For Your Health

you should buy the best.

"SALADA"

TEA

H500

is the purest and most scientifically prepared tea, sold today. — Try it.

About the House

"HERE'S THE PIN."

"Mother," said little Herbert, "will you please pin my collar tight? Here's the pin." Sure enough, in his small hand he grasped a large safety pin with which to more closely confine the collar of his play coat.

"Why, what a dear, thoughtful child," exclaimed an acquaintance, "I think you have the most helpful children I ever saw. Almost any boy twice Herbert's age would expect mother to get the pin, herself."

"Well," admitted Mrs. Briggs, "it was seeing just how helpless many children and adults as well—are that made me determined to try and teach my children to be self-reliant.

"I began with Linda as soon as she could toddle. 'Bring mother your mittens and we will go for a walk.' 'Bring your warm coat and we will take a ride.'

"One day Linda came to me with her buttonless little play jacket. 'Dolly,' she announced. 'Where is the button?' I inquired. 'Go get mother the button and we will sew it on again.' In a moment she was back with the button.

"I placed a workbasket where the children could reach it and they began bringing me necessary repairs—thread, blunt scissors, needle case, and the like. They quickly learned where to get wrapping paper, twine and paper bags.

"I believe this training is teaching the children to be more patient and helpful. Many times I've watched them when a toy broke or some piece of clothing came off. Instead of flying impatiently to me or running to me for help, they almost invariably look it over thoughtfully. We have to have hammer and nails, etc. Herbert will announce, 'I'll get it, Mother,' or 'Mother, I see that the string together if she had taken it. I'll get it. Mother, now this is a good help to me. But I believe that in the future these children will reap the reward."

THEIR AND THE STREET.

"I'll never, never as [illegible] to come and see me here!" Evelyn declared indignantly.

Donald looked quietly at his sister: he glanced down the street and up and down his branch. It was not a pleasant outlook. The houses looked as if they never had been cared for. Nearly all had cheap lace curtains stained or faded from what Donald called "Sprite dirt" to iron gray. Each house had a yard, but most of the yards were bare, and the chief use of the fences seemed to be to hold all the torn papers that blew from the street.

"So far as I can judge," Donald decided, "this neighborhood needs mother's garden about as much as any place very well could."

"Mother's garden!" Evelyn echoed. "You don't mean mother's going to have a garden in this place!"

"She certainly is!" replied Donald. "What's more, the game of mother and mother's garden will be worth watching. Better fall into line, Evelyn; you'll miss heaps of fun if you don't."

"Fun!" Evelyn retorted scornfully.

It didn't seem that anyone could go in and out of a yard several times a day and not see what was happening in it; yet Evelyn went in and out and saw nothing new. Once or twice, to be sure, she noticed Donald digging up a border or seeding bare spots, but she went by quickly without specially remarking what he was doing. Once or twice too she caught her mother talking over the fence to one of the neighbors, but each time Evelyn went straight into the house.

One Saturday when she was downtown shopping she returned earlier than she had expected. At the corner of the street she stopped; something seemed to catch at her heart. Had there been an accident? The yard in front of her house was full of people. When she became calmer she saw that they were nearly all children, and that each was holding a purple or yellow pansy.

"Chestnut Street Dooryard Association! Notice any difference, sis?" She turned at the sound of her brother's voice. Donald put his hand under her elbow. "It's time this blind streak passed, young woman. Now walk up and down the block and tell me what you see."

At heart Evelyn was a good sport. She admitted what she might have admitted days before: almost all of the yards had been raked up; some had the beginnings of gardens, and here and there clean white curtains were hanging behind freshly washed windows.

"That's after three months of living near mother!" said Donald.

"I think," Evelyn said slowly, "I'll have Lina Craig come and see me Sunday." Then she smiled.

NEW USES FOR DOOR BUMPERS.

Those wooden door bumpers that screw into the wall back of the door extending out three or four inches with a hard rubber tip at the end are useful for other than their original purpose.

Screwed into the bottom of the legs of an ordinary dining chair transforms it into a very acceptable high chair for the child not yet large enough to use a chair of usual height. Some housewives prefer such an arrangement to the usual high stool for, working at a table or sink since the back of the chair offers extra support to the worker.

In the same way a low work table can be successfully raised so as to prevent unnecessary stooping. If the bumpers are stained or painted to correspond with the article with which they are used their appearance is good, for a casual glance a visitor might likely suppose that they had been put in place when the chair or table was made.

