

two keys to a cabin

by

Lida Larrimore

MACRAE SMITH WNU SERVICE

"What is it to be popular?" Tory Wages sighed in laughing derision, "you're in fine form tonight, Gabriella." Connie Belmont fluttered her long lashes at them across the table. "If Pete wasn't your cousin, I'd be a wall-flower, too."

John turned to Gay.

"Will you dance with me?" he asked quietly.

Her eyes brilliant with animation for the others, clouded as her quick upward glance met his.

"I'd like to," she said and rose as he got up to go back to his chair. "Excuse me," she said directly to Robert Cameron and, silently, at John's side, walked to the edge of the dance floor.

She was light in his arms. He nervously felt her hands, on his shoulders, in his hand. She held herself at a stiff distance from him. He could not see her face, only her reddish-brown hair, brushed smooth tonight, bound with a narrow bandeau of gold and silver. They circled the floor in silence. Then John said:

"It's a nice party."

"Yes, isn't it?" she said and was silent again.

He had thought that, dancing, he might find her again. During this interminable evening, she had held him as, now, physically, she kept a distance between them. Her illumination for the others excluded him, though he had sat beside her. Silently, unable to respond to her mood, he watched her as she danced with him, alone, she was silent.

"Are you having a good time?" he asked, when again and more slowly, as the number of dancers increased, they had circled the floor.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Are you?"

"No, you know I'm not!"

She drew back and looked up at him. "Why not?" she asked indignantly, smiling her eyes sparkling in dark blue glints between the thick straight lashes. "It's a beautiful party." Robert always does things nicely. Her expression changed.

"Oh, John, no!" She gave a little despondent cry. "I'm miserable. I've never spent such a wretched evening. Why don't we do as we'd planned? Robert wouldn't have minded."

"You were afraid we'd quarrel," he said.

"Yes, I was. If you'd seen your face when Mother asked me what I intended to do this winter, I'd never heard anything so completely selfish," he burst out with low vehemence.

"It was tactless of her to have spoken of it in your presence, perhaps. But that's Mother's way. She cautions it being practical. It didn't occur to her that you would think her heartless, as you did—"

"But she's a mother, Gay!"

"We each lead a completely independent existence. It's not a bad idea. When I see what some mothers do to their children, I'm glad Kitty is like she is."

"But you don't want to visit Tory Wages in Palm Beach?"

"There's only one thing I really want to do."

"Don't you know how that makes me feel?"

"I should hope." Her smile trembled.

"No, you can't know," he said bitterly. "You can't know what it's like to feel isolated, not to be able to take you away with me now, tonight, to have you make explanations which I should make. You haven't been happy and neither have I, except that first day, Christmas Eve."

"Yesterday and today in the country? Weren't you happy?" I was."

"But why? They moved slowly, only their feet conscious of the rhythm of the waltz. "Because we avoid any reference to the subjects upon which we disagree, because we were alone except for Kate and your father."

"Oh, dear!" Her laughter shook. "I made you come here because I was afraid we'd quarrel if we were alone, and I wanted your last night here to be pleasant. Don't, John. Talking about it is nothing. Keep on at this rate—"

Her head dropped against his shoulder. He felt her tremble in the tightened clasp of his arms.

"I'm sorry, but I've got to know. Look at me, Gay." His voice was rough with urgency. "Tell me. Do you want to go on?"

Her eyes, fixed to his, were brilliant with terror.

"John!" she cried faintly. "Darling, I don't see how you can." He said more gently. "I'm—There's nothing."

"I love you," she said steadily.

"Do you, Gay?" His lips moved but no further words came. He felt that her eyes brimmed with tears.

"Darling," he said, moved as he was always by her rare tears. "Let's get out of here. I don't want to talk to the others. I want to be alone with you."

"I want that, too." She blinked, when smiled. "Do I look spotty from weeping? Lucky I don't use mascara."

"Very lucky. You look lovely." His arms released her reluctantly.

"Can we say all the polite things now and get away?"

"Of course we can." She held his hand tightly as they made their way through revolving couples toward the table where her step-father had engaged. No one was there. The other members of the party were dancing in the glow of artfully meliorated lights on the grand floor.

"We'll have to wait," John sighed.

"No, we won't."

"Wait!" she caught up her evening bag from the table, opened it, took out a lip-sick. Holding fast with her left hand to his, she wringed in staggering light red capitals on the table cloth.

"Good-by!"

GAY AND JOHN

John set his cup in the saucer and pushed back the sleeve of his top-coat to glance at his watch. Gay watched him with widened eyes, holding her breath.

