

Taste—the Difference!
RED ROSE
COFFEE "is good coffee"
 As good as RED ROSE TEA

Young April

By Dorothy Chadwick

The black darting figures of the fire squad showed in the red light, shouting and yelping at each other. The little engine was pumping with rhythmic clang, pouring a stream of water toward the Rosicki house.

"He musta set it," somebody said. "No corn field goes up like that all by itself."

An ambulance came down the road with clanging bell and siren screaming. Phoebe ran ahead of her father and the crowd, pushed her way through the knot of people that swarmed about the ambulance the minute it stopped. Some men were supporting a half-limp figure through the gate. One of the men was Ben, and the sagging stumbling figure was that of Mr. Rosicki.

"Mr. Rosicki! Mr. Rosicki!" Phoebe put out her hand to touch him and snatched it away as she felt the burned cloth still hot on his shoulder. She looked wildly up at Ben. "Where's Ruth?"

"She's all right, Phoebe. He sent her into New York."

"Ben—Mr. Rosicki twisted his black face toward the boy and girl. They leaned close to hear the words he said in a painful whisper. "Ben, I'm sorry I did it. . . I was mad. . . I said nobody else would have my corn. . . I set the corn on fire but I didn't mean to burn. . . the house. I didn't mean. . ."

"I know, I know," Ben said. And the house is all right. It isn't burned. You saved it yourself. . . Phoebe's father hurried forward and got in to the ambulance after the stretcher holding Mr. Rosicki had been lifted into place. The big car clanged away.

"What was he talking about?" Phoebe stared wildly at Ben. "Ben, what did he mean about his corn?"

"He was mad because Dad's putting him off the place. He wasn't going to let anybody else have his crop. Poor devil. . . Ben swayed a little as fierce pain from the burned hand kept behind him shot through his shoulder and down his side.

"You're hurt." Phoebe's arm went around him. "Oh—oh, your arm. Come on, I'll drive you one."

He stumbled into the motorcar with difficulty. Phoebe drove slowly for a minute, thinking of nothing but getting Ben home. When she remembered what he had said just after the ambulance went away.

"Ben, did you say that your father was putting Mr. Rosicki off the farm?"

"Yes, he owed eight months rent. Ben in his mind forgot all about the full explanation he had meant to make to Phoebe. "I didn't want to tell him he had to get off—I never thought of anything like this happening."

Phoebe felt cold all over. "You—you say you told him to get off Ben?"

"Dad—he came to me—I didn't want to. . . Sweat was pouring down Ben's grimy face as the journeying car tortured his burned leg and hand.

HELLEN, DIARY

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countryside and witches dark-garbed sweep the . . .

A number of young extremely personable spitters walked into the kitchen not so long ago, quickly closing the door behind them, to drop gratefully to nearby chairs. Fard only mildly inquisitive but of sober mien was at their heels. Before that James had come. He was masked but discarded it after he had come to the barn to "kare" the folks at work there and also to the house across the lane where "Aunt Jeanie got one awful kare." Karolyn's welcome plate of fudge disappeared earlier in the evening and strangely enough not one crumb of my cake remains. Our later callers were the masquerade, but well armed with a about flash light. I suppose the better to see any other kindred goblins that might chance to cross their path. We sat awhile chatting and for our entertainment James came in to relate many incidents of former Halloweens. "I could run them," he said wisely to the young fry. From our recent farm activities, I can testify that James' joints are still extremely supple!

He has drawn his chair nearer to the stove, to be more companionable, now that we are alone and still in a reminiscent mood, he continues his talk. "Do you mind, Hellen? he asks me his eyes aglow that first Halloweven. I saw you down. . . But there are occasions when to recall dead and gone days serves only to bring back sad memories. Many of the comrades of our youth have gone now to tread "the shining streets." Those days of yester year are as well undisturbed. I must not think of them tonight when the darkness is a pall against the windows and their voices and young laughter, come to me in the sound of the wind. "Yes, James" I say, I laugh shyly and hum in a thin soprano. "Down by the old mill stream, that's where I first met you." James smiles and there is a far away look in his eyes. Old scenes are ever so fresh in memory especially on a Halloweven like this, when it's save outdoors and the wind plays a tune of remembrance.

say "But you must let me explain." She shook her head. "All the explanations in the world couldn't make this right. Oh, Ben, don't think you're always explaining things to me. You're always telling me that the law comes first and human beings afterwards. And, Ben, I want to love a man, not a legal document! I'm sorry—blindly she plunged into the house.

"Moms, Ben's going to get another secretary," she told her mother that afternoon. "I don't understand the work well enough. So if you don't mind I think I'd like to go and visit Aunt Bea for a while."

