

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



About the House

The Kitchen School.

"O dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Grover and sighed as her aunt came into the kitchen. "The children drive me nearly distracted when I'm trying to cook. They crowd into the kitchen and ask all sorts of questions until I get cross and drive them outdoors; then I feel guilty. John says you are a regular happiness expert; so tell me, please, what you would do about it."

Aunt Patience Alden smiled and looked round the trim, exquisitely neat kitchen. "First thing I'd do," she said thoughtfully, "would be to put three chairs in the kitchen." Her brown eyes twinkled under her fluffy hair.

"What do I need more chairs in the kitchen for?" Mrs. Grover asked in wonder. "I have a white stool to use when I'm working."

"Well, maybe a white bench of a quaint, sturdy design would be better—unless you want to put in a window seat."

"Of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Grover, shaking her head. "I should think three children in a kitchen were bad enough without—"

"Yes, that's just it," Aunt Patience interrupted her, "without any place to put them. Of course the children bother you when there is no place for them to sit down comfortably and be educated in homecraft. Stop and think

a minute, Grace Grover. The three children watching you stir and mix and brew and bake are not asking questions to be annoying; they are trying to learn things; and if you hang on to your patience and tell them what cinnamon comes from and why you put slits in the pie crust and why you beat the eggs to a froth, they are getting an education in the best domestic-science school in the world—mother's kitchen. Children like to see things made, and that's why they cluster round you while you make a cake or a pie.

"When I began to cook my mother did not have to teach me, because I had watched her and asked questions from the time I was a little girl. My husband didn't have to eat bride's biscuits either or wind pudding and air sauce! Let the boys and girls watch and see how much care and work you put into their daily food; let them get lessons of cleanliness and neatness; let them acquire that old virtue called taking pains. Mercy! Have I lectured you to death?"

"No," her niece replied slowly, "I think you have lectured me alive."

Let the Feet Breathe.

Of course, it is trite to quote Napoleon, but no saying is truer than "An army is no stronger than its feet."

Because so few pedal extremities are beautiful, poets have seldom sung their praise as they have done of the hands. They seem to be almost forgotten except when serving as a support for fine footwear, or when nature, weary of abuse, rebels. There is no part of the body of which less care is taken or which pays such satisfactory dividends if a little time and attention is given them.

The questions of chiropody and shoes are too large to be entered into in this article; they might easily fill a book.

"About what do you propose to tell us?"

"Only a little about what can be done every day to make the feet more comfortable and to keep them healthy. One hardly realizes what those poor prisoners are subjected to. All night they are shut away from light and air by bed clothing. During the day their cells are shoes and stockings. Remember that we breathe not only through the nose and mouth, but like the plants, through all our pores. Disease and refuse matter are cast out through them. Picture, then, those poor feet, confined in stockings that often do not fit, and then inclosed in non-porous shoes. They simply cannot breathe."

"What makes them so white? When I take my stockings off at night they are sometimes damp."

"The pores are constantly active. The feet perspire and instead of evaporating, as with exposed parts, the perspiration remains because the shoes does not admit the air. Lack of light combined with accumulated perspiration has a bleaching effect. They have an unpleasant one, too, for the shoes are soon saturated and an odor results. Much of this trouble, of which so many are victims, is due to lack of ventilation."

"How can it be avoided?"

"By absolute cleanliness, air baths and using two pairs of shoes, wearing them on alternate days."

"Do tell us about air baths. I have heard of steam and all sorts of strange baths, but never of air. How does one take them?"

"Oh, they are very simple. Bathe and dry the feet thoroughly and let them remain uncovered for fifteen minutes or so. It lets the poor things breathe. When you take your tub have the water warm, not steaming. Use a wash cloth and pure soap and wash the feet carefully. With an ivory or composition instrument, made for the purpose, clean under the toe nails and around the cuticle. Be very gentle about it. Rub the caloused places on the sole of the foot with a square piece of pumice. Then with a soapy nail brush scrub the soles vigorously, and the toes rather gently. Do not use the brush on any other part of the foot, as it will break up the skin and cause chapping. The scrubbing increases the circulation and helps to prevent corns."

"Would it be better to use coarse pumice than fine?"

"Use fine, by all means. I am preaching a doctrine of mercy. After the bath dry the feet and rub them well with alcohol if they are tired. It is important that the places between the toes should be dry or soft corns will appear. Sometimes a little talcum powder is comforting."

