

# NOTHING'S IMPOSSIBLE

By MALCOLM E. MORAN.

"See this morning's paper?" Mr. Cunningham asked.

"I glanced through it coming down on the car, sir," Tad Browne replied.

"Noticed the Associated Architects' contest, I suppose?" Mr. Cunningham had hung his coat on the back of the door and was slipping on his black sleeve covers.

"Yes, sir," Tad replied. "It will be a great thing for some fellow."

Mr. Cunningham glanced across the top of his glasses at the younger man. "You're going to have a crack at it, aren't you?" he asked.

Tad Browne pushed the point of his pen slowly round the head of a thumb tack. "I'd like to mighty well," he said. "But—I don't think I ought to try."

"For goodness' sake, why? Between what you've learned from practical experience and what I've given you, you've a better training than ninety per cent. of the boys at Tech; and you have the natural ability of an architect. Remember that age limit bars most professionals."

"Yes, I know; it isn't that. I'm conceited enough to think I'd have a fair chance of winning. But you see, mother—well, since father died, we've had to sell pretty close, and she needs my help."

"Two years in Europe is a big thing for an architect."

"I know, sir, but I'm afraid it's impossible."

"But nothing's impossible, Brownie!"

For a moment Tad stared silently at the bent back of the man across from him. Ordinarily Mr. Cunningham's advice did not seem so, or, at least, it did not sound practical. Tad could not see how he could leave his mother for two whole years without income while he went off to Europe to study architecture. Half an hour of silence followed. Then, after clearing his throat once or twice, Mr. Cunningham looked up.

"Let your work slide for a few minutes, Tad," he said. "I have a proposition to make you. He came over and stood beside the boy's table."

"You've been working here with me more than three years now," he went on. "I've watched you closely and know that you have remarkable ability; it would be a shame for you not to have the advantage of studying abroad. Here's my proposition, and if you win the prize I'll pay you your present salary while you are away, in order to be sure of having you back in my office for a partner when you return."

"But you can't afford to do that, Mr. Cunningham!" Tad exclaimed.

"It's a good investment for two reasons—first, the publicity I get from having a man from my office win; second, the assurance of a good team mate to shoulder the weight of the work two years from now."

Tad bit the end of his pencil thoughtfully for a moment. Opportunity was certainly knocking heavily at his door. He could not let the chance pass. He extended his hand.

"It's a go, sir; only we'll consider the money a loan to be paid back within two years after the partnership is formed. It's mighty good of you."

From that day Tad worked on his Columbine Cottage every evening and part of the noon hours. Finally the last plate was finished. As he bent above it he was very happy. It was eleven o'clock, and he would have to go home in the rain without his overcoat, but what he had done was well worth it. Mr. Cunningham had looked at the plans over just before he left and had praised them enthusiastically. A drop of water struck the back of Tad's neck and ran down under his collar. He looked up. Another drop fell from the ceiling directly over the spot on the ceiling where he had been drafting table. He watched it grow large, stretch downward, and fall. It seemed to hypnotize him. But as it broke against the unroofed surface of the treasured cottage, he snatched up a blotter and quickly absorbed the bits of moisture.

"Morris must have left his window open," the boy said to himself. He grasped the edge of the heavy table and was about to drag it to one side, then stopped, emptied a green pottery bowl and placed it over the wet spot. "That'll keep it from draining through ten floors to the basement; I'll hike up and cut off the supply."

As he returned, another drop fell from the plaster and struck squarely in the bowl.

The windows in the James Building were made up of two large sashes, each of which contained a single pane of heavy plate glass. Both could be raised and lowered easily because of raised and lowered counterweights that ran up and down in the casing. But a sash cord had apparently broken in Morris's office, and the upper half of the window had dropped to a position only a couple of inches higher than the lower.

Tad tried to push it up, but could not move it. He hooked the fingers of both hands over the top of the lower sash and pulled himself to a standing position on the broad window sill. But as his weight jerked inward on the lower sash the upper sash slipped downward, and the sharp edge of its moulding cut tight across the knuckles of both hands. He was held securely.

