

The Leader for Forty Years

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Let Children Help Themselves

Never Discourage Child's Natural Impulse to do Things

The baby was all ready to go out for his walk when his aunt arrived. "Goodness, Rose, you can't let him go that way!" she cried. "His cap is on backward and his overalls are—"

"He's all right. He loves to put his things on himself and I let him. I'll find some excuse later to fix things." Little by little his mother got him oriented, at times when his attention was distracted by something interesting.

He had done a job and a good one for his age. He had shown a willingness to help himself, and wasn't his mother wise to take the little seed and treasure it and let it grow?

Talking of seeds! Suppose we put one in the ground and then told it what to do—dig around it every day and scolded. "No, little seed, you mustn't do it that way, do it my way. Why that little sprout is all crooked and it's going in the wrong direction! See, come up straight to the light. There, that's better!"

By the time the seed got through minding us it would sign, "It's too hard. I just can't do it right. I'm trying as hard as I can to live but it's no fun this way, too much trouble. I was happier asleep. I'll just go back to sleep again." And that is the end of that one little life germ.

So it is with children. True, some are weeds, and need to be treated as such, but most of the urges that crop out in tiny children can be watered into real plants or flowers if we let nature alone and do not start in dictating why and wherefore.

In a few short months this baby will have established a habit, the best habit in the world, that of helping himself. Moreover his own quick eyes will show him how to improve on himself. Children learn faster by their own observation in early years than they do by pages of telling.

We can guide natural urges as best we may, but the important thing is never to discourage, or discount.

Children of two dress themselves, except ties and buttons, and if their clothes are simply made, dress themselves completely. Children are not the helpless folk we think they are. They cannot do things our way, but it is by our way we judge them.

"No, no, that's not the right way!" has spelled defeat for so many infant urges it is a wonder they have any heart left for anything. Children succeed in spite of us, not because of us.

Gems from Life's Scrapbook

"God has prohibited despair."—Mme. Swetchine.

"We never need to despair of an honest heart."—Mary Baker Eddy.

"Despair is the greatest of our errors."—Yauvenargues.

"He is the truly courageous man who never desponds."—Confucius.

"He that despairs measures Providence by his own little contracted model."—South.

"It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent."—Jeremy Taylor.

Remember: Helen Keller was not overcome by the many obstacles in her path—she conquered them.

Sometimes it's not what the prizefighter does but what the referee says that counts.

Keeping in Shape



Miss Mims Gombell, Hollywoodwood feature player, keeps in good shape for her work by plenty of strenuous exercise.

Gold-Rush Days in Africa

A new Eldorado in the heart of Africa? The London press is asking this question; and English eyes are focused on Kakamega, in the heart of Kenya Colony. Any day now, the more sanguine hope, we may hear of a gold strike "rivalling in importance that of Alaska." Writing in the London Daily Mail, Capt. Hugo Dunckerley vividly describes the picturesque "gold rush" to Kakamega, 200 miles from Nairobi, capital of Kenya Colony, and north of Lake Victoria.

"The gold-fields are about thirty miles long by fourteen miles broad, and already prospectors are going farther afield in the hope of making fresh discoveries.

"Kakamega is different from any other gold-field. The prospectors are amazingly varied. On one claim was found a retired Indian Army colonel who happened to be farming at Eldoret but, having been eaten out by locusts, decided to look for gold.

"Next door may be a hard-bitten veteran who has seen the rushes in Australia in the early days and later, migrating through South Africa and the Rand, eventually fetched up in Kenya.

"Another is an ex-naval officer who gave up the sea after the war in order to try his luck ashore.

"Lawyers, doctors, architects, surveyors—all types are there with the one ambition to find the main reef. At first they were content with alluvial gold, and many made a living right from the start, but to-day the definite evidence that there are reefs waiting to be found holds out the prospect of wealth which was hardly dreamed of before. They are a good type, quiet, decent-living folk, many of whom would be more at home in a London suburb.

