## IT WAS ANOTHER SHIP IN DISTRESS

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

DETTY BRITTON looked wistfully up into the face of her tall young husband as he flung down his napkin and arose from the breakfast table. After an instant's hesitation Dick came round to Betty's chair, bent and kissed her. Then, whistling noisily but without a single word to her, he hurried off to his day's

Dick's silence was getting on her nerves. For three whole days now he hadn't spoken a single word to her. Until he spoke she wouldn't. If he wanted to be stubborn, she could be

Dick's kiss, punctually and dutifully delivered, had become a mere form, an artificial nothing. Each hour of silence seemed to be pushing them a little farther from each other.

From the moment of Dick's departure until his return, Betty was alone. They were new to the place and hadn't yet made any friends.

Betty killed all the time she could. She put the small apartment in perfect order, changing the position of the furniture as far as possible. Then she put on her things, took her basket and went to market. The mere sight of Betty's alert and smartly-clad young figure brought joy to the faces of butcher, baker and candlestick maker.

Coming back with her well-filled basket, Betty was astonished to find a little tableau being enacted upon the front steps of the quiet apartment house, where she lived. A woman sat upon the steps, a shiny new suitcase beside her. The woman was old and very stout and her clothes looked as if they had done duty for best for a

"You must get up from here, lady!" Betty heard. "Nobody sits down on front steps in a respectable street like this. We can't let you sit here any longer, lady."

"I'll sit where I please and how I please," retorted the sitter. "Go away and mind your own business, if you've got any." "I can't allow it!" cried the janitor's

wife. She was terribly flustered, poor thing, because the old lady had already been sitting there an hour. "Mrs. Olson is right," Betty said quietly. "If you are tired you can come

"I'm tuckered out. I'm subject to spells, too," said the old lady, rising to her feet. "I thought, maybe, one was coming on when I sat down here. It's a good ways to walk from the station. Why, they make railroad stations so pesky unhandy, beats me." "My goodness! You didn't walk all

the way from the station!" cried "I did. First off, I kinda enjoyed walking, there was so much to see. Policemen kinda helped me when I got where it was thick. I kinda wished

my boy was a policeman. He lives somewhere round in this neighborhood. Ever run across anybody by the name of Dick Britton?" She looked anxiously at Betty.

"My goodness!" gasped Betty. "Dick's my husband. You must be our dear Aunt Mary!"

"I don't know how dear I am to Dick," sighed Aunt Mary. "I thought I'd come and see, anyway, if he'd got over his mad. So you're the girl he married? You're pretty, anyway."

Betty took Aunt Mary up to her

apartment. She made her lie down and babied her with cakes and good hot tea. Aunt Mary admitted that she hadn't had bite or sup since she got her own breakfast by lamplight.

Meanwhile. Betty milled over the increasing complexities of her own problem. Here was Aunt Mary, an unexpected visitor. Dick had always been a little reticent about Aunt Mary-"the best ever, present company expected, but set. First, she didn't want me to get a job in town. Then she didn't want me to marry anybody but Edna Pratt, a neighbor girl. Don't know as Aunt Mary will ever forgive me." Not only had Aunt Mary forgiven Dick, but she had come all the way from Pine Grove to see him. Betty felt that as a rival to Edna Pratt, she must make good in Aunt Mary's eyes. But how could she excuse the fact that she and Dick were not speaking? But, forlorn hope! Maybe Dick would give in! That would settle things nicely.

By 6:30 Betty's cheeks were flaming with suspense. Aunt Mary sat comfortably with her tatting, waiting to surprise Dick. All afternoon she had talked about Dick, how he'd been set in her lap to take care of when he was only a couple of years old. Aunt Mary had raised him best she knew how, but Dick was awful stubborn. "I'm a bit stubborn myself," vouch-

safed Betty. Aunt Mary shook her gray head. She sighed tempestuously. "Well maybe you'll get along in

At 6:75 Dick bounced in, his cheeks fresh, his eyes bright in spite of more than ten hours of bucking in the world.

He saw Aunt Mary, paused. "Well, for cramp's sake!" Then he had her in his boyish embrace. After a moment Aunt Mary said, "Don't you see your wife, Dicky?" But Betty had fled to the kitchen.

At dinner both Dick and Betty devoted themselves to Aunt Mary. But the pained, puzzled look deepened upon Aunt Mary's sweet old face as she glanced from one young person to the

After dinner radio helped out-some Every time Betty saw Aunt Mary shake her head doubtfully, she felt as if she could scream.

