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DOROTHY DIX SAYS.—

(Continued from page 5)

From another corner of the attic we sent two truckloads of old shoes, stiffened and rotting with age, to the junk-pile. They were the finest leather and the best makes and scarcely worn at all, and as I looked at them I wondered if their owners had never seen men and womn and children with broken and worn shoes, scuffling down the street with their feet on the icy pavement.

And hanging from the rafters of the garret were enough clothes, overcoats and cloaks and men's suits and women's dresses, to have covered a multitude if they had been given away when they still had plenty of wear in them, but which the moths had eaten until they crumbled in our hands when we took them down.

EVEN BABY CLOTHES

And most pathetic of all was a trunk filled with baby clothes that had yellowed with age, while thousands upon thousands of poor girls brought into the world children for whom they could not provide the poorest garment.

Not many of us in these times have attics in which we can commit our crime of hoarding, but all of us have closets in which we have things stuck away that we do not need and that we will never use, while all about us are those who do need them and could use them.

Don't keep them. Send them on their way to another life of usefulness. Don't commit the crime of the attic.

ALSO THE HILL

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

CHAPTER XXIX

Judith, looking very trim and military in her new uniform, despite the exigencies of the trip which had reduced the others to various stages of dishevelment, stood for a moment regarding Joe, in a rather deprecatory way, though her expression was based on a general feeling of dissatisfaction with the situation as a whole rather than on any personal hostility to him. As he imperturbably continued to take our bags and began to wisecrack with the other girls, in spite of the fact that Judith had not presented him to them, she realised that her severe attitude was not accomplishing much, and unbent a little.

"I'm sure you're very kind. If you'll show us where we're to go, we can handle the lighter bags all right ourselves. Chattering gaily, the girls dashed up the steps after Joe.

After showing them their quarters, he waited in the small sitting room until Judith rejoined him. He did not sit down or suggest that she do so, and his geniality seemed to be somewhat in eclipse when he spoke to her.

Plenty of Trouble

"Look here," he said. "I don't know whether you've grasped just what this mess your sister's in is doing to your father, but if you haven't, I may as well tell you it's doing plenty. When he went back to her apartment with her, the day she first appeared before the grand jury, and found the press and the photographers had hotfooted it up there too, after he thought he'd finally got away from them, it was almost more than he could take."

Jenness was frothing at the mouth because Vaughn walked out on her— not that you can blame her for that, except that she ough to have had sense enough in the first place to size him up. She was calm enough in the courtroom, heaven knows; but she went all to pieces in Loper's car afterwards, and by the time she got home she was hysterical.

"She screamed and swore at the reporters, and then she rushed out on her little tin balcony, slamming the French door behind her. Herb Parrish plunged after her and then she started shrieking that the balcony wouldn't hold them both and that he knew it; and the next thing he knew she was yelling to him not to push her off—"

"I think maybe I understand. When we were children, Jenness dared a—a friend of ours to jump off a high beam in a loft while we were playing in the barn at Farman Hill. He did jump and he broke his leg. He was lamed for life. I've always suspected that it preyed on Jenness' mind ever since. She's so secretive that she's never given herself away, but I've kept suspecting that sooner or later she would, if she were forcibly reminded of it when she was terribly upset or unstrung."

"Yeah, that might be it—a balcony and a beam, eh?"

A Wreck

Joe stopped for a minute, as if he were scenting another story, and then went on. "Well, the next morning she was a wreck, there was another summons to appear again before the grand jury thrust into her hand. So I broke down and made a suggestion. I said I knew Ned Waldo, the lawyer, she ought to have had and didn't, would be tickled to death if she and Mr. Farman would go out on his boat whenever they felt like it. I said, I'd help them cover their tracks and no one would find them there or badger them. They've been there most of the time since. That's where they are tonight, and tomorrow I'll drive you out there for dinner."

"I must say you were resourceful, Mr. Racina. And very kind. I didn't realize newspapermen weer ever so disinterested about protecting people they might have got stories from."

