

## GOLD ON THEIR OWN HEARTHSTONE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

"MY POOR little girl," said the haughty, gray-haired woman seated at the patient's bedside. "Everything seems to conspire to retard your convalescence. Try to eat your egg, sweetheart."

"I don't believe I can," said the invalid, languidly.

"Oh, but you'll take it from mother. I'll feed you, darling."

Mrs. Mayland emptied the egg into a cup, put a sprinkle of salt, and a piece of butter in it, and held a spoonful to her daughter's lips. The girl opened her mouth, in the manner of a newly hatched chick receiving a worm from the parent bird, and little by little the egg disappeared.

"That's wonderful, precious," said the mother, with an approving kiss.

Her supper finished, Miss Mayland reached for her mirror and vanity case and the nurse knew she was preparing for the doctor's evening call. It had seemed incredible at first that Doctor Ingraham, the most popular of the younger members of the hospital staff, should fall a victim to such a shallow and selfish girl. But it had proved to be only too true, and Grace Roe had suffered severely in consequence.

The toilet articles were scarcely removed when the doctor knocked and entered. He bowed mechanically to Mrs. Mayland and said, tenderly to her daughter, "How are you feeling tonight?"

Miss Roe, fearful of betraying the tumult in her breast, hastily left the room. In the corridor outside she met Miss Pierce, the night nurse.

"How's the hospital's prize nuisance?" asked Miss Pierce.

"As usual she's—difficult."

"Luckily for me—and for herself—she sleeps nights. Otherwise I'd be tempted to give her a pill that would quiet her for good. Why in the name of common sense doesn't Doctor Ingraham send her home? She's well enough."

Miss Mayland went home the following week and the announcement of her engagement to Doctor Ingraham followed shortly after.

"Hm!" scoffed Miss Pierce. "Some people are born to trouble and some people have trouble thrust upon them, but Doctor Ingraham goes looking for it with a lantern. Between that pretty, pampered nunny and her field marshal of a mother he'll stand at attention for the rest of his life."

Pampered nunny Miss Mayland might be, but that didn't lessen Doctor Ingraham's feeling of self-congratulation, nor did it alter Grace Roe's conviction that justice was very unevenly distributed in the world. Not even graduation, the event she had looked forward to with intense eagerness for three years, could dispel the gloom which took possession of her. She was very much depressed indeed as, diploma in hand and clad in the vestments that her new status called for, she rounded a corner of the hospital corridor and almost collided with Doctor Ingraham, whom she hadn't seen since the announcement of his engagement.

She managed to pull herself together sharply and say a few appropriate words. He thanked her, adding, as his eyes took in the white gown and diploma, "But I'm not the only one to be congratulated. I see you're all ready for a tussle with the well-known cruel world."

"Yes, I'm through." Her face flushed, and she was about to turn away when he put a restraining hand on her arm saying impetuously, "How would you like to be office nurse, Miss Roe? We've worked together so often and understand each other so well that I'd rather have you than any one else."

"I'm not a woman to him at all," she told herself bitterly. "I'm just a machine to carry out his orders. But I'll be near him and share his work in some measure."

"Very well, doctor," she said, aloud.

"As you say, we understand each other so well."

So Grace Roe was installed as high priestess in Doctor Ingraham's temple of healing, from which vantage point she was shortly able to discover that the doctor's engagement was bringing him as much grief as rapture.

On a certain afternoon when the doctor's office was filled with patients Miss Roe was surprised by the unexpected appearance of Felicia Mayland and her mother, with the request that Doctor Ingraham be summoned forthwith.

"But he is very busy," she tried to explain. "Some of these people made appointments weeks ahead. May I take a message instead?"

"I said," insisted Miss Mayland coldly, "that I wished to speak to the doctor. You will kindly do as you are told."

"You are addressing the doctor's fiancée," Mrs. Mayland further reminded the nurse. "Call him at once and hurry, please."

"Very well," agreed Miss Roe, her face a bright pink as she showed them to a room at the rear of the house.

"And I hope you meet with your just desserts, you pair of vultures," she apostrophized them silently, knocking at the door of the doctor's private sanctum.

"Who's there?" demanded Doctor Ingraham impatiently.

"Miss Mayland and her mother are here, doctor, and insist on seeing you." He muttered something that sound-

ed suspiciously like an oath. "Where are they?"

She told him. As he came out the expression on his face boded no good to the house of Mayland.

"I told you," he said, facing his fiancée and her mother a moment later, "that I'd be busy until seven. I have tickets for the theater and will call for you at that hour."

"But I'd rather you took me to a matinee," said Felicia. "There's a ball I'd like to attend this evening."

"A matinee? Be sensible, Felicia. Go with your mother."

"You never have any time for me!" his betrothed broke out angrily.

"And my daughter," put in Mrs. Mayland majestically, "doesn't have to put up with neglect."

