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# About the House

### WHEN THE CHILDREN HELP.

"I never did see such helpful children as Mrs. Blake's," observed one acquaintance to another. "I chanced in there this morning, and I wish you might have seen what they were each doing to help with the work. Mrs. Blake says she never could get along if they did not all help her, and she told me of astonishing things they do."

"I expect that is why they do so much," smiled the other.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, they do things because their mother allows them to do them and expresses her appreciation. I think nearly all little children like to help until they are discouraged by their elders.

"I remember calling on Mrs. Blake when Laura was a little child. Laura had spent a strenuous hour or more in an attempt at sealing her mother's jelly. Come and see how pretty Laura looks today but, bless mother's heart! And the child, little face aglow with joy and satisfaction. I've always remembered it, because it so forcibly reminded me of a time when I had spent and toiled and labored to please my mother by making her bed, dear me! the very night she had been in, to my great amazement, she pulled the bed to pieces and proceeded to make it according to her own notions. I was deeply hurt, for I had thought my best.

"After her notable maiden effort I often stood at one side of the bed to help mother with the making. At the times she could properly help, she could make a bed correctly beautifully.

"I recently noticed the aunts of children spring on their mother, and the perfectly game way in which she accepts them. She cheerfully stood through strange windows for me after George surprised her by mornings and evenings, reaping her reward, for I proud to help them perfectly. I murmured when Don lapsed in sewing of instructions over and over again.

"That is the reason her children are what they are, if you ask me." G. L. S.

### A SIMPLE PATTERN BAG.

Take a large square of denim, crash, or other strong material, and pin each of the four corners a quarter of an inch every ring. These rings can be bought for a few cents at notion or dry goods stores. Slip all the rings on a handy hook or nail in the sewing room or wherever the family clothing is to be hung. It is well to sew a big safety pin on the outside of the bag and slip into it a piece of all kinds of materials which the bag contains. By buying the bag that it is easy to find the exact size of patches wanted.

### A BROOM CLOSET.

Brooms get tired and soon sag if allowed to stand on their straws. Hooks enough to allow them to hang from a holder or from nails is the first requirement for a cleaning closet. The closet is meant to do for household cleaning utensils what a kitchen cabinet does for kitchen tools, to gather them conveniently together in one place.

A list of things which ought to go into such a closet includes two good broom, one of them covered with a cotton-flannel bag for dusting walls, mouldings or floors. Also are included a dry mop for hardwood floors, and another mop and scrub bucket for floors that need mopping. A mop wringer is a recommended attachment for the bucket.

Shelves in the closet allow convenient storage space for bottles of such cleaning solutions as ammonia, and for soap solutions. A drawer or two comes in handy for cloths and dusters.

If the house is equipped with a vacuum cleaner, make room for that in the closet. In any event, make room for the carpet sweeper. If there are radiators, a narrow "radiator brush" is well worth having. If the house has an indoor toilet, bathroom tongs or a long-handled brush are recommended.

Generally, a closet the size of an ordinary door and about two feet deep will hold all this equipment, and not a few farmwives have found such closets of great value. They save time in looking for things, and they avoid having cleaning equipment, not always slightly, sitting around in odd corners all over the house.

### A NEW APRON.

4022 Top shaped bib and pockets are novel and unique. This style is nice for all apron materials. It may be finished without the tie ends. Figured percale is used in this instance with a trimming of rick rack braid.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

### MAKE SALMON PATTIES FOR SUPPER.

My family is very fond of salmon patties, and this is how I make them. Flake one can of salmon with a fork and add two eggs beaten light, two tablespoonfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, (milk and a little butter may be used), two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together and drop in spoonfuls on buttered frying pan; brown and turn. One can use the cheaper grades of salmon very well when it is served in this way.—Mrs. I. M. B.

