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asures were not with the usual d child, but to dimes to avert and to relieve convenience, d prove a boon dly delayed, sharp and the later, spoke of wently to her was the great- d not make too d, and she kept tory for games e used continu-

Guest

Feeding and Caring For the Baby During the Hot Summer Months

The matter of clothing and food for very small babies during the summer months is a problem to many young mothers. Babies should not have to suffer from the heat when the temperature suddenly rises just because they always wear woolen vests and woolen sweaters and woolen blankets and the mother is too timid and inexperienced to take them off. They should be dressed according to the time of year. This does not mean that a sudden reduction of all their woollens should be made at one time, but certainly careful shedding could be done and the baby's amount of perspiration noticed, and clothing taken off or put on accordingly. During the hot weather, a bath morning and night is desirable. If the day is very hot, a cool sponge in the middle of the day will help to keep the baby comfortable and sweet. Feedings should, of course, be given with regularity. The baby's weight

2,000,000 Hike in England

London.—Hikers in England now number more than 2,000,000, according to a recent estimate by J. E. Walsh, editor of "The Hiker and Camper." The steady increase in the number of hikers in Great Britain is a revolt against modern industrial conditions, the workers fleeing to the country during the week-end to escape the noise of the city. The popularity of hiking, it is said, also has brought a better understanding between the villager and the city worker.

The Gardener

Summers, she worked among her flower beds. It allways seemed to me The lilies higher held their fragrant heads, The roses bloomed in deeper pinks and reds, From her sweet ministry. The silken poppies flamed anew each day, As if they tried to show Their gratitude and silent thanks that way—

The Son of the House

To my delight, I had found that I was the only guest of a small hotel, which stood on the shore of a Balearic island in a storied sea. The summer was past, the autumn was come; the proprietor and his sister were relaxing their efforts at making many Spaniards happy. Excellent hosts as they were, they must now have concern that the "Americana" should be "contento" while she remained as their guest. On the morning of an especially golden day, as I had breakfast on the terrace, I looked out from time to time to find the line of turquoise sea shimmering bright; or held my breath at sight of a small fishing boat tacking her way through a boisterous channel into the outer sea. Then, early as it was, the proprietor appeared to say "Buenos dias" with such buoyancy of tone and lightness of step that I imagined exciting events must be near; for although he could not explain in my language, there is an easy translation to be made by smiling eyes and poised gayety. So it was that I noted the arrival of large hampers of food, especially of chickens, being brought in by smiling women. At lunch time, there were two waiters in the pantry instead of one, and a quiet stir pervaded the place. During the afternoon there were gay arrivals of relatives, making agreeable conversation in the lounge. One large senior spoke in the bass voice of the robust, overtoning that of the proprietor, who was a little man and used a low, grave tone. Though I knew that there was an occasion imminent, I did not guess its significance. But, fortunately, I dressed for dinner, with special care, ap-

China Saves Ancient Walls As Protection for Cities

Polina.—The Chinese government has decided to maintain the ancient walls around its cities. The movement to destroy all walls, started two years ago, has been abruptly checked. The Ministry of War and the Executive Yuan at Nanking, according to official information here, have instructed municipal authorities to maintain their walls and see that they are kept in repair. Two years ago ardent young Nationalists contended that city walls interfered with progress and should be torn down. In several cities local Kuomintang branches started to destroy walls. But military experts, studying the matter, decided that city walls still serve strategic purposes and should remain. They protect residents from bandits, and in case of war are effective barriers to an invading army. At Tainantu, Shantung, and a few other cities, the tops of city walls are being used for highways. It is possible that other cities will follow this example. Walls are often wide enough to accommodate automobiles two or three abreast, and with little work can be made first-class thoroughfares.

5 Million in Greater Paris By New Census Figures

Paris.—The metropolitan region of Paris has nearly 5,000,000 inhabitants. Within the former fortifications there are 2,871,039 residents, and outside the fortifications there are 2,016,425, according to preliminary census figures. Greater Paris has increased by 600,000 during the last five years. Within the fortifications, however, there has been little increase. New office buildings in the centre have changed the character of the business quarter, where privately occupied apartments on the upper floors are rapidly disappearing. The rush to the suburbs will be checked, it is expected, by the large numbers of new apartment houses within the fortifications. Housing experts are beginning to fear a renewed crowding of the city proper and propose the centralization of specialized industries.

