# Of Special Interest to Women Readers

# THE AVENGER

by Walter Forder - - -

CHAPTER II

Invitation Accepted Hunter paused in his pacing of the floor and wheeled around in astonish-

"A dog?"

ment.

"Yes, the villagers call it 'Old Shageen.' It's not a real animal - not alive that is. It runs along the seashore in the swirl of the incoming tide and howls - howls. I've seen it, at the foot of the cliffs of the grounds of 'Owl's Croft.' You know, Hunter, it all sounds foolish here, now in the daylight. But it's vastly different down there."

"I think I understand, but tell me something that has happened to reduce you to this shaky condition,"

Hunter was probing for facts in the mirage of fantasy that clouded Digby's down to a tyrant master. The North

"There was a night when I sat alone at supper, and - I know it sounds like the wildest rot - but literally I saw an old-fashioned harpoon which hung on the wall as an ornament, wrench itself free and fly at my head. Only by a fraction did it miss; it split the oak Digby. wainscot behind me."

is more interesting than I imagined pray proceed."

"Nasty patting hands in the dark corridors that dab on one's face, the failure of lights, falling of pictures, my dead uncle's face at the window and the dreadful howling of that dog." "And you've seen this dog?"

"Saw it last night, splashing right through the surf at the foot of the cliffs, at the print where 'Owl's Croft' overlooks the shore. I had to get right away; if I'd only had someone with me I'd never have funked it - Could you face a day or two of 'Owl's Croft?" pleaded Digby. "You're so charged with common-sense, I should

not fear the place if you were there." "No, hardly that, I wink for the present you require a really cheerful time. Stay for a spell here with me. It's high spirits you need, a show or two; and perhaps even a night club or so. That is the antidote I shall prescribe.

A Strange Head and Neck As he spoke, Hunter paced the room and chanced to turn near to the curtained window. He paused and became immediately absorbed by something he saw in the street below.

"Just a second," he murmured, "here's rather an interesting specimen." Hunter indicated someone cloaked by the heavy curtain. "Who is it?" asked Digby.

"Not shadowing you, I suppose?"

Hunter demanded. "Me?" Digby gulped in alarm. "Goodness, no. Why should anyone shadow me? It's not shadowing hu-

mans that are my trouble." Joining Hunter at his point of servation by the curtain, Digby saw a remarkable man lurking furtively behind a pillar box. His neck was abnormally long, his head was queerly round, and under his arm he carried a rusty green umbrella.

"I've never seen him before," remarked Hunter. "That strange head and neck are not likely to be forgotten. And the green umbrella, too! That's either an assumed aid character or the man's a freak." "Green umbrella?" cried Digby.

"Why that's Cranston, my friend, Guy Cranston! What the dickens is he do ing there?"

"So, that is the medium is it?" "Yes, that funny old gamp is one of his most precious possessions; he

never moves without it." Digby was puzzled. "Of course, he knows nothing of

your call here?" asked Hunter. "Why, no; I told no or a. I just slipped away."

A taxi crawling past, pulled in to the kerb at the behest of the strange watcher's lifted finger. He spoke briefly to the driver, then seated himself in the cab. Instead of moving off, the driver settled himself down for a quiet smoke.

"I see," said Hunter. "Our scareercy friend is cloaking his watching." Turing suddenly to Digby, he said: "This spiritualism of yours appears to be a trifle fascinating, after ". I'll change my mind if I may, and I'll ac-

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Issue No. 18-'38

cept your kind invitation to dare the terrors of 'Owl's Croft'." CHAPTER III Portrait Comes To Life

"Your uncle certainly selected a remote spot, Digby. Fine in the summer, I can imagine, but a trifle drastic in the winter. How far out?"

Digby peered out beyond the rainswept screen. "Not far now, Hunter; a couple of miles. The road turns here to the left, and we're heading inland

The car, in obedience to the wheel, swung to the left, and turning its back to the force of the gale, conversation became possible without shouting. The road was rough, and the car rocked over pot-holes; on either side gaunt trees bent their backs before the furious wind like humble slaves bowing Norfolk coast was showing at its very

wildest and worst. The land rose slightly ahead, and a grey pile of olden masonry became visible; turreted and grim it conveyed a picture of mediaeval days. "There's 'Owl's Croft,' " ejaculated

There was something sinister in the "Ha!" Hunter's eyes glittered, "This | scene which impressed Hunter; coming at the end of a dreary journey he felt his spirits fall. Over the grey wall

seagulls wailed a welcome. Left and right of the grey entrance to "Owl's Croft," were ancient gateposts, ivied and lichened; massive wrought-iron gates lay unhinged up

against a wall. Ahead the weed-grow. pathway gave on to a drawbridge, beneath that swirled the black waters of a wide moat, reed-fringed. "Owl's Croft" looked anything but inviting in that drear light and the gusts that tossed the gaunt old trees beat the rain into its casement windows with fury.

