you think of the prune as a common food? If you do, try these recipes and you will change your mind immediately. Baked apples and banana rolls become aristocrats when prepared like this:

Prune Stuffed Baked Apples

6 cooking apples, 1 cup cooked prunes, 3 tablespoons peanut butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, cloves, water.

Pit prunes and cut into small pieces, combine with peanut butter, mixing thoroughly. Remove cores from apples, removing enough of apple to allow for stuffing. Fill cavities with prune and peanut butter mixture. Place apples in a baking pan and stick 3 or 4 whole cloves into each. Sprinkle with sugar, dot with butter, add about 1 cup of water and bake in a hot oven (425 deg. to 450 deg.) for about 55 minutes or until apples are tender. Serve while hot, plain or with cream.

Prune Banana Roll

Filling: 1¼ cups cooked prunes, 1 cup sliced banana, 3 tablespoons powdered sugar. Cake: 3 eggs, ¾ cup sugar, 5 tablespoons cold water, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon lemon extract. For filling, pit prunes and cut into small pieces. Add banana, powdered sugar, and mix thoroughly. To make cake, add salt to egg and beat until very light. Mix in the sugar, add water, flour sifted with baking powder, extract, and mix thoroughly. Pour into greased shallow pan and bake 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) Turn out on damp cloth and roll up, then unroll and spread with filling. Roll again and remove from damp cloth. Spread top with powdered sugar and cream icing.

Devonshire Sausage Cakes

This makes a change from the ordinary breakfast sausage.

Take ½ lb. lean pork, ½ lb. fat pork and ½ cup of breadcrumbs soaked in a little water. Pass these through the fine meat-mincer twice, season with pepper and salt and a teaspoon of finely chopped sage. Rub the basin in which you mix the sausage meat with a piece of onion. Divide the mixture into 12 cakes, roll them in flour and flatten a little with a palette knife. Fry in butter in the frying pan to a golden brown. Serve upon a hot dish with fried apples.

Fried Apples.—Prepare the apples as for apple fritters. Dip them in flour and fry them in butter until they are brown on both sides. Serve the sausage cakes on top.

Colorful Kitchen

If you're tired of having your kitchen painted white, gray or tan, try redecorating it in one of the very vivid colors which are so smart this fall. You might paint the upper half of the walls a bright red and the lower half and ceiling silver. Red and white or red and pale silver floor covering would carry out your color scheme.

Date Bars

2-3 cup sweetened condensed milk, ¼ cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1-3 cup pitted dates, ¼ cup chopped nut meats, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sift flour and baking powder. Add chopped dates, chopped nut meats, sweetened condensed milk and vanilla. Line a shallow pan (8 inches square) with wax paper and spread mixture evenly about ½ inch deep. Bake 20 minutes in slow oven (300 deg. F.) Remove from oven, turn from pan and remove paper at once. Cut into bars an by four inches with a sharp knife, while warm. Makes 16.

A Cot Cover

A pretty and inexpensive cot cover may easily be made at home. Cut two lengths of light-colored silky material, such as crepe or artificial silk, to measure a yard long and 24 inches wide. Make these into a bag by stitching up three sides and turn right side out. Fill this with a length of wadding of the same size and sew up on the fourth side. To keep the wadding in place, and at the same time to add a professional and decorative touch, stitch out with sarge running stitches of embroidery silk and fancy design to give the appearance of an elderdown, making sure that the stitches go right through the bag. Motifs of animal and bird designs may be bought in various colors and stitched on, or animal shapes may be cut out of any odd pieces of material of contrasting colors to be found in the remnant drawer and appliqued on the silk before making up the bag.

New Afternoon Gowns

New afternoon gowns from Paris are short-sleeved and have low flares and set-in sleeves; feather bands are used with such gowns and capes trimmed with fur. The latest in evening ensembles notes are in one fabric and one color.

Velveteen Favored

Velveteen is being favored for every hour of the day, and is ideal for sports costumes in the lovely new shades. Scars, vests and blouses to wear with tailored suits and dashing berets are shown in gay colors.

