

THE GREEN GOD

By ELIZA KENT.

One day, as Dora wended her way to Lanier's store, where she presided over the glove department, she saw in one of the windows a small green god with a sad and solemn face, marked down from six shillings to four-and-sixpence.

"What god is he?" Dora asked the bronze-complexioned young man who met her at the door—not that she was in any way interested in him, but she had to have a god upon your dresser, and the cut in price attracted her.

"His honorable name is Iota," the young man replied, and he never smiles unless greatly pleased.

"Five minutes later Dora passed out of the shop four-and-sixpence poorer in purse, but centuries richer in the possession of the hideous green god with the sad and solemn face. When she arrived home that night she set the god upon her dresser.

The next morning on her way to work she found Jimmie waiting for her at the corner. Dora thought that Jimmie had the broadest shoulders, the handsomest and the manliest voice in all Christendom, and though he had not as yet declared himself, she considered she had good reasons to believe that her regard for Jimmie was returned with interest.

"You're something great to tell you," he said, falling into step beside her. "I got a rise last night."

"A rise!" exclaimed Dora, her voice quivering a bit as a little lark began to sing in her heart; "how fine!"

"Yes," said Jimmie, "three pounds more a month. And Mr. Warner has invited me out to his house to dinner to-night. He said he had a number of things to talk to me about, and he could talk better there. He said he could send me to their house in Canada at a bigger salary, if I wanted to go. He told me to think it over for a few days. This promotion is just a beginning, I'm sure. Mr. Warner hinted as much himself, although he rather encouraged me to go. But it's good old London for me!"

Now, Dora had heard only a part of Jimmie's rather long speech, and that part was that he was going to take dinner with the immensely wealthy Warner.

"You'll probably meet Evelyn Warner," she said.

"I suppose so," he answered. "She's been to the office a few times, but I don't know her."

"She's very beautiful," Dora ventured.

"Well, she's not the only one that's beautiful," Jimmie replied, looking down at Dora until her cheeks grew pink.

"It's nice of you to say that," she replied, but the thought in her mind was: "You will probably think her the loveliest person on earth when you sit at dinner with her to-night, and talk to her, for rich girls are trained to charm, and they have such grand clothes."

Dora was very, very quiet for the next few moments. She had fitted Miss Warner with three pairs of French kids only yesterday. The pretty hessian had come to her counter, a bundle of furs and velvet, and had held up the most immaculate hand that Dora had ever slipped gloves upon. Dora thought her the most beautiful creature she had ever seen.

"I was wondering if I could come over to-morrow night," Jimmie said,

suddenly breaking the silence. "I'd come to-night but, of course, now I have to go to the Warners. I've got something very important I want to talk to you about. It's—it's something about you and me and—and the, you know."

"You can come," said Dora, blushing again, her little heart tapping against her old brown coat like a woodpecker against the bark of a tree. "I'll be at home."

Now, by all the laws of Cupid, Dora should have been happy that day. She knew that Jimmie intended to declare his love, and if she had listened she would have seen that poor Jimmie choked over his soup, and after that was so embarrassed that he could look neither to the left nor the right, nor even in front of him for there was a blurred blue spot setting in the chair opposite, which he knew to be Miss Warner; and she would have seen that Jimmie, who could talk so freely to her, was utterly tongue-tied, until he found himself alone in the library with Mr. Warner. And, what is more, she would have seen that Miss Warner had the jewels of an empress, and that she said scarcely a dozen words throughout the dinner.

But as Dora could not eavesdrop at the Warner dinner, she ate her own dinner in melancholy silence, then took an inventory of her shabby little wardrobe. There was nothing for her to do but to wash and iron her old pink crepe de Chine blouse. After that was accomplished, she cleaned and polished her amber beads until they gleamed in the glare of the gaslight like fancy topazes. No doubt Evelyn Warner was dressed like a queen and had the jewels of an empress, and no doubt Jimmie would think her plain and dowdy in her washed-out, old, faded crepe de Chine blouse, for it was quite possible that Jimmie, whom she had grown to regard as her very own, might fall in love with Miss Warner; and then, of course, Jimmie would meet her no more at the corner to walk home with her through the gathering darkness; and the sweet words she had hoped to hear from his lips would never be spoken.

