Fresh Fragrance of Blossoms

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

261

The Meaning of Culture

Not many years ago I happened to notice the review of one of my books in some weekly periodical. The writer sneered at me for travelling round Europe with a portmanteau full of culture on my back. This made me reflect. What does the reviewer mean by culture? What is it I am supposed to stagger under like a pedler's pack? And then, what do I mean by culture? How do I value the wares I carry on my shoulders? Reflection convinced me that the reviewer and myself held different opinions about what we both call culture.

It is probable that when people use this word, nowadays, it signifies for them some knowledge of history and literature, intelligence refined by considerable reading, and a susceptibility to the beauties of art and nature. But words which have been overworked, or which have passed into the jargon of cliques, are apt to acquire a secondary and degraded meaning with the general public. And this has been the case with culture. All the good things it implies in common parlance are understood to be alloyed with pedantry, affectation, aesthetical priggishness.

It is believed that the cultured person, like the dilettante of a previous century, will rave about the Correggiosity of Correggio, the symbolic depth of Botticelli, the preciousness of Ruskin's insight into Tintoretto. Or, if he hoes not take that line, he may be expected to possess a multifarious store of knowledge about all periods of all the arts and literatures, and to be perpetually parading this knowledge in and out of season.

The last sort of stuff is, probably, what my reviewer accused me of hawking over Europe. But this, I am certain, is not what I mean when I talk of culture.

Judged by the etymology of the word, culture is not a natural gift. It implies tillage of the soil, artificial improvement of qualities supplied by nature. It is clearly, then, something acquired, as the lovelinesses of the garden rose are developed from the briar, or the "savage-tasted drupe" becomes "the suave plum" by cultivation. In the full width of its meaning, when applied to human beings, culture is the raising of faculties—physical, mental, emotional, and moral—to their highest excellence by training. In a particular sense, and in order to distinguish culture from education, it implies that this training has been consciously carried on by the individual. Education educes or draws forth faculties. Culture improves, refines, and enlarges them, when they have been brought out. Finally, although moral and physical qualities are susceptible of both education and culture, yet it is commonly understood, when we use these terms, that we are thinking of the intellectual faculties. This is specially the case with culture.

I will therefore define culture, for the purpose of this discussion, as the raising of previously educated intellectual faculties to their highest potency by the conscious effort of their possessors.

In its most generalized significance, culture may be identified with self-effectuation. Men of true culture, as distinguished from that false thing which usurps the name, may possess diverse intellectual temperaments, and reach widely separated points of vantage. But they agree in this, that each has acquired freedom from bondage to cliques and schools.—From "In the Key of Blue and Other Prose Essays," by John Addington Symonds.

Soybeans

Soybeans Can be Grown for Hay or for Seed

(Experimental Farm Note)

For hay the usual method of planting is to drill solid, using the ordinary grain drill. This will requre about 1½ to 2 bushels of seed per acre, depending upon the variety and the size of seed.

Soybeans make an excellent emergency hay crop in the event of clover or alfalfa failure and under average conditions should yield from 1½ to 2½ tons of hay per acre, depending, of course, upon the variety used and the locality. The crop should be cut for hay when the seeds in the pods are about half formed.

Soybean hay has a feeding value equal to alfalfa hay.

For seed the crop can be drilled solid, although it is usual to plant in rows about 28 to 30 inches apart. The grain drill can be used and the width of rows adjusted by covering the feed cups not in use. The plants in the rows should be about 3 inches apart and this rate of planting requires about 30 pounds (½ bushel) of seed per acre.

Cultivation should commence just as the beans are coming through the ground, using spike tooth harrow. This will destroy freshly germinated weeds and break any crust which may have formed. Row cultivation should be frequent enough to keep down weeds. This is essential for the production of a good seed crop.

Southwestern Ontario is especially suitable for soybean seed production. In this district, at the Dominion Experimental Station, Harrow, several of the varieties tested have averaged over 30 bushels of seed per acre over a six-year period.

Varieties recommended are A. K. and Early Korean for extreme Southwestern Ontario; O.A.C. No. 211 and Manchu for Western Ontario generally, and Mardarin for Eastern Ontario and districts with similar conditions.

Generally speaking soybeans should be planted about the middle of May or when danger from frost is over. Inoculate the seed with the proper culture if planting the crop for the first time.

So economical

Kraft Old-Fashioned Salad Dressing offers everything anyone could ask for in exquisite, refreshing flavor, yet it's sold at a price so low it's within the reach of everyone.