"Fifteen minutes," he said.

She let her breath exhale with a sighing sound.

"Time for another cup of coffee," she said, and glanced toward the waiter crowding against the wall.

"No, darling. All those steps." His lips smiled at her across the table in the state restaurant, but the smile did not reach his eyes.

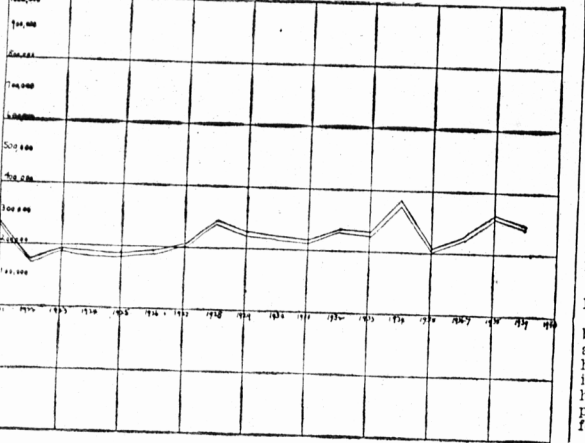
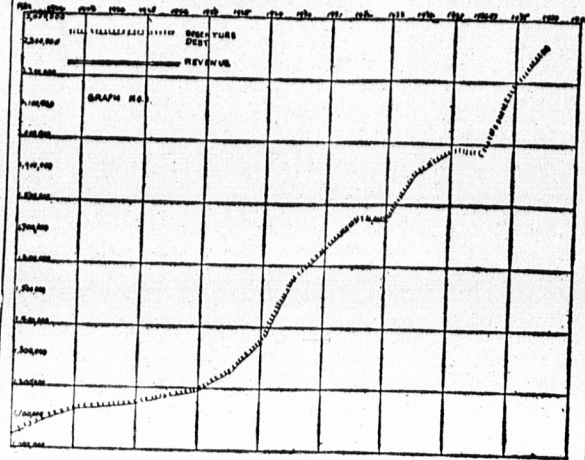
"Do you want me to miss the train?"

"That's the object of drinking two cups of coffee, John, must you go?"

"Must, Gay." He rose and walked

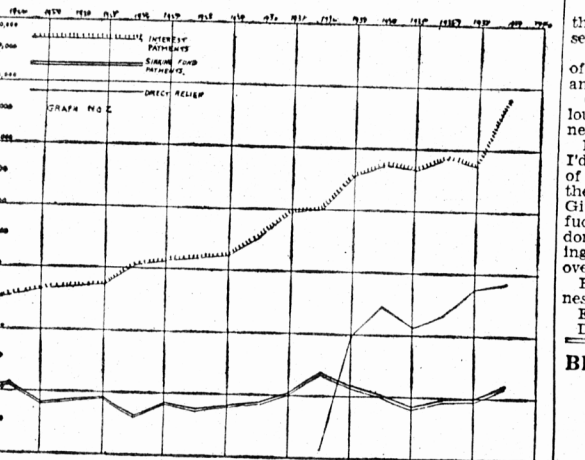
CIVIC DEBENTURE DEBT

GRAPH NO. 1



INTEREST PAYMENTS

GRAPH NO. 2



The graphs above shown accompanied the report of the Civic Affairs Committee of the Junior Board of Trade, which appeared in Tuesday's Guardian, and from which we quote the following explanatory reference:

"The alarming increase in the debenture debt of the City of Charlottetown is shown in Graph No. 1. It will be noted that in the period 1921-1939, the Debt has risen 122%. It will be further noted that the yearly rate of increase has been much more marked from 1936-1939 than at any other time during the period covered by the graph, a trend which is the more disturbing when viewed in conjunction with the trend denoting revenue, also in Graph No. 1. It will be seen from this that throughout the entire period, revenue has shown no increase whatever, any variations in the yearly level being merely temporary fluctuations.

"From Graph No. 2 a similar situation is revealed in regard to interest payments. These have risen more than 144%, or an average yearly increase of about 7%. At this rate in less than twenty-five years the interest payments will have equalled the total amount of the City revenue, provided the revenue remains as constant as it has in the period covered by the graph. . . .

"Also in Graph No. 2 is indicated the sudden increase to serious proportions of Direct Relief since its inauguration in 1932. . . .

"Finally, also in Graph No. 2, is shown the trend of sinking fund payments. The steady increase of Debenture Debt and of Interest at approximately the same level throughout the entire period and in this connection the need for drastic action is apparent."