The doctor regarded her with frowning disfavor. "Please remember that if I preferred matinees to saving human lives I wouldn't have been on hand when Felicia needed me to operate on her. A doctor's life isn't a succession of matinees and pink teas, you know."

"I don't care what excuses you make—" Felicia began.

"I'm not making any," he stated emphatically. "I'm simply telling you that if you marry a doctor you must reconcile yourself to being deprived of his society occasionally."

"Oh, must I—?" She drew his ring from her finger and flung it to the door. "Let's go, mother."

Doctor Ingraham stared after them a moment, shrugged his shoulders helplessly, picked up the scorned ring and returned to his patients.

When the last one was gone he sought Miss Roe, busily sorting papers at her desk.

"Would you be surprised to hear," he asked, smiling grimly, "that my engagement to Miss Mayland is at an end? Here's the proof," he added, taking the ring from his pocket.

"What am I to do with an article so useless?"

"I'd keep it," replied Miss Roe, a wave of color crimsoning her cheeks. "Some day you'll meet a woman who'll consider it a privilege—and an honor—to wear a ring of your giving."

He stared and for the first time took note of the delicate color in her face, the sensitive mouth, the shining gray eyes, the curls of Auburn hair escaping from beneath the little white cap. Still staring, he returned the ring to his pocket and remarked cryptically, "Men are awful fools."

"Are they?" she murmured.

"Yes. They go searching for gold afar—when it's lying on their hearthstones. They travel around the world looking for the bluebird of happiness that's been singing over their doorposts for ages. They—but let's not philosophize. I have a free evening and some theater tickets. Will you honor me with your company, Miss Roe?"

## MASSACRE BOOSTS RARITY OF BOOKS

### Tibetan Classics in Washington Affected.

Washington.—"The slaughter of thousands of Chinese and Tibetans in Dangan, in Western China, reported in news dispatches, brings about a strange result in a Washington (D. C.) library, where it has probably enhanced in value beyond all previously estimated prices, a set of Tibetan classics," says a bulletin from the Washington (D. C.) headquarters of the National Geographic society.

"Dangan lies close to Choni, in western Kansu Province, near the Tibetan border," continues the bulletin, "and the great Buddhist Monastery at Choni and all its valuable contents were burned by the same Moslem army which massacred the inhabitants of Dangan. In this monastery were housed the thousands of wooden blocks, 500 years old, from which the best sets of the Tibetan classics were once printed.

Brought From Monastery.

"Two years ago Dr. Joseph F. Rock, now teaching a National Geographic society expedition on the China-Tibetan border, four hundred miles south of the rebellion area, was in Choni, and obtained for the library of congress a complete set of the Choni-printed classics in 317 volumes. These priceless books are now on the library's shelves in Washington.

"Details of the Moslem rebellion in Kansu which have just reached the headquarters of the National Geographic society through provincial papers published in China, indicate that the massacre at Dangan was only an incident in the troubles that have scourged western Kansu since last October. In the region 150 miles wide between Dangan and Choni and in most of the surrounding towns and villages, according to these published reports, there has been destruction by massacre, pillage, and fire. Thousands of square miles of the once fertile countryside have been laid waste. Tens of thousands of people, in addition to those slaughtered, have died and are dying of starvation, and the frantic populace are said to be practicing cannibalism.

Raiders Led by Youth.

"The chief force of Moslem raiders, according to provincial correspondents, consists of 25,000 cavalrymen mounted on the best horses of the province, and led by an eighteen-year-old general, Ma (Changying) (called affectionately by his followers, Ka Si-ling, 'Little General'). These hard-riding troopers have been known to dash 10,000 strong, 110 miles in 47 hours over mountain ranges ten to twelve thousand feet high to ravage the defeat of some of their stragglers. In one such raid, across the Tibetan border, all the inhabitants of more than a hundred villages, from infants to old men and women, are said to have been massacred.

"The region which has been the center of the Moslem massacres lies about 800 miles west and slightly south of Peking (Peking) on the upper reaches of the Hwang-Ho or Yellow river near where that stream crosses from its Tibetan source into China. A little to the northwest is the Koko Nor, great salt lake of northeastern Tibet. The region on the Chin's side is a land of deep valleys carved in the soft loess soil. In happier days the valley lands and the terraced hills produced much wheat and many vegetables, and supported numerous villages. The people are largely of Tibetan blood.

"During his stay of several years ago at Choni, Doctor Rock, through the friendliness of the Prince of Choni, was enabled closely to observe the ceremonies of Lamaism. His descriptions have been published in the National Geographic Magazine. He took hundreds of photographs, with detailed notes for color, of the monastery buildings, the library, the elaborate images and costumes, and of the ceremonial dances. It thus happens that this unique monastery, now in ashes in remote western China, still lives pictorially in the archives of the National Geographic Society in Washington."

