

When You Try "SALADA" TEA

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just 'ea."

Woman's Sphere

TELLING CHILDREN STORIES.

What sort of bed-time stories do you tell to your children; and what sort of an impression do they make on the little tots? Do you sometimes wonder why the longer you tell your little son or daughter stories the wider awake they become? If this is the case, you may be sure that there is a very good reason for it. What kind of stories do your children ask for? One is safe in assuming that if the child is acquainted with Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, etc., that they are his favorite stories. But have you allowed the child to become acquainted with these characters of story-lore? A friend once complained to me that the longer she told her little daughter "good-night" stories the wider awake she became. "The more stories I tell her, the more she wants," the mother complained. "She wants tales of ogres and giants and Indians, and she won't go to sleep without them—and she can't go to sleep with them, sometimes 'till ten o'clock. And she gets so nervous that she often cries out in her sleep."

Although a woman of unusual intelligence, she did not seem to realize that it was the sort of stories she told to her little daughter that caused the sleeplessness. Suppose that she had told the child stories of a soothing nature? You know there are stories of that sort—stories that have a reputation of soft, drowsy sounds that naturally have the effect of producing sleepiness. Or, if she preferred, she might have told the little one stories that, even though they did not have the effect of producing sleepiness, may be told at bedtime, which does not contain the least element of fear may be safely told. But if a mother desires that her child shall sleep well, she should never tell him, or allow him to be told, stories that frighten him. Such stories are also poor brain-developers.

Only a few evenings ago our little brother, seven years old, began after he had been put to bed, to tell the story that his teacher had read to his class in school that day. It was hard to get him interested in any other story. The "teacher's story" had made such an impression on him that it seemed he could not get it out of his mind. I did not get much meaning from his rather incoherent version, but I know the story was full of headings, giants and ogres, and that it was with difficulty that I interested the child in a simple little nature story.

Perhaps the child's teacher is not to blame as she is only a girl and this is her first school. Anyway, our little brother took some stories to school with him the next day—just such stories as he is used to having told and read to him—and the teacher seemed pleased to get them, and to prove it, read them aloud to the class. And as a result brother did not have any difficulty in keeping his mind on his own good-night story when he went to bed. His little mind was not full of horrible, fear-instilling

THEIR GREATEST LABOR SAVERS.

When a certain farm woman figured that she was traveling 114 miles a year, bringing water from her back porch into the kitchen, it did not take her long to persuade the men-folks to pipe the water into the house. Facts are stubborn and sometimes startling, and often the simplest changes spell the difference between drudgery and pleasure in doing housework.

"What is the greatest labor saver in your home?" was the question asked at a home-improvement meeting the other day. Electric lights, electric iron, and electric washer of course came in for their due share of praise; but within the limits of even the slenderest pocketbook, and some of these things require no outlay of money whatever, only a little thought and ingenuity.

"A high stool in the kitchen," said one woman. "Hooks to hang utensils where they are needed," said another. "A chamois skin for washing windows and mirrors," volunteered a third.

Other things found helpful were group shelves to supply extra room, wire dish cloth, dustless dust mop, oil cloth on shelves, traveling table, and oil stove.

Just read this over again, and see if there isn't at least one of these labor savers that you need and can have without much expenditure of time or money.

A SIMPLE, DAINY SACK.



4463. Fillet lace and crepe de chine are here combined. The model is comfortable and pretty, and may be developed in crepe of two colors, or in batiste with veining and hemstitching for a finish.

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 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch material. For the yoke of contrasting material 1 yard 40 inches wide is required.

HANGING-BASKET PLANTS.

Hanging-basket plants, it has been learned, must be hardy and not easily injured by heat or temporary neglect. The air up where they are is likely to be much hotter than the normal living-room temperature, and being above the level of the eyes, they are likely to be neglected. Drying out fast, they need more watering than pots below, and usually get less. The Bermuda buttercup oxalis has been about the best blooming hanging-basket plant I have ever grown. Both foliage and flowers have long stems, and drop down over the sides as they mature. One or two bulbs will make a fine basket. A large fleshy root stores

moisture, which makes it drought-resistant. This is the case also with *Asparagus sprengeri*, another excellent basket plant with beautiful feathery foliage but no worth-while bloom. Wandering Jew and weeping lantana are trailing plants often used, but either of the above I have found to be better.—A. H.