Research Council Leads Scientific Effort During War

Born and conceived during the last great war to complete against a scientifically highly-developed enemy power, the National Research Council of Canada was ready and equipped to renew the struggle against the same enemy at the present conflict.

Virtually overnight scientists of the Research Council, with a minimum of apparent effort that suggested careful planning and preparedness, abandoned their peace-time pursuits to bend all efforts towards greater efficiency in the war effort. In many cases, however, peace-time activities were found to be closely related to problems arising out of war.

Now well over 80 per cent of the Council's work is directly connected with the war. Hundreds of projects, tests, examinations and studies have been undertaken. Valuable assistance is rendered to the Department of Munitions and Supply in regard to the equivalency of British and Canadian specifications.

So that no valuable war invention would be pigeon-holed, a special inventions' board was set up to examine innumerable ideas and inventions, which are in upon the

around the table to her chair. "I don't want to go."

"Don't you?" She caught his hand resting on the back of the chair. "Even after—everything?" She tilted her head back to look up at him, her eyes soft and bright, a half-smile curving her lips.

"None of that seems important now, Darling, come."

She rose slowly. He held her coat. She slipped into it. He bundled the collar about her throat. "I shouldn't have let you come with me, Gay. Going out through the door of the restaurant, he held her arm tightly. "It's so late and so cold."

"Carl is waiting. I'll be all right." To be Continued)

WHY HAVE SORE FEET?

JUST RUB IN

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

35¢

National Temperance Study Course For Sunday School

STUDY III, OCTOBER 20th (Senior)

ALCOHOL AS A JOB GETTER

(By MARY I. RITCHIE)

A, B, C, D, E and F—either boys or girls, but more suitably boys—sitting in the comfortable chairs in the room A, who is the Leader, may have small tables beside him, on which papers are conveniently placed.

A (Looking about to see that all are present, slowly rises: This looks as if it were going to be a good meeting. Everyone here on time and, judging by the rustle of note-books, everyone ready with something to ask or answer.

B: Mine are mostly question to ask.

C: So are mine. I really didn't think I'd have enough interest in the subject to ask much about it, however, since alcohol in any form doesn't claim much of my attention, I'm afraid.

D: But a good job does, surely, and that's the angle from which we are to look at alcohol today.

E: It seems to me that the fellow who can drink—can drink a bit and leave it alone if necessary, I mean—is the chap who has the best chance of both getting and keeping a job today. Business isn't so good over an office desk or across a counter, he says. The social touch goes a long way nowadays, and a friendly chat and a friendly glass of beer together creates an atmosphere that goes a long way toward helping a deal through.

A: You don't really think that, E?

E: I honestly do. One of the biggest business men I know swings all his deals that way, he says. I heard him tell Dad that his office is almost useless to him. Most of his business is done in the beer-parlour next door, and he's made a fortune in the last few years.

C: What about the fellows he has made it out of? Have they added to their fortunes?

E: Maybe not, but that's their lookout.

A: I wonder if it is?

B: And does your Dad's friend, the man of big business, drink himself?

D: No. That's the funny part of it. He never touches a drop, and—

C: And yet he finds a beer-parlour the best place for doing business. Can you guess why?

D: Doesn't take much guessing, I'd say. He makes his money out of the chaps who do drink. Treats them to a drink, and they're not picky about the wrong kind of help if they know it.

E: I still can't see that taking a little drink now and then is your employer's business, so long as you don't take it in his time.

A: But the results affect his time and his money, usually.

F: Anyone can see that.

A: Not everyone, or there would be fewer people losing good jobs for that very reason, and fewer ending up in prison, perhaps.

C: In prison for what?

F: For theft of funds to pay bad debts, or to cover losses made when he was drunk and didn't know what he was doing, I suppose.

E: Well, he is—

D: A big fraud I'd say. Likes to

keep everyone drinking but himself. Rather a smart idea.

E (Interrupting hastily in defence of the man hire and you're wrong there. He's fussy about that. Why, he tells Dad he won't have anyone about his office who drinks at all. That's the very first question he puts to everyone who applies for a job with him. He told Dad so.

A: Because he knows from experience that anyone who takes even a little alcohol isn't fit to do business.

F: But all employers aren't anxious to have their clerks get sober and their clients or customers drink. You won't find many like him.

E: Of course not. If they're decent men they know that "everybody sober" is the only rule for success.

C: Or, as the boss of the plant where my brother George works puts it, "The last man to be hired is the first man to be fired." Only they never do hire anyone they are sure to be a drinker unless they are sure they can't get on without him.

