Have You Ever Thought of This? —That a Cup of "SALADA" TEA

"SALADA" TEA

B581

properly infused, is one of Nature's greatest blessings as a harmless stimulating beverage.

A WOMAN'S WIT

PART I.

Outside the rain was pouring steadfly down. The monotonous plash of the water against the window-panes gave the little room an additional snugness.

Huddled on the rug before the glowing fire crouched a woman, her hands clasped about her knees, her eyes gazing sombrely at the flickering flames.

Of the thousands who had applauded her at the Excelsior Theatre, few would have recognized in the desolate little figure the dainty Betty Lethbridge, whose male impersonations had captured the heart of theatre-going London. This pale, wan women, who had lived alone in the tiny cottage on Dartmoor for the past month, seemed so far removed from the light and laughter of the West End.

Then, with a long-drawn sigh, she rose to her feet, to pace restlessly up and down, while the minutes dragged past.

With a quick blanching of her lips, she stopped dead and listened. There had come to her the sound as of someone tapping faintly at the window. With a quick movement she thrust aside the curtain, only to fall back despairingly.

It was only a leafless branch of a bush which now seemed to be beckoning her to go out into the stormy night. And for a wild moment she had thought, and hoped, it might be something so different.

But as she stood there, another sound came to her ears, growing louder and louder each second. It was a motor-car struggling up the steep lane which led to her lonely abode. Presently she heard it stop, with a reluctant whine of the engine.

Who could be coming to her house at this hour? So few knew of her retreat; to the world at large, she was taking a rest cure in an unnamed seaside resort.

A loud rapping of the door drew her out of the room. In a few minutes she had unfastened the clumsy bolts, and struggled vainly to hold the door against the sudden inrush of the storm. Then a burly figure, clad in a fur coat, took the door from her and closed it with an effort, afterwards following her into the cosy room.

"Sidney!" she exclaimed, when the lamp light struck across the newcomer's face. "Why have you followed me here?"

Before he answered, the man took off his heavy coat and gauntlets, and then sank wearily into an easy chair.

"I've come on the old errand, Betty," he replied; "to see if I can't make you change your mind. It's absolute madness to throw your career to the winds like this, and bury yourself in such a forsaken spot. Oh, I know what you would say!" he went on quickly, when she would have spoken. "But can you help—can you do any good by staying here?"

The girl faced him, her eyes blazing with angry misery.

"Do you think I could go on playing —playing the fool in London, being feted, living in luxury, while Lionel is in that place yonder?" Her hand was waved impatiently toward the window, from which in daytime there was a view of the distant walls of the grim prison. "I—I feel somehow that I am helping him by being near at hand."

She buried her working face in her hands, while sobs shook her convulsively. The man rose from his chair and laid a soothing hand on her shoulder.

"Betty, be reasonable," he pleaded gently. "Look facts in the face. Lionel was sentenced for—for life for murder; there's no use mincing matters. Chestr's man, Strakes, let Lionel into the flat late that night and then left them. Chester and he were alone for so long, and then Strakes, not having heard Lionel leave the place, went to ask if there was anything more for him to do, and found Chester lying dead on the floor, stabbed in the back."

"But Lionel swore that Chester himself let him out of the flat!" broke out Betty, in angrily impatient tones.

"Which Strakes steadfastly denies." Sidney's voice was cool and steady. "Come, Betty, face things!"

"What do you want me to do?" she asked wearily. "I want you to come back. The Excelsior is waiting for you, the public clamors for you to come back. In London, with your popularity and your money, you might be able to help—some clue might turn up. Down here—" He ended, waving a disparaging hand round the tiny room, with its simple yet snug furnishings.

The girl clasped her hands in front of her, and her pallid face showed the struggle which went on within her.

"[illegible] a little more time, please," she whispered. "Till the end of the month. That's all! Then"—her voice faltered—"if nothing has turned up, I'll come back. I promise!"

* * * * * *

Again she was alone. The manager of the Excelsior Theatre had whirled away in his great car, taking with him her promise, and feeling at peace with the world.

There it was again! That faint tap-tapping at the curtained window. Her nerves all unstrung, she stared in dull wonderment round her, and then, to reassure herself, crossed and dragged back the curtain.

A stifled scream rose to her lips, to be instantly choked back.

There, from the blackness of the storm-wracked night, a man's face stared at her, pale, fear distorted, with glaring eyes and grim-set mouth.