Old French Recipe

Chine about 4 lb. of pork and rub well with a mixture of the following ingredients: 1 quarter cup salad oil, dessertspoon salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper, 1 crushed garlic clove, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each of minced parsley and sweet herbs. Leave the pork in this mixture for three days in a cold place. Rub it and turn it once a day. Then wipe and score it. Brush well with salad oil. Roast about two hours in a moderated hot oven. Serve with unsweetened apple fritters and a gravy made as follows: 1 pork kidney minced, pint of stock, 1 chopped onion, 1 tablespoon tomato juice, a little salt, cayenne and nutmeg.

Economy is effectively disguised by a touch of luxury when the flavor is chocolate.

Chocolate waves its magic wand over your most economical desserts and gives them a touch of luxury. Try these and see how the family will approve them.

Berkshire Pudding

3 squares unsweetened chocolate, 3 cups milk, ¾ cup sugar, 6 tablespoons flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine sugar, flour, and salt, add gradually to chocolate mixture and cook until thickened, stirring constantly, then continue cooking 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add vanilla. Chill and serve with cream. Serves 6.

Chocolate Bread Pudding

1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, 3 cups milk, 2 eggs, slightly beaten, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups stale bread, cut in ½-inch cubes. Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, stir until blended. Combine eggs, sugar, and salt; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring vigorously. Add vanilla. Place bread in greased baking dish, pour mixture over it and let stand 10 minutes; then mix well before baking. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 60 minutes, or until pudding is firm. Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with cream. Serves 6.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of little children tends toward the formation of character. Let parents bear this even in mind.—Hosea Ballou.

During a gale a girl was blown off her feet into the arms of a man. Now we know why some girls are so eager to get their weight down.

Russia Prepares for Winter

Preparation for winter is more noticeable in Russia than in most countries where the winters are milder. Double windows are brought down from the attic, put in and carefully caulked with a kind of putty. The space between the two window-sashes at the bottom has several inches of sand laid to keep out all the drafts possible, and it is covered with different colored moss. We had in our woods the loveliest moss—pale silver, russet browns and many shades of green that kept their colors all winter and were a link between us and the snow-bound world. In cities where moss is not at hand, thick layers of cotton batting are placed, sometimes brightened by clippings of tinsel or colored paper or everlasting flowers strewed over the cotton. While the housewives are thus getting the homes protected, the police in towns and the headmen in villages are thinking of travelers. As the snow falls and lakes and rivers freeze, they take measures. Young spruce trees are firmly planted in the ice at convenient distances in two parallel rows marking the road. This is a vital precaution in view of the terrible dark blizzards that are to be expected —blizzards so dense that once they caused my husband and the coachman, in the middle of the day, to flounder for hours in the drifts on the lake in front of our house, unable to find the turn. On land, long wisps of twisted straw tied to trees and fences, or, in the open country, little trees were again planted.

The severe climate made warmth the chief objective in all building operations. The Russian stove is therefore the center and most conspicuous feature of the interior of the house. The huge brick oven in which all cooking, as well as baking, is done is so built as to heat the whole of the large compartment. The many turns—forty or fifty, I believe—that the flue makes before the smoke reaches the other chimney insures every particle of heat being retained. The hot-air chamber is closed as soon as the fire has burned out the dangerous fumes, and we have a huge brick construction before us with a flat "roof" reached by two or three steps built in the side. The stove is warm — the "roof" most comfortingly so, and this platform, some eight feet by six at least, piled with sheepskin coats, quilts, pillows, etc., is sleeping-place, warming-place and comfort for the whole family.—Emma Cochran Ponafidine, in "Russia—My Home." (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.)

Won High Honours At International

Ottawa, Canada.—Exhibitors from Canada carried off an encouraging share of awards at the International Live Stock Exposition and Grain and Hay Show held at Chicago from December 2nd to 9th. In addition to winning the world's wheat championship, which went to Frank Isaakson, of Elfros, Saskatchewan, breeders, principally from the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, scored notably in the prize for sheep. They won a grand championship, two championships, nine firsts and several lesser prizes. The grand championship in the class for carloads of sheep went to Robert McEwen and Son, of London, Ontario, which made the ninth time he has won this honor in the past 11 years.

Alexander McLaren of Buckingham, Quebec, captured the two first prizes in the Shorthorn cattle class for bulls calved after July 1, 1930, and before June 30, 1931. His entry was also awarded the first prize for Shorthorn bull.