"For such stories as you have told me, Digby, it's the correct setting!" As Hunter spoke the car rocked its way over the narrow bridge.

The car drew up by some massive steps over which yawned a grim old archway, which he facetiously likened to a private edition of Newgate. Digby pulled an antique and rusted

bell chain, evoking somewhere in the deep recesses of the house a dismal

After a moment's delay the ponderous oaken door slowly opened and a lined and wrinkled old face peered out round the aperture.

"Come, Mrs. Barlow, you're barred and bolted as though you were besiezthe street below; he himself remained | ed." Digby strode over the threshold. "A cheerful welcome, I must say. You

got my telegram?" "There's not been a living one nearby this house the day," muttered the old dame. She stood back as Hunter followed his host into a square entrance hall which towered away to the full height of the building, finishing high up in a carved and groined ceil-

Upon a wide hearth logs smouldered and a big black cat stretched itself and backed with bushed tail and vicsnittings.

"Here we a , Hunter," exclaimed forced cheerfulness. "Welcome to 'Owl's Croft!' "

The old woman Digby had addressed as Mrs. Barlow stood stolidly regarding them with almost glowering

"Now, Mrs. Barlow, hurry with a meal of some sort - ": ything hot. We are desperately hungry." Digby turned to his companion, and without further preamble indicated a wide and comfortable looking 'ounge.

"Let's bask in this warmth before I show you your room, whilst Mrs. Barlow prepares a meal."

"Excellent," agreed Hunter. "What about the car?" he queried. "Oh, Mrs. Barlow, ask your husband

to take the car to the garage, will you? Everything has been quiet during my absence?" "Sir Geoffrey fell last night. 'Im as

'angs in the long corridor. Fell that 'ard, 'e broke 'is frame," muttered the woman, casting furtive glances over her shoulder as she spoke. Digby studiously ignored the wo-

man's remarks. "Light a fire in the grey room. I daresay Mr. Hunter will appreciate the big basket grate," was all he said. "I shouldn't use the grey room, sir," Mrs. Barlow paused, as though considering the words she spoke.

"Why not?" Hunter's keen eyes and ears were not missing anything despite the fact that he appeared to be engrossed in studying the fine old engraving on the

"Well, the grey room, sir - you do know - or p'raps you don't sir. At this time of the year it's never used. For years we've kept it locked right

through the winter." "What nonsense, woman. I used it nyself last week." "But not this week, sir. I should 'ave

noved you." "What's wrong with the greroom?" Hunter turned and fixed the sullen figure of Mrs. Barlow with his keen eyes.

"Nothing, sir, nothing much, that is. It's a bat I think they say, sir. Gets in the room somehow - an 'orrid creature. Mr. Digby's uncle tried to shoot it. It comes this time every year - an' it's awful for anyone to see it with their eyes." "Bat in the bedroom, ch?" smiled

Hunter. "Queer place for a bat. I've heard of bats in the belfry, but not in the bedroom." Disused Bell Rings

Hunter's jest was not appreciated by Mrs. Barlow, judging by the woman's stare of outrage as she flounced away, rousing a salvo of echoes by slamming the door.

"Nice, cheerful, helpful old lady." commented Hunter. "Why do you keep her Digby? A bright, cheerful parlormaid is indicated, surely?" "We can't get maids to accept

position here. An agency at Norwich sent us three, but not one of them stayed longer than two days." "Two days of Mrs. Barlow would be

an ordeal, I imagine."

"You understand, Hunter, Mrs. Barlow and her husband are in a manner inherited with the old place, and I haven't the heart to clear them out." "I expect they'll leave right enough

at the proper time." Piling logs on the fire, Digby pondered the remark, and was about to ask for an explanation when the deeptoned clanging of bell broke the still-

"That's not the doorbell," puzzled Digby.

From the corridor leading to the kitchen a sound of scurrying feet and a whimpering noise was heard, and as the two men turned towards the door under the high stairway from which it emerged they behold Mrs. Barlow with her eyes astare and her hands outstretched.