And Dora, who by this time was very gloomy indeed, leaned her face down upon the little green god, who seemed less solemn than usual, and thought: "You see, there was one thing Dora didn't know—that painting a lily doesn't improve it, neither does gold need gilding. Had she known this—but that is another story."

On the floor above Dora's room lived a woman whose vocation in life was fine darning, and here it was that many rich dresses were sent to be mended. Fate, or vanity, or some other thing, brought this good woman to Dora's room at six o'clock on the evening that Jimmie was to come. She had mended a dress for Lanier's that afternoon, and had failed to get it done for the four o'clock delivery.

England Wages War on Race Suicide

England is waging a resolute war against race suicide and infant mortality. Unless she can educate her people in the expediency of increasing the British population by British births and of conserving the lives and health of children already born she knows that Germany in twenty years will be able to wage against her a war that Germany will win, then.

Medical statistics confound the average Englishman, who has not been given until the present time to think seriously of the death rate and the birth rate per se. A recent publication of these medical statistics has given him food for quieting thought.

Between 1910 and 1919 a yearly average of 100,000 babies died at birth or were still-born. The yearly birth rate averaged 700,000, exclusive of those babies that had died within twenty-four hours of birth.

But of the 700,000 given to the country 90,000 died each year before they had attained their first twelfth month's birthday. Those who survived display an alarming health condition. One in every four children in the working classes is mentally deficient, ten in one hundred suffer from malnutrition, thirty in each hundred have defective eyes, twenty-five have adenoids and eighty out of every hundred need the dentist badly.

The poor baby, of course, suffers more than the infant whose parents are well to do. The death rate of children below one month in professional classes averages twenty-one in one thousand, but in the working classes 45.3 per thousand is the rate.

Now, the large percentage of working class children who grew into adults below par was not so appalling a circumstance before the war came to England. I do not mean that their number was less then or that the condition was unknown. These statistics cover a period of nine years. But before the war England still had that population of healthy, wholesome young manhood now lying out in Flanders fields, and the status of the working class was such that their health did not constitute a grave material menace to the future of the Empire.

Such a contention applies even to

the mentally deficient. Whoever arrived a traveller in England prior to August, 1914, and remembers the tattered pliers who hung about steamboat tourists and especially London railway terminals and ran panting miles after a cab for the sole purpose of unloading its bags and trunks for a penny or two will find no trouble in believing that the figures relative to mental deficiency among slum peoples there are not exaggerated.

But it did not matter so signally while the working classes of England were content. Their women scrubbed and slaved as servants or underpaid factory hands; their men were quite frankly underdogs and the writer often suspected that they were proud of being just that. An exceptional member of a lower class family rose above his station because he was not hampered by stupidity and bad health, and the others were never done marveling at him.

To-day the great majority of these men and women have made up their minds that they are, or must be, the exceptional members of the working class family. They would not accept a penny now for a service! They would not run a block after a cab for a pound sterling! They propose to rule in England, but if they are not uplifted, mentally and physically, they will wreck the British Empire. Farsighted Englishmen know this and have accepted it. Because of their knowledge, they are urging political legislation and reform aimed at the underdog of five years ago.

Welfare centres, the first step in all infant saving, are multiplying in every English town and city. It is estimated that 45 a year will save one baby's life at a British welfare centre. Half this sum is furnished by the government and half by voluntary contribution. At the present writing there are 236 British towns that have these welfare houses.

The largest one in London had 700 entries in the year ending June 30, 1919. Fifty babies and forty-two were taken there every day for care and instruction. To us, this is no great innovation, but it marks the passing of an old order in England.

They must have it by nine the next morning, and would Dora please take it down with her as she went in the morning?

Dora had done this several times before, and had thought nothing of it. She thought nothing of it now, at first, but after she had put the box containing the dress in the corner, she began to wonder what kind of a dress it was.

Could it be anything like the dress Miss Warner probably wore? She knew it had fine lace somewhere about it, or it would not have been sent to Mrs. Henry's for darning, but she wondered as to its color and texture and price, and she continued to wonder until at last she opened the box and took a peep, just for curiosity's sake.

Exclamations of awe fell from her lips at the superb loveliness of the dress. It was of delicate blue princess satin, with gold net across the shoulders, and quite a row of beautiful Japanese embroidery down the front that mortal eye ever beheld.