### A RACK FOR SHOES.

A common, ordinary towel rack—or two if necessary—of the cheap nickel-rod variety, will save the housekeeper many a backache from stooping and will convert the dreaded closet sweeping into a pleasure. By screwing the racks securely to the inside of the closet door, halfway up, all the shoes belonging to the occupant of each room, usually kept on the closet floor, may find a convenient resting place, slipped in the racks, toe downward, and the closet may be swept out with two or three flirts of the broom and with no tiresome preliminary of moving a lot of shoes. Besides, shoes to be worn may be selected out in the daylight, when the door is opened, with the ease of plucking an apple, and those to be temporarily abandoned may be promptly put away.

### Bobby on China.

The teacher had given Bobby as a subject for his composition "The Chinese." She told him he must not copy his material from his study of geography and what she had read to him. Here is his effort: "The Chinese are very old. They invented a great many useful things before the world was discovered, among which is chop suey. The Chinese are too thickly populated to be comfortable. The Chinese used to be very religious but since so many missionaries have been sent there lots of them have given up religion and become Christians."

### A Plain Talk.

The world has for us just what we have for it. It is a great whispering gallery which flings back the echoes of our voices. If we laugh, it laughs back; if we curse, it curses back.

There is no joy like that which comes from a useful life; the perpetual effort to do our level best; to try to get ahead without crowding others back and injuring their opportunites or interfering with their rights; making the most of ourselves not only without making anyone else the poorer, but by helping them as we go.

When a man goes upward he can carry a score of others with him, if he will.

Wrong guess.

Jack and Fred must be playing off their game to-day; they've sliced into the rough after each hole.

In extent of territory Mexico ranks fifth on the western hemisphere.

# His Name Was Preserved Fish

—BY RICHARD CONNELL.

PART II.

It was not borne in upon the youngest of the house of Fish that he was different from other children until his first day in school.

"I want each little boy and girl to stand up and say his or her whole name in a loud, clear voice," said Miss Pingree, the teacher of Grade 1-A. They did so.

"Helen Daisy Yocum."

"Ralph Smith."

"Warren J. Onthank, Junior."

"Hattie Eenger."

"Stanley Eisner."

It was young Fish's turn. He stood up and enunciated in a treble squeak, "Preserved Fish."

"What did you say?" demanded Miss Pingree.

"Preserved Fish," he repeated a little louder.

The children began to titter.

"It can't be!" exclaimed Miss Pingree. "Are you sure that's your name, little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Preserved Fish, very scared now.

"Please, Teacher, he's Galuhad Fish's kid brother," volunteered Stanley Elsner.

"Oh, I see," said Miss Pingree. She turned her back to her class, and they saw her shoulders quiver when she faced about again, she was very red.

The news spread, and the next day, during recess, older boys, some from the dizzy heights of Miss Krieger's room, the seventh grade, surrounded young Fish.

"What is your name?" they chorused.

"Preserved Fish."

They hooted. They screamed with laughter. They rolled on the ground and pummeled each other with joy.

"Pickled Eel!" shouted one.

"Finnan Haddie!" yelled another.

"Soused Mackerel!" whooped a third humorist.

Young Fish grew alarmed and, began to weep loudly, although at the time he did not understand what it was all about. Had he but known that this was only the beginning, and that his life was to be full of variants of the "Pickled Eel" jest, he would have wept more loudly still, and with reason.

Preserved Fish grew up into a long, gawky boy, mostly elbows and adenoids; his mouth was permanently ajar; his eyes were large, prominent, mild, blue, and piscatorial. He had no marked faults and no marked virtues. He did his sums indifferently well, and knew that Columbus sailed the ocean blue in 1492; that the Minute Men, led by Paul Revere and Washington, fought the British in 1776; that Lincoln split rails, and that you should spell "separate" with an "a" till your hair turns gray—in short, he possessed the usual store of knowledge stored into the brains of the average boy by the public schools.

"He was not," his father sometimes thanked God, "a genius. He was just an average American." Miss Krieger of the seventh grade, said, privately, that he was one of the most average boys she had ever taught.

Upon his graduation from grammar school, Preserved Fish was chosen to read an essay in which he proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that Washington Irving was a greater man than Daniel Webster. But when the principal, in a voice with a flourish, announced his name, the audience broke into such a sniggering and giggling that poor Preserved could not finish his carefully prepared speech.