For a wild moment Betty hesitated. Then her panic vanished before a real enlightenment. The miracle she had thought impossible had happened.

On winged feet she reached the front door, threw it open, and rushed into the night.

"Come here!" she called, her voice like a bird's song, and stood with outstretched arms till the furtive figure joined her. Then she gently led him inside the little place.

"Lionel!" She breathed the name like a prayer of thanksgiving. She did not know what had happened, but he had come to her again.

The man seized her hands, staring eagerly in her face.

"Betty," he gasped. "What—why —"

There was a silence. Neither could speak; it was sufficient that they were there together. From his sodden clothes the water was already dripping on to the thick rug; a tiny stream of blood trickled down one cheek. He was plastered with the mud of the moor.

(To be Continued)

Incubating the Ostrich.

Ostrich feathers have come into style again and are now more fashionable than ever, frocks being commonly trimmed with the "tips."

This means a lot to the ostrich farmers, who mostly went bankrupt during the war. Some of the largest flocks were broken up, the business having ceased to produce any returns, and the birds were sold for next to nothing at auction. Many of them were eaten. In South Africa thousands died of starvation, because it did not pay to feed them.

The first pair of ostriches were introduced into the United States in 1883, and it is said that most of the birds now on farms are descended from those two original feathered immigrants. A young cock is now worth $500 to $750; two years ago $25 was a fair price.

Ostrich farming has been conducted on a greater scale in Arizona than in California, the Salt River Valley having proved a particularly suitable region for the industry. The eggs, which weigh three pounds apiece, are hatched in incubators.

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Electricity Will Win Next War.

That the use of high explosives in modern warfare has about reached the end of its development, is the opinion of a French inventor of one powerful compound of that nature. Neither can poisonous gases, it is indicated, be made much more dangerous than were those contrived in the World War. Flying mechanisms of various types promise much greater menace, and it is probable that any new developments in scientific warfare visible in the next international disagreement will be electrical in their nature.

Ostriches in Rome.

In ancient Rome domesticated ostriches were sometimes used by women of the nobility for riding.

On one occasion the Emperor Heliogabulus had the brains of 600 ostriches served up in a single dish at a feast.

Scotch Women Engineers.

One of the most important engineering centres for women is in Scotland, where 200 women are employed in making motor engines for farm tractors.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

Woman's Sphere

Has Your Child Good Teeth?

When shall I begin cleaning my baby's teeth?" inquires a young mother.

The day after he cuts the first one, is none too early. For in that way you establish a habit which is absolutely essential to his best physical development. Without sound teeth no one can be at his best physically, for perfect health depends upon perfect digestion, and the first step in digestion is thorough mastication—chewing—of the food.

Wonderful advances have been made in dentistry in the last century. We are told that the Empress Josephine lost all her teeth, which may perhaps account for Napoleon's cooling affection. But with all our advances in knowledge the examinations of drafted men showed that many hundreds had overlooked the attention which good teeth demand. Not only that, but a glance at the teeth of a large percentage of the people we meet, adults and children as well, shows that the doctrine of proper nutrition for the growing children, and daily use of the tooth brush, needs more emphasis.

If the child is to have good strong teeth to start with, he must be fed properly. The teeth are composed of substances similar to bone and need plenty of bone-making material. For the infant the lime and phosphorus necessary for proper bone-making is found in the milk he drinks. As he approaches and enters the second year this may be supplemented by egg yolk, which is rich in phosphorus. In the latter part of the second year cooked green vegetables, such as spinach, asparagus tips, young beets and carrots, thoroughly cooked and strained, help in the supply of minerals. Of course, the two-year-old will receive well-cooked cereals and fruit juice daily. As the teeth begin to come the child should be given hard toast, crackers or zweiback to chew. This will help develop strong jaws and teeth and teach him to masticate his food well.

Proper food for teeth making should not stop with the second year, however. Growing children are cutting teeth at pretty much every stage of their development. At five or six the baby teeth drop out and the permanent set appears. During all these months the diet should be carefully watched. Milk should still form a large part of the diet, a quart a day is none too much, and eggs are valuable, too. If milk and eggs are not playing a large part in the daily dietary, feed brown bread instead of white for its mineral content. If the child is getting plenty of milk and eggs, white bread will be sufficient.