After taking the dress into her hands many little things happened: the discovery that the dress was size thirty-six—Dora's own size; the holding of the dress up before her and gazing upon the charming picture in her little mirror; the exclamations; the temptation to slip the dress on; the ecstasy at finding it a perfect fit; the reluctance to remove the dress and replace it in the box. The dress was in her room—what harm would it do to wear it a little while longer? Jimmie would not stay long, and no one else would see it on her, and no one would ever know. If Jimmie could see her, just once, dressed as Miss Warner dressed, would he not think her as lovely?

She took off the dress, laid it out upon her bed, carefully removed the price-ticket and laid it upon the folded arms of the green god, that it might be safe. Then she brushed and combed her pretty hair, piling it high upon her head as she had heard society girls did, and throwing on a kimono, went into the hall and called to her landlady to send Jimmie up when he came. Back in her room she closed the curtains that screened her bed from view,

put her clothes and the empty box out of sight, slipped on the lovely dress again, and set down to await Jimmie. And then Dora had a very strange fancy—she thought that the sad and solemn features of the little green god had expanded into a smile.

When Jimmie came he caught his breath when he saw her, and she was pleased; now he could see that, given proper clothes, she could be just as pretty as Evelyn Warner. Her shoulders and arms were bare, gleaming white and soft above the gold lace, and her cheeks, faintly flushed with excitement, were the color of a blushing rose.

After Jimmie had been there a short time, Dora became conscious that the conversation was strained and that Jimmie was ill at ease. At nine o'clock he suddenly rose and took his leave, with never a word of love, never a word of the things he had come to speak about. Perhaps to-morrow he would meet her at the corner, and she would ask him about it.

She removed the dress, smoothed and folded it carefully, put it back in the big box, slipped into her little bed—and burst into tears. Oh how she wished Jimmie had never seen Evelyn Warner.

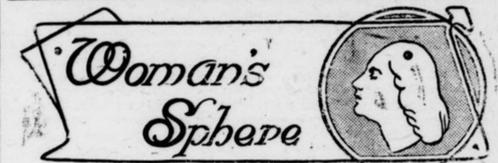
The next day Dora looked in vain for Jimmie at the corner. When she got home that night she found a letter propped up against the green god. It was from Jimmie. She read it slowly, her heart beating painfully.

Dear Dora,—When you get this I am leaving at noon. After seeing the dress you had on last night I could not say what I had come to say. I saw the price-ticket hanging on that green god and it was marked thirty-five guineas. Heaven knows where you got it—but it showed you were not for me—Jim.

Dora, whose mind seemed for the moment to be a great and overpowering blank, suddenly became conscious that a broad, broad grin had spread over the hideous features of the little green god.

(The End.)

Minnard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.



"As the Twig is Bent"

A sad case came to light in school last week. For some time numerous things had been missed, and a half dozen pencils, a child's lunch, a cap, a pair of rubbers, apples, and numerous other small things. Ten days ago someone obtained the key to the teacher's desk, opened it and stole two dollars out of her purse. The teacher said nothing, but watched. A twelve-year-old boy from one of the best homes, but who had never had spending money, suddenly began judging everyone in school. A little judicious questioning brought out the truth; this boy had taken not only the teacher's money but everything else that had been missing.

The entire neighborhood was upset by the incident. How could it be that this boy, the son of parents of absolute honesty, could be a thief? He had been brought up in the Sunday School, told the difference between right and wrong, had all sorts of advantages, and yet had gone wrong. Now if it had been young Peterkins whose family hadn't much, and who probably never was taught anything at home, you could understand it. But this boy's mother was so good and the soul of honesty.

It did seem queer to the ones who didn't go below the surface. But those who had watched the boy grow up rather felt that they could explain it. Two or three mothers got together and exchanged confidences. There was the time when the boy was two and he carried home Jackie Smith's automobile. Of course, it only came from the ten-cent store, but it was dear to Jackie's heart. The lad's mother explained that he was too young to know it was naughty, and it was such a little thing and her son wanted it so badly, it seemed a shame to make a fuss about it and have him return it, so she kept it.