He went home in tears, and declared that unless his parents changed his name to Montgomery on the spot he would run away to sea.

It was then that his mother told him of Uncle P. Robinson's enormous walrus bag and its fascinating contents.

"It has heaps an' heaps an' heaps of money—yellow backs," she told him. "And it's yours because you're his namesake."

Uncle P. Robinson some years before this had removed himself and his walrus bag to an old sailors' home up in Massachusetts somewhere, because, he said, he wanted to be with seafaring men. Before he went he drew up a will.

"Everything goes to my namesake so long as he is my namesake," he declared, and Mr. Walter Fish, who signed the will as witness, verified this by squinting at it, as he signed, at great risk of becoming permanently cross-eyed.

The news of his impending legacy comforted Preserved Fish somewhat.

He consented not to run away to sea, but to go to high school instead. But he left school in the middle of his second year, after stubbing his brain against Caesar's adventures in Gaul. He was not sorry to leave. Every time he was called on to recite in any class a battery of cachinnations greeted him. Even the girls got to calling him "Kippered Herring." He had heard this gibe in some form or other every day of his life since his initial appearance in Grade 1-A, but he never grew accustomed or callous to it. And he was never sufficiently endowed pugilistically to resent it with silencing fists. Each time he was called "Can of Shrimps," or some other flight of fancy, a fresh wound was made on his sensitive spirit.

He got a job in Kepler's Drug Store as dispenser of sodas and frappes, which in Clintonia is pronounced to rhyme with "lap." The work was suitable to his intellect, and he pursued it with average dilligence and inconspicuous success. He sprouted from gawky boyhood to gangly youth, added two inches to his stature and an Adam's apple to his collection of undistinguishable features, and learned to make a passably fair milk shake. His personality was as colorless as a pint of distilled spring water in one of the bottles of his father's own blowing. His conversation was not sparkling.

"Didja say 'strawb'ry' or 'razz-b'ry'?"

"V'nilla?"

"Wanta straw?"

"Aw, the two cents 's for war tax."

His repartee never soared above "You tell 'em," or "Oh, is that so?"

And yet, Preserved Fish was the best-known person in town.

Old man Kepler realized this.

"He ain't much on looks, and he's only fair to middlin' as a soda-jerker," remarked the proprietor of the drug store, "but he draws trade into the store. They come in to kid him about his name. Why, a feller come all the way from Alb'ny once, just to look at him. I charge his salary up to advertising."

The Clintonia "Star" echoed the town's pride in such a phenomenon. His smallest action was chronicled in its column "Newsy Notes of Folks You Know."

"Preserved Fish Sundayed at Upton Lake."

"Preserved Fish has invented a new nut frappe."

"Preserved Fish is taking zither lessons from Professor Busby."

"Preserved Fish had a slight cold Tuesday, but is better now."

"The guests at the Young People's Society at the Baptist Church included Preserved Fish."

His fame overflowed the narrow boundaries of Clintonia. A columnist on a big New York newspaper discovered him, and kept half a million New Yorkers in touch with the life and activities of Preserved Fish. An illustrated paper sent a representative all the way to Clintonia to photograph him, and Preserved Fish's picture, looking sheepish about the mouth and owlish about the eyes, appeared in the paper to the vast delight of everybody in Clintonia but the subject.

With all the ardor of which his pale-blue soul was capable, Preserved Fish hated this publicity. By nature he was retiring; but there was no place he could retire to. He had as little chance of escaping the curious stares of the public as if he had been the Siamese twins. He could never walk down the street without being gaped at; he could never enter a gathering of people without an accompaniment of winks, rib-digs, and grins. And, an introduction was to him the source of acute torture; the process never varied.

"Miss Burke," the introducer would say, leering unctuously, "I want you to shake hands with my fren', Mr. Preserved Fish."

"Pleasetameetcha," young Fish would murmur; he was morbidly bashful.

"Beg Pardon? I didn't catch the name."