Breakfast time. Dick hurried through cereal, and pancakes, and bacon, Betty pretended to be busy with things, Aunt Mary looked as if she hadn't slept a mite. She merely tasted her food. Once or twice she acted as if she were going to speak out about something. But she held in until Dick was out of

"Now I want you to tell me what's the trouble 'twixt you and Dick. It makes me feel awful bad, Betty. Human nature being what it is, you can't expect married folks always to agree. But when you see a nice little matrimonial bark like yours going straight onto the rocks—" Aunt Mary wiped a tear off her cheek.

Betty's eyes filled. She put her arms about the dear old figure. Her lips were moving in confession when the telephone rang. Betty leaped and snatched the receiver.

"Dick! Oh, you darling! Yes, she's just asked me—I'll tell her—" Betty turned to Aunt Mary, her face glowing with joy. "Dick just telephoned from the corner drug store. It's all off. He's given in."
"What do you mean?" gasped Aunt

"Well, we had a-sort of spat. Dick said I was the stubbornest. I said he was. We-we've been having a tryout. The one that spoke first had to pay up. I get the waffle irons, but I shall get Dick the smoking stand, just

Aunt Mary interrupted. "You hush up, both of you!" she laughed. "I'll see to the waffle irons and smoking stand myself."

#### Still Makes Shepherds' Crooks at Age of 85

I have seen today the world-famous crooks of Pyecombe, says a writer in the London Express. A dark, smoky little brick building, where cobwebs hang in silvery threads from the walls, off the main Brighton road, where a white dove perched on the chimney of the forge fire, and an old man bent over an anvil, hammer in hand-that is a picture of the surroundings where one of the oldest village industries of Sussex-the making of shepherds' crooks-is still pursued.

Charles Mitchell, the owner of the forge, is eighty-five. For 54 years he has stood at the same ringing anvil and has fashioned and bent rough pieces of steel into glistening crooks.

He is believed to be the only man throughout the country who still carries on the work by hand. During a century the crooks of Pyecombe have

brought fame to the village. Hundreds of oxen have passed under the little oak door to be shod, as well as horses. Plowshares have been sharpened and the farming area around has brought work for the old man and his two sons, Ernest and

George. Modern days have swept away much of the old livelihood, but Mitchell goes on making his crooks. When night falls upon the forge and shutters are drawn he retires to his little

cottage and works by candlelight. "Yes, my crooks go all over the world," he said to me. "I came here more than eighty years ago. My mother brought me by coach and I have been here ever since. Wherever there are sheep my crooks are to be found. They go to Australia, South Africa, Canada and many other parts.

"I make quite a number which are sold to collectors who want a modern specimen of one of the oldest village industries in Sussex. They hang in the halls of the great houses as well as in the lonely shepherds' huts. "I feel good for many more years

and a few score more crooks. I may be eighty-five, but I still do the work by myself without the aid of glasses.'

### Caught in Bad Company

Robert Smillie, British labor leader, tells an amusing story in his book, "My Life for Labor." A north country collier got into conversation with Lord Durham, a sporting peer, in a railroad carriage. From horse racing they switched off to coursing and even discussed the best type of terrier for ratting. Eventually the third person in the compartment alighted with a courteous "Good-night."

"Do you know who that gentleman was who has just got out?" asked Lord Durham.

"Nay, lad, I dinna knaw wha he is," "Well," said the peer, "that was the

The collier opened his eyes wide, gasped for a moment, and then said: "Well, lad, he mun think thee an' me a bonny pair o' divils!"

### The King's Girls

During the Seventeenth century in New France, the French government sent out shipleads of young women of a marriageable age to meet the shortage in Quebec. Over a thousand, known as "the King's Girls," were thus transferred to the new colony, in charge of nuns. Marriages took place by the score soon after the arrival of a new detachment in Quebec, the government giving a money grant and certain privileges such as remission from taxes for some years. Bachelors who refused to marry were heavily fined. Many of the old families in Quebec today originated in this novel matrimonial manner.

#### PROBLEM IN USE OF LEISURE

By MRS. FREDERICK EDEY, National Girl Scouts Vice President.

HE most vital subject confronting men and women everywhere is the question of what shall be done with leisure time. Many of the educators are asking themselves and every one else just what leisure is, where it originates, and how shall leaders in organizations for youth direct the leisure time of their young followers.

Sixteen years ago, a man residing in England answered that question for boys and girls when he, in his rare wisdom, created the boy scouts and the girl guide programs.

Fourteen years ago, a far seeing American woman answered the question for us by bringing the girl guide program to this country and adapting it to our American girls. She promoted girl scouting. The man was Robert Baden Powell and the woman was Juliette Low of Savan-

Since that time, the two national organizations have been working to perfect the manner in which this program shall be given the boys and girls of America.