A year or so later it was a sack of pop corn he took away from Jenny Jones. Jennie cried and told his mother, but it was silly to cry over a little sack of pop corn. She did give Jennie a nickel, however, to buy another. All sorts of incidents came up. One told of half a dozen fresh cookies disappearing off the table while the boy and his mother were calling; another had her early roses picked by the boy, who, his mother explained, was so fond of flowers.

The conversation narrowed down to the mother. Was she exactly honest? She never went by a candy counter without picking up one or two pieces, and fruit vendors knew her afar off and hastily covered their choice peaches and plums when she approached. Two or three books with tell-tale library tags were on her book shelves and had been for months. And she prided herself on seeing how many times a week she could get the better of the grocer or butcher in making change. Her argument always was that they always charged her too much and she had the right to get even.

The mother would not deliberately go out and put her hand in someone's pocket to rob them. But was she honest? Had she taught the boy honesty? She had told him it was wrong to steal, but had she taught him that? Suppose when he took the auto, away back in his baby days, she had explained to him the rights of

hood. Weight and rate of gain form one of the best tests of health in children.

Home Decoration.

Henry Van Dyke calls the pictures on his walls the windows of his home. Through them he gets glimpses of the beauty which lies beyond the section of living space bounded by the walls of his home. Through one such window, he could see the ocean, and the strength of the salt air. Another window gave him a view of the mountains, with all of the uplift of a daily climb, in thought, to their summits.

The influence of such silent teachers in the home can hardly be estimated, but in nothing else is the average home so poorly-furnished. Good taste may be displayed in the choice of carpets and easy chairs. Wall paper may be selected in the most refined taste, but the decorations may be faulty portraits framed in objectionable ornate moldings, cromes, representations of Indians in gaudy war paint, or so-called oil paintings, purchased perhaps of some itinerant vendor and suggestive of nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

Seasonable Recipes.

Mock Bisque Soup.—Simmer one quart of tomatoes until they will go through the strainer, adding one-fourth teaspoon of soda just before removing from the fire. Strain, and add to a white sauce made with one quart of milk, two tablespoons of butter and a half cup of flour. Season to suit with salt and pepper, and two table-spoons of sugar. Pour in hot soup dishes and place one tablespoon of whipped cream on each service. Then sprinkle minced parsley on the cream.

Pear and Cheese Salad.—Select halves of large canned Bartlett pears. Place on lettuce leaf on serving plate, fill hollow in pear with cottage cheese, and cover with sweetened whipped cream or boiled salad dressing.

Sailor's Duff.—One egg, two table-spoons of sugar, two table-spoons of butter, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one-half cup of flour, one and one-half cups of stout. Mix in order named and steam one hour in buttered pudding dish.

Burnt Cream Sauce.—Melt one-half cup granulated sugar in enameled saucepan, add one pint of thin cream and set over hot water until the sugar melts again.

Raspberry and Currant Ice.—Boil four cups of water and one and one-third cups of sugar twenty minutes. Put two cups of canned raspberries and two of canned currants through ricer and strain through double cheesecloth to remove seeds. When the syrup is cool, add fruit juice and freeze.

Lemon Ice Cream.—Scald one pint of rich milk and stir into it one level tablespoonful of cornstarch. Add one-half cup of sugar and cook in double boiler ten minutes, stirring frequently. Then add the yolks of two eggs, beaten with a half cup of sugar, stir until well blended, add one pint of cream and strain. When cold add one tablespoon of lemon extract and freeze.

Hot Maple Sauce.—Boil two cups of maple syrup with a half cup of cream or butter until it threads. While still

hot, pour over the serving of ice cream.

Creole Chicken.—Cut in pieces for serving, season with salt and pepper and brown in four table-spoons of butter melted, to which has been added one-fourth cup of finely chopped onion. When the chicken is browned remove from frying pan, thicken mixture in pan with four table-spoons of flour, add two cups of stock or boiling water, chopped red pepper, one-half cup of chopped celery, and salt to taste. Replace chicken and simmer until tender. Serve on platter surrounded with sauce, and garnished with parsley.

Minnard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

In this world it's not what we take up, but what we give up that makes us rich.—Henry Ward Beecher.

In Scandinavia wood is the usual fuel, while the towns and villages are electrically lighted by waterpower. Norway has no coal, but Sweden has lately discovered that she has good supplies.