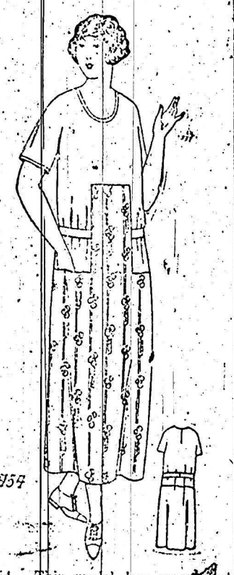
If the sink is so low as to be inconvenient for dishwashing fasten four of the bumpers to a square frame or platform as a stand upon which to place the dishpan. This makes a strong, steady foundation and, a fact that will appeal strongly to the careful housekeeper, the rubber tips will not mar the enamel sink.

Yet another use for them was found when the kindergarten set became too low for the children to work in comfort while the adult-size table and chairs were still uncomfortably high. Bumpers proved to raise the low tables and chairs to just a suitable height for the youngsters.

A STITCH IN TIME.

When you want an extra snap to repair a garment, do you have trouble in finding tops and bottoms that fit? A friend of mine has an idea that saves much trouble. When she has a stray snap she does not throw it into a drawer loose. She has a small card about the size of a post card through which she punches a hole with a card punch, stiletto, or anything handy. Then she puts the bottom of the snap on one side of the card and the top on the other and snaps them together. Whenever she needs a snap of any size she does not need to spend precious minutes searching around in a drawer trying to match up parts.

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL HOUSE FROCK.



4454. This model has convenient pockets, inserted at the joining of waist and skirt. The lines are simple and the style is easy to develop. Cretonne and unbleached muslin are here combined. Crepe in two colors would also be attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5 yards of one material 32 inches wide, or, 1¾ yards of plain material for the waist portions and belt, and 3¼ of figured material. The width at the foot is 2½ yards.

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

Hoped to, at Least.

She—"How will you treat me after we are married?"

He—"Well, just as often as I do now, I hope."

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

The maid put down the tray on a table, went to the big lacquer wardrobe, and took out the fur coat. An expression of relief came into Ruth's eyes. At any rate the woman had not removed the coat for other eyes to see. But when had she gone to the wardrobe and *why* had she gone to the wardrobe?

Fletcher brought forward the coat and laid it on the bed and answered the questions before Ruth had asked them.

"You will remember, my lady," she said, "that you asked me a few days ago to take more care of your ladyship's furs, and, knowing that you went to the theatre last night, and not in the car either, I thought that perhaps your ladyship's beautiful coat might be rumpled, and those cabs aren't always very nice, are they, my lady? So when I came in to draw up the blinds this morning, my lady, I had a look at the coat, and I'd have taken it to my workroom if it hadn't been for the tear. I thought I'd better ask your ladyship about that."

It was a reasonable explanation, and it was quite true that Ruth had asked her maid to pay more attention to the furs. Ruth could only say, "Oh, that was very nice and thoughtful of you, Fletcher. But this tear—oh, it is dreadful! I can't imagine how it happened. I must have caught it on something. Sir Alexander would be furious if he knew. One of the skins *is* torn, Fletcher."

"Yes, my lady," said the servant, fingering the sleeve of the coat. "I can see it better now there's more light. I could stitch it up"—she paused for a moment—"so as no one would notice it, but it wouldn't last. Oh!"

Her fingers were thrust between the silk lining and the leather of the fur, and she suddenly withdrew them and held a small piece of broken twig between her finger and thumb.

"It pricked me," she said, "and it must have been that as did it, my lady."

Ruth needed all her self-control as she replied sharply, "Nonsense, Fletcher!" and held out her hand.

She examined the twig as though it had been some curiosity from a museum. It was no more than an inch in length, but it was stout and it had a rough sort of point. It was not a thorn. If she had been pitched into a thorny hedge she would not have come off so lightly.

"It must have been there for ages, Fletcher," she said. "How could I possibly have torn my coat last night on a twig like that?"

"I cannot say, my lady," the servant answered stiffly, "but I don't think it can have been there very long, my lady, because the wood is quite fresh and green."

Ruth Bradney could stand no more of this. It was almost like a cross-examination. What a woman! With the eyes of a lynx. Nothing had escaped her notice.

"Well, it doesn't matter, Fletcher," she said with a smile. "The coat *is* torn, and there's an end to it. You'd better stitch it up now and I'll take it down to the furrier's myself. I shall have to see the man about it."

The servant placed the tray outside the door and returned for the coat.