PATCHING NEW GARMENTS.

Patching new garments sounds drastic, but is much easier and more inspiring than working on old ones that are faded and out of shape. Patches, like the nose on the face, have a habit of coming in the same places. So it is a simple matter to put them on after a new garment has been shrunk, or, if made at home, after it has been finished. In the latter case some of the material can be used, but if clothes are ready-made some similar material will do just as well.

The tail of an old shirt is often good enough to be cut into patches for the elbows or pieces large enough to come down over the shoulder blades in the back. Cut the patches round for the elbows and pin or baste into place. Do the patch to the sleeve very lightly. When putting in double backs shape the patch like the top of the shirt, pin into place, turn in the edges and hem to sleeves, shoulder and collar seams. Overcast the lower edge and tack to the shirt in several places so as to hold it in place. Knees and seats of new trousers will be much slower to come through if re-enforced in this way while new. Underwear and pajamas will need almost no attention in later life when they are patched before showing too much wear. You will be surprised to experience a wonderful feeling of freedom when you outdistance the family patching.

The City of Cloud.

When I am a-weary of people and town,
And fret and the worry and woe
Of life at its best, to a little gray rock
In the heart of the meadows I go.
And there in the silence, sequestered
and sweet,
Away from the riotous crowd,
My fanciful spirit slips out of the flesh
And visits the City of Cloud.

Its domes and its minarets, turrets and towers,
Are silver and mother of pearl,
And white satin banners with fringes
of silk
From its spires in the azure unfurl.
The steep terrace stairs and the avenues
broad,
The gates and the palaces proud
Are of pure alabaster and ivory carved
In the glorious City of Cloud.

Only lilies unclose in its gardens and groves,
Ships snowy sailed float to its piers,
No sound ever shatters the quiet
scheme,
No calendar reckons the years;
But at sunrise and sunset its shimmering
roofs
With splendor untold are endowed,
Then aglitter with amethysts, rubies
and gold
Is the beautiful City of Cloud.

I meet in the streets all the hopes and the dreams
That melted alas! into air,
And young Love who died of too ardent
a kiss,
And Truth who was slain with a
hair,
And none are unhappy or sick or in
pain,
There are neither a crutch or a
shroud
Or a whip or a weapon or hunger or
thirst
In the marvelous City of Cloud.

To eyes that are blind to the beauty
of star
And blossom and billow, behold!
My city enchanted is only a mass
Of cumuli told upon fad.
But to world-beaten hearts like my
own it's the place
Where no shadow of strife is al-
lowed,
And my spirit untrammelled may dance
with the sun
In the wonderful City of Cloud.
—Minnia Irving.

The Reason.

The story of hox Paderewski was expelled from Russia years ago by Emperor Alexander III, after Paderewski had played before the court, is worth telling.

"You are a great artist, and an honor to Russia," the Emperor is reported to have said.

"Pardon, Your Majesty," replied Paderewski. "To Poland."

The next day the pianist received an order to leave Russia, and he has never returned since.

Tea and eggs are in the same class. You insist on fresh eggs, and since tea deteriorates even more rapidly if exposed to the air, you should insist on cream as well as "SALADA" in air-tight aluminum to keep it fresh. Do not accept bulk teas of questionable age.

"GREENMANTLE"

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

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CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"What came you forth to seek?" Hilda von Einem asked. "You are not like the stout American Henkerson, a lover of shoddy power and the devotee of a feeble science. There is something more than that in your face. You are on our side, but you are not of the Germans with their hankering for a rocco Empire. You come from America, the land of pious follies, where men worship gold and words. I ask, what come you forth to seek?"

As she spoke I seemed to get a vision of a figure, like one of the old gods looking down in wild places, from a great height, a figure disdainful and passionate, but with its own magnificence. It kindled my imagination, and I answered with the stuff I had often cogitated when I had tried to explain to myself just how a crusade could be made out against the Allied cause.