Momentarily a satisfied grin illuminated Joe's dark face. "Oh, I'm not so disinterested as all that. I've got stories right along, slanted to suit myself. And nobody else has got any lately, because no one else has found their hideout. At the moment, my stock with my paper is almost as high as Peter MacDonald's. But it'll be taking a tumble pretty quick now. Because I have a hunch your sister is going to be indicted tomorrow morning. And there'll be nothing exclusive for me out of that. And no satisfaction either, in seeing the pack after her again. It's sad when you get right down to it."

"I'm afraid I don't understand legal terms very well. Just what do you mean when you say Jenness will be indicted?"

"I mean she'll be hailed into court and accused of a crime."

"What sort of a crime?"

Looks Serious

"Well, everything points to perjury. After all, she has had three chances to tell the truth—once at a court hearing and twice before the grand jury, and it seems obvious she hasn't done it. I'm afraid she's been a very useful fool to a lot of men who are part of a propaganda machine. I think there is a nest of Nazi sympathizers right on the top of capitol Hill and that this nest is pretty well feathered. And Jenness likes fine feathers."

Judith pressed her lips together hard. Then suddenly she broke into vehement speech.

"It's a sin and a shame! There's never been a scandal in the Farman family before, not once in its whole history! And now just when Jerome and I are doing everything on earth we can to prove our patriotism, Jerome giving up his wonderful position and I—"

"Your brother was just wedded to that Boston bank, was he? And you could hardly tear yourself away from the peaceful countryside? I'm only asking—"

"Well, of course Jerome knew what he might be in for, eventually when he went to Norwich instead of Dartmouth, though there wasn't the slightest prospect then that anyone would ever succeed in involving the United States again in a foreign war—"

"Do you know you sounded a lot like Jenness when you said that Judith? You look a lot like her too—I suppose everyone tells you that you might almost pass for twins. Only of course she's a lot more physical than you are. Of which you're doubtless glad. You've been so careful not to develop the baser side of your nature. Not that you haven't got one, maybe a little less submerged than you realize. If I didn't have so much else on my mind right now, I think I'd try to find out. I have an idea, that when you look at Jenness, standing up there to be arraigned, you really ought to say to yourself, "There, but for the grace of God, goes Judith Farman.'"

(Continued Tomorrow)

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Official List of Casualties

CANADIAN ARMY OVERSEAS

(Maritime Provinces)

Died Of Wounds

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

MacDonald, Gordon Chalmers, Pte., Sydney, N. S.

Severely Wounded

Royal Canadian Artillery

Woodworth, Osten Gerald, L.-Bdr., Campbellton, N. B.

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

MacLean, John Murdock, Pte. West Pictou, N. S.

New Brunswick Regiment

Storey, Gerald Allen, L.-Cpl. Doaktown, N. B.

Previously Reported Missing Now Reported Safe and Wounded

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

Gordon, Donald Balfour, Pte., Westville, N. S.

Wounded

New Brunswick Regiment

Hache, Arthur, Pte., Burnsville, N. B.

Slightly Wounded

Lebrun, Ernest, Pte., Val Melanson, N. B.

Slightly Wounded

Regiment De Quebec

Belzile, Leonide, Pte., Beligrew, N. B.

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

MacKeigan, John Duncan, Pte., Sydney Mines, N. S.

MacLennan, Alexander Kenneth, Pte., Point Michaud, N. S.

Moss, Harold Elmer, Pte., Truro, N. S.

Spears, Kenneth Vernon, Sgt., Spanish Ship Bay, N. S.

Snyder, Aubrey Basil, Pte., Halfway Cove, N. S.

New Brunswick Regiment

Lewis, Lovell Austin, Pte., Berry Mills, N. B.

Steeves, Earl Mancefield, Pte., Hillsboro, N. B.

Wounded Remaining On Duty

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

Smith, Walter Ronald, Pte., Halifax, N. S.

Injured

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

Allen, Rodney Charles, Pte., Yarmouth, N. S.

Gibson, Larry Lawrence, Pte., Sydney, N. S.

New Brunswick Regiment

LeBlanc, Leonidase, Cpl., Balmoral, N. B.

Slightly Injured

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

Ryerson, Keith King, Pte., South Ohio, N. S.