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Foreign Legion Gets Pick of Men Today

Marseilles, France.—The French Foreign Legion has been a beneficiary of the economic slump. Not only have recruits been so numerous that the officers were able to pick and choose at will, but the standard has been the highest ever known. Though the legion asks no questions, which might embarrass the volunteer, it is believed that Germans, who once were most numerous in the ranks of the first two companies, have now been replaced by Anglo-Saxons.

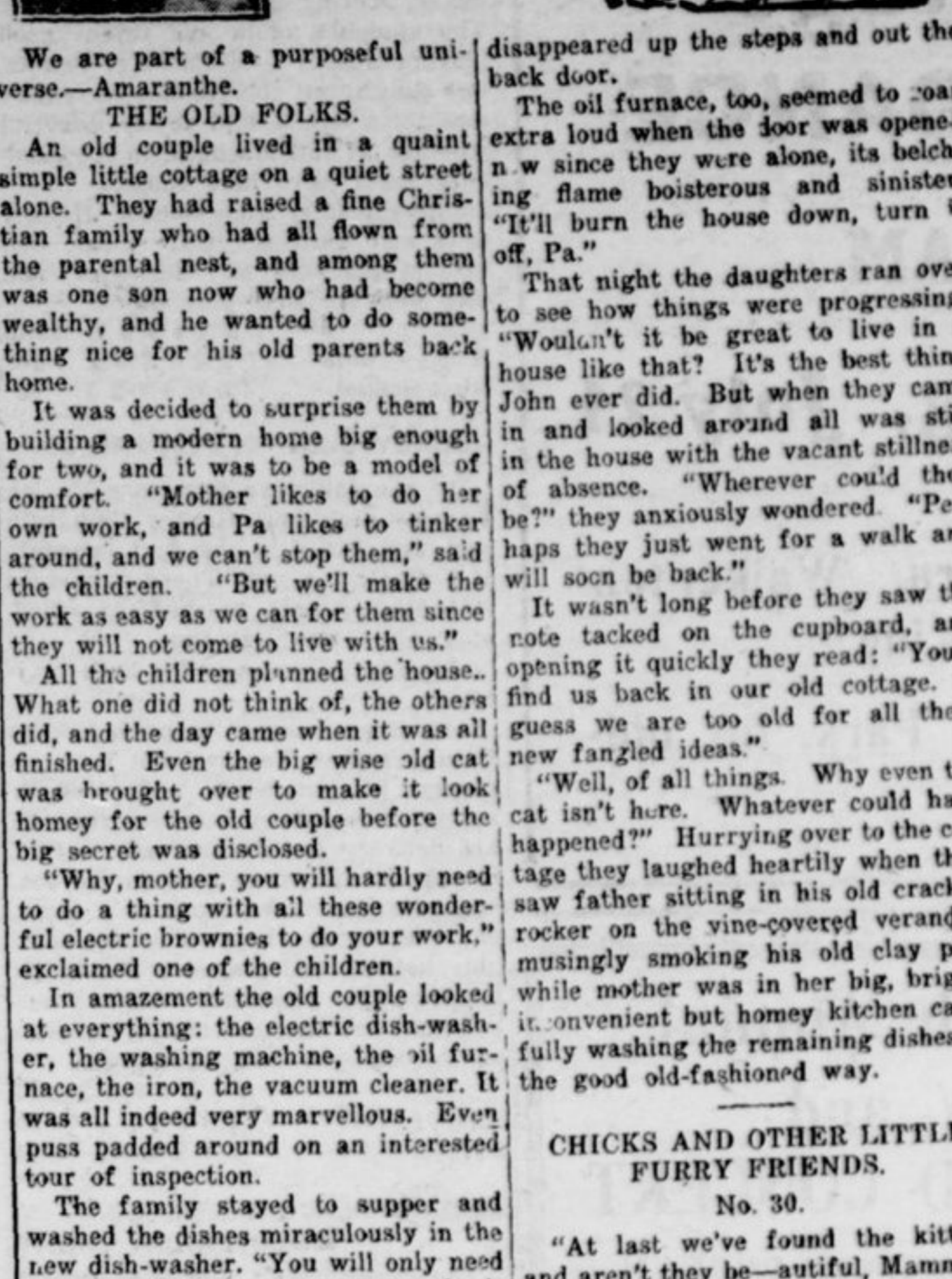
Library Issues First Editions

Simla, India.—Simla Public Library should delight the heart of the true book lover, writes a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor, for here is surely one of the few public libraries that issues first editions of remarkably rare books to its readers in the ordinary course of events. Past, too, was even very interested. The winger was fine, every-thing alright. But this time they were going to be sure and try it first for no repeats of last night's destruction were desired. Then the lid was pressed down and carefully the power turned on.

"That's going alright, I think," said Pa, but soon a peculiar yowling sound came from the inside of the tub as the motor hummed. "What's that noise?" They both listened, puzzled. "And it's getting worse." Then suddenly Pa said, "That don't sound like no machinery to me. Where's Samantha?" Unaccustomed to the switch they as quickly as possible turned off the power and opened the lid. Yes, it was the cat. She jumped out, swayed back and forth, groggy from the experience, then, coming to life, she looked at them reproachfully and suddenly better.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fur-



nished With Every Pattern. A graceful becoming dress for all-day occasions of fashionable coin dotted crepe silk. The beruffled collar and sleeves express the chic vogue of femininity. They add such a pretty softened touch essentially dainty and smart for summer. Button trim gives it a sportive air. The tiny bolero is so youthful. A dress such as this is smart for town, for bridge, for tea and later will be just the thing for vacation. Style No. 3086 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust. It is also attractive carried out in plaided gingham, shantung, linen, thin woollens and pastel flat washable crepe silk. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch, with 1 1/4 yards 39-inch contrasting. HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