"The women, too, are as keen as the men. Many have adopted trousers for working at Kakamega, simply because there is not so much time for washing frocks as there used to be on the farms."

Why Unhappiness Makes People Sick

A possible physical explanation for the fact that many people are made ill by being unhappy, rather than unhappy because they are ill, was suggested in a recent address in London by Dr. Langdon Brown, professor of medicine at Cambridge University. Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Like the majority of present-day physicians, Dr. Brown admits that he grew up in the purely materialistic school of medical theory which insists that every disease must have a physical cause. Experience has convinced him that this is not true. Purely mental distress may make a patient just as truly ill as a broken bone or a germ infection. Many people who have such mental illness are unwilling to admit this fact and manufacture for themselves symptoms which really are fragments of the imagination but which spring from a desire to find a tangible reason for being sick."

Salt Lake Frozen

Salt Lake City. — The great Salt Lake, which contains nearly one-fourth salt and manages not to freeze in zero weather, had patches of ice two inches thick on it during the recent warm spell. It's like this—warmer weather thaws the ice on the tributaries and permits fresh water to flow rapidly into the lake. The fresh water remains on top long enough to freeze.

Hole Nine Miles Deep In Floor of Atlantic

San Juan, Puerto Rico. — Dr. Paul Bartsch, head of an oceanographic expedition operating off Puerto Rico, has reported the discovery of a new Atlantic depth of 44,000 feet — nearly nine miles.

The hole in the ocean floor is near Mare's Deep, about 75 miles north of Puerto Rico, he said. Nautical charts show the deepest spot hitherto known in the Atlantic as 27,972 feet, in this same vicinity.

Murder at Bridge

By ANNE AUSTIN.

SYNOPSIS

Juanita Selim is murdered at bridge; four days later Dexter Sprague is also murdered during a bridge party at the Tracey Miller home. Police think both were killed by a New York gunman to avenge the death of "Swallowtail Sam" Savelli. "Boonie" Dundee thinks the murders were committed by one of six people, guests in both homes at the time of the murders.

Nita barked "H.W." since her arrival in Hamilton, which the police think was her pay for double-crossing Savelli, and which Dundee thinks is blackmail. The possible case against Ferra Miles is strong. Dundee learns that Miles was an intensely passionate girl, who scolded out her prospective suitor, Penny Crain, arriving in New York, Dundee asks at the store where Nita bought the dress that was her shroud, for the date of the sale.

CHAPTER XXI

The white-haired, smartly-dressed buyer accepted the sheaf of photographs Bonnie Dundee was offering. "I'll do my best, of course," she began briskly, then paled and uttered a sharp exclamation as her eyes took in the topmost picture. "This is Juanita Leigh, isn't it? . . . But—" she shuddered, "how odd she looks—as if—"

"Yes," Dundee agreed gravely. "She was dead when that picture was taken. Did you know Mrs. Selim?" "No," the woman breathed, her eyes still bulging with horror. "But I've seen so many pictures of her in the papers. . . . To think that it was one of our dresses she chose for her shroud! But you want to know when the dress was sold to her, don't you?" she asked, brisk again. "I can find out. We keep a record of all our French originals and of the number of copies made of each. . . . Let me think! I've been going to Paris myself for the firm for the last fifteen years, but I can't remember buying this Pierre model. . . . Oh, of course! I didn't go over during 1917 and 1918, on account of the war, you know, but the big Paris designers managed to send us a limited number of very good models, and this must have been one of them. Otherwise, I'd remember buying it. . . . If you'll excuse me a moment—"

When she returned about ten minutes later, Miss Thomas brought him a penciled memorandum. "This Pierre model was imported in the summer of 1917, several months in advance of the winter season, of course. Only five copies were made—in different colors and materials. The royal blue velvet copy was sold to Juanita Leigh in January 1918. I am sorry I cannot give you the exact copy of the month."

