Advanced Embargo Proposals

Capt. Anthony Eden leaving the League of Nations session in Geneva at which he advanced proposals for an embargo on all Italian trade.

Feather in Her Hat

By JULIE ANNE MOORE

Her quiet smile answered that before she spoke. "Because you thought you were in love with me — and then discovered you were not?" She shook her head very slowly. "Think what a tragedy it would have been if you hadn't realized it in time. That's one reason I'll always be eternally grateful to Ann."

Bill stared. "I don't get it."

"About Ann? Don't pretend with me, Bill. I think I knew you were in love with Ann before you realized it yourself. If I've any regret at all, it is that Ann didn't fall in love with you . . . I think she would have if you'd ever given her half a chance."

* * * * * *

Lee's telegram, relayed by Mollie, saying that he had been called to Washington to attend a "hearing" and would probably reach the capital late Saturday afternoon was delivered to Ann Thursday morning while she was at breakfast. Twice she read the message through, then laid it beside her father's plate, abruptly got up from the table and hurried from the room.

Ann's father found her lying face down across her bed. "How come?" he asked, dropping down beside her. "One day you spend a good hour telling me how much you love your famous young man; the next day you get a message from him and you blow up. Better tell your old dad about it, hadn't you? Or aren't we pals any longer?"

Ann's hand felt around for his and slid into it, but it was many minutes before she sat up and dried her eyes. . . . There was nothing to tell. She just felt like crying, that was all.

Her father got up from the bed. "Then we're all washed up—is that it? From now on there are secrets your dad mustn't know." Ann suddenly pulled him down beside her, snuggled into his arms and between sobs told him what was in her heart.

She told him of all those things which had complicated her life during her six months in Washington; of Millie and Carl and Selma and of Rita's affair with Carl. She told him of her engagement to Lee and how and why she had broken it — and how she had let Lee give her the lovely ring a second time. And last of all, hesitantly and with much difficulty, she told him about Bill Hudson.

"Now that I've got it out of my system, let's forget about it, Dad." She smiled up at him. "You can't live my life for me, you know. Lee's been marvellous and he—he loves me. There's no out!"

Mr. Rogers said after a moment, "This Bill fellow must be an awful boob." He watched the color rising in her cheeks. "No red-blooded man would stand by and see another man walk off with the girl he loved."

"Don't you see, Dad," Ann said, gently, "it's impossible for you to understand unless you knew him. That's why I didn't want to tell you about it."

The day passed and Ann did not tell her mother she must leave on the morrow.

"Don't suppose I could persuade you to go back to Washington tomorrow instead of Sunday, Baby?" her father said with a grin when he returned from his office. There was to be a House committee hearing on a bill in which his concern was keenly interested. The hearing was set for Friday afternoon and he had been asked to appear . . . Ann never suspected he was improvising as he went along.

"But we can't leave Mother here alone," Ann said.

Mrs. Rogers smiled. "When your father says 'he', he means 'we'. He hasn't been away from home without me since we were married."

Ann's father took his wife in his arms and kissed her and held her off, laughing.

* * * * *

When the telephone rang early Friday morning Rita answered it. Her heart jumped when she heard Carl's voice.

"Darling! . . . They said you wouldn't be able to leave the hospital for two or three days. Are you quite all right?"

Carl said he hadn't asked permission to leave, he had simply notified them he was leaving. I'm starting for Chicago with the Senator in a few minutes, Rita," he said. "It's about Selma, of course, but I'll have to explain when I see you. We expect to be back sometime tomorrow." A quiet excitement was in his voice and after he had hung up Rita recalled petulantly that he hadn't even said good-bye.

"He's probably had instructions to bring the ransom money there," Mollie said when Rita repeated Carl's message. "Too bad you didn't warn Carl to watch his step. I wouldn't care to be shut up in the same airplane cabin with Senator Runbrecker. If he isn't mad, I never saw anyone who was."

I imagine Carl can take care of himself," Rita said, musingly. "You can't possibly think the Senator killed———"

Mollie cut in, "You and I were warned that two persons were to die—and both of them are now dead. That's all I know."

"But aren't you forgetting that the third warning was that Senator Runbrecker would be killed by falling from the top of the Washington Monument?"