"I will tell you, Madam," I said. "I am a man who has followed a science, by the laws of long and wide places, and I have come through it and come out at the other side. The world, as I see it, had become too easy and cushioned. Men had forgotten their manhood in soft speech, and imagined that the ruler of their smug civilization was the law of the universe. But that is not the teaching of science, and it is not the teaching of life. We had forgotten the greater virtues, and we were becoming emasculated humbugs before showing too much wear. Then came war, and the air was cleared. Germany, in spite of her blunders and her grossness, stood forth as the scourge of cant. She had the courage to cut through the bonds of humbug and to laugh at the fetishes of the herd. Therefore I am on Germany's side. But I came here for another reason. I know nothing of the East, but as I read history it is from the desert that the purification comes. When I am smothered with shams and phrases and painted idols a wind blows out of the wilds to cleanse and simplify life. The world needs space and fresh air. The civilization we have boasted of is a toy-shop and a blind alley, and I hanker for open country."

This confounded nonsense was well received. Her pale eyes had the cold light of the fanatic. With her bright hair she looked like some destined for a Norse legend. At that moment I think I first really feared her; before I had half hated and half admired. Thank Heaven, in her absorption she did not notice me, and had forgotten the speech of Cleveland, Ohio.

"You are of the Household of Faith," she said. "You will presently learn many things, for the Faith marches to victory, but she quickly turned her face to the west and said, 'I am on your side, and your companion travel eastward.'"

"We go to Mesopotamia," I said. "I reckon these are our passports," and I pointed to the envelope. She picked it up, opened it, and then tore it in pieces and tossed it in the fire.

"The orders are countermanded," she said. "I have need of you and you go with me. Not to the flats of the Tigris, but to the great hills. Tomorrow you will receive new passports. She gave me her hand and turned to go. At the threshold she paused, and looked towards the oak cupboard. "Tomorrow I will relieve you of your prisoner. He will be safer in my hands."

She left me in a condition of pretty blank bewilderment. We were to be tied to the chariot-wheels of this fury and started on an enterprise compared to which fighting against our friends at Kut seemed tame and reasonable. On the other hand, I had been spotted by Rasta, and had got the envoy of the great man in Constantinople. At all costs we had to keep Rasta safe, but I was very determined that he should not be handed over to the lady. I was going to be no party to cold-blooded murder, and I judged to be her expedient. It was a pretty kettle of fish, but in the meantime I must have food, for I had eaten nothing for nine hours. So I went in search of Peter.

I had scarcely begun my long-deferred meal when Sandy entered. He was before his time, and he looked as solemn as a sick owl. I seized on him as a drowning man clutches a spar.

"Heard my story of Rasta with a lengthening face," he said. "You say he spotted you, and your subsequent doings of course would not disillusion him. It's an infernal nuisance, but there's only one way out of it. I must put him in charge of my own people. They will keep him safe and sound till he's wanted. Only he mustn't see me."

And he went out in a hurry.

I fetched Rasta from his prison. He had come to his senses by this time, and lay regarding me with stony, malevolent eyes.

"I'm very sorry, sir," I said. "For what has happened. But you left me no alternative. I've got a big job on hand and I can't have it interfered with by you or any one. You're paying the price of a suspicious nature. When you know a little more you'll want to apologize to me. I'm going to see that you are kept quiet and comfortable for a day or two. You've no cause to worry, for you'll suffer no harm. I give you my word of honor as an American citizen."

Two of Sandy's miscreants came in and bore him off, and presently Sandy himself returned. When I asked what he was being taken, Sandy said he didn't know. "They've got their orders, and they'll carry them out to the letter. There's a big, unknown area to be maintained to hide a man into which the *Khafigh* never enter."

Then he flung himself into a chair and lit his old pipe.

"Dick," he said, "this job is getting very difficult and very dark. But my knowledge has grown in the last few days. I've found out the meaning of the second word that Harry Bullivant scribbled."

"'Cancer'?" I asked.

"Yes. It means just what it reads and no more. Greenmantle is dying—has been dying for months. This afternoon they brought a German doctor to see him, and the man gave him a few hours of life. By now he may be dead."

The news was a staggerer. For a moment I thought it cleared up things. "Then that busts the show," I said. "You can't have a crusade without a prophet."

"I wish I thought it did. It's the end of one stage, but the start of a new and blacker one. Do you think that woman will be beaten by such a small thing as the death of her prophet? Still she has a substitute of the four Ministers, or some one else. She's a devil incarnate, but she has the soul of a Napoleon. The big danger is only beginning."