New Brunswick Regiment

O'Toole, Earl Joseph, Pte., Campbellton, N. B.

Previously Reported Missing Now Reported Prisoner Of War

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

Cavanagh, Patrick William, Pte. Mrs. Margaret Cavanagh (mother) New Haven, Clyde River, P. E. I.

Flynn, Thomas Michael, Pte., Passchendaele, N. S.

Sanford, Eugene Raymond, Pte., Clementsvale, N. S.

Previously Reported Missing Now Reported Safe

N.S. and P.E.I. Regiment

Goulden, Aubrey Leroy, Pte., McNutt's Island, N. S.

Previously Reported Missing Now Reported Not Missing

New Brunswick Regiment

Sellen, William Arthur, L.-Cpl., Saint John, N. B.

History Made As Ottawa Press Gallery Meets

OTTAWA, Feb. 10 — (CP) — Percy Philip, Canadian correspondent of the New York Times, was elected president of the Parliamentary Press Gallery at the annual meeting today, the first time the representative of a newspaper published outside Canada has been elected to that office.

The meeting also made gallery history in electing a woman to the board of directors for the first time. She is Mrs. Evelyn Tufts of the Halifax Herald.

Frank Flaherty of The Canadian Press was elected vice-president and Lorenzo Pare of the Quebec L'Action Catholique was elected secretary. Morris McDougall of the Boston Christian Science Monitor was re-elected treasurer.

Members of the executive elected, in addition to Mrs. Tufts, were Jan Marie Gelinas of the Ottawa Le Droit, Ken Cragg of the Toronto Globe and Mail, Norman M. Mac-Leod, Ottawa manager of the British United Press, and H. Hardy of the Southam Newspapers.

H.R. Armstrong of the Toronto Star, president during the year, presided at the meeting which becomes a member of the executive as immediate past president.

OLD ENGLISH FAMILY

Bertrand Russel, English philosopher, mathematician and sociologist, belongs to one of the oldest families of England.

THE FRENCH TOUCH

In 1792, it became the fashion for men to wear a tie that went twice around the neck and was tied in a bow behind.

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MILD or MEDIUM

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

The Provincial Hospital at Fairville, N.B.

A few hours after The Standard had gone to press, the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate conditions in the Provincial Hospital for mental patients at Fairville, N.B., was announced. The issue of The Standard now on sale carries an editorial asking for such a Commission. We are using this space to make a statement to the readers of The Standard concerning this appointment.

The government of New Brunswick is to be commended for the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate conditions in the Provincial Hospital for mental patients at Fairville, N.B. The need for such a commission was apparent to anyone who read Kenneth Johnstone's diary, detailing what he witnessed during the eight days he worked as an attendant in the Admittance Ward of the Provincial Hospital. The diary revealed brutality and abuse and was a powerful indictment of those responsible for the administration of the institution.

While it is assumed that the inquiry will be thorough, it is disappointing that no experts in the field of mental health have been named on the Commission.

Many of the abuses witnessed by Johnstone could be competently judged only by doctors who have specialized in modern treatment of mental illnesses. How and when powerful drugs should be used —when, if ever, patients should be placed in restraints. These are questions of utmost importance. They will confront the Commission and they can be answered only by qualified experts. Such experts are available but have not been named to the Commission, as is the general practice in inquiries of this nature.

This is no reflection on the present commissioners, Chief Justice J. B. M. Baxter; Rev. L. M. Pepperdene, judge of the Juvenile Court at Saint John, and E. B. Sweeney, chairman of the board of the Saint John General Hospital. The addition of top-ranking experts in mental health would greatly strengthen the Commission and would be helpful to the present members in solving the problems the inquiry is bound to place before them.

Such experts sitting on the Commission, armed with the theoretical and practical knowledge of the specialist—knowledge denied the layman—would question witnesses and interpret testimony.

As part of its editorial policy of informing the public on urgent national problems, and to aid authorities concerned with the improvement of the standards of Canadian mental hospitals, The Standard is publishing two articles by Kenneth Johnstone, the first of which appears this week, outlining the views of experts in the field of mental health on basic objectives for a national program.

The Standard

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