"Sid!" she gasped, "that bell, that

"It's - it's a disused bell. Your uncle, sir, cut the wire of it ten years ago - and now it's ringing! It used to communicate with the library, sir." She pointed to a door. "In there, sir." Dismally from the recesses of the

old house came another depressing peal, 'ow pitched and vibrant as a tolling knell. "In there, eh?" Hunter strode over

to the door indicated and threw if open. The light that filtered in was dim and a chill atmosphere was heightened by the beating of the heavy raindrops at the windows. Before him he saw an old apartment with three of its walls lined with books; at the far end was a leather-topped writing desk. That and some leather highbacked chairs completed the furnish-

For some reason or other a sombre old oil portrait riveted his attention. It pictured a lean-faced man of the Elizabethan period, wearing a black sk ll cap. In the dim light of that grim room the portrait appeared life-like. "Who is that?" Hunter's voice was

"Who's what sir?" whimpered Mrs. Barlow.

It's Beyond Me "The man in the picture, I mean." Digby explained. "This was my uncle's favorite apartment, and that picture represents a pastor in the days of good Queen Bess. An ancestor of mine. He lost his head in the end, did Father Ignatius Digby; treason and

all that sort of thing." "Lost his head?" repeated Hunter. "Yes, on the block."

at it!" the voice of Mrs. Barlow wailed from the hall.

"Why not?" It was Hunter who asked the question. "The bell, sir. It 'ad been cut, sir.

## Rhubarb Pie

Why anyone should feel the need of a tonic in the spring is beyond us. We have always thought that spring itself was about the best tonic nature could invent. The days of molasses and sulphur are definitely past but if the feeling persists that your system does require some form of natural tonic, try

This fruit, which is not a fruit because it is a plant stem served as a fruit, is rich in mineral salts and supplements your daily need for vitamins. Rhubarb is just coming on the market now and this is the best time to serve it. Its color and flavour are never better and its tangy flavor is like a tonic to winter-worn appetites.

Here is a rhubarb pie which is guaranteed not to run. Quick-cooking tapioca is used to bind the ingredients and insures a flaky crust. When your pie is ready to serve, you'll cut the wedges proudly. For though the fruit juice is a clear, sparkling color, it will not run all over the plate and the crust will be crisp.

Rhubarb Pie

11/2 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca 11/4 cups sugar

1/4 teaspoon salt 1 tablespoon melted butter 31/2 cups rhubarb, cut in 1/2-inch

pieces 1 recipe Pie Crust

Combine quick-cooking tapioca, sugar, salt, butter and rhubarb; let it stand for 15 minutes, or while pastry is being made. Line a 9-inch pie plate with 1/2 of pastry rolled 1-8 inch thick, allowing pastry to extend 1/2 inch beyond edge of plate. Moisten edge of pastry with cold water and fold inward, even with rim of plate. Fill with rhubarb mixture. Moisten edge again. Roll other half of pastry to 1-8 inch thickness. Fold half the pastry back on other half. With sharp knife make several slits to permit escape of the steam. Place upper crust on filled lower one, opening out folded half after it is placed on pie and drawing snugly across top to prevent sagging at the edges. Press edges together. Trim off surplus pastry, being careful not to cut folded edge of lower crust. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 15 minutes; then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 30 minutes

longer, or until filling is cooked. Pie Crust 21/2 cups silfted flour

teaspoon baking powder ½ teaspoon salt 2-3 cup cold shortening

1-3 cup cold water (about) Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening until pieces are about size of small peas. Add water (preferably ice water), a small amount at a time, mixing lightly with fork. Handle as little as possible. Wrap in waxed paper and chill thoroughly before rolling. Roll out on slightly floured board. Bake in hot oven (450 de-