It was several minutes before the boy realized the awkwardness of his position. He pulled until the joints of his fingers ached, and jerked until they were bleeding. It was of no use. The sharp edge of the moulding pressed against his knuckles with the weight of the heavy window, and he could not pull his fingers out of the trap. He stood for a time contemplating the situation. There was no particular danger connected with it; sometime early in the morning the janitor would come to clean up the office. But meanwhile the rain was beating in on him and drenching him to the skin. And in the room below was filling.

He tried to estimate how long it would be before the bowl overflowed. The drops were falling at about twelve a minute, he thought. Roughly, there must be about eighteen drops to a

teaspoon; he guessed that the bowl would be full sixty spoonfuls before the water would spatter out on the drawing. That gave him an hour and a half in which to free himself. If he did not get out of the trap in that time the water would almost certainly overflow the bowl and ruin the drawing; and in the day that remained before the contest closed he could not possibly make another. About fifteen minutes of the hour and a half had already gone, he thought.

It was useless to try to lift the heavy sash with the backs of his hands or by pulling up on it with his fingers. He leaned forward and saw the theatre crowd on the sidewalk far below. If he could only attract some one's attention. He whistled shrilly, but no one even paused. Then he remembered the pencil stuck above his ear. Perhaps if he dropped it some one would look up. He pushed it loose with his shoulder and watched it whirl downward under the light. As it struck the pavement a pedestrian stopped, picked it up and looked to see who it came from. Tad waved his hand violently but uselessly. The man stuck the pencil in his pocket and went on his way.

The boy was in despair. Then Mr. Cunningham's words came back to him: "Nothing's impossible, Brownie!"

Tad smiled grimly. "I'd like to see how he'd figure this out," he mused. "But there must be a solution. He added, with a fresh determination, he kicked down at his feet. It he kicked out the glass, that would certainly attract attention from below. And possibly kill some one. No, he could not take that chance. But he must hurry. At a great deal of time had must hurry. Probably the drops had quickened. Maybe even now—Like a flash it was all clear to him. Why had he not thought of it before?

With the toe of his shoe he tapped gently at the inner pane until a corner cracked across and fell out. Nervously he watched it drop back, slide under the bottom of the outer pane and rest on the cement ledge. Then he pushed the toe of his shoe through the opening, squeezed the end of the wide sole under the edge of the outer sash—it went just far enough to give the necessary purchase enough to pry upward. As the moulding rose slightly he jerked his fingers free. In a few seconds he had slipped the pane from the Columbine cottage from under the half-filled bowl.

"The end of the matter he was receiving congratulations. "As soon as you get to London," Mr. Cunningham said, "if you possibly can, I'll have a man come to see you. Nothing's impossible," Tad reminded him.

(The End.)

### Family Account Book.

As well as any other business, the housekeeping has an aspect of commercial side. Of course, making a home and rearing a family is something very different from a merely commercial undertaking; nevertheless, it is an enterprise that costs money, and there is the certain income and the things to be bought and paid for out of it.

The families that are content to "get along somehow" without keeping track of the ways in which it spends its income is conducting its affairs in a very slipshod way. There is no surer detector of extravagance, no more effective aid to economical and well-considered budgeting than a family account book.

At any stationer's you can find a book and you can rule it off to suit yourself. You will no doubt have a receipt and every item of expenditure should be entered in order, but the chief value of the account will be lost unless the sums paid out are grouped under certain heads, instead of being merely set down one by one. It is the proportion of its income that a family spends for this or that purpose which shows whether its affairs are wisely or carelessly managed.

There should be one column for rent. If the family owns the house, the taxes, the interest on the mortgage, if there be one, and the necessary repairs should be entered in this column. So, too, should insurance premiums on the house and the furniture.

The next big item is the one of food. Whatever is bought for the table should go in here. And if you have a garden and expend money on it, also put that in this column, crediting the garden with the food it produces.

Clothing next, and it is often interesting to enter the items under that heading in such a way that the money spent on each member of the family can be determined at the end of the year. All money spent on repairing or cleaning for clothing is properly added to this account.

Household running expenses form the next account, and a varied one it usually is. It includes money paid to servants, if there are any; laundry bills, care of grounds, coal, wood, electric or gas bills, telephone service and the repairing of furniture or dishes.