disappeared up the steps and out the back door. The oil furnace, too, seemed to roar extra loud when the door was opened since they were alone, its belching flame boisterous and sinister. "It'll burn the house down, turn it off, Pa." That night the daughters ran over to see how things were progressing. "Wouldn't it be great to live in a house like that? It's the best thing John ever did. But when they came in and looked around all was still in the house with the vacant stillness of absence. "Wherever could they be?" they anxiously wondered. "Perhaps they just went for a walk and will soon be back." It wasn't long before they saw the note tacked on the cupboard, and said Billy, just so glad he didn't know what to do. He gently stroked their little backs as they nestled in Mamma Lady's lap. "Yes, they are worth all the trouble we had getting them," said Mamma Lady, as she fondled their extra thick fur, because they were Persian kittens. "I guess we'll take them downstairs and put them in their box now and we'll put the box where Rover can't get at it. Perhaps Fluffy won't mind then." Gathering them carefully in her apron, Mamma Lady carried them downstairs. "Now open the door, dear, and let Fluffy up to see we have her kittens." Billy opened the door and Fluffy walked in. First thing she saw were her kittens on Mamma Lady's lap. Do you think she minded? No, she didn't care a bit. So that wasn't why she hid them. I even believe she was glad they found, for her bed wasn't vry soft up there under the floor on the hard ceiling, was it? All at once something rushed over, jumped on Mamma Lady's lap and actually grabbed a kitty and was off before anybody could say "Jack Robinson." They were all so surprised. And you can't imagine who it was, I know you can't. Well, it was Topsy, the barn cat. You see she was in the house because she had no kittens. Perhaps you remember about her kitties and how the kitty left for her was run over by a car. And Mamma Lady let her in sometimes because she was so lonely. Well, when she heard those little baby kitties meowing she jumped down—remember that—as quickly as anything, just said "mew" once, and grabbed one in her mouth and was out of the door and over to the barn. She looked so funny with the kitten in her mouth when she walked along so proudly, as she held it up so it wouldn't touch the ground. Do you know which one she took? Well, it was Bobby Burns, and he held up his little legs so cute so they wouldn't drag on the ground, and he didn't say a word. Did you ever see a Mamma Kitty carry her baby? If you didn't you've missed something. Anyway, Mamma Lady smiled and said, "Let her have it. Good old Topsy, she'll be satisfied now."