Girl scouting is a program for the leisure time of the teen-age girl, a program of play, outdoor and indoor living, the future necessities of life cut down to suit the growing mind and administered in small and attractive doses in groups of not over forty girls by a well chosen and trained

In these days, when women have assumed the burdens of wage earners, we are training our girls, as a fundamental part of their future, to be ready to care for their homes, and at the same time to be prepared to fare forth in the pathway of life with a knowledge of sorts which can be further developed and made a useful adjunct to their being self sup-

#### SHORTER WORKDAY MUST COME

By PRESIDENT WHITNEY, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen.

There is widespread unemployment in every walk of life. It exists not only in the ranks of labor but among business and professional men as well. The cause is easily seen in the development of the machine age. Machinery is replacing workers everywhere, for the greater efficiency which machines make possible eliminates jobs for trainmen and enginemen that were available five years ago. The same is true in nearly every other line. The actual number of jobs is fewer now than before, while our population continues to increase.

It is useless to hope and pray for a return of "better business" to eliminate unemployment. It is not bad business that is creating unemployment. It is unemployment that is creating bad business,

Business cannot improve until unemployment is eliminated, for the unemployment destroys the purchasing power of the people. The one solution, therefore, is to shorten the working hours so that jobs may be created for all the workers now idle, and at the same time stabilize wages at their present level. This will be done. It is inevitable. When? I don't know. But if it is not done within, say, three years, we shall see millions literally walking the streets, jobless.

#### RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS

By GOV. LOUIS L. EMMERSON, Illinois.

Newspapers of the nation play almost as important a part in the life of the country as the government itself. One of the chief functions of a newspaper is to form a check on government. I would stress the responsibility of the press to fight unceasingly against that which is bad in government and against encroachments on the public rights.

The public interest demands that newspapers be kept clean, that their editors be fearless. The responsibility of newspapers toward government consists chiefly in assisting government and its administrators in any efforts to advance the general welfare and in remaining constantly on the watch against encroachments on the public rights.

Regardless of your political beliefs, you owe it to yourselves, to your community and your state to align yourselves definitely with that which is good in government, and unceasingly to fight that which is bad. The day when you can take sides on a great public issue, for political reasons alone, is past. Have your opinions, keep them clean, but keep to the facts in your news columns.

#### AUTOPSY BOON TO HUMANITY

By DR. LUDWIG HEKTOEN, Chicago Pathologist.

Of late years a significant change has been observed in the attitude of the general public toward autopsies, to the vast benefit of medical science. Where formerly physicians met with the greatest antipathy when they suggested an autopsy, relatives and families of the dead now frequently grant the hospital's request. In 1928 more than 40 per cent of the deaths in one hospital were followed by autopsies, with the consent of the relatives, and much valuable information obtained thereby.

The autopsy is of such material significance that it may be used as a gauge of hospital efficiency. It replaces speculation with exact knowledge based on observance. In 1896 a Boston physician reported a series of autopsies on persons who died of obscure abdominal complaints, his observations leading to the comparatively simple operative procedure since followed in such cases, which he first named appendicitis. Many lives have been saved and much pain avoided because of the results of his

#### GIRLS NOT BETTER STUDENTS

By CARROLL R. REED, Minneapolis School Superintendent.

Minneapolis schools are just running "true to form" with schools in other cities throughout the United States when the majority of class honors are won by girl students. Girls are more ambitious in the matter of attaining marks than boys are, but that is only a part of it. There are more extracurricular activities in which the boys are interested; boys are more apt to be working during their high-school years than girls are. and there are also more girls than boys in the classes finishing. We are not to think that boys are not as good students in most cases as girls are; there are just more contributory circumstances to the girls excelling in

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CONSTIPATED?

means about as much as a tombstone

Map on Her Back In the scramble for unique designs for woven fabrics the designer has taken inspiration from the atlas. In Paris recently a woman was seen in a pale silk frock covered with a light-

ly etched design which was a map of Amid the tracery of the boulevards and avenues with their outstanding features-the Louvre, Notre Dame Arc de Triomphe and so on-the pale-green Seine looped the loop across her back, winding from the city island to the Bois de Boulogne.

"Some people thirst after fame, others after wealth, others after Mild, safe, purely vegetable—at druggists—only 25c at druggists—only 25c. Ain't It the Truth?

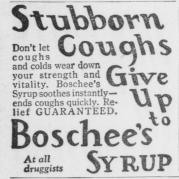
with a sigh. The object of his affections was not in the same mood, however.
"And there is something all people

"Yes?" asked the lover, eagerly.

Insulted

Rolls-Tinpan's still mad over the theft of his flivver, even after they caught and convited the thief. Spin-That's 'cause the jury con victed him of petty larceny .- Detroit

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