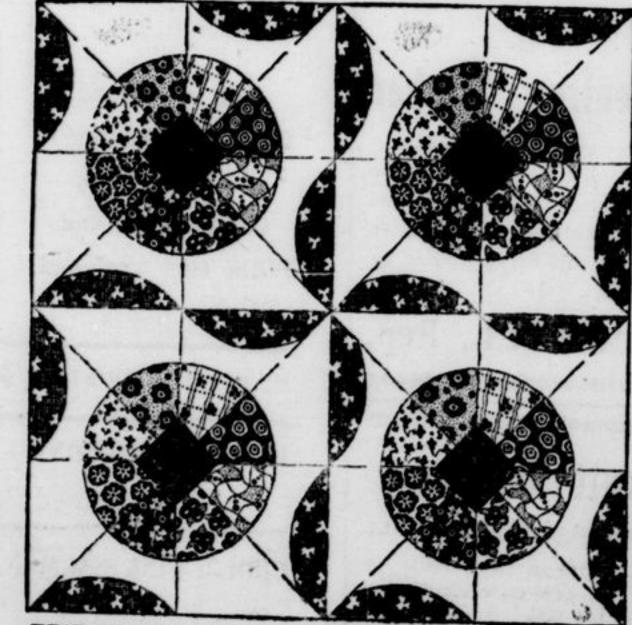
Father Ignatius always rings it as a

warning." "My dear good lady, do please tilk

"I don't know sir - it's all beyond me, that it is. All I do know is that at this time every year Father IIgnatius rings. This was the day he died on. Sir Riley told me and my 'usband all "Don't look at it, sir - don't look | about it. 'E didn't seem to mind it, sir. I wish 'e never 'ad told us."

"I see - a legend associated with the painting. That's different. Do you know the yarn, Digby?" (To Be Continued)

Stunning Quilt May Be Pieced With Scraps says Laura Wheeler



FRIENDSHIP MEDLEY

PATTERN 1312

work as well as the resulting quilt more fascinating. The block measures 10 inches. Pattern 1312 contains a diagram of block; accurate pattern pieces; instructions for cutting, sewing and finishing; yardage chart; dia-

gram of quilt.

Send 20 cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 W. Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly your Name and Address, and Pattern Number.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES

TORONTO

#### grees F.) 15 minutes. Makes enough pastry for one 9-inch two-crust pie, or two 9-inch pie shells, or fifteen 31/2 inch tarts.

Rhubarb Jelly

1/2 cup sugar 16 cup water

Serves 6.

1 pound rhubarb, cut in small pieces. 1 package strawberry jelly powder. Combine sugar and water and heat until sugar is dissolved. Add rhubarb and simmer until tender. Measure, add water to make 2 cups. Dissolve jelly powder in hot rhubarb mixture. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold.

#### Spring Favors Gayest Colors

New Skirts Circular; Waists Smaller In Paris Silhouette

Nature says it is spring with posies blossoming, green grass and the singing of birds.

Women say it with gay costumesdresses that flaunt bright colors, hats with flowers and flying ribbons and

Newest skirts are circular or with fuliness introduced with all-around pleats, sometimes confined at the hipline, but free lower down to swing in the breeze. Waists are smaller, hips are definitely in the picture, according to the latest Paris silhouette. At the same time there is a decided trend to-

ward a lowered waistline. We see smart versions of this trend in easy fitted, sweater-like silk jackets worn over trim tailored silk dresses with pleated skirts. This costume is made in flower printed silk with a cardigan jacket that has bright blue

elt bands. Lingerie touches are favorite trim mings on silk print dresses and suits as well as on plain, sheer silk dresses Silk Coats Popular

To complete ensembles smart women favor silk coats, as endorsed by Paris. They are seen in silk alpaca. grosgrain or marocain. They feature usually soft dressmaker details and fitted lines. One model shown that goes far in transforming dresses into distinguished costumes, has pushed-up sleeves and vertical tucks forming a

fitted waistline. Rustic weaves hold great interest in plain silks. Elizabeth Hawes has designed a long-sleeved, peasant type of frock in one of these new weaves, with high surplice closing and circular skirt set off with a gaily striped girdle. An unusual feature of this ensemble is the matching sleeveless, full-length box coat. There are many other interesting versions.

### How Much Would You Be Missed?

Ask Yourself These Questions If You Would Know

"How good a citizen are you?" Did you ever sit down by yourself and ask yourself this question? Because it will be worth your while to reasonably. Do you seriously mean to | do so, says the Sault Ste. Marie Star. suggest that this man in the picture | And not kid yourself about the answer. You may think you are a model

the above question absurd. But-let's get down to cases - do you pay your taxes and your bills when they shor' be paid? Or do you impose on everybody by putting these things off as long as you can?

Do you spend money on things you could do without-money that really belongs to those who have trusted you? Are you really fair to these peo-

"Let George Do It?" Are you one of those who think "the world owes you a living" you load as a man?

Do you break the speed laws, and thus put others in danger? Do you accept an office and then fail to discharge its duties? Are you a drag on efforts to make your town a better place to live in? Do you support bodies which try to help the general good as far as you can afford? Or do you lie back and let George

Nobody can object if you don't contribute when you can't afford to do so. But the men and women who carry on are probably as busy as you are, and in fairness you should give at least your time and your suggestions. Just how good a citizen are you? How much would you be missed if you passed out tonight?