## Nothing Shocking in Jap's Change of Attire

### in the West we have a gentleman's agreement that disrobing should be confined to the bedroom and bathroom, or at any rate to some place behind closed doors. Not so in Japan!

One hot day in a train traveling from Kobe to Kyoto I witnessed an incident that showed the Japanese can adopt a really common-sense attitude to clothes, writes Harold Butcher in Cassel's Magazine.

It was in a third-class carriage. A few seats ahead of me was a Japanese passenger who was beginning to feel the heat. His silk shirt was wet and clammy. Something must be done about it! One could read his mind.

He had his remedy. He stood up and removed his shirt. Then he found that his undershirt was also soaked. He removed that and dried his naked torso. From his suitcase he produced a clean undershirt and a clean, cool shirt, which he proceeded to don with perfect unconcern and irreproachable modesty. As far as I could judge he changed every stitch of clothing with never a quiver, and finished triumphantly—a re clothed, revived, rejuvenated human being. In this hot train in Japan the whole affair seemed the most natural and sensible thing to do in the circumstances.

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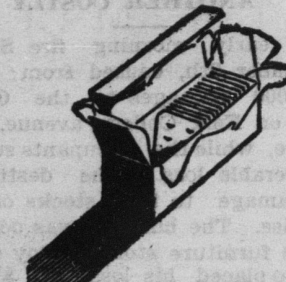
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### Geologists See Signs of Returning Ice Age

The feeling that another Ice age is creeping slowly back on northern Europe and North America has been revived in European minds by the unusual cold of the last winter, and it has received the support of the distinguished German geologist, Prof. Walther Gothan, of the Prussian geological survey, according to Dr. E. E. Free. Professor Gothan bases his suggestions largely on the evidence of fossil plants. The Ice age was not, he points out, a single period of cold. Instead, it was divided into several glacial periods separated by warm interglacial periods. During these interglacial periods plants migrated northward behind the edge of the melting ice, leaving their fossils in a regular succession.

First came stunted bushes and grass plants like those which now grow on the tundras of Alaska and Siberia. Behind these, as the climate grew warmer, came forests of pine and birch trees. Finally toward the middle of each warm interglacial period, the forests were of beech trees, as the natural European forests are now. When each interglacial period gave way, in turn, to renewed cold and ice, this plant sequence followed the reverse order, beeches were replaced by birch and pine, these by the tundra, this, finally, by the Ice. A few centuries ago, Professor Gothan believes, the present beech forests of Europe were larger than now. Already, he suspects, birch and pine trees have begun to supplant them; perhaps a sign that twenty or thirty thousand years from now the Ice age will be back.—Pathfinder Magazine.

### Letter of the Law

The prospective tenant had inspected all the rooms, the coal cellar, and the other conveniences of the flat, and had expressed himself satisfied.

"Have you any children?" asked the porter.

"I have."

"Then you can't have the flat."

"But you don't understand. My youngest child is married and lives in Australia, and the other two are in America!"

"That makes no difference," said the porter. "I have orders not to let this flat to anyone with children!"—Pearson's.

### Women Outnumber Men as Glacier Park Hikers

Glacier Park, Mont.—Tourist travel to Glacier National park for the first month of the 1929 season shows considerable increase over that of the same period last year. Travelers have registered from nearly every state and many are from foreign countries. Hotel, auto-stage and trail saddle horse facilities are the best in the history of the park, government inspection shows.

While the male visitor is more noticeable on the verandas, the number of young women hikers on the Rocky mountain trails exceeds that of any previous season. Two women walk through the park to every man who dares this endurance test, it is estimated.

### Cathode Ray Tube Used in Finding False Jewels

Lynn, Mass.—The newly developed cathode ray tube, designed to separate genuine and synthetic gems, has been put into commercial use for the first time by the General Electric company here. Sapphires, second only to diamonds in hardness, are widely used by the company as jewels for bearings in meters and other delicate electrical instruments. The new tube is proving invaluable, it is said, in sorting gems.

### Court of Dusty Feet

What is a Pie-powder court? It seems that as long ago as the Norman conquest, says E. S. Marten, in Harper's Magazine, and even earlier, trading was done considerably in England, as also in Normandy, in fairs that were licensed and lasted a week or more. Of course there were disputes between sellers and buyers, and to settle them there were instituted courts of prompt and final decision, which were called Pied Poudreux courts; that is, courts of the dusty feet, a name which English tongues inevitably transmuted into pie-powder. Wasn't that a pretty turn of language?

### Bread Ideal Food

Many people confuse calories with vitamins. The calorie is not a food stuff, it is merely a measure of heat production. Vitamins are real food-balancing substances and help to put the body in a position where it can ward off disease. Bread has no superior as a combination of calories and vitamins.

### Might as Well

"Look here, Smith, it's no use your coming around here again, you've borrowed everything I've got in the place."

"Oh, but this is different. I wonder if I could borrow your garden for a bit of a party I'm giving on Saturday."—Passing Show.