"I'll take it to my room, my lady," she said, "and bring it back in half an hour. Your ladyship can rely on me to do the best I can for you."

"Thank you so much, Fletcher. I really don't know what I should do without you."

The maid left the room and Ruth closed her eyes. The light from the window seemed to hurt them. She concentrated her thoughts on Fletcher. The woman had been in her service for five years—a thoroughly reliable, honest, and pleasant woman. How was it that Fletcher had seemed—well, just a little different this morning—not quite so pleasant, perhaps? Surely Fletcher would not imagine that her mistress had *not* gone to the theatre. One can tear one's fur coat anywhere if one is careless enough. But that twig! How sharp of Fletcher to have found it—how wonderful of Fletcher to notice that it had been recently broken off some shrub or tree!

"I must burn the hat," said Ruth to herself. She looked at the fire that had been lit an hour previously and was now burning brightly. It had been lit more for its comfortable appearance than for warmth, for the whole house was kept at an even temperature of 65 degrees by central heating. But for once the fire would justify the extravagance.

Ruth slipped out of bed, locked the door, and opened the drawer where she had placed the hat.

But the hat had vanished. Ruth stared blankly at the place where it should have been. No longer had she any doubt about Fletcher. No one else could have taken the hat, and Fletcher had said nothing whatever about it.

Ruth searched everywhere, but still she could not find the hat. Fletcher had simply removed it. And she, Ruth, could not ring the bell and ask Fletcher about it.

She unlocked the door and crept back into bed. She was shaking with terror. If at that moment her husband had come into the room she probably would have confessed everything.

But later on, when she had had her bath and had dressed herself, refusing to allow Fletcher to help her, she reviewed the situation more calmly. She saw what it would mean to John Merrington if she told the truth.

CHAPTER VIII.

All day the coroner's court had been crowded, and the atmosphere in it was thick and stale. It was cold outside, and a dense moisture clung to the windows. Hour after hour witnesses had come forward, given their evidence, answered questions, and vanished into obscurity again.

Doctors, policemen, Trehorn, Sir Alexander Bradney, friends of Paula Merrington, the servant—these and others had pieced together the tragic story of Paula's death. And yet, curiously enough, in spite of the awful nature of the tragedy, a dull monotony, the possible result of law and order and ceremony, lay heavy over the proceedings like a pall. The greatest tragedy of the greatest dramatist of the world would seem lifeless if it were told by witnesses to a coroner and a jury.

When the last witness had said the last word, answering the last question, the coroner turned over his notes, cleared his throat, and looked at the jury.

"You have heard the evidence, gentlemen," he said in a brisk, businesslike voice, "and it is now my duty to present it to you as clearly and concisely as possible, so as to help you to come to a decision. The medical evidence is plain enough. The deceased was poisoned by cyanide of potassium, and enough poison was found in the bottle of liqueur to have killed fifty people. Death probably took place within a few minutes, and insensibility might have occurred within the space of a single minute. The fact, therefore, that the deceased, who was alone in the flat, did not cry out for help or run for assistance does not necessarily prove that she had taken the poison of her own free will or that she wished to be left alone to die.

"Against the theory of suicide must be set the fact that the poison was in the bottle, and not merely in the glass. Now a woman wishing to take her own life would not put the poison in a full bottle, but would put it in the glass. She would not wish to endanger the lives of other people.

"Against the theory of murder, however, we have set this—that this poisonous salt has a very bitter taste, and at once produces a feeling of burning heat in the throat. It also has a strong odor of almonds. Anyone sipping this liqueur would at once notice that something was wrong with it, though not perhaps so readily as if the poison had been mixed with any other form of spirit. Noyeau itself is made from the kernels of peaches and contains a small amount of prussic acid. And you must take this fact into consideration, that there may have been an intention to disguise the taste of the poison as much as possible, and, of course, you must consider the possibility of the deceased having gulped down a large quantity of the liqueur in a single mouthful.

"A person intending to commit suicide would hardly have troubled to select this particular liqueur. Indeed, you must bear in mind that considerable trouble was taken over the preparation of this fatal liquid. Cyanide of potassium is not easily soluble in cold alcohol, and whoever prepared the mixture must have heated the liqueur. A woman about to take her own life would not be very likely to do anything of the sort, even if she had the knowledge. She would have put the poisonous salt into water, which dissolves it easily.