"My feet are very dry. Should I use alcohol?"

SMOKE

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OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

"You might use it on the soles and up under the arches, but do not in any case, use it on the top of the foot. There is a really remarkable treatment that might help you. It is wonderfully beneficial in many ways and beautifies the foot as well."

"What is it?"

"Olive oil."

"Plain salad oil, you mean?"

"Yes, just plain salad oil."

"How do you use that?"

"After bathing the feet rub them with a little warm oil, until it is almost all absorbed, then wipe off the excess. It will remove the dry, rough cuticle round the nails, heal any abrasions, soften and prevent callouses and corns and make the skin smoother and finer. It also strengthens and nourishes the feet."

"When is the best time to use it?"

"At night, because more can be left on than if stockings were to be worn. There are some exercises that one who is anxious to improve the feet might use to advantage. Stand, with the feet bare, and slowly and steadily rise on the toes, coming back to the standing position. Sitting down, with the legs crossed, describe a circle with the toes. Keep the leg stationary and work the foot from the ankle, which acts as a hinge. These two exercises strengthen the whole foot and add to the flexibility of the muscles. Another exercise is: Sitting down, hold the leg out straight, with the toe extended as far as possible, stretching it to reach a greater distance. Bring the toe back as far as possible and push out with the heel."

"They all sound very simple, but I suppose they are just the opposite."

"No, in reality they are easy and the stretching is a very good form of exercise. They should all be repeated, however, a reasonable number of times, but none of them until fatigue results. Overdoing an exercise is

worse than not doing it at all. It is only by keeping on that we may hope to get what we are after. 'One step won't take us all the way,' you remember, 'we have to keep on walking'."

Boiling Eggs to Music.

A certain bishop of an English diocese was quartered at a certain home when visiting a small country parish. Upon coming down to breakfast he greeted the lady of the house as follows:

"My dear sister, you have given me a new conception of praise to God in song. As I awoke this beautiful Sunday morning, the sun was streaming in my window, the birds were singing among the fragrant morning glories and all the earth at peace seemed to praise the great Creator. Then to complete Earth's Alleluia I heard your sweet voice singing 'Nearer My God to Thee'."

"Laws, bishop," she replied, "that's the tune I boil eggs by—three verses for hard and two for soft."

No Monotony.

According to the ten-year-old daughter of a certain clergyman, there are ways of making an old sermon seem almost new.

"Jane," said one of the friends of this young critic, "does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

"I think perhaps he does," said Jane, cautiously, "but I think he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't sound the same at all."

Tight boots are said to aggravate attacks of neuralgia.

Two rings are used in the marriage ceremony of the Greek Church. One is of gold and the other silver.



Off to school on a winter morning.

Fresh and rosy—or pinched and chilly? That's a matter for Mother to decide.

Children, as well as grown-ups, need a hot mealtime beverage that is wholesome, invigorating, and free from harmful after-effects.

Childhood is the period when nervous activity is at its height. The brain is ever busy receiving new impressions; the nerves, muscles and senses are alert and actively developing.

Tea and coffee are harmful, especially for children. Instant Postum is the one best beverage to give them needed warmth and comfort, these cold and frosty mornings. It is made of roasted wheat, has a delightful flavor and aroma, is free from any harmful element whatever, and is wholesome, healthful and invigorating.

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These Times

I.

The hatreds of the world are not yet over!
Men quarrel in the old, eternal way;
Shadows of armies fall upon the clover,
The helmet is put by—for one brief day.
Now, Lord, Thy people cry for peace, for peace;
Yet politicians rage, and never cease.

II.

The ancient feuds go on; the grapes of wrath
Are pressed in many a vineyard of the world.
Men whisper, who would tell it not in Gath,
That soon fresh flags of War shall be unfurled.
Lord God, have they forgotten how youth bled
For peace eternal? Oh, our wasted dead!

III.

All, all in vain the human sacrifice,
War against War a light and empty phrase!
Thrice vain those graves beneath the brooding skies,
Since a new menace hangs above our days.
If this be all we gained through blood and tears,
A crimson harvest waits us down the years.

IV.

Not ours to prate of nobleness and glory,
Having learned naught, immersed in War's red tide,
Thinking, because the rose repeats its story,
Men must repeat their crimes, though crucified.
Lord God, if this be still our foolish path,
To-morrow how shall we escape Thy wrath?

—Charles Hanson Towne.