Get some to-day. Try it and you'll instantly know why it's the favorite everywhere in Canada.

Made in Canada

KRAFT
Old Fashioned
Salad Dressing

ISSUE No. 20—'32

Light Waves in Iron May Explain Strength

Washington.—The strength of iron, a group of scientists was told, may be caused by a peculiar kind of light wave within the dark, dense metal.

Dr. Francis Bitter, of the Westinghouse Company, described his discovery of these light waves before the American Physical Society. He said they are forms of radiation by which atoms in metal exchange energy, and by which they are closely tied together.

Scientists long have known that atoms in iron are lined up in regular ranks and columns like soldiers. Now Dr. Bitter has found that the atom-soldiers apparently also "keep in step" as they move about, and that their different "uniforms" or magnetic properties are distributed with regularity through the ranks. Atoms behaving in much the same way, may explain the strength of other metals that can be magnetized, such as nickel and cobalt, and perhaps some little-understood characteristics of liquids, gelatines and even living cells.

When the secret of strength in metals and other substances becomes fully understood, he predicted, it will be possible for scientists to produce and increase that strength as they desire.

QUALITY.

Regard the same quality from two sides; on one it is a fault, on the other a merit.—Taine.

ADMIT ONE

BY SIDNEY HORLER

CHAPTER XXV.—(Cont'd.)

Whittle scarcely cared to contemplate the immediate future. Hogan was quite capable of cutting Stevensson's heart out of his body if the man refused to speak. And that Stevensson held the secret was a certainty.

"Do 'e mind if I say somethin', sir?"

It was the Mandling police constable again.

"Ye may laugh at w'ot's in me mind, sir," he went on, "but this 'ere affair is very rummy—no doubt about that. It reminds me o' one o' those stories you read about in the papers—you know, them there serials. Now, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if there weren't somethin' in this 'ere fireplace that acted as a secret—" He broke off. His bucolic mind registered something. The man he had been addressing was craning forward, his eyes fixed on Stevensson's face.

Both had betrayed themselves, but Whittle was the first to recover. Hogan, who had burst into a laugh at what he considered the village constable's assininity, was surprised to hear Whittle remark encouragingly to Johnson:

"What was that you were going to say?"

P.C. George Johnson drew a deep breath.

"Wo't I were goin' to say," he repeated, "was that I shouldn't be at all surprised if there were not somethin' in this 'ere fireplace connectin' up with the cellars. A couple o' years ago, when I were at Folkestone, I saw a play called 'The 'Ouse of 'Orror,' an' there were a contraption in the fireplace which were kind o' secret like. 'Ere—"

The unexpected fruit of his mind was cut off like a blossom nipped by a frost. The man himself was thrust aside, and Whittle, who had stepped forward, paid no heed to his remonstrance.

A strong, but well-kept hand wandered over the woodwork of the mantelpiece.

"But this is daft," he said, with sudden derision.

"Daft!" echoed Tim Hogan; "it's pure bologny!"

"You're right, Hogan; I was a fool to listen to this sap." Whittle, with surprising cruelty of speech, corroborated the expression. But, all the time, his eyes were fixed on Simon Stevensson's face.

It was a duel of psychology, of nerve-control, and facial impassivity. But he won. He turned swiftly again; he had read in Stevensson's features what he wanted to read.

"There may be something in this knob," he mused slowly; and when a half-stifled cry came from the handcuffed man, he got to work on it with finger and thumb. It proved immovable to the right, but when he tried the reverse action, the knob slowly began to revolve beneath his touch.

* * *

"Look!" cried one of the detectives; "it's moving, sir! It's going up!"

Fascinated, the four men who had imagined that they would never leave that vault alive, watched the sheet of metal slowly raise itself from the floor. For a few moments they remained stupefied. Only the wooden door remained between them and release.

In a frenzied combined rush, they threw themselves on the door, heard it crash and found themselves lying one on top of the other, in the cold passage at the bottom of a long steep flight of stone steps. A man showed himself above them.

Crane bounded up the steps. Whittle caught the younger man in his arms.

"You're still alive, then, Kid??"

"Yes, thanks to you. But—"

"Watson won't be the man to forget this," remarked Inspector Laidley. "How did you find the secret of that steel door?"

"Upstairs," said the American detective, "we have a genius. His name is George Sherlock Johnson Holmes. It was the most comic thing I've ever known. This man, who is actually the biggest fool I've ever come across, suggested that the mechanism of the steel door might be worked in the same way as some dud mystery play he had once witnessed at Folkestone, and he was right!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a party of three that sat down to another of Mrs. Hamble's appetising meals an hour later. Margery Ferguson was the guest of honor. On her right sat Philip Crane and on her left Charles Whittle.