"Trader Horn"

Montreal Daily Star: It is seldom that a man gives his name to a book. The case of Trader Horn, whose death was reported from England recently, was probably unique. A wanderer and an adventurer all his days, he would probably never have come before the notice of the public but for the perspicacity of a South African novelist, who was struck by his appearance and conversation and who persuaded him to write down his experiences which she in turn edited. The result was a book so amazing in variety, in color and in type of adventure on the West Coast and interior which it depicted, that even experienced critics said it must be a work of imagination. But Trader Horn was able to verify a great deal of his detail, though he had to rely upon rumor for corroboration of his tale about the beautiful white goddess, which many people thought he had "borrowed" from Rider Haggard. He certainly entertained a large section of the reading public for two or three years, and many of his earlier critics came round to believe that he was, after all, largely what he represented himself to be. Eminent British authors like Galsworthy had implicit faith in him. His life perhaps exemplifies more strikingly than that of any other author of our time the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction.

French to Eat Canadian Horses

A shipment of 256 Canadian horses destined for the horse-meat trade in France was landed recently at Le Havre by the freight department of the Canadian National Railways. This is the first of a series of weekly shipments to be made this summer. Apart from its cheapness, the advantage of horse meat is its freedom from the danger of tuberculosis, it is declared, and for this reason it is used extensively in several continental hospitals. The Canadian horses in this first shipment are nearly all from the ranges of Alberta.

Lord Willingdon in India

Stephen Gwynn in the Fortnightly Review (London): It is said of the new Viceroy that he is "color-blind"—a great qualification for his formidable task. If he can make Indians feel that he is without that sense of innateness and "a priori" superiority which most Englishmen feel when dealing with races of a different pigmentation, he may conceivably induce Hindu and Moslem to find in him the necessary arbiter of their differences. This is much to hope, but not impossible—as it would have been with Lord Curzon, for instance, in the same place, who would never have got away from the feeling that he had a right to impose his views, not because it was impartial, but because it came from above.

Price of World's Bread Varies 17.4 Cents a Loaf

London.—Bread prices throughout the world on January 1, 1931, ranged from 6.5 cents a 2.2-pound loaf in Jugoslavia to 24 cents in Belgium, a survey shows. Next to Belgium, Sweden paid the highest price for bread, 20.5 cents a loaf. The price in the United States was listed as 18.7 cents and in Canada at 14.4 cents. In only three of the eighteen countries included in the survey, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Spain, were the prices cheaper than in Great Britain, where the 2.2 pound loaf was listed at 8 cents.

Wheat Acreage of Russia Increases 10.3 Per Cent.

The sown area in the United States of Soviet Russia totals 250,000,000 acres, a gain of 10.3 per cent. over the area sown on June 20 of last year, according to a cablegram received by the Amtorg Trading Corporation yesterday from the Commissariat of Agriculture of the Soviet Union. A gain of 80 per cent. in the area sown by collective farms is reported. On June 20 last this area reached 145,000,000 acres. The commissariat also cableed that more than 53 per cent. of all the peasant households in the Soviet Union are now included in the collective farms.

Night at Coney Island

These lurid fires that sear the midnight skies Have withered up the ancient star-writ scroll Whose magic legend darkness should unroll. Now mimic galaxies enmesh the eyes And weave a screen beyond which flash in vain The awful visions that bereft of sleep Chaldean sage, and made the wondering sheep Of David roam unsheltered the plain. But out beyond the pale of light, the seas Embrace the star words mirrored in their tide And chant them in insistent, futile pleas That heedless shores re-echo and hand The sea subsides, but first with crooked hand I scrawls a furtive message on the sand. —Katherine McCormick.

MUTT AND JEFF—The Delegates to the Street Cleaners Convention Annoy Our Heroes.

