So-Called Children's Diseases

Youngsters Don't Have to Have These Illnesses Peculiar to Little Ones—Unfortunately Too Many Parents Have This Erroneous Belief

Good constitutions are the best bet against disease. It is the old story of prevention being better than cure.

But building up bodies is not all there is to prevention. It often comes down to actual cases and then the mother must act quickly and positively. Namely, keeping a child away from sick or "getting-sick" children and keeping them away from him.

In winter it is comparatively simple to keep little neighbors apart, but in summer it is next to impossible. Children need companions to play with from the time they can walk. But these play groups do have their hazards.

Safer in Open Air

One child taking whooping cough, measles or any of the contagious diseases can give it to the whole neighborhood.

In the open air there is more chance of the children escaping contagion than if they were together in a close room, but open air does not always mean immunity. Little children have a habit of handling each other's toys and then putting their hands to their mouths, or noses. They take bites off mutual apples and pass around lollypops like loving cups for each to take a lick.

It is not necessary to dwell on the difference between contagion and infection. One certain thing, however, can easily be remembered. Never let your child get a sick child's breath, never let him touch him, and never allow him to handle anything handled by the other child—eat off his dishes, drink out of his cup, put his toys in his mouth, or use his handkerchief.

"Colds" Often Serious

In still simpler words, do not let him go near the other child at all. Even if he only appears to have a common cold.

Because' The most serious diseases start like common colds. When a child is taking scarlet fever, for instance, it looks at first like a simple case of sniffles, except that the throat is red and sore.

Measles begin this way too. It is usually difficult to distinguish one from the other at the beginning.

Those with experience will know whooping cough in a second, but many young mothers would not recognize it. Therefore be safe. Watch the child who coughs. Keep him away from your house and keep your child away from him.

Sickness No "Necessity"

Children do not "have" to take so-called children's diseases. We are trying to stamp them out altogether. Don't be foolish and expose a child just because you feel he must get them and it may as well be now.

A little child under two must not get any one of them! And no child over two should get them either. The younger they are the worse for them.

If you are suspicious that one of the children has more than a common cold, get the doctor at once. You should have a clinical thermometer. If temperature goes up over 99 degrees call him anyway. So you won't worry too much, very young babies often have a natural temperature over normal (99 3-5 degrees). Such a temperature does not necessarily mean sickness.

Study Effect Of Movies

American Teachers Report on Research During Past Year

Detroit.—How educators have turned neighborhood movie theatres into laboratories to learn the motion picture habits of boys and girls was revealed recently at the twenty-third annual meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English. It was declared that nation-wide tests conducted during the last year indicate that the rising generation of theatregoers will eventually elevate the standards of the entire film industry.

Results of photoplay appreciation experiments were presented by Mr. William Lewin of Weequahic High School, Newark, N.J. He declared that "pupils unled guidance show 85 per cent. superiority in reporting examples of films that have influenced their behavior, the chief influence being in the direction of higher ideals."

He added that "if our millons of high school students can be taught standards for judging motion pictures, it is likely that a movement to make boys and girls intelligently critical of current photoplays would succeed in raising the level of taste among motion picturegoers.

Mr. Lewin's report created such a profound impression that it was discussed wherever groups of the 1,000 educators gathered. It was recommended at the general session recently:

1. That units of instruction be introduced into the nation's schools, with a view to improving by mass education, popular standards of taste and judgment in relation to motion pictures;

2. That a committee of English teachers regularly preview selected current photoplays, with a view to suggesting which productions are worthy of consideration in the classroom;

3. That courses in methods of teaching photoplay appreciation be included in the curricula of schools of education;

4. That further experimentation be arranged, with a view to formulating children criterions, in harmony with those of English teachers for evaluating photoplays.

Answer That!

"Can't see why I should buy your book," said the farmer to the persistent canvasser.

"Why it will show you how to be a better farmer."

"Listen, son," said the elderly man, impressively, "I'm not half as good a farmer now as I know how to be."—Boston Transcript.

Who Knows the Trees

Flickers cling to the woodbine swaying,
And shout their praise of purple seeds;
Fields are bronze, and little deeps
Wear crimson sumac fringes.
From rocky ledge a golden bush
Flaunts gay defiance to the charge
That beauty is no more—
Since now it is November!

Foothills wear the misty scarfs
That rose and silver clouds discard
When autumn sunset fades into
The wide blue silence of the night;
And those who know the hearts of trees—
See folded hands,
And listening
Can hear their gentle breathing.

Who loves the flicker on the vine,
The bronze of field,
The crimson fringe
And golden bush;
Who sees the folded hands
And hears soft sleeping
In the wide blue night—
Sees beauty in November.