"Preserved Fish," the introducer would repeat more loudly, although very often by this time his hilarity had got the better of his articulation.

"Aw, you gwan," Miss Burke would say archly. "Tryin' to kid somebody?" Or, if she were a wit, "Say, ain't any relation of Canned Salmon, are you?" Then everybody would laugh—everybody except Preserved Fish.

(To be continued.)

### The Radio and Geography.

The whole earth is beginning to be fairly well harnessed up with networks of both communication and measurement, much filling remains to be done, but above all the large links must be accurately measured. Originally the distances between the continents could only be measured when cables were laid, and it required the undivided service of a whole cable during periods of time camparison—an expensive process. Now large radio stations transmit some system of time signals, preferably either seconds beats or a scientific vernier series as do the French stations, and these are received at the various observatories of the world where accurate clocks are maintained and frequent star observations are used to check them. Differences of longitude are deduced from these almost daily throughout the year and the results show very interesting systematic cyclic changes of a fraction of a second which are far above any errors to be expected from either the clocks or observations, and these are being studied by international co-operation among the observatories. In this work the Dominion Observatory is taking an active part.

Let other folks talk about themselves, and they never notice you are dumb.

COMMERCIAL FLYING.

Europe is making great strides in commercial aviation. Thirty thousand passengers and nearly a thousand tons of merchandise were carried on the commercial routes shown in this map during the last year.

### How Auto Tires Wear Out.

Internal friction rather than that due to the impact of the roadbed is what wears out most automobile tires. The United States Bureau of Standards is now conducting exhaustive tests of the wearing qualities of tires and its experts find that it is relatively easy to make treads thick enough to wear many thousand miles, but it is not so easy to make tires that will stand their own internal strains.

Tires are set on a wheel, fully inflated, pressed against a revolving wheel with a pressure equivalent to that of road service and kept there until they show signs of heavy wear, the equivalent distance being measured by the number of their revolutions. Few of them wear out on the treads in spite of the fact that the bearing surface of the wheel against which they revolve is studded with projections at intervals to simulate roughness of the roads.

Every time a car goes over a bump and the tires are squeezed there is additional strain besides the usual stress due to the compression of the tire under the car's weight. This squeezing causes the layers of the tire to rub over each other and it is this internal friction which makes tires get hot and eventually wears them out.

Tests are also being made on the loss of power due to the eternal friction of the tire. A tire, revolved by a motor giving a known horse power, is set against a wheel which turns a generator whose power output may be measured. Conditions are made to approximate those found on the road and the loss of power between the motor and the generator is measured. This lost power is what heats the tire.

The ideal tire from a theoretical standpoint is thin and with a smooth surface. Such a one would be entirely unsuited to rough road work and would be short lived, but if fully inflated it would deliver the engine power to the road with the least waste. The problem of the bureau experts is to prepare specifications that will combine the highest attainable degree of wearing quality with power efficiency, and that is the purpose of the investigation.

### How the Rainbow Comes.

Do you know how the rainbow gets in the sky?

The beautiful phenomenon was described recently by Mr. Charles R. Darling.

He said that light was due to a special sort of wave caused by very tiny things called electrons, which flew about in all directions at a tremendous speed. They made no waves until they came up against what scientists call ether.

The waves produced by the contact of the electrons with ether were of different colours. Long waves with a big distance between the tops gave red light; with less distance, blue.

All light was really a mixture of colours, which could be separated. The rainbow was caused by drops of water sifting the sunlight into its different colours. These colours formed the spectrum, which was first discovered by Sir Isaac Newton.

The spectrum could be produced artificially by passing light through a mirror ruled with lines of fourteen thousand to the inch. Things in the world had different colours because they possessed the power of absorbing certain colours while sending others back to the eye.

When substances were burnt in a flame, and the light sent through a prism, the spectrum showed dark lines. Every substance had different lines. It was by this means that the composition of the sun and stars was determined.

### Queen Anne's Lace.

Up through the rocky pastures,
Where the blackberry globes hang low,
A stately dame has come wandering
Back from the long ago—
Back in her sable velvet
With its showers of ancient lace,
In its pearls and curls and ribbons
That mock her weary face.