Then he told me the story of his recent doings. He had found out the house of Frau von Einem without much trouble, and had performed with his ragamuffins in the servants' quarters. The prophet had a large retinue. Companions were known far and wide in the land of Islam—came speedily to the ears of the Holy Ones. Sandy, a leader of this most orthodox coterie, was taken into favor and brought to the notice of the four Ministers. He and his half-dozen retainers became inmates of the villa, and Sandy, from his knowledge of Islamic lore and his ostentatious piety, was admitted to the confidence of the household. Frau von Einem welcomed him as an ally, for the Companions had been the most devoted propagandists of the new revelation.

As he described it, it was a strange business. Greenmantle was dying and often in great pain, but he struggled to meet the demands of his protectress. The four Ministers, as Sandy saw them, were unworshipful ascetics; the prophet himself was a saint, though a practical saint with some notions of policy; but the controlling brain and will were those of the lady. Sandy seemed to have won his favor, even his affection. He spoke of him with a kind of desperate pity.

"I never saw such a man. He is the greatest gentleman you can picture, with a dignity like a high mountain. He is a dreamer and a poet, too—a genius if I can judge these things. I think I can assess him rightly, for I know something of the East, but it would be too long a story to tell now. The West knows nothing of the true Oriental. It pictures him as lapped in color and idleness and luxury and gorgeous dreams. But it is all wrong. The East is the austerity of the East that is its beauty and its terror. . . . It always wants the same things at the back of its head. The Turk and the Arab came out of big spaces, and they have the desire for them in their bones. They settle down and stagnate, and by and by they degenerate into that appalling subtlety which is their ruling passion gone crooked. And then comes a new revelation and a great simplifying. They want to live face to face with God without a screen of ritual and images and priestcraft. They want to prune life of its foolish fringes and get back to the whole bareness of the desert. Remember, it is always the empty desert and the empty sky that cast their spell over them—these, and the hot, strong, anti-septic sunlight which burns up all rot and decay. . . . It is the humanity of one part of the human race. It isn't ours, it isn't as good as ours, but it's jolly good all the same. There are times when it grips me so hard that I'm inclined to forswear the gods of my fathers."

Well, Greenmantle is the prophet of this great simplicity. He speaks straight to the heart of Islam, and it's an honorable message. But for our sins it's been twisted into part of that damned German propaganda. His unworshipfulness has been used for a cunning political move, and his creed of space and simplicity for the furtherance of the last word in human degeneracy. My God, Dick, it's like seeing St. Francis run by Messalina. "The woman has been here to-night," I said. "She asked me what I stood for, and I invented some infernal nonsense which she approved of. But I can see one thing. She and her prophet may run for different stakes, but it's the same course."

The Little Things.

He came a little sooner
Than the other fellow did.
And stayed a little longer.
Than the other fellow would.
He worked a little harder.
And he talked a little less.
He was never really hurried.
And he showed but little stress.
For every little movement
His efficiency expressed.
He saved a little money.
In a hundred little ways.
And banked a little extra.
When he got a little raise.
Of course, it's little wonder that
He murmurs with a smile,
As his dividends come regular.
"Are the little things worth while?"

Another Question.
Mother—"Don't ask so many questions, Elsie. Don't you know that curiosity killed the cat?"
Elsie—"What did the cat want to know, mother?"
Minard's Liniment fo. Dandruff.

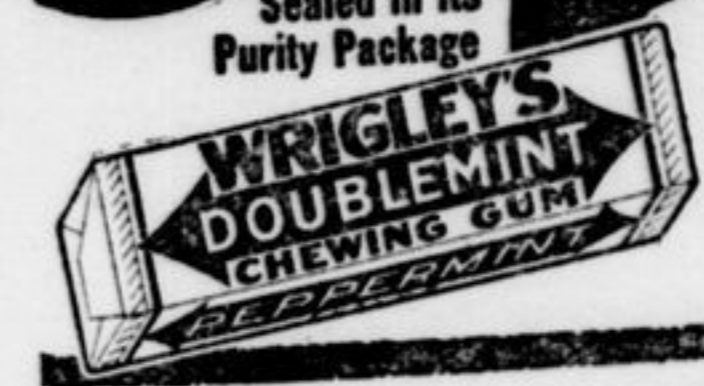
WRIGLEYS

Take it home to the kids

Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.