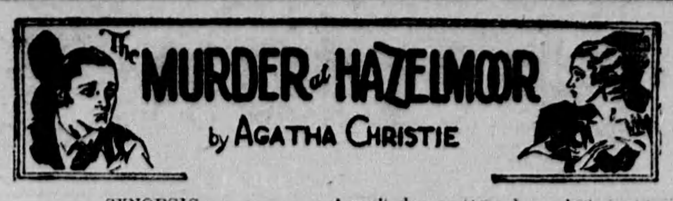
—Caroline Lawrence Dier.

"This England"

It is an old—and insoluble—question: which is the fairest village or scene in England? observes the London Spectator. He would be a brave man who dared to pronounce a verdict; but I would take my courage in my two hands and suggest that at this hour of the year when the foliage of both beech and horse chestnut is at its summit of splendor you could scarcely surpass Stanway on the road from Stow-in-the-Wold to Tewkesbury—for you must approach from the east for the full effect.

You come over the crown of the hill under the beeches, as at the first view of Broadway, which perhaps is generally considered the loveliset village. But here the trees do not cease. The broad belt bends, as Hazlitt desired a road to bend, in a great seductive curve; and just now there is scarcely a hint in brown, yellow and red that is missing on the spacious screen. On the left a sweep of very green grass is broken by single trees which are the essence of the English Park. The spot is within the area of the Cotswold stone which provides a roof that no Gothic artist could excel; and in the neighborhood, as we rejoiced to see, the old local stuff and stone are being used for new houses.

The accident that this autumn the beeches were lighter and vivider in hue than was their wont, that the chestnuts had turned but not lost their leaves, that the ash trees were still green, and the elms both green and yellow, may have exaggerated the impression on that both sunny and misty November day; but at any day in spring or autumn the scene should be famous as a very bit of "this England."



SYNOPSIS.

Capt. Trevelyan rents his house in Sittaford to Mrs. Willett and takes a smaller one in Exhampton. While his friend, Major Burnaby and three neighbors play at table tipping with Mrs. Willett and her daughter, Violet, a "spirit" message is received that Trevelyan has been murdered. Burnaby finds his friend dead. Trevelyan's estate is willed to his sister, Mrs. Jennifer Gardner, and the three children of another sister, Mrs. Pearson, now dead James Pearson had come to Exhampton from London the day of the murder. He is arrested. Emily Trefusis, his fiancee, meets Charles Enderby, reporter, and asks him to help her. After she had talked to Violet she heard Mrs. Willett mutter, "Will night never come? I can't bear it." Enderby, watching the Willett's house, sees Violet secretly meet Brian Pearson, one of the heirs who was supposed to be in Australia. Emily goes to see Mr. Kirkwood, Trevelyan's lawyer.

INSTALMENT TWENTY-SIX.

"But my dear young lady," said Mr. Kirkwood, "what can you possibly expect to find at Hazelmoor. All Captain Trevelyan's effects have been removed. The police have made a thorough search of the house. I quite understand your position and your anxiety that Mr. Pearson shall be—er—cleared if possible. But what can you do?"

"I don't expect to find anything," Emily replied, "or to notice anything that the police have overlooked. I can't explain to you, Mr. Kirkwood, I want—I want to get the *atmosphere* of the place. Please let me have the key. There's no harm in it."

"Certainly there's no harm in it," said the solicitor with dignity.

"Then, please be kind," said Emily.

So Mr. Kirkwood was kind and handed over the key with an indulgent smile. He did his best to come with her, which catastrophe was only averted by great tact and firmness on Emily's part.

That morning Emily had received a letter. It was couched in the following terms:

"Dear Miss Trefusis."—wrote Mrs. Belling of the Three Crowns, "You said as how you would like to hear if anything at all should happen that was in any way out of the common even if not important, and, as this is peculiar, though not in any way important, I thought it my duty, Miss, to let you know at once, hoping this will catch you by the last post to-night or by the first post to-morrow. My niece she come round and said it wasn't of any importance but peculiar which I agreed with her. The police said, and it was generally thought that nothing was taken from Captain Trevelyan's house and nothing was in a manner of speaking nothing that is of any value, but something there is missing though not noticed at the time being important. But it seems Miss that a pair of the Captain's boots is missing which Evans noticed when he went over the things with Major Burnaby. Though I don't suppose it is of any importance Miss I thought you would like to know. It was a pair of boots Miss the thick kind you rubs oil into and which the Captain would have worn if he had gone out in the snow but as he didn't go out in the snow it doesn't seem to make sense. But missing they are and who took them nobody knows and though I well know it's of no importance I felt it my duty to write and hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present and hoping you are not worrying too much about the young gentleman I remain Miss Yours truly—Mrs. J. Belling.