E: Sounds as if you have torn my example of a successful man pretty much to pieces, doesn't it?

B (Laughing): I guess the only place a chap who drinks is wanted is where they make or sell the stuff.

A: Wrong again. And I have the testimony of someone who really knows to back me in this. A Federal officer ought to know all about such things. It's his business to know, and he declares that a friend of his, an hotel-keeper, whose name you can have if you want it, refuses to hire anyone—even a friend—also an hotel-keeper, by the way—insists that the only way to succeed in his line of business is to be a total abstainer. Sounds queer, but it's true.

E: Still a few of us is likely to apply at a brewery for a job.

A: Same thing applies in every other sort of business. No one wants a clerk who hasn't a clear brain and a steady hand, or who comes to work in the morning with his head still whirling after last night's good time. Too many looking for jobs. Employers can pick and choose, and they're not picking the wrong kind of help if they know it.

E: I still can't see that taking a little drink now and then is your employer's business, so long as you don't take it in his time.

A: But the results affect his time and his money, usually.

F: Anyone can see that.

A: Not everyone, or there would be fewer people losing good jobs for that very reason, and fewer ending up in prison, perhaps.

C: In prison for what?

F: For theft of funds to pay bad debts, or to cover losses made when he was drunk and didn't know what he was doing, I suppose.

A: For that—and worse. The Federal officer gave one instance of a fellow he interviewed who went to the gallows for murder—E: But it won't be counted as deliberate murder if it was committed when he was drunk and not accountable for what he was doing. The law protects the drinker that far.

A: I don't know how that worked in his case, but I do know that his reply to the officer's question as to why he should have killed the woman he professed to love was, "I had been drinking." Evidently he thought that explained it. And to the officer, who had come in touch with many such pitiable cases, it did.

B: I guess you win, A. None of us is likely to end up as a murderer, perhaps, but we all want jobs, and it seems that drink makes the first quite possible and the last almost impossible, doesn't it?

E: And you think even a skilled worker, one who knows his job so well that he would be very valuable to any employer, has no chance of steady work if he drinks now and then? There aren't too many really skilled and trained people floating about these days, you know.

A: That's just where the skilled worker who drinks fits in. He's floating about. His skill and training get him a first-class job today which alcohol helps him lose tomorrow. In time the on-and-off employment lowers his morale and tries his temper, hampers the continual use of alcohol lessens his skill and his self-control, and before long you find him walking the streets with the chaps who have neither skill nor training for anything. No one but himself to blame for it, either.

C: So the best plan, according to your argument, is to shy clear of alcohol altogether?

A: If you want to make sure of holding a job, when you get one, yes.

F: Or if you want to get one to hold, I imagine.

A: Still a more emphatic, "Yes."

E: You haven't lost me, and my big business man a solitary word stand on, I see. Well, maybe you're right.

A: I have the world of men who know—and men who are really distressed about it—to back me up.

B: And, after all, who wants to spoil his chances of getting some place in the world for the sake of something that gives so little satisfaction as alcohol?

C: None of us, I expect.

A: Then we're unanimous on that point, anyway. Even you, E, will agree that a job is worth more today—any day—than a few hours' feeling of hilarity and a headache next morning.

E: If you put it that way, yes. And now I'll confess that one of the first questions put to me when I went to apply for the job in the insurance office that I aim to start on tomorrow morning was, "Do you drink at all?" And, thanks to these discussions we have been having week by week, I was able to answer "No," and mean it.

D: I know a chap who was turned down for that very job. Now I understand just why. So it does

SPRINGHILL WASHED NUT IS A CLEAN COAL

It's washed at the mine to give you more coal and less impurities in every ton. Dustless, clean to handle—you can't buy better coal.

Order Springhill Washed Nut for your next supply—it lasts longer.

DOMINION STEEL & COAL CORPORATION, LIMITED
HALIFAX SYDNEY SAINT JOHN MONCTON

BUNTAIN, BELL & COMPANY
CHARLOTTETOWN
Distributors for Prince Edward Island.

really work, and E, who started out to disprove our theory, is the first practical demonstration of its working.

A: And the "atmosphere it creates," as E suggested in the beginning, isn't always a very savoury one, or the "social touch," that the getting together in a beer-parlour gives, so important in business after all.

QUESTIONS

1. Why is a drinker usually the last man hired and the first man fired? Value 10 marks.

2 (a) How does beverage alcohol cause suffering to the innocent as well as to the guilty? Value 5 marks.

(b) What effect does the use of beverage alcohol have upon business success? Value 5 marks.