"You have been immensely helpful, Miss Thomas, and I thank you with all my heart," said Dundee, for her sake Boston bothers with such sordid things," she added, her thin-lipped mouth tightening. "Miss Pendleton was all out about it, because Mrs. Selim, or Juanita Leigh, as she was known on Broadway, had directed our Easter play the last two years, and the reporters simply hounded us the first two days after she was murdered out in Hamilton, where a number of our rich girls have come from—"

"By jove!" Dundee exclaimed. "Was the Selim woman connected with this school, really?" "I wish," Miss Earle interrupted tartly, fresh tears reddening her eyes, "that people wouldn't persist in referring to her as 'that Selim woman.' When I think how sweet and friendly she was, how kind—" and to Dundee's surprise she choked on a sob before she could go on. "Of course I know it's dreadful for the school, and I ought not to talk about it, when you've just come to see about putting your sister into the school, but Nita was my friend, and it simply makes me wild—"

"You admired and liked her very much?" Dundee asked, forgetting his role for the moment. "Yes, I did! And Miss Pendleton liked her, too. And you can imagine how clever and popular she was, when a wonderful woman like Mrs. Peter Dunlop, who was Lois-Morrow when she was in school here, admired her so much she took her to Hamilton with her to direct plays for a Little Theatre. . . . Why, I never met anyone I was so congenial with!" the secretary went on passionately. "The girls here snub me and make silly jokes about me behind my back and call me nicknames, but Nita was just as sweet to me as she was to anyone—even Miss Pendleton herself!" "Were you with her much?" Dundee dared ask.

dately lonely in the midst of its valuable acres.

"Miss Earle says to come to the office," a maid told him when he had given his name, and led him from the vast hall to a fairly large room, whose long windows looked upon a tennis court, and whose walls were almost covered with group pictures of graduating classes, photographs of amateur theatrical performances, and portrait studies of alumnae.

A very thin, sharp-faced woman of about 40, with red-rimmed eyes which peered fearfully, rose from an old-fashioned roll-top desk and came forward to greet him.

"I am Miss Earle, Miss Pendleton's private secretary," she told him, as he shook her thin, clammy hand. "I should have told you when you telephoned this morning that both Miss Pendleton and Miss Earle sailed for Europe yesterday. We always have our commencement the last Tuesday in May, you know. . . . But if there is anything I can do for you—"

"I should like to know something at first-hand of the history of the school, its—well, prestige, special advantages, curriculum, and so on," Dundee began deprecatingly.

"I should certainly be able to answer any question you may wish to ask," Mr. Randolph, since I have been with the school for 15 years," Miss Earle interrupted tartly.

"Then Forsythe must take younger pupils than I had been led to believe, Miss Earle," Dundee said, with his most winning smile.

"I was never a pupil here," the secretary corrected him, but she thawed visibly. "Of course, I was a mere child when I finished business school, but I have been here 15 years—15 years of watching rich society girls dawdle away four or five years, just because they've got to be somewhere before they made their debut. . . . But I mustn't talk like that, or I'll give you a wrong impression, Mr. Randolph. Of its kind, it is really a very fine school—very exclusive; riding masters, dancing masters, a golf 'pro' and our own golf course, native teachers for French, Italian, German and Spanish. . . . Oh, the school is all right, and will probably not suffer any loss of prestige on account of that dreadful murder out in the Middle West—"

"Murder?" Dundee echoed, as if he had no idea what she was talking about.

"Haven't you been reading the papers?" Miss Earle rallied him, with a coquettish smile. "But I don't suppose Boston bothers with such sordid things," she added, her thin-lipped mouth tightening. "Miss Pendleton was all out about it, because Mrs. Selim, or Juanita Leigh, as she was known on Broadway, had directed our Easter play the last two years, and the reporters simply hounded us the first two days after she was murdered out in Hamilton, where a number of our rich girls have come from—"

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