"That, gentlemen, I think, is all I need say about the medical evidence in this case, except that the deceased must have taken the poison between 9.30, the hour at which Sir Alexander Bradney left the flat, and 10.20, the time of the maid's return. Indeed, we can narrow down the period to half an hour—from 9.30 to 10 o'clock—for the deceased showed no signs of life at 10.20.

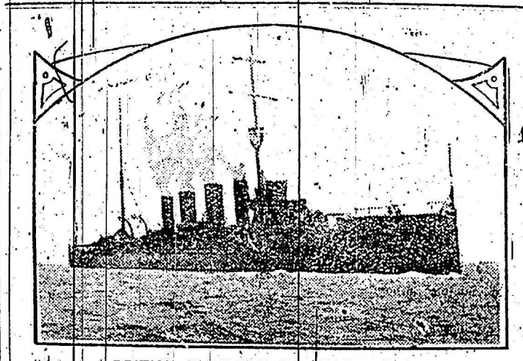
"Now with regard to the other evidence, it is a matter for regret that Mr. John Merrington is unable to be present. As you have heard, Mr. Merrington met with a motor accident on his way to stay with his friend, Mr. Ardington, at Dedbury. Mr. Merrington has not only lost his memory, but according to the latest report, lies in a critical condition at the house of Dr. Trehorn. We have listened to a statement made by one of the best brain specialists in London to the effect that possibly Mr. Merrington will never recover his memory of a certain period in his life, and I may say that I have been guided by that statement in my decision not to adjourn the inquest in the hope of getting Mr. Merrington's evidence."

(To be continued.)

Worry.

It is not the work we have actually done, the burdens we have actually borne, the troubles that have actually come that have furrowed deep wrinkles in the faces of many of us and made us prematurely old; it is the useless fears and worries about the things that have never happened that have done all the mischief.

The United States annually gives away 65 million packages of vegetable and flower seeds.



BRITISH WARSHIPS TO TOUR WORLD.

Five light cruisers of the type shown in the picture are to start in November on a tour of the world in which outlying parts of the Empire will be visited. The ships will include the Delhi, the Dauntless, the Danae, the Dragon and the Dunedin. They will be commanded by Sir Hubert G. Brand.

To-morrow.

He was going to be all that a mortal should be
To-morrow.
No one should be kinder or braver than he
To-morrow.
A friend who was troubled and weary he knew,
Who'd be glad of a lift and who needed it, too;
On him he would call and see what he could do
To-morrow.

Each morning he stacked up the letters he'd write
To-morrow.
And thought of the folks he would fill with delight
To-morrow.
It was too bad, indeed, he was busy to-day,
And hadn't a minute to stop on his way;
More time he would have to give others, he'd say,
To-morrow.
The greatest of workers this man would have been
To-morrow.

The world would have known him had he ever seen
To-morrow.
But the fact is he died and he faded from view,
And all that he left here when living was through
Was a mountain of things he intended to do
To-morrow.

—From "A Heap o' Living," by Edgar A. Guest.

Blood Tells in the Race.

Dr. Christian P. Neser, of Onderstepoort, South Africa, declares he has found a way to determine the endurance of a racehorse more scientifically than has hitherto been possible.

He finds that the red blood corpuscles in the animal increase as its ability to stand hard strain increases, so that, other things being equal, the horse with the highest blood count has the best chance of winning.

Horses used in ordinary work, states Dr. Neser, have only 23 per cent. of red corpuscles in their blood, while horses trained for the course often have as much as 52 per cent.

Red corpuscles are oxygen carriers, and when a horse has many of them he can run longer and faster, because his muscles can draw on a large reserve of oxygen, and he therefore does not tire so quickly.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words.

"Well, son, is the boss in?" asked the visitor.

The office boy, says the Los Angeles Times, with his chair tilted back and his legs stretched out on his desk, looked at the caller but made no reply.

"I asked if the boss is in," said the visitor.

The office boy glanced at him but remained silent.

"Didn't you hear me?" the visitor demanded sharply.

"Of course I heard you," answered the boy.

"Then why didn't you answer my question? Is the boss in or not?"

"Now I ask you," retorted the boy as he crossed his legs on the desk, "does it look like it?"

The Art of Living.

The art of living is the art of keeping your poise, your peace of mind, your serenity in the midst of confusion; in keeping efficient and happy in an uncongenial environment.

Your ideal is found not in ideal conditions, but in the hurly-burly of everyday life. It is found in your daily work, or nowhere. The ideal life is generally built up in the midst of lack of ideals.