After Every Meal



Dreamers.

Is it a dream that we are different?
Can it be true we are the same as they—
Those beasts forever tearing at their prey.
Seeming so sleek yet always on the scent?
Our talons hide in pale pear blossom flesh.
Cold cunning lurks beneath our fragile skin—
Oh, we are strange and terrible within.
Our slender hands can lay a snaring mesh!
Still, do beasts hold hushed visions as they go?
By toiling sweat do they stretch spires high—
Aching to wring a solace from the sky
And crying of a High White Thing they know!
Are we mere beasts and cruel as we seem.
Or are we different because we dream?
—Power Dalton.

Argentina's Meteorite.

A giant meteorite which fell in the territory of Chaco, Argentina, 300 years ago, but which was "lost" shortly before 1812, has been rediscovered, according to explorers for the Argentine government. The mass is reported to weigh nearly sixty tons. Since 1912 several expeditions have tried to locate it. In 1873 a reward of \$2,000 was offered for its recovery. About the middle of the seventeenth century the presence of Spaniards who had first reported by the spot by Villegas Indians. The object lay half-buried in the sand. Analysis showed that it consisted of meteoric iron and pure nickel and cobalt. Several pieces were sent to museums. Two pistols were made from some of the metal and were presented to a president of the United States in appreciation of his sympathy with Argentine independence.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Oleomargarine.
Belgium now uses about 1,600,000 pounds of oleomargarine each month, about 3 1/2 times the quantity a few years ago.

Toronto Bond Exchange Limited

DOMINION BANK BLDG., TORONTO

ATTENTION

1923 VICTORY BONDS

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Holders may clip and retain interest coupons due Nov. 1st, 1923 and send their bonds to be exchanged for the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds maturing in 5 or 20 years.

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1928 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.00
\$500 "	" 5.00
\$1,000 "	" 10.00

In exchanging for DOMINION OF CANADA 5% Bonds due 1943 they will receive the following amounts in cash, in addition to the same par value of DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.75
\$500 "	" 8.75
\$1,000 "	" 17.50

For bonds from which the Nov. 1st coupon has not been clipped the cash balance will be as follows:

For 1928 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 3.75
\$500 "	" 18.75
\$1,000 "	" 37.50
For 1943 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 4.50
\$500 "	" 22.50
\$1,000 "	" 45.00

Forward your bonds by REGISTERED MAIL to the Toronto Bond Exchange Limited, Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto. State plainly the maturity of DOMINION OF CANADA BONDS you wish—1928 or 1943. Receipts will be sent in order of acceptance.

CHECK SHOWN IN BR. POPULATION

BRITISH AUTHOR HAS NEW THEORY.

Problem of Excess of Citizens Will Solve Itself in Unexpectedly Short Time.

The population of London is headed toward a point where, just as in France, it will remain stationary and may even begin to show a decline. This theory is advanced by Charles E. Pell, author of "The Riddle of Unemployment and Its Solution." He made the statement in the course of a controversy in progress regarding the 1,600,000 men and women out of work in this country, says a London despatch.

The problem of population now is more discussed here than at any time since the days of Malthus. The general view is that in the post-war condition of Europe this country is over-populated. Even aside from the immediate question of the reparations settlement, which is regarded as holding up a widespread tendency to believe that a decline in the European standard of living is inevitable and that it would be wisdom to face rather than ignore this unpalatable position.

Conditions in Europe.

The war came and 10,000,000 men and women died. The war has passed and there are some 10,000,000 unemployed, while over the greater part of Europe conditions have become almost unendurable. From these facts it is argued that the vast European power is in time bound to decline and fall. This country, and indeed the whole of Europe, cannot support itself, and at the same time the exportable surplus, foodstuffs from America are declining while American manufacturers have become developed to a point that makes European exports less and less necessary.

The common assumption is that the position is due to bad distribution of population, and organized migration to undeveloped countries, such as the British dominions is suggested as a remedy. This expedient is to be considered at the forthcoming imperial conference, which undoubtedly would relieve conditions temporarily, but which fails to answer the fundamental question whether mankind is growing more rapidly than its sources of food supply.