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"We had found out what a good thing it is when flying in France, and so 'decided to carry it with us on this occasion, and we can assure you that 'hot OXO' is most acceptable under such cold and arduous conditions. OXO 'was the only article of its kind which we carried.'"

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Three billion globes of gold the size of our earth—that indeed is a vision of wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." Yet that is less than five centimes would have amounted to at compound interest during the Christian Era.

Impossible?

It is M. Camille Flammarion, the mathematician and astronomer, who makes the mind-staggering proposition. Somebody in the press has credited him with saying that the five milliards of francs—one billion dollars—extorted from France by Germany in 1871, was equal to the product of five centimes placed at five per cent. compound interest at the birth of Christ. M. Flammarion corrects the quotation. What he did was to recall the remark of General Foy on the voting of a milliard francs in 1825 for the relief of the French emigres, that not yet had a milliard of minutes elapsed since the birth of Christ; which was quite true, that number of minutes not being attained until April 28, 1902.

But the statement about what five centimes would have amounted to at compound interest is marked with error. It is a large error, says M. Flammarion. It is bigger than the whole earth, bigger than the sun, bigger than the whole solar system. Not one ingot of gold the size of the earth, nor two, nor three, nor a hundred, nor a thousand such ingots, would equal that product.

The calculation is simple, though it might prove tedious to carry it out in full. An amount placed at interest at five per cent., compounded annually, doubles in fourteen years and seventy-seven days. Very well. Five centimes placed at compound interest in the year 1 would have become ten centimes in the year 14; 20 centimes in the year 28; 40 centimes in the year 42; 80 centimes in the year 56; 1 franc 60 centimes in the year 70; 3 francs 20 centimes in the year 84; and so on.

Thus far the sum has seemed to grow slowly. But the rate accelerates, or seems so to do. At the end of the first century the sum is only 6 francs 40. But at the end of the second century it is 816 francs 20, at the end of the third it is 104,857 francs 60, and at the end of the fourth century it is 13,421,772 francs. Already we have reached millions. There soon follow milliards, or billions, as they are commonly called in Canada; then follow trillions, quadrillions, quintillions, sextillions, septillions, octillions, nonillions, decillions—numbers which no mind can grasp.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, in 1803, the sum of the original five centimes is 7,610 decillions, and this sum, doubling every fourteen years, in 1873, the year of M. Flammarion's first computation, amounts to more than 243 undecillions of francs.

What means 243 undecillions? Or 243,516,800 nonillions? That is 243,516,800 followed by thirty ciphers.

No human mind can grasp it.

What would that sum of money mean, in gold?

As one kilogramme of gold is worth 3,400 francs, our capital would weigh 71 decillions 622 nonillions 588 octillions of kilogrammes. Now, this earth weighs only 5,875 sextillions of kilogrammes. If it were of solid gold it would have to be multiplied by 3,486,100,000 to equal the tremendous quantity in question.

In brief, five centimes, or one cent, placed at five per cent. compound interest at the birth of Christ, would now equal 3,486,000,000 globes of solid gold, each the size of the earth.

Her Best Age.

Women themselves probably are under the delusion that their best age is something under twenty-five and something over eighteen. At any rate, they are supposed to resent all birthdays after thirty, and are occasionally charged with working backwards and growing older in looks and younger in years.

But no woman who knows how to put on her clothes, who reads and thinks, who develops all her best qualities, need worry at passing into the thirties, for at forty a woman is at her very best, physically and mentally. She is at the zenith of her beauty, and if she has cultivated her intelligence, she is at the zenith of her mentality also.

Very few men of any note find the same pleasure in the society of a young, undeveloped girl which they find in a mature woman of forty. At that age such a woman is an ideal companion, and her preference for the society of a man is a real compliment to his mental and moral qualities.

No, there is no reason why a woman, unless she be merely a coquette, and has nothing to recommend her but a pretty face, should dread advancing years.

There is a charm about all ages, indeed, and many a woman is more beautiful and attractive when her hair is streaked with grey than ever she was before.

Rope From Bark.

An Australian has discovered a method for using fibre obtained from the bark of a large variety of eucalyptus trees in the manufacture of twine, rope and bagging.

To keep well, onions must be mature and thoroughly dry. Store in crates if possible or ventilated barrels, as good ventilation is essential.