#### Boys Learn to Darn

Boys who attend the Herbert Hoover Junior High School at San Jose, Cal., should make perfect bachclors-or model husbands.

They are learning to darn their own socks-and they can wield a needle without sewing the stockings together or making a big lump where the toe should be.

Laundry (picture of future husbands doing the family wash), nutrition, care of the room, etiquette, and the selection of clothing are also included in the course.

Wrigley's Gum helps you keep fit? Relieves that stuffy feeling after eating. Cleanses crevices between teeth, too . . . assures sweet breath.

A simple aid to health!

but big in benefits! Enjoy it after every meal—millions do! CS-N

Buy some now! Small in cost

## Survey Shows Pupils Ahead

Carnegie Foundation Discovers Latter Know Less Than Former

many high school teachers who know less than the pupils they teach, the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching reported at New York last week.

10-Year Study Its report, urging drastic reforms in the training of teachers, is based on a ten-year study in which 26,000 seniors in Pennsylvania high schools and students in 49 colleges of that state acted as educational guinea

College seniors intending to teach fell below the average of nearly every other vocational class in a series of comprehensive tests, the investigators found.

The majority of the prospective teachers, the report says, "exhibit inferiority in contrast with nonteachers in nearly every department of study; and they show up badly when compared in the same tests with students four years below them who represent the educational problems with which they must be prepared to deal."

"Much of our present failure to provide further education for high school graduates who could profit by it," the report asserts, "is due not so much to lack of resources as to lack of precision in our knowledge of their abilities."

The investigators gave identical tests twice to 2,800 college students to measure the growth of their knowledge. About 15 per cent. of these students had lower scores as seniors than they had earned as sophomores.

Students intending to be artists, musicians or dramatists gained most. Those planning to teach physical education showed the least pro-

### citizen. You may bridle up and think Summer Holiday Period Extended

Children Will Have Until September 6 This Year

TORONTO .- Dr. Duncan McArthur, Ontario deputy minister of education, gave school children cheering news last week when he announced they would have nearly an extra week of summer holidays this year.

Dr. McArthur said children would don't earn? Do you carry your own | return to school on September 6, the day after Labor Day, instead of the usual September 1. The deputy minister explained the lengthened holidays as a move to make it possible for teachers taking summer courses to have a full month's holiday before returning to school.

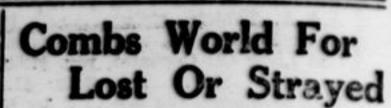
"For several years to come, summer courses will have to be provided for the retraining of teachers that they may be prepared adequately to teach the new courses of studies," said Dr. McArthur.

"It is only fair and proper that these teachers who are engaged in taking summer courses should be assured of a reasonable holiday.



ache or periodic pains "nerves," irritability and discomforts asso ciated with functiona disturbances, and you are miserable, you should try Dr. Pierce's petite and thru the greater intake of food,

so good for girls growing into womanhood; it gives relief from periodic distress and helps to build one up. It



Woman Tracks Down Missing People Who Have Dis-

Madge Blessing runs the into netional Lost and Found Division of the United States Department of State. Her job is finding-not lost umbrellas, and luggage, or even that diamond bracelet that must have slipped down behind the compartment cushions in the Blue Trainbut people-people who have, in some instances, gone through unbeliavable phases of being "lost," and who therefore have abundant reason to rise up and meaningfully call the lady by her name.

Can't Be Swallowed Up We think that it is only children who become lost, strayed or stolen, Not at all, Mrs. Blessing says. An explorer disappears in a jungle . . . A Woman, on a vacation, disappears in the midst of a fortuitous political upheaval. A student, pursuing the theory that travel is broadening, disappears in the Swiss Alps. Someone has to look for such people. They can't just be allowed to remain lost, strayed or misplaced. If they haven't hordes of relatives who insist on a cearch, there are other perfectly good reasons why they should and must be found. And that is where Mrs. Blessing takes hold.

With conditions so much upset China, and so many Americans either living or travelling country, there have been a great many searches to be conducted there American colleges are turning out | Missionaries, businessmen and their families are listed in the voluminou file. In China it is particularly hard to locate anyone who has dropped out of sight now, but the consuls grow very resourceful, and the radio has been wonderful help.

They Just Roam About Of course, the basis of much of this disappearing of people they set out for, or live in a without giving any thought to what they'll do in case of emergency.