The shocking story of the fire tumbled from Phoebe's lips two minutes after she appeared in her Aunt's Washington Square apartment. It took Miss Palmer some time to grasp what had actually happened. She couldn't believe that Joe Rosicki would do a thing like that.

"But if Joe needed money so much why on earth didn't he come to me? I'd have let him have it gladly. Oh, his pride, I suppose. Phoebe, have you any idea where he'll go?"

"No, Aunt Bea. I don't think he has any place to go after he gets out of the hospital. Ruth's staying with Mother now."

"Well, I wonder if I couldn't help them out. There's that bungalow of mine over in the woods. It's not really anything but a summer camp, but it's furnished. I wonder if they couldn't manage there for a while?"

"I should think they could."

Miss Palmer put down her knitting. "I'll telephone the house this minute. Maybe I'll put Ruth's mind at rest, the poor child."

Phoebe could hear Ruth's high excited voice over the wire thank-

ing Aunt Bea over and over. "Poor child," Miss Palmer said again, returning to her chair. "I declare, I'm getting so mad at Ed Prentice I can't stand it," she exclaimed. Again she stalked to the telephone, demanded the Prentice number in a dangerous voice, and a moment later relieved her mind of its burden of resentment directly into the Prentice ear.

"Well, that makes me feel a little better," she turned from the telephone to look at Phoebe who was perched on the couch staring with enormous eyes. "I don't think much," said Aunt Bea, "of your future father-in-law, my dear."

"Oh, I don't either. I hate him! He's mean and hard. And—and the trouble is," she went on in a small breathless voice, "I'm afraid Ben's a whole lot like him."

And then quite suddenly Phoebe was sobbing in her aunt's arms.

(To Be Continued)

Australia Has Huge Defence Plans

CANBERRA, Nov. 4 (CP-Cable)—The Australian Government is considering post-war defence plans on a huge scale, including research into rockets and atomic energy, it was learned today.

Immediate plans call for establishment of permanent air squadrons, special air training schools, a standing army, radar stations and stations for research into rockets and atomic power.

A rocket research station is being established in Central Australia in co-operation with the British Government.

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ARE DOGS SAFE

There was fresh fuel recently for the age-old controversy, "are dogs safe pets for children?"

At 6 William Brown of Tillamook, Ore., was not afraid of dogs. He had often played with them in the yard of his father's dairy farm. When his father brought home the big shaggy shepherd to herd cattle, the Brown children welcomed the dog. It became William's special pet.

No one paid any attention on Sunday when William began to tease his pet as it lay gnawing bones. Without warning, the dog

ARE DOGS SAFE

sprang. It knocked William down, bit him over one eye, and tore a deep gash in his forehead. The child died a few hours later.

In Los Angeles dog lovers were still fighting to save the life of Woolf, Staffordshire terrier who killed her 21-month old mistress (Newsweek, Feb. 25.) The baby's mother, Mrs. Clara Dardinger had signed an order for Woolf's execution. The family received more than 1,000 letters and telegrams asking that the dog be spared. Last week Grady C. Terry, a cafe owner and self-termed "friend of all dogs," obtained a court stay.

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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

(Continued from Page 2)

ure and happiness before my own? Would I rather stay at home with her than go off on a hunt with some of my cronies? Would I rather put the money in a new dress for her or in some indulgence for my self? I know that housework is dull and monotonous and that babies get on their mothers' nerves, so even when I am tired will I rise to the sublime heights of unselfishness and drag around with her of evening to parties?

If the answer is "yes" and you even like her old school friends, and remember anniversaries and that she likes red roses instead of pink ones, you may be sure that what you are feeling is the grand passion. And, finally, if you can think some perfectly ordinary, commonplace girl is more beautiful than Miss America, wittier than Dorothy Parker, and knows more than your mother, it's LOVE.

"I'm dreaming of a modern kitchen...!"

Then you'll need more Savings, Ma'am!

HAVE you any pet longing . . . any practical desire to fulfil for your peacetime ease . . . pleasure . . . happiness? Of course you have!

It may be the luxury of a home more richly furnished . . . the leisure to be earned for you by labour-saving devices . . . the joys of the open road in a smart new car. Again, it may be something entirely different . . . some plan of your own that you can't share with anyone!

The time is coming when money will again buy the things you want. That is, if you have enough saved up! That's the point. From now on nothing will count quite so much as a peacetime nest-egg.

Now comes your chance to add to it . . . to earn good interest, too, in the finest investment in the world today . . . Victory Bonds. In former years you could buy Victory Bonds once every six months. *This time it's different.* The Ninth Victory Loan is your last chance for a whole year!

So plan to invest at least the *same rate of savings* as in previous Victory Loans . . . *it will buy double this time!* And by helping yourself you will help your country. For Canada needs the loan of your savings as much as ever to carry out the huge task of reconstruction and rehabilitation.

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