STUDY III, OCTOBER 20th (Junior)

SOME BUSY LITTLE "BOSSSES"

(By MARY I. RITCHIE)

Joyce couldn't just think how it happened that her new straw hat with the wreath of roses should be lying beside her on the car seat, but there it was. She hadn't remembered bringing it downstairs. "And I wouldn't have thought of needing a hat with pyjamas, anyway," she said to herself, feeling glad that the blue rug was covering at least part of the pyjamas and her bare feet.

She was just going to push the hat beneath the rug when a tiny hand reached over and touched one of the roses.

"More of my dissolving and mixing." As the remark seemed to call for an answer from someone, Joyce tried to think of something to say.

"Dissolving what?" she asked politely. "It's my new hat. Do you like it?" "Of course I do. I like all our hats."

"But it's my hat." She still tried to be polite, but it was now easy when someone was claiming part of her very own hat. "It took a long time to choose."

"And a long time to make, too. But it was worth the trouble you took."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Joyce, "but I think it sounds very foolish. Perhaps you had a right to say ours' when talking about the car, since you helped make the paint and the upholstery glass, but you just couldn't have anything to do with my hat?"

"How would the straw hat have that nice gloss if I hadn't helped mix the shellac that was brushed over to finish it? And the trimming, too," smiled Mr. Alcohol. "I helped make the dye to colour the pretty roses. I'm really proud of them. They look almost real enough to have a perfume."

"They have a perfume. I put some on out of Mother's perfume bottle."

"Then it's more mine than ever, for the making of perfume is one of my specialties. Almost anyone knows that Alcohol is needed in perfume making. It's one of my very pleasant tasks, helping to make the world sweet."

"Do you do that?" asked Joyce in amazement. "Make things sweet, I mean?"

"Make them shine too. The very pair of shoes you have on your feet at this minute owe their shine to me. I help to make shoe polish as well as—as car polish," and he laughed heartily at his own little joke. "Yes, Miss, the very shoes you are wearing—"

Continued on page 14, col. 4

BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY-I GUESS I'M LICKED-AVE NERVE TONIC IS ALL GONE AN' HERE COMES MAGGIE AN' DAUGHTER-I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME PRETEND I'M ASLEEP.

OH-HE'S ASLEEP-DO YOU THINK HE'D BE VERY ANGRY IF WE WAKE HIM UP-MOTHER?

OH-IMY-YES-HE'D BE CROSS AS BEAR-I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HIM-HE'S ACTUALLY AFRAID OF HIM-WE HAD BETTER GO TO BED BEFORE HE DOES WAKE UP.

WELL-I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE WINDOW-SHOP.

WELL-I GOT OUT OF THAT.

THINKING OF THE STARRING POPEYE

LIKE YA SEZ, MISTER VANRIPPLE, DAUGHTER AN' OLIVE OUTTA THIS HOUSE.

YES, AND LET'S HURRY- THEY MAY BE HARMED, IF THEY STAY.

THEY MUST BE IN THEIR ROOMS- YOU GET JUNE AN' ILL GET OLIVE.

OKAY.

JUNE ISN'T IN HER ROOM! IT YAT'S FUNNY- OLIVE AN' NETHER!

SCREECH SCREECH

By George McManus

TIE THE TOILER - A MEASURE OF INTELLIGENCE

WELL, IT'S ALL FINISHED, AND YOU'VE DONE PRETTY WELL, TOO, CAP! HERE'S WHAT I GOT FOR YOU TO DATE, NOW IF YOU'LL COME BACK NEXT SATURDAY I'LL MAKE THE FINAL PAYMENT- AND THEN OUR CONTRACT WILL BE COMPLETED.

CAN I GO OUT TH' FRONT WAY, MR. BUDEGE? TH' FELLAS ARE WAITIN'- THEY MADE ME BUY 'EM ICE CREAM LAST WEEK---

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SPENT ALL YOUR MONEY AGAIN--

NOSSIR! HERE IT IS--LOOKEY!--

YOU'LL BE GLAD I PUT IT IN YOUR BANK FOR YOU, SOMEDAY.

AW--

TEE-HEE, I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING AT THE WAY YOU PLAYED DUMB--NOT KNOWING YOUR RIGHT HAND FROM YOUR LEFT. HEE-HEE.

BUT AS A MATTER OF FACT, I'M AS SMART A FELLOW AS THERE IS ON THAT TEAM.

OW!

WOW! I GOT THE WRONG END OF THE CIGAR.

AND THE OTHER FELLAS ON THE TEAM ARE EVEN LESS SMART--TEE-HEE.

By Westcott