Cutting teeth does not stop at six or seven. There is that period from ten to twelve, and even later, when the child loses the first "double" teeth and gets his permanent ones. He should be fed generously on bone-making materials, brown bread, beef or mutton once a day, still plenty of milk and eggs, potatoes, fruits, including oranges and prunes which are rich in bone-making properties, oatmeal, beans, dried peas, turnips, parsnips, carrots, peanuts, walnuts and the green leafy vegetables, lettuce, endive, spinach, greens of all kinds, celery, etc.

Having fed the growing child the proper food to make good teeth, the next important step is to see that he keeps them clean. Teach him at the earliest possible age to clean them thoroughly at least night and morning with a brush and water. A good tooth paste helps, but clear water is better than nothing. Do not buy every dentifrice you see advertised, as many which are the most highly advertised are injurious to the teeth. Ask your dentist what to use.

Teach the child to brush the teeth downward with straight, firm strokes. This is the best way to remove the particles of food from between the teeth. Brush inside and out and don't be afraid to brush the tongue. Finish with gargling the throat well and rinsing the mouth thoroughly.

After each meal clean the particles of food out from between the teeth. For this use a bit of dental floss, or if you absolutely cannot get this, use a good quill or wooden toothpick. Never use a pin or any hard substance which will injure the enamel. And above all do not let the child bite threads, or try to crack nuts with the teeth. Teeth are intended for but one purpose, masticating food.

Take the child to a reliable dentist every year and have the teeth thoroughly examined. This will cost you a dollar a visit, probably, but it will save you hundreds of dollars in later life. Don't say you can't afford it. Let him go without something else, a toy, or the cheap candy you buy when you go to town. You spend many times the two dollars two trips to the dentist would cost, for things he is better off without. Cut out those things and look after his teeth.

Individual Birthday Cakes.

If there is no time to bake an elaborate cake, and you are unwilling to let your child's birthday anniversary pass without observing the time-honored candle custom, try the plan of decorating small cookies baked in muffin pans.

Give them an easily made icing of confectioner's sugar, moistened with cream and flavored with vanilla. With red candy pellets make a border on the icing. Place a candle on each cooky. When the cakes are placed on a platter and the candles lighted, the effect is altogether pleasing.

The novelty of the individual birthday cake will appeal to the child, and call forth an enthusiastic appreciation.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Random Remarks.

It isn't hard to tell the truth. The difficulty is to get the truth believed. —Lord Grey.

I don't like to talk to more than two men at a time—or one girl.—General Pershing.

It is wise to take the heaviest burden and expect the lightest reward.—Mr. H. W. Massingham.

The world would be an even less peaceable place than it is if everybody wanted the top of the ladder.—Mr. Kennedy Jones.

If a man were to say that he was always accurate, he would show that he had commited his first inaccuracy.—Lord Moulton.

The pessimist always gets snowed under—always. The things we most dread in life never happen.—Lord Leverhulme.

There are no moments deeper in unhappiness in the life of a judge than when he has to sentence a woman.—Mr. Justice McCardie.

The mistake women have always made is that they tell men they are the stronger sex, knowing in their hearts that it is not true.—Lady Astor, M.P.

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Rats as Food.

Doctor Kane, the Arctic explorer, said that one of the worst curses in the Far North were the rats that infested his ship. Nevertheless, when in want of other food, he was glad to eat them—sometimes chopped up and frozen into tallow balls.

He wrote: "During the long winter night Hans beguiled his hours of watch by shooting rats with bow and arrow. The repugnance of my companions to share with me this table luxury gave me frequent advantage of fresh meat soup, which contributed no doubt to my comparative immunity to scurvy."

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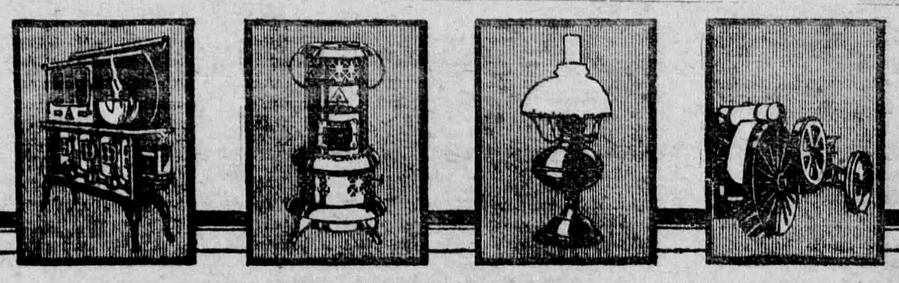

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