What says my Lady Marlborough
As the Queen goes here and there?
Is not dame Abigal angry?
(She has those robes to wear).
White as the bloom of the berry,
Fine as the cobweb's trace,
Scattered on thorn and bramble,
Glistens our Queen Anne's lace.

Far and wide o'er the meadow
It shines where the sunbeams fall,
It waves where the brook kiss ripples.
It drops by the old stone wall;
Wherever the Queen may wander,
Tired of court and crown,
Her way is marked by the lily lace
The briers tear from her gown.

### Song.

My heart is a thorny bush
In an old garden close;
My song peeps over the wall
And nods like a single rose.

My heart is a smothered fire,
Sick of a blunted aim
My song is a leap to the light,
My song is a tip of flame.

My heart is a bitter sea,
A tossing, a restless grave;
My song is the sunny foam
That flies from the crested wave.

The rose and the flame and the foam
Shine for the world to see;
The urge and the smoke and the thorn
Nobody knows but me!

—Karle Wilson Baker.

### Western Exhibits of Relief Maps.

Exhibits of the new form of relief map, prepared by the Topographical Survey of Canada, will be made for the first time at the Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, and Edmonton exhibitions this summer. A number of these maps were on view at the Central Canada Exhibition at Ottawa last year, when they caused much favorable comment, being awarded a diploma on account of their finished workmanship.

At one of the largest watch factories in the world fifty loaves of new bread are used every day for cleaning the delicate parts of watches.

### Canadian Doctor's Remarkable Discovery

Ever since medical records began to be kept, there have been written interminable chapters of one disease in particular, affecting most frequently the flower of the race, the treatment of which has baffled successive generations of medical men.

Pathetic and hopeless in the extreme were those cases of young people, mostly between twenty and thirty years of age, who found themselves losing weight, becoming weaker day by day, their skin becoming harsh and dry, their tongues either black or raw and glazed, their bodies tormented by carbuncles or crops of boils, their mouths parched with unquenchable thirst. Early death was their inevitable doom. Such was for centuries the course of diabetes.

#### Undaunted by Difficulties.

Inspired by a determination to make an end of this apparently unlimited succession of human misery, a young Toronto physician, Dr. Banting, got to work on a faint clue to the cure of this devastating disease. He made the Physiological Laboratory of the University of Toronto, with its wealth of scientific equipment, his headquarters, following up the clue with that youthful zeal which, tempered with scientific caution, accomplishes great things.

But there were formidable technical difficulties to be overcome. It had long been known that the cause of the excess of sugar in the blood, (the essential feature of diabetes) was failure on the part of the pancreas, a large abdominal gland, to produce a sugar-ordering juice, which prevents the blood from being flooded with sugar. This failure was caused by destruction of the pancreatic cells which should produce this juice. The obvious thing to do then was to obtain the pancreatic juice of, say a sheep and use that as a substitute.

The Toronto scientist attempted to prepare extracts of sugar-storing juice from the sweetbreads of sheep and other animals. These extracts had to be made from certain little groups of cells, known as "islands," in the sweetbreads. But unfortunately these extracts were always destroyed by the digestive juices produced by other portions of the sweetbread.

Nothing daunted, our determined discoverer found that the active extract of which he was in quest could be obtained from the sweetbreads of very young animals, before they had started producing the juices which had always previously destroyed it.

#### Vanished Terrors.

With this extract the doctor treated one patient after another, and was at last able to demonstrate that, given by injection after every meal containing sugar or starch, the sugar in the blood was reduced almost to normal, the other symptoms abated, and recovery was speeded up. He had rebelled a dread disease of all its terrors.

The technical difficulties of manufacturing this almost magical remedy on a large scale have now been overcome and the product of entirely British manufacture is to-day available for distribution, and can be easily obtained by medical men.

Since, however, the remedy is a very potent one, and can be administered only by subcutaneous injection, considerable caution in its use is necessary, and control blood-sugar tests are desirable during the treatment.