It had been necessary to break the news of her father's death, but, as Crane had anticipated, after the first shock, the information had given her relief. After all, she was young, and therefore resilient, and, instead of a father who had brought her nothing but grief, she had now found a friend who promised . . . But her thoughts could not go beyond the present.

It was not until the meal was over that Whittle started on what he called "a tour of explanation."

"I know what you're dying to ask," he said to Crane; "you want to know what happened to me in this Inn last night. I was awakened by a funny sort of noise. I opened the door, but no sooner had I put my head through than I got a whang on the back of the bean; and although I did my best to catch the fellow round the legs, it was no good. When I came to I went to your room. Then I guessed what had happened. They had recognized you from the description which Stevensson must have given them. And perhaps the fellow who hit me thought he had finished me off. The mistake Stevensson made was not to send enough men for the job; they could cart one away, but not two.

"When I realized they'd got you, I nearly went mad," he continued. "the only thing that saved me, I think, was picking up on the floor of your room the torn part of what must have been a letter. It was only a few inches, but it gave me a clue.

"I got away to the station as quickly as I could and caught the first train to London All the time the address of that bit of paper was burning itself into my brain. Directly I got to Charing Cross I got a Post Office directory and found—what do you think?"

"How should I know?" smiled Crane.

"Why," declared Whittle, triumphantly; "that piece of paper which had evidently dropped from the pocket of one of the gang, was nothing less than the address of a Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair. I thought it funny that a woman living in Curzon Street, Mayfair, should be mixed up with crooks, and the least I could do, seemed to me, was to pay this good lady a call.

"When I saw the woman I knew that I'd landed right. This Mrs. Aubyn St. Clair was a crook I'd come across some time back, and I decided that she must be none other than the chief of the gang."

"The Empress?"

"Yes, kid! The Empress."

"I gave her to understand that I knew her little goings-on, and told her that if she didn't ring up 'The White House' and order you released I should visit a particular kind of hell upon her lovely but corrupt self. She pretended to be indifferent; but it's worked out all right, hasn't it?"

It was Margery Ferguson who replied. Her lips were trembling as she said:

"I, for one, will never be able to thank you, Mr. Whittle."

"It won't be me you'll have to thank, young lady, I'm thinking," replied the American detective with a broad grin. "Ahem! I think I'll go for a little stroll. It seems a fine night."

With that the two were left alone.

"I suppose," started Crane, " I ought to be very cross with you."

"Why?" she asked.

"Well, didn't you deliberately disobey my orders? Why did you leave the convent?"

"I realized suddenly," she replied, "that I had been selfish—that, in endeavoring to study my own wishes, I had allowed you to go into danger. After that, of course, I couldn't stay in London—I knew you would keep your promise and so I came to Mandling in the hope that I could see you before anything very terrible happened."

Philip smiled. Looking at his companion gave him a sense of almost ridiculous happiness. So buoyant were his spirits that he felt he could have laughed out loud.

To the right of the table at which they sat were a couple of comfortable easy chairs. The huge log which had been placed on the hearth at the beginning of the meal was now crackling cheerfully. And as the sparks fell, they seemed to his excited fancy to form themselves into a message: "Draw near; draw near and enjoy me."

Philip rose and placed his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Come over by the fire," he said.

Neither of them knew exactly how it happened, but when Margery stumbled she was gathered into a pair of arms that held her so tightly that she thought she would never be allowed release. And she did not want it. This was the only real happy moment she had known for many years. She listened dreamily to the words that came to her.

"Tomorrow I go back to Cornwall," Philip started.

"But your holiday?"

"I've had my holiday. Will you come back with me?"

"To your home?"

"Of course. I want to introduce you to my uncle. He's the most mid-Victorian thing on earth, but a dear old boy all the same. You'll love him—and he'll love you."

"You know nothing of me. My father was——"

"That means nothing. It would have meant nothing if he were still living. I want you!"

"A stranger."

"No. I believe there are people who go round the world trying for years to find each other. You and I belong to them. From the first moment I saw you, I knew it."

She lifted her face, but before her lips could speak he had smothered them in a kiss.

* * *

Sir Timothy Padden, nodding sagaciously over his favorite briar, listened patiently until the end.

"I was wrong, my boy," he admitted generously; "you appear to have met Romance and in a few hours, although the world moves so fast."