"That was plain nonsense," Mollie declared. "Have you ever been up in the Washington Monument? All the windows are barred now; have been since three persons committed suicide by jumping. So the senator couldn't get out to fall from the top of the monument."

CHAPTER 26

It was almost five o'clock that afternoon when Mollie called "Come in," when there was a knock on the door of her little room at The Globe and a moment later she found herself looking up at a tall, pleasant looking man. His face was strangely familiar, and yet she could not place him.

"You've forgotten me, of course," he said, quietly, as if her forgetting him was the most natural thing imaginable. "I am Ann's father."

"Mr. Rogers—of course." She was standing then, offering her hand. "I can be terribly stupid sometimes. Is Mrs. Rogers with you?"

He nodded, smiling. "We're stopping at the Pilgrim. Ann came with us. She's gone up to your apartment, I think."

"Our apartment," Mollie corrected, pleasantly. "It's awfuly good to see you again. Won't you sit down?"

Mr. Rogers sat down, but said, "I mustn't take up much of your time. I wanted to talk to some one about Ann and Lee Monday and Ann always talks of you as if you had been a second mother to her. I was prepared to find a woman about twice your age, to tell the truth.'

Mollie laughed. "You've come to the right place," she declared. "I can't tell you how much Ann means to me and if I can help——" She suddenly paused. "You know who Lee Monday is, of course?"

Naturally. As a matter of fact, I'm not so much interested in him at the moment as I am in another man. Do you know a William Hudson, Miss Winslow?"

"Bill?" smiling, but curious. "Oh, very well."

Mr. Rogers hesitated. "Do you mind telling me what's wrong with him?"

He was so grave about it, Mollie could not help grinning. "Well," she said, "there's so much wrong with him it would take all evening to tell you. But when you knew it all, I would still have to tell you that if I were a marrying woman, he's the only man I'd consider for a husband."

Mr. Rogers rubbed his chin, thoughtfullly, said in a matter-of-fact voice:

"I suppose you know Ann's in love with him . . ."

Mollie looked at him, lips parted. "Ann——in love with Bill?" But it isn't possible."

"You don't think she would tell me she was if she was not?"

"No. No, of course not. But she———" She closed her eyes, instantly opened them again, as if to be sure she was awake. After a little she said, "I'm afraid I've been dead from the neck up for months." She was silent again, trying to organize her sadly confused thoughts. Then: "You can't imagine how ridiculous it all seems to me at this moment. You see, I happen to know Bill is hopelessly in love with Ann—and has been almost from the first minute he ever saw her."

Half an hour later Mollie wrote Bill's office and apartment addresses on a slip of paper and gave it to Ann's father. Mr. Rogers thanked her and got to his feet.

Mollie said, "I don't know how you're going about it and I can tell you now you'll find him difficult; but——" she gave him her hand—"I wish you luck."

When he had gone, Mollie sat down and turned back to the typewriter, but it was a long while before her fingers touched the keys . . She was thinking of Bill when he found himself talking to Ann's father, a man as independently irregular in thought and action as he was himself.

Mr. Rogers took a taxi directly to Bill's office. Bill's assistant had gone home and Bill was alone, sitting at a typewriter in his shirt sleeves, his shirt open at the neck, a long leg hanging over the sliding leaf of the desk. He looked up as Mr. Rogers entered, grunted pleasantly enough, and dropped his eyes to the half-written sheet in his machine.

"I don't want to interrupt if you're busy," Mr. Rogers said, quickly, "but I'd like to talk with you a few minutes if I could. I'm Ann Rogers' father."

Bill pulled his leg down and got up then. He took hands and pulled up a chair. "I hadn't heard you were in town," he said by way of making conversation. "Ann come back with you?"

Mr. Rogers said she had. "We're stopping at the Pilgrim. I hope you'll have a chance to run over and meet Ann's mother before we get away."

"You bet I will," Bill said. "You're both to be congratuated over—for—Well, you know what I mean. Lee Monday is aces, take him as you will. Ann's a lucky girl."

"Is she?" Ann's father asked, casually "I'm not so sure of that. A girl who marries a man she doesn't love isn't so lucky in my opinion."