### Why the Nile Was Worshipped.

The ancient Egyptians worshipped the River Nile because it seemed like a god to them. It was the overflowing of the Nile every year that enriched the surrounding valley, made their crops possible, and saved them from starvation. The overflowing of the great river not only gave the people their sustenance, but it made them prosperous.

Just as the overflowing of the Nile fertilized and enriched the Nile Valley, so it is the life overflowing with love that enriches humanity with its abundant harvests.

Unless your life overflows with kindly deeds, good will, good cheer, with unselfish service, unless you give as well as try to get, there will be barren wastes all about you, so far as you are concerned.

### Night Trains.

Like wind, across the stillness comes
An engine's purring, first remote,
Between its wooded banks it flows
With mounting rhythm to a note
Of throbbing clamour. Then with a shrill
Sharp shrieks hurled to the stars it draws;
A Titan breath, and climbing slowly
It takes the tunnel. There a pause.
And then a smothered droning sound
That swells up to a sudden burst
When, with a roaring, clanking bound
The train leaps out; and wide dispersed,
Tumultuous echoes rise and roll
As down the hill it rushes on
And on toward its distant goal,
Round a far curve, and then is gone.

—B. M. Powell.

#### No "Common" Boys.

One of Theodore Roosevelt's sons, when small, was playing in the Washington streets when a woman recognized him and said she didn't think his father would like his playing with so many "common boys."

"My father says there are no common boys," replied the young Roosevelt. "He says there are only tall boys and short boys, and good boys and bad boys, and that's all the kinds of boys there are."

#### Doing Dublin.

It was the Englishman's first visit to Dublin, and he was driving round on a jaunting car seeing the sights. When they got near the river, as an Irishman tells the story, he was struck with the unpleasant smell, and asked the jarvey: "What is this horrible smell?"

The jarvey replied, proudly: "Sure, an' don't you know that the smell of the Liffey is one of the sights of Dublin."

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Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.
A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.
After Every Meal
Sealed in its Purity Package
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM

#### Over the Line.

"There's some difference between being thrifty and being mean," said Mrs. Carter, on her return trip from the village, "but there's not so much difference as there might be, sometimes. Folks seem to think Bill Gates has stepped over the line on to the wrong side."

"I knew he would some day," said Mrs. Mehitabel, briskly. "What's he done?"

"He took a dressetrap from the New York store 'on approval' last month," said Mrs. Carter. "He kept it five weeks, and yesterday he stuck it back to Sis and said:

"'Well, I've caught 'em! It worked right, but there wasn't a rat caught 'em the first day I waited ever since to see if it may more. There are not so many rats around as for the trap.'

"Sis said the price was $5. Didn't you? If I pay you two dollars and give the trap a good recommendation, s'pose that'll be fair, won't it?"

Born Tired.

First Fish: Who's that dragging follow propped up against rock? He can hardly stand.

Second Fish: Of course he's Weakfish.

#### Wonderful Indeed!

"I don't want to appear boastful," said a proud mother, "but my little brother Joe, that is only a child of sixteen months. Algernon a marvel of intelligence! understands every word that is said to him, and joins in the conversation with such sagacity that it almost always means me." She [illegible] child.

"Now, dearie," she said, "tell Uncle Joe."

"Boo, boo," replied the [illegible]

"Listen to that!" cried the [illegible] mother. "He means just [illegible] Isn't it wonderful? Now, dear, uncle to pay for you."

"Boo, boo," said the infant [illegible]

"He means music by that," [illegible] mother. "Isn't he too smart for anything? Now tell uncle [illegible]

"Boo, boo," said the child [illegible] third time.

"That's right," [illegible] delighted mother. "Boo! [illegible] Little darling: isn't he wonderful?"

#### Always His Fault.

"I understand you broke a window at your house," said an [illegible] little Willy.

"Yes'm," replied little Willy.

"But I thought your [illegible] a girl instead of a boy."

"So did I, and I'm [illegible] blamed for its being a boy. I [illegible] for everything else [illegible] wrong."