If you wait for what people call "ideal conditions," you will never get anywhere; because no such conditions exist on this earth. The only ideal you will find is in yourself; you make your own ideal. If you are ever to realize it, you must fashion it yourself; work it out in the daily routine of your own environment.

Identified.

The Wheatons had amassed a vast fortune and risen from obscurity to an enviable position in society. The daughters of the household, however, had never been able to "polish" mother to their exacting ideals, and often her remarks were a trial to their otherwise blissful existence.

One evening they were entertaining a party of friends, and conversation turned to music. Mrs. Wheaton strove to remember the name of a certain composer.

"I can't remember it to save my life," she remarked, after meditating deeply for a few moments, "and it was at my tongue's end a moment ago. As near as I can come to it his name is Dorrkoch."

The girls looked [illegible] and one of them said, quietly:

"You are mistaken, mother; there is no composer whose name sounds anything like doorknob."

The [illegible], wishing to make up for her mother's deficient knowledge on the subject, she said:

"I will go over a few names: Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Haydn, Handel—"

"That's it," interrupted mother, "it's Handel. I knew it was something you seized with your hands."

The Russian Press.

The Russian people complain that readable and interesting newspapers in their language have ceased to exist. All they have is an "elaborate machinery for spoiling paper." An observer in Russia writes that under the present government the newspapers are merely the mouthpieces of a small despotic group; the really able journalists have given up their profession, and the daily run of printed matter is little more than a lot of colorless propaganda. Before the revolution the Moscow Ruskoije Slovo had a circulation of more than 1,200,000; to-day the combined circulation of all the soviet press is no more than that.

A Plain Talk.

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 tolerance, love, optimism, 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.

Work.

If one puts his very best into every little thing he does—puts his heart and conscience into it, and tries to see how much, and not how little, he can give his employer—he will not be likely to be underpaid very long, for he will be advanced. Good work cuts its own channel and does its own talking. What matter if you do twenty-five dollars' worth of work for five dollars? It is the best advertisement of your worth you can possibly give. Bad work, half-done work, slipshod work, even with a good salary, would soon ruin you. No, the way to get on in the world is not to see how little you can give for your salary, but how much. Make your employer ashamed of the meagre salary he gives by the great disproportion between what you do and what you get.—Success.

Character.

It is astonishing what power there is in the intense, absorbing realization of what is true, good and real. The holding of this intense thought of reality, of goodness, of our divinity, strengthens our character and reveals to us consciousness of the possession of omnipotent power. Character can only grow by what it feeds upon; if we take only divine thoughts into our minds, the character will be divine; but every foolish, wicked thought mars the web of character, and the wicked threads stretch themselves across the web, as a perpetual testimony of our folly. Remember that your success is a child of your thought. If your thought is mean and contemptible, your success must be of the same [illegible].—O. S. Marden.

Of [illegible] Was Shocked
Wrong [illegible] "You can
Housework [illegible]
"No [illegible]
you to [illegible]
Wrong [illegible]
you in [illegible]

Worker's Tool.

Engineer [illegible]
kept wat[illegible]
the engi[illegible]
examine[illegible]
proper [illegible]
hour."

Helpful [illegible]
pin.

It is [illegible]
homecom[illegible]
live unde[illegible]
old Scu[illegible]

Surnames and Their Origin

SMALL

Variations—Little, Pettit, Lepetit.

Racial Origin—English and French.

Source—A characteristic.

Here is a family name, with variations, which "means just what it says." If you bear this name you may be sure that the particular ancestor of yours who first bore it was a small man—unless, perhaps, he was prominent for his great size. At any rate, he was not of medium build.

Some people find it difficult to conceive how such a surname as this can develop into a hereditary family name. They grant that it was natural to speak of a John who was little, as "John Little," or "Little John." But they don't understand by what law or rule all his descendants have borne it, for in the first place the name was merely descriptive of the individual.

Well, to begin with, not more than a very small percentage of the persons to whom the name was descriptively applied passed it on to their children. Family names did not develop suddenly. They took form gradually, over a period of three centuries or more. In one family the name might have become hereditary in the twelfth century, in another in the fourteenth. Then, too, it is not uncommon for the children of small parents to be small. So a man's son might be called Little, not so much because his father bore the name, as because he, too, actually was undersize.

As the strongest evidence that the names Little and Small developed from this descriptive source, we have the corresponding names of Pettit and Lepetit in French. Lepetit leaves no possible doubt, being a combination of "le" and "petit"—"the small."

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