"Now," said Philip, "if you'll excuse me, sir—"

"All right, my boy," chuckled the old man; "and—you—you might give her one for me, will you?"

(The End.)

Corrugated Galvanized Sheets

AT ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

First quality corrugated galvanized sheets—heavy coated. Special low prices for direct mail-order shipments. Save money by buying direct. Quality guaranteed—immediate shipment. Write

ARTHUR H. JACOBS

1830 Can. Bank of Commerce Bldg.

ELgin 1386 TORONTO

Baby's Own Soap

Sold everywhere 10¢ a cake

BEST for YOU and BABY too

Pure!

No substitute can be good enough

Christie's Arrowroots

Your Mother's Mother gave her children "Christie's" Arrowroots, Canada's original Arrowroot Biscuits, baked in Canada by Christie's since 1853. There is nothing better for your children.

British Empire Trade

By Walter Runciman.

In any efforts we make to extend the trade of the British Empire, we are not going to try to do so on a basis which would make us exclusive, that is to say, which shut us off from the rest of the world.

Do not let us put out of our minds the outlook of the Dominions themselves. You cannot imagine Canada, for instance, wishing to shut off her trade from the United States of America. She will, we trust, continue to extend preferences which are already given to individual traders, merchants, manufacturers and producers alike in this country. But we must not imagine that she is going to have nothing more to do with the United tSates of America any more than it means that we are going to have nothing to do with the foreign countries in which we have most excellent and welcome customers.

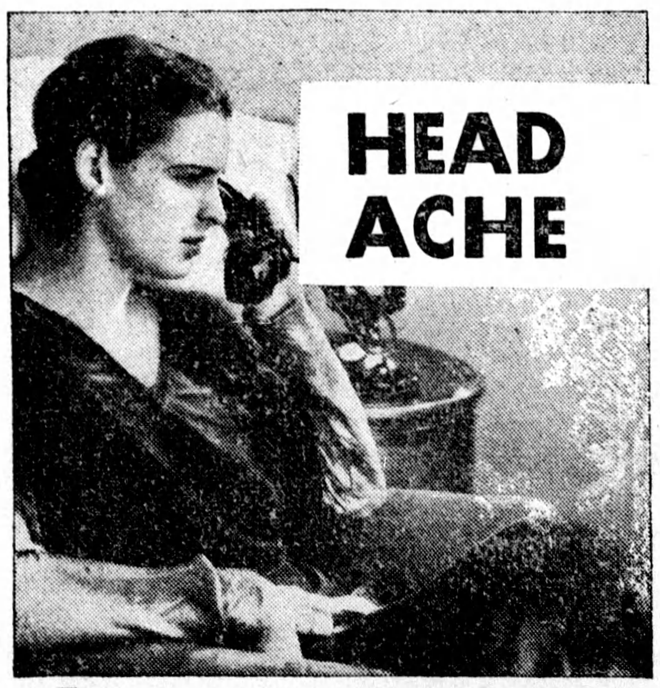
We must proceed by stages, and we have chosen the course of making our position secure in this country first. That we have already done. The next stage is to make sure that we can extend our traffic within the confines of the British Empire. That we hope to do, and ultimately to extend our trade along freer channels throughout the whole world.

Best oil cheapest in home, says factory sup't.

"The last thing we'd try to economize on," says the superintendent of a large eastern factory, "is lubricating oil. By using cheap oil we could 'save' hundreds of dollars each year—but it would cost us thousands of dollars for repairs, replacements and lessened efficiency of equipment."

The same is true in the home. If all housewives knew what factory men know about lubrication, few of them would use anything but 3-in-One Oil for their expensive sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, electric fans, lawn mowers, washers, and other household devices. 3-in-One, a blend of mineral, vegetable and animal oils, is the best oil for household use, for it cleans and protects as well as lubricates.

Ask for the old reliable 3-in-One Oil at good drug, grocery, hardware, department and general stores. For your protection, look for the trade mark "3-in-One" printed in Red on every package.



HEAD ACHE

THE woman who lets headaches upset her plans must have her eyes and ears closed to certain facts about Aspirin. There is always swift comfort, and never any harm, in Aspirin tablets. Doctors have said so; men and women everywhere have found it so. Any headache—from any cause—is always relieved by one or two tablets. And lots of other aches and pains. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Nagging pains. The pain from colds which make you "ache all over." Sore throat. Systemic or "muscular" pain. Aspirin can spare you lots of needless suffering! Be sure you get Aspirin—not a substitute!

BAYER ASPIRIN

MADE IN CANADA—TRADE-MARK REG.