Another column may be headed "higher life." In that should be entered money spent on amusements, luxuries, charitable objects, traveling expenses or pleasure trips, books, magazines, papers, and everything of that kind.

A column will be needed for "supplies," items, that is, that include exact classification. Where there are school children, either for tuition or schoolbooks, they may go into the supplies column if they are small; but if large they deserve a column of their own. That also applies to doctors' and dentists' bills, and medicines.

Money that is spent in purchasing new furnishings for the home or in adding improvements to the house or grounds, should be distinguished from household expenses, for it represents an increase in the value of the property. The column of such expenditures may be headed "furnishings."

A final column should be given to savings. In that should be entered not only the money that is deposited in banks or invested, but also money used to pay premiums on life insurance.

Footings should be made every week, at least, in order that mistakes or omissions may be corrected as soon as possible, and the amount of cash on hand compared with the amount that the book shows.

The totals of each of the columns are carried forward to the head of the next page, so that the condition of each account can always be seen at a glance. At the end of the year your account book will show precisely what has been spent for each of the purposes enumerated. Also it will be clear which accounts are larger than they ought to be, and where, if anywhere, money may be saved during the coming year.

### Lore of Blazed Trees Aid to Historian.

In earlier days, when large portions of the country were covered with forests and there were few roads, travel was often possible only by way of paths "blazed" through the woods. To blaze, as every woodsman knows, is to strike off a chip from the sides of trees, so that the line of marks shall indicate the direction of the trail.

In blazing for a path small trees were marked, but in blazing for the bounds of a lot or town or for a farm line larger trees were usually selected, the blaze being made about breast high. When, however, as was often the case, the blazing was done in winter on deep snow by men travelling on snowshoes, the mark was necessarily higher up. Where such a line is travelled in the summer, especially after some years, during which the trees have grown, the marks are sometimes found high up on the trunks and are likely to escape the eye of the inexperienced. As many of them will also be partially overgrown the task of the surveyor who goes over one of these old lines is not always an easy one.

If the line of trees selected for blazing the lot is made upon the right side. If the line goes to the right the tree is blazed upon the left side.

In running a boundary at a corner, where two lines come together, either a "monument" is erected—a stake supported by four boulders—or a tree is blazed on all four sides to indicate as nearly as possible the turning point of the line.

The permanency of the record made by blazing trees is quite remarkable. It is a matter of fact that in many cases of disputed lines or boundaries of lots in forest lands the courts have held the record of the blaze as sufficient and reliable, where carefully drawn plans and formally attested deeds have been set aside. The wound of a blazed tree heals over, but never so completely that the scar may not be readily recognized by the experienced woodsman; hence it follows that so long as the blazed tree escapes fire and the axe of the lumberman so long it remains a faithful record of the line as surveyed.

Blazed trees also fit dates almost as accurately as they preserve boundaries. The outer shell which has grown over the scar is cut away, and the rings in the wood beneath the bark testify to the number of years which have elapsed since the blaze was made.

### Sweet Content.

"Who loves fair flowers,  
And shady bowers,  
And all the joys a garden brings,  
Knows sweet content  
And merriment,  
Far more than happiest of kings;  
The whispering trees,  
The murmuring bees,  
Each flower that wags, each bird that sings,  
Are good friends sent  
With sweet content,  
Unknown to happiest of kings."

# About the House

### Good jelly may be made by substituting part corn syrup for the sugar used in these proportions:

2 cups fruit juice.  
1 cup corn syrup.  
½ cup sugar.

After the juice has been heated, boiling hot, add the measured syrup and sugar and cook rapidly until the mixture flakes off the spoon.

Very recent laboratory experiments have been made with fruit juice, sugar and syrup. The following results have been tabulated:

1 cup crabapple juice to 1-3 cup sugar—excellent texture, sweet flavor.

1 cup crabapple juice to ½ cup sugar—acceptable texture, sufficiently sweet.

1 cup crabapple juice—½ cup sugar plus ½ cup corn syrup—gives an excellent texture and is sweet in flavor.

For juices rich in pectin, ¼ cup sugar and ¼ cup white corn syrup makes a good jelly.