Bill glared at him. "Maybe I'm just dumb, but I don't follow that. Who says she doesn't love him?"

"She does, if you want to take my word for it."

"She's crazy."

"She's always seemed to me to be an exceptionally sane girl, Mr. Hudson. Of course I may be prejudiced."

Bill shoved his chair back and stood up and lighted a cigaret. "Have one?" throwing the package on the desk. He watched the lighted match burn itself out, dropped the twisted black remains on the floor and put his foot on it, said stubbornly:

(To Be Continued)

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Producing new varities is the gladiolus grower's favorite sport. Every year both amateurs and professionals bring new strange colors of this big gaudy lily to London, bred with hope and patience in vicarge gardens, in midland nurseries in Dutch fields, to compete for various coveted trophies—chief of which is the Daily Mail Gold Vase.

This was won for the fourth year in succession by W. J. Unwin, of Histon, Cambridge, who has spent six years perfecting the salmon-pink, yellow-throated gladiolus "Desmond Blake Amos" that carried off the prize.

The judging is done by a sort of secret ballot, in which the flowers are marked only by number and the grower's name remains unknown until the award is made.

Then the winning grower is feted by his rivals, the triumphant spikes of bloom photographed and admired, the new variety named.

They have some dramatic names, "..." —a great blood red lily blooming on stiff pointed spikes; "Polar Ice"—a cold white bugle with blue shadows; "Coryphee" — sentimental and pink-skirted as a ballet dancer; "Gates of Heaven" half-opened petals of clear gold.

Mr. Unwin, who has produced more successful new varieties probably than any other grower, explained, his hand hovering lovingly round the bright stiff petels, how the blooms are nursed to the pitch of show perfection.

"We build a sort of box around the spike," he said, "with a little blind that draws up from the bottom on one side.

"When the first flower unfolds at the bottom of the spike, you pull the blind up to keep it in the dark and the same with the next, and so on until you have nearly the whole lot blooming at once. Without much light, the lower ones last longer, and wait for the top buds to open."

King's Son Opens New Regimental Headquarters

The Duke of Gloucester (LEFT), who will maryy Lady Alice Montagu-Douglas-Scott on Nov. 6, is pictured opening the new headquarters in Hackney of the 10th Batallion, London regiment. Shown with him during the ceremony is Col. P. R. O. A. Simner. The royal wedding will be held privately in the chapel of Buckingham Palace because of the death, Oct. 19, of Lady Alice's father, the Duke of Buccleuch.

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Chancery Sale

OF LAND AT LOWER MONTAGUE; NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to Order of the Court of Chancery of this Province in a cause wherein George A. Poole, Administrator of the estate of James Daunsey and another are complainants and Margaret Daunsey and others are defendants, No. D 361, I WILL SET UP AND SELL by Public Auction, on the premises, on Saturday, the 9th day of November, A. D. 1935, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the land whereof the late James Daunsey died seized, being on Lot 59 in Kings County, on the south side of the Road leading from the Lower Montague Road to Sturgeon, and bounded on the east by land formerly of Peter Ross, on the south by land formerly of William Daunsey and on the west by land formerly of James Cameron and containing twenty acres of land a little more or less, free from all encumbrances and subject to the approval of the said Court of Chancery; Conditions at sale.

ALL CREDITORS of the said James Daunsey or claiming any interest in his estate are hereby called upon to come in at the time and place of such sale and prove their claims before me, otherwise to be excluded from the benefit of the said Order, and to be barred from and against any claims against the said estate in this administration.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS apply to Hon. H. F. McPhee, Solicitor, Charlottetown, or to the undersigned.

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L-2457-11-2-21.

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Send me your wool to be spun into Yarn and wove into Blankets. The charges are: single yarn 23 cents, doubled 26 cents per pound. Blankets $2.00 and if unlaundered $1.85; it takes five lbs. of wool per Blanket. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium, and doubled yarn fine, medium, coarse and hooking yarn. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside. Send by mail or freight. Special price for washed wool with dirt and burrs picked out. Freight will be paid on 100 lb. lots.

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L-8122-6-S-W-tl-Nov. 22.

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