#### Feminine Hats Perplex Writer

Woman Complains of Being Betrayed by Milliners

Grace Luckhart in The Vancouver Province, turns again to hats: "Men and hats? They don't know the half of it. Their hat life is simple with no complexities whatever, Why? Because they won't stand for anything else. And what's more, hatmakers have to watch their step or

the boys won't wear hats at all. "I am a perfect example of a woman foiled and betrayed and disillusioned by the milliners. And I can do nothing about it. This year I decided I'd take my time about buying a hat, And I'll get one simple and becoming

and smart. "But what happened? The first hat shop I visited I became hypnotized. And at that it might have been worse. The salesgirl pounced on me with a glad cry: "You're looking for a tam, of course?"

"'I am not,' I said, 'I haven't orn a tam since I went to school on the twelfth concession. And that's many a long day gone. "'Oh, my dear, I'm going to put

you into a tam. You're the tam type. Absolutely.' The fracas ended by me buying a conservative-looking model, plain and expensive. It looked all right while the girl was fussing around turning the brim up this way and that, pursuing her hypn tic way. "Only when I got home did I get

Maggie going out to milk. Well, if I was the Aunt Maggie type, as the French would say, it was God's will. But, I'd be comfortable." But in the end the scribe finds herself worsted. The hat grows tighter and tighter. And now her engagement pad reads like this: "Monday-Stretch

hat. Tuesday-Stretch hat. Wednes-

the full force of it. I looked like Aunt

day-Stretch hat." "We women do have our troubles as compared with men."

#### **Bed-Making** Consider Comfort As Well As

Appearance

Beds should be made according to a defirite routine for comfort plus that smooth look. Wrinkles must be kept out of every corner, so begin by placing the pad smoothly over the mattresses. The bottom sheet should be placed with the centre crease exactly in the middle of the bed and must be tucked in well at the top and sides, with corners folded flat and smooth. The top sheet should be laid wrong side up with the large hem at the top, and should be tucked in well at the bottom.

Lay each blanket or cover evenly on the bed so that both sides can be pulled tightly and neatly. The hem of the top sheet is then turned back over the blanket for a neat finish to the covers. Fluff up the feathers of the pillows to shape them.

meet human needs."-Nicholas Mur-

FOLLOWING VISI SERVICE-Mark Golden Text .- All 1 sible to him that belie

THE LESSON IN I Time, -Autumn, A. Place .- At the foot tain on which the tra Christ took place, probably on the plain 14. And when they

disciples, Peter, James returning from their back to the plain fro the disciples. That if disciples whom Jesus hind when he ascende They saw, "They," n and the three disciples great multitude about of the pronouns "the the nine disciples. As see, the disciples had attempt to cast the de poor boy who had bewantage of the r tragge ability to accomplish

ly amazed, and running ed him. The multitude because they had not e at this time. He was t that they wanted to s because of the heated s had arisen. He came! lake when his disciples oped in the storm of wa Questioning Mu 16. And he asked ther tion ye with them?

was one asked sincere information, asked bees not choose to exercise niscience on this occasi 17. And one of the n wered him, Teacher, I thee my son, who hath i fr ther of this wretched I that Jesus was near by; had come up on to the n his three disciples to be and the father determin next best thing, i.e., to ciples of Jesus to heal

the boy's heart. 18. And wheresoevel him, it dasheth him de foameth, and grindeth l pineth away. The wo scribe the condition of der the power of the def spake to thy disciples should cast it out; and t

19. And he answere saith, O faithless gen long shall I be with yo It was faith that the sought in the hearts of secure such faith; when

him; and when he saw H away the spirit tare him and he fell on the group lowed foaming, Here bel eyes of Jesus the whole

Christ! The possibilitie good in children are just the possibilities for great 22. And oft-times it h both into the fire and I ters, to destroy him: by canst do anything have on us, and help us. Not ble occurrence of the pr The father made himse the child. The suffering were his sufferings. Yes that atonement through

which they boasted of 15. And straightway tude, when they saw his

was probably put both and to the multitude in undoubtedly the quest

spirit was a power too boy to escape from by h mination, and a power s er man was able to dr

power which they once it men from the bondage the Lord Jesus came to The Crowd Acce

through them to the w teaching, the Lovd was the depths of his heart. 20. And they brough

the boy appeared. 21. And he asked his long time is it since thi unto him? And he si child. There are man handicaps, and peculiar many men can say the "from a child." If "fe we know boys and girls! terrible afflictions and how important it is the young people brought to know the