Chemically, cane and beet sugar are identical and are interchangeable in any cooking. It has been proved by chemists and in scientific cooking experiments that beet and cane sugar give equally satisfactory results however we may use them.

### Germ Free.

If you would like to be germ-free a few thoughts here for you will be Sunshine keeps the germs away. Whether at work or at your play. Foul air breeds the germs, I fear. So don't let it be very near.

Don't keep the doors and windows tight. But breathe fresh air both day and night.

If to humanity you would be fair, Please don't keep out the pure, fresh air.

Good food to eat and plenty of sleep, And then good thoughts you sure will keep.

A swim or a bath before bed, Keeps you healthy, and germ free, too. Food, baths, sleep, sunshine and air Are things for which germ-free folks care.

If you would happy all day be, Then you want to be germ-free.

To cleanse sinks and drains pour copperas dissolved in boiling water through them.

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### Sugar-Saving Jelly.

An ideal fruit jelly is beautifully colored, clear and well flavored. It must be of such texture that it quivers slightly but does not break when removed from the glass. It cuts easily with the spoon. We can produce such a jelly and use at least one-half the amount of sugar we have been in the habit of using.

We know that without pectin no fruit juice can be made into jelly. To determine the amount of pectin present in any fruit juice, add two table-spoonfuls of denatured alcohol to the same amount of hot juice. The pectin will be precipitated and shows on the spoon or in a glass as a jelly-like mass. Since different fruits contain different quantities of pectin, it is well to make this test for each kind of juice we use so that we can measure the pectin accurately.

A perfect jelly may be made by using ½ cup of sugar to 1 cup of fruit juice from apple, currants or grapes, which are high in pectin.

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### WHY BRIDES WEAR WEDDING VEILS

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#### Superstition and Custom Are Curiously Blended in the Marriage Ceremony.

Even in this dull, materialistic age there are few to whom a wedding will not conjure up some memories, sweet or bitter, and intermingled with superstition and romance.

The time is far distant when even the most matter-of-fact bride would not resent the disappearance of certain marriage customs, for, if superstition be justifiable at all, it is at weddings.

Take the wedding-ring, for instance, which is always worn on the third finger of the left hand, because, according to superstition, a certain vein from the artery proceeds straight that finger, heart to the termination of that finger.

Another explanation is that at one time the custom was for the bride to place the ring on the thumb of the bride with the words: "In the name of the Father," changing to the first finger with "and of the Son," to the second finger with "and of the Holy Ghost," and then to the third, where he let it remain, with an "Amen."

#### The First Cake.

The custom of wearing a wedding veil is one of the most widely adopted in the world. Long years ago a bride went to the marriage ceremony with her hair hanging over her face, and it is from this custom that the wedding-veil is supposed to have originated.

Eating a special cake at weddings is a custom that is very ancient. The early Romans broke a cake over the bride's head as a symbol of plentifulness. In the Middle Ages hundreds of guests were entertained at wedding feasts, which lasted several days. A huge pile of small, richly-flavored cakes were heaped at the head of the table before the bride and groom.

After kissing each other over them for luck, these cakes were broken into squares over the bride's head, and were then scrambled for by the guests and carried away to bring luck. After a time the idea was conceived of making the cakes in one mass and icing them, and that was the first wedding-cake.

The custom of throwing a shoe after the bride for luck is a survival of an old Bible custom, when a shoe was taken off as a token that certain rights of possession were surrendered. At one time women were considered the property of their fathers or nearest male relative, and not given in marriage as a slipper—then a symbol of authority—in a prominent place in the bride's home.

In the East, still, a Jewish father, on the marriage of his daughter, presents her with a shoe to the bridegroom as a token that he yields up his rights in her.

Where the "Best Man" came in, in early days, when the groom reigned supreme, the man whose lover prepared his bride by simply lying in wait for her, clabbing her, and dragging her off. As the lady sometimes was pursued by her friends, the lover would generally have a friend to help him draw them off in another direction, or to fight them. This friend is probably the origin of "best man."

Though a bride's attire may be varied, in some rural districts in Yorkshire neither blue nor green may be worn by her, both colors being considered particularly unlucky. The saying goes:

"If dressed in blue  
She's sure to rue"

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