Emily had read and reread this letter. She had discussed it with Charles.

"Boots," said Charles thoughtfully. "It doesn't seem to make sense."

"It must mean something," Emily pointed out. "I mean—why should a pair of boots be missing?"

"You don't think Evans is inventing?"

"Why should he? And after all if people do invent, they invent something sensible. Not a silly pointless thing like this."

"Boots suggests something to do with footprints," said Charles thoughtfully.

"I know. But footprints don't seem to enter into this case at all. Perhaps if it hadn't come on to snow again—"

"Yes, perhaps, but even then."

"Could he have given them to some tramp," suggested Charles, "and then the tramp did him in."

"I suppose that's possible," said Emily, "but it doesn't sound very like Captain Trevelyan. He might perhaps have found a man some work to do or given him a shilling, but he wouldn't have pressed his best winter boots on him."

"Well, I give it up," said Charles

"I'm not going to give it up," said Emily. "By hook or by crook I'm going to get to the bottom of it."

Accordingly she came to Exhampton and went first to the Three Crowns where Mrs. Belling received her with great enthusiasm.

"And your young gentleman still in prison, miss! Well, it's a cruel shame and none of us don't believe it was him, at least I would like to hear them say so when I am about. So you got my letter? You'd like to see Evans? Well, he lives right round the corner, 85 Fore Street it is. I wish I could come with you, but I can't leave the place, but you can't mistake it."

Emily did not mistake it. Evans himself was out, but Mrs. Evans receiver her and invited her in. Emily sat down and induced Mrs. Evans to do so also and plunged straight into the matter on hand.

"I've come to talk about what your husband told Mrs. Belling. I mean about a pair of Captain Trevelyan's boots being missing."

"It's an odd thing, to be sure," said the girl.

"Your husband is quite certain about it?"

"Oh, yes. Wore these boots most of the time in winter, the Captain did. Big ones they were, and he wore a couple of pairs of socks inside them."

Emily nodded.

"They can't have gone to be mended or anything like that?" she suggested.

"Not without Evans knowing, they couldn't," said his wife boastfully.

"No, I suppose not."

"It's queer like," said Mrs. Evans, "but I don't suppose it had anything to do with the murder, do you, Miss?"

"It doesn't seem likely," agreed Emily.

"Have they found out anything new, miss?" The girl's voice was eager.

"Yes, one or two things—nothing very important."

"Seeing as that the inspector from Exeter was here again to-day, I thought as though they might."

"Inspector Narracott?"

"Yes, that's the one, miss."

"Did he come by my train?"

"No, he came by car. He went to the Three Crowns first and asked about the young gentleman's luggage."

"What young gentleman's luggage?"

"The gentleman you go aobut with, miss."

Emily stared.

"They asked Tom." went on the girl. "I was passing by just after and he told me about it. He's a one for noticing is Tom. He remembered there were two labels on the young gentleman's luggage, one to Exeter and one to Exhampton."

A sudden smile illuminated Emily's face as she pictured the crime being committed by Charles in order to provide a scoop for himself. One could, she decided, write a gruesome little story on that theme. But she admired Inspector Narracott's thoroughness in checking every detail having to do with anyone, however remote their connection with the crime. He must have left Exeter almost immediately after his interview with her. A fast car would easily beat the train and in any case she had lunched in Exeter.

"Where did the inspector go afterwards?" she asked.

"To Sittaford, miss. Tom heard him tell the driver."

"To Sittaford House?"

Brian Pearson was, she knew, still staying at Sittaford House with the Willetts.

"No, miss, to Mr. Duke's."

Duke again. Emily felt irritated and baffled. Always Duke—the unknown factor . Sse ought, she felt, to be able to deduce him from the evidence but he seemed to have produced the same effect on everyone—a normal, ordinary, pleasant man.

"I've got to see him," said Emily to herself. "I'll go straight there as soon as I get back to Sittaford."

Then she had thanked Mrs. Eans, gone on to Mr. Kirkwood's and obtained the key and was now standing in the hall of Hazelmoor and wondering how and what she had expected to feel there.

She mounted the stairs slowly and went into the first room at the top of the stairs. This was quite clearly Captain Trevelyan's bedroom. It had, as Mr. Kirkwood had said, been emptied of personal effects. Blankets were folded in a neat pile, the drawers were empty there was not so much as a hanger left in the cupbnard. The boot cupboard showed a row of bare shelves.

Emily sighed and then turned and went downstairs. Here was the sitting-room where the dead man had lain, the snow blowing in from the open window.