The championship for soy beans went to G. Gordon Finlay, of Northwood, Ontario, while a Manitoba farmer, P. J. Bosc, of Notre Dame de Lourdes, was placed first in the early oats class for Region One.

Six Ontario farmers, three from Saskatchewan, and one each from Alberta and British Columbia, followed Bosc in the placing of early oats for Region One.

Wedding, Bankruptcy, Death in Five Days

Utica, N.Y.—Marriage, bankruptcy and death came to George A. Cassidy, 63, of Schenectady, within five days, it was revealed here.

He was married to his bookkeeper on a Saturday. The following Wednesday he filed a petition in bankruptcy in federal court here. He died the same night.

Modern Fashions Rob Music World

Philadelphia. — The slim-figure fashion is robbing the country of considerable singing talent, according to Dr. Leon Felderman, throat specialist here.

Many women, who might become great singers, sacrifice their voices by refusing to take necessary exercises. They are fearful of enlarging their figures, Dr. Felderman stated recently.

Many women also refuse to develop the lower register of their vocal chords because this has a tendency to enlarge their girth, Dr. Felderman said.

"The vocal chords," he said, "are pairs of fibrous bands drawn sufficiently together to leave a fine opening called the glottis. The length of the glottis in the adult male averages about 1.8 centimeters and in the female 1.0 centimeters. The stream of air flowing through the slit, or glottis, sets the vocal chords in vibration. This in turn gives rise to periodic fluctuations on the flow of air through the glottis, and these fluctuations create the sound waves."

Woman "Breaks Trail" With String of Mules

Durango, Colo.—A woman "mule-skinner"—so far as is known the only one in the United States—broke trail with a string of 20 mules recently to a gold mine near here.

The gold mining country was snowbound after a storm and the woman, Olga Little, volunteered to break the trail. She brought in a load of high grade ore.

In other section of La Plata and Montezuma counties roads were opened with tractors, teams and pack mules. A gold strike recently occurred in the area.

Love, fire, and a bad cough are three things that it is impossible to hide.

Ancient Hall Brings $62,500

Drakelow Hall in Gresley Family for 28 Generations

London.—One of the only two remaining unbroken links with William the Conqueror's Doomsday Book was severed recently with the auction sale of Drakelow Hall, standing in a beautiful park a mile outside Burton-on-Trent. The hall was the seat of the Gresley family for 28 generations. Present head of the family is Sir Robert Gresley, 11th baronet.

Even the auctioneer was moved to sentiment, describing the sale as the climax of a tragedy and warning the town authorities they might be held to account by future generations if they allowed a place of such historic importance to be lost.

But the estate was sold in one lot of $62,500 to parties who, it is understood, bought it for speculative purposes.

Economic conditions, and not the threatened extinction of the historic family line, provoked the sale for Sir Robert, who married a daughter of the 8th Duke of Marlborough, has three sons. With the sole exception of the Shirleys of Ettington the Gresleys were alone in retaining possession of estates granted the family in the feudal tenure by Duke William.

The 28 generations of Gresleys have seen all the other families except the Shirleys dispossessed for one reason or another, including the ill-favor of the Plantagenet, Tudor or Stuart sovereigns, the Wars of the Roses, the Puritan uprising, the industrial revolution of the last century or the economic crisis of the present times.

The Macphersons

With the appointment of a Macpherson to the Pattullo Administration in British Columbia, each of the four Western Provinces has a Macpherson in its government. There are various ways of spelling the name, but they are:

British Columbia: Hon. Frank Mitchell Macpherson, Minister of Public Works.

Alberta: Hon. Oran Ica McPherson, Minister of Public Works.

Saskatchewan: Hon. Murdock Alexander MacPherson, Attorney-General and Provincial Treasurer.

Manitoba: Hon. Ewen Alexander McPherson, Provincial Treasurer.—Border Cities Star.

The Preservation Of Wood Ashes

Since wood ashes owe a considerable part of their value to the presence of potash, which is soluble in water, it is obvious that the ashes should be kept under cover and not exposed to the weather.

Clean unleached wood ashes contain from 4 to 6 per cent. (or even higher), of potash, with 1 to 2 per cent. of phosphoric acid and 35 to 40 per cent. of lime.

In addition to their value as a source of potash, wood ashes are of value to acid soils through their content of lime which lessens the acidity of soils to which they are applied.