Another suggested remedy is birth control, but this, as W. H. Keynes contended, is bound to raise burning religious, social and political questions. Revolutionizing these theories, Pell now comes forward with the claim that the situation is really the reverse of all this. Emigration may be desirable, but like birth control, it is unnecessary, since the population already is undergoing a natural check, he declares. The danger is not over-population at all, but rather under-population. This seems strange in view of the fact that in 1921, the latest year for which full figures are available in England, there was a surplus of 350,235. Pell argues, however, that this excess is temporary only and largely illusory.

Decline in Nation.

He points out that it is her much heavier death rate that leaves France with such a small excess of births over deaths, but argues that this is due because there is a much larger proportion of old people in France now than elsewhere, and England is passing swiftly through the stages that France previously had passed through rather slowly.

In support of his view he points out that when the present small proportion of children in this country grew up there will be an exceptionally small proportion of people of child-bearing age. As a result of this the population in England will approximate in constitution that of France, with similar consequences.

The birth rate will continue to fall more and more swiftly, he believes, while the death rate will cease declining and may even increase. Ultimately the former will overtake the latter and the country will face depopulation. Pell claims that the birth rate already has escaped from control and that other sections of the Anglo-Saxon race are in the same and even in a worse case.

The native-born population of the United States, according to his argument, is in a condition at least as bad as that of France and probably worse. His summing up of his position is along the following lines:

"As fertility is continually falling, there can be no doubt that the Anglo-Saxon element in America is steadily dying out. And as the birth rate in all of the more highly civilized countries is falling at an accelerating ratio, which ultimately must overtake the death rate, depopulation is the ultimate outcome."

From Cupid's Factory.

The young bride and groom have started on their wedding trip in a veritable ecstasy.

"Never heard of the cat who makes it?"

Attachments on a new shoe, with a person to move them if one can't move them, is a very little—possibly worth now instead of "face."

Determining

Before the creation of the Geographic Board of Canada in a central authority existed to place names of the Dominion explorer and map-maker adopted names and spellings as appropriate, and often travelers could be confused by changing various names in the accounts. Foreign explorers, using unknown parts of the world bestowed names more or less desired by Canadians. Appointed the name, "Grand Rapids" perhaps to the river system or "Athabaska" an ancient form of nomenclature was used for the creation of the Dominion.

A second reason was to avoid confusing duplication of names peculiarly within the same province days when the Indian, who go far afield, roamed the plains. If two lakes in a region called "Trout Lake" or "Trout River," little confusion, but it is different than the wider travel. Moreover, it reflects on the inconventionality of repetition, even to the third or fourth time, of such names. Eagle, Fish, Maple, etc.

A third reason was that graphic nomenclature should not be left to the foreign body, as was exemplified in another country, especially its publications by what the wild mountains of Canada known.

The Geographic Board was established to regulate the public Dominion Government, soon recognized that it had a right to be consulted names within their own jurisdiction.

Glass Houses.

When last I went a walking Glasshouse Street, and there stood rows of built of glass so neat. Though every door was open number nine. This one, thinks I, was your delight and mine.

The walls were made of sharp diamond-cut glass. Two floors with yellow spirals was the top. The hall was all of Bristol were bottle-green, with architraves of crystal test ever seen.

Each canopy and curtain was spun; And many-bred Venetian again the sun. The pillars they were of moulded glass the floor. The house was blown of glass dear a house of dream.

Hearing Singe

It is often of the ground read books and magazines singing, but let us hear it. It is of no use to read, oration. The same to the hearing of singers, include after listening to a whose lower jaw wobbling sings, that the reason why you must make your jaw does in order to make you hear a singer who notes until you forget what was singing, do not sit home with the notion that found in this cheap method, applause the true key to it.

There was once a you had a very round, full all the mind and technique please unthinkingly follow, satisfied. He realized singers had something to do so after watching a noting an occasional and gesture of the eye to incorporate these two method. But also, it the unexpressed note, the word on which the singer or note, and so the last. An epigrammatic young fell into the hands of a. After she had perceived the "best sellers" a picture of all-day labor or an opportunity to criticized her name, which, "Well, my lady, I know they are, but heard theta sing and I made no more note."

Keeps Points

A double-sided growing plants near the ground through some invention in France.

Only Shifted He "Well, what do you do in great wealth, Galt?" Very little—possibly worth now instead of "face."