She tried to visualize the scene. Whose hand had struck Captain Thevelyan down, and why? Had he been killed at five and twenty past five as everyone believed—or had Jim really lost his nerve and lied? Had he failed to make anyone hear at the front door and gone round to the window, looked in and seen his dead uncle's body and dashed away in an agony of fear? If only she knew. According to Mr. Dacres, Jim stuck to his story. Yes—but Jim might have lost his nerve. She couldn't be sure.

Had there been, as Mr. Rycroft had suggested ,someone else in the house—someone who had overheard the quarrel and seized his chance?

If so,—did that throw any light on the boot problem? Had someone been upstairs—perhaps in Captain Trevelyan's bedroom? Emily passed through the hall again She took a quick look into the dining room, there were a couple of trunks there neatly strapped and labeled. The sideboard was bare. The silver cups were at Major Burnaby's bungalow.

She noticed, however, that the prize of three new novels, an account of which Charles had had from Evans and had reported with amusing embellishments to her, had been forgotten and lay dejectedly on a chair.

(To be continued.)

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YOU MIGHT AS WELL CHEW THE BEST

English Fashion Women Are Wearing Red

Red is always a cosy color for winter wear, but this year it seems to be particularly in favor across the water, judging by the large number of smart women who had chosen it for their wraps at the first night of "Gay Divorce" at the Palace theatre, says a woman writing in the London Daily Telegraph.

Lady Juliet Duff likes a red velvet evening coat, and many of the women round her wore the same warm hue. Among them were the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald, who had no fur round the neck of her coat, but there were wide cuffs of silver fox. Miss Diana Chamberlain wore a rose red wrap, with a deep collar of white fur, and Countess Paul Munster a coat of wine red, with no fur at all.

Lady Anne Hunloke wore what was one of the most original frocks in the audience, as the bodice was of strips of pale pink georgette, striped with black horizontally, the strips falling on to the arms, where they revealed a blue lining. Lady Ravendale's black cire gown had an enormous collar, rather like a soft bolster hanging round her neck on the bare back, and falling in rope-like ends to the waist in front.

The new dark mulberry shade of satin was worn by Claire Luce, Fred Astaire's leading lady. The dress is sheath-like in cut, and while high to the neck in front, is backless. There is a little coatee of matching coque feathers and a muff handbag of the same plumage.

Leopard trims a day ensemble worn by the same actress. Over a yellow crepe frock Miss Luce wears a three-quarter length white tweed with leopard skin cuffs. There is more leopard on the white beret and the handbag.

Cambridge Assists Students

Cambridge, Eng.—Cambridge University has formulated a plan for giving monetary help to indigent students. It has been found possible to take this step owing to the improvement in the financial situation during the past year.

The government's annual grant has not been reduced, as seemed at one time likely, while the fall in the university's income has been less than was expected. A surplus of income over expenditure is therefore available. This surplus is to be used to create a loan fund, from which undergraduates already in residence who might experience financial difficulty in finishing their corses, will receive assistance.

Cambridge University has more than 5,000 students, and it is estimated that more than 40 per cent. of these are only enabled to attend the university by means of external financial help—scholarships, bursaries, government grants, and other similar aids. The annual expenses of term time in Cambridge vary individually, but £250 is regarded as a reasonable figure.

For the first forty-five weeks of this year, 48,831 sheep were shipped from Western to Eastern Canada as compared with 35,783 for the same period last year. Cattle numbered 76,702 as against 72,679 for the corresponding forty-five weeks of 1932.

Newspapers On Films

A New Device is Designed to Save Space in Libraries

Lord Bryce once wrote that if the ancient Greeks and Egyptians had relied on the printed word for recording historic events we would know little of their civilization. Stone endures, paper crumbles. On the other hand, it would take a square mile of carved stone obelisks to tell us as much about ancient Egypt as we find in a single printed volume.

Despite their compactness, printed books accumulate so rapidly that our libraries must of necessity become imposing structures. Hence the inventions which have been discussed in the last twenty-five years for saving space. The latest of these was announced last week in Chicago before the Special Libraries Association by Charles Z. Case of the Eastman Kodak Company.

The main feature of the Eastman method is, of course, a camera. Like other cameras designed for the same purpose, it can photograph more than eight full-size newspaper pages on a strip of film 1⅜ inches by 12 inches and a month of fifty-page papers on a single reel less than 4 inches in diameter.

The film thus prepared is to be read in newspaper offices or public libraries on a simple viewing device by which the tiny page images are enlarged to half again the size of the original newspaper. Articles from the files may either be read from the viewing device or copied full size on photographic paper.

In addition to saving space, the film partly overcomes the difficulty presented by the deterioration of the ground wood-pulp on which most newspapers are printed. Film is chemically more stable than news print, but it cracks and crumbles unless kept in a humidor.

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