The ashes of coal and coke are practically destitute of fertilizer constituents.

Il Duce Honors Farmers

Il Duce himself greets the hoary heroes of the soil who did yeoman services in Italy's grain war. This winter, for the first time in history, Italy will not have to import any grain. Throughout the land who increased their acreages. farmers were honored in elaborate ceremonies at which $65,000 in prizes were awarded to growers

Lady Astor Hails Women's Progress

Three Who Changed World Thinking Named in Birmingham Talk

Birmingham, Eng. — Persons who change false thinking are potential factors in the world, Lady Astor pointed out in a recent address to the Birmingham Federation of University Women. Her subject was the evolution and progress of women in the last 100 years.

"In the nineteenth century," she said, "there were three women who changed the thinking of the world." The first of these, Lady Astor said, was Florence Nightingale; the second was Josephine Butler, who laid down the idea of the equal moral standard; and the third was Mary Baker Eddy, the Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science.

"These three women did their work more or less simultaneously in about the '60's, and we today are the better for their having lived and having striven in that very difficult time. Then came Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Pankhurst," Lady Astor said, "and all those who fought for women's suffrage.

She had been proud also to be the first woman M.P. in England, she declared, and said she had stood for the women's point of view.

Dealing with the question of women in industry, Lady Astor pointed out that in the past 4 years the number of women in industry in England had increased from 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 and the number of married women from 932,000 to nearly 1,000,000.

Another cause which Lady Astor pleaded was that of open-air nursery schools. It had been proved, she said, that they could reduce the 27 per cent. of defectives among children of school age to seven per cent. and it was far more rational to add a few hundred pounds to the national income than to spend enormous sums of money for extending hospitals.

Aristocratic Peke Crosses Ocean Alone

New York—Among the first-class passengers sailing on a liner for France was petite Paska—she of the beige markings and bashed-in-nose.

Paska is an aristocrat, her ancestors dating back long before the Ming dynasty. Paska is a Pekinese dog. Her owner, Lady Frances Hadfield, of London and Paris, values her at $4,000.

Paska is making the voyage alone because she ran afoul of the law in Jamaica. Lady Hatfield sailed with her pet recently from France to South America. Arriving at Jamaica Paska was denied entry, because Jamaica has a law which holds that dogs from all other than English are undesirable aliens. So Lady Hatfield shipped Paska to New York and went on to South America.

Paska is now at home in the cabin of a second officer who will see that during the trip she gets:

Four promenades a day — at 8 a.m., noon, 6 p.m., and before going to bed.

Three meals a day, consisting of two tablespoons of chicken meat, some carrots, turnips or spinach—all without seasoning.

In her vanity case is a comb, some flea powder, a brush, anti-colic powder and a bottle of Epsom salts.

When the liner docks at Cherbourg, agents will meet Paska and transport her to Lady Hatfield's Paris home.

B.C. Production, Wages Far Ahead of 1932

Victoria.—British Columbia wishes itself a Happy New Year with the knowledge that its industries in 1933 increased the value of their production over 1932 by $5,250,000 and industrial pay rolls jumped $7,000,000.

These figures are shown in the year end summary of production being prepared by government departments. The computation is based upon figures for 11 months, January to November, with an estimate added for December.

The Genius

Pat got a job to dig a well. When he had got down to about 25 feet he came one morning to find the hole had caved in. He hung his coat and hat on the windlass and crawled into the bushes to wait. Passers-by, did see coats of soil which they assumed to be the coat, concluded that a man was at the bottom. Help was got and the well was soon cleared again.

MUTT AND JEFF— By BUD FISHER

This Guy Could Sell the Sahara Desert.

...exceptional m... ...vocal and instrumental... ...an excellent cast, splend... ...ic effects and photogra... ...d a reasonable amount ...of high class comedy.

...ree Minister. CALMERS CHURCH ...ALPOLE 2.30 P.M.—Afternoon Service. The Minister.

...for ...Township. R. M. DENNIS IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Butler—"Beg pardon your lordship, but there's a burglar... His Lordship—"The gun and sporte suit."

...ersley United Church on Friday, January 12th where the Young Peo... ...hurches gather together... conducted by ...ega.

...Troos, Alice White in "KING FOR A NIGHT" With — Comedy