

Fresh Fragrance of Blossoms

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

Amusing Anecdotes Of Famous People

A popular author gets all sorts of weird letters and usually isn't surprised at any request the postman brings him. But Hugh Walpole received one that indicates the trend of contemporary novel.

"I understand from comments in the Press," read the letter, "that you are at work on your new novel. Am writing to inquire as to the fee you would charge for inserting a recognizable portrait of myself in the above work. I am ready, I may tell you, to pay a very considerable sum. The conditions are that my portrait must be recognizable to my friends, relations and, most especially, to my enemies. I need not say that it will be immaterial whether the portrait be complimentary or otherwise."

One of Arnold Bennett's little peculiarities, recalls E. V. Lucas (in "Reading, Writing and Remembering"). "In restaurants or in other people's houses, was to look at the trade-marks beneath the plates to see from which factory in the Five Towns they had come."

When H. G. Wells' two sons were small boys, George, the elder, after an operation, wrote this letter to his mother—Mr. Lucas says: "Dear Frank—I hope you will not think me selfish, but I am in great pain that I think you ought to get me a small present—Your loving George."

Mr. Lucas tells a priceless story about Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate, a "downright man, scholarly, assertive, cranky, quarrelsome with a handsome fighting head." Having settled down at Yattendon in Berkshire, Dr. Bridges "in his zeal for church music, produced the 'Yattendon Hymnal' and led the choir." Later, the Rev. H. C. Beeching (afterwards Dean of Norwich and author of "Paradise of English Poetry") was presented to the living of Yattendon.

"At first all went well," says Lucas, "but Beeching, also a precisian, was not incapable of pugnacity, too, and when Bridges, as choirmaster, seemed to be taking too large a share in the proceedings, there was a row, culminating one Sunday in Bridges leaving the church in the middle of the service with all his boys behind him. Thereafter he attended no more, but on Sunday mornings would stand at the gate urging the parishioners not to go in."

In the days before David Graham Phillips, the novelist, had made a name for himself, relates Isaac F. Marcossou (in his life of Phillips), he was asked what he did with his stories that had been rejected. "I affix a new ticket on them with a greatly increased price mark and put them away," he replied. "Some day after I have made a real hit these editors will write to me and ask for a story, and then they are going to get back the manuscript they declined and pay four or five times what they could have it for today."

A sweet revenge—when it works out that way. But don't forget that most editors were only too glad to pay four or five times the price for a story by David Graham Phillips, "the well-known novelist," than for one by David Graham Phillips, "the unknown author."

Yes, sir, names do count. Mentioning that Phillips' handwriting was "fairly clear but almost microscopic, which made it difficult to read," Mr. Marcossou adds that "John Buchan once told me that if his (Buchan's) Scots typist ever died he would be obliged to stop writing, as no other person in the world could decipher his manuscripts."

Horrible thought!

Which recalls a story about Warwick Deering, the popular novelist, told by Coulson Kernahan (in "Celebrities.")

The only writer known to me whose penmanship is worse than mine," says Kernahan, "is that brilliantly gifted ex-medico writer of romance, Warwick Deering. He was at one time in the Territorial Army, serving with distinction in the World War, and when I was writing a little book on the Territorial Army, I asked Deering whether he recalled any

stories of happenings in camp, drill hall, or on the range, which I could use.

"He replied: 'I'll think it over, and if anything occurs to me worth telling, I'll jot it down and send it to you.' " "My dear Warwick Deering," I replied, "I have known you since you were a little fellow in knickerbockers, so I have some claim on your kindness. Call me up on the telephone; telegraph at my expense, any story you have to tell; but as you love me, I beg you, I beseech you, I implore—don't, don't for goodness sake 'jot it down.'"

Fish Resume Life After Freezing

Tests In Alaska Show They Live on If All Organs But Heart Turn to Ice

Cambridge, Mass.—Experiments demonstrating the fact that some species of fish can be frozen and subsequently thawed out, resuming life and all their former characteristics and properties, are described by Dr. Nicholas A. Borodin, curator of fishes in the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology. Dr. Borodin explained that life in fish can be suspended by freezing only as long as the heart remains unfrozen. Every other organ of the fish may turn to ice, or its equivalent, but the heart must go on beating.

By its action nervous shocks are sent through the body of the fish, retaining the spark of life which spreads through the body tissues and vital organs during the process of thawing out.

The scientist has attempted to reproduce the conditions existing in shallow ponds and streams of Alaska, which freeze solidly in temperatures far below zero. He found that certain plant life in the water acts as insulation around the body of fishes, preventing them from becoming "hard" frozen, and that the fishes live for months in the frozen streams, regaining animation with the seasonal thaw.

Most hardy of all the fishes used by Dr. Borodin is the common Alaskan blackfish, which has successfully survived freezing tests in its native habitat.

He reported that continued freezing out of the water for an hour at a temperature of slightly below zero, Fahrenheit, will prove fatal to any fish, although the blackfish will survive this severe test for 40 minutes.

Thus he explained that quick freezing processes now applied to fish and many kinds of food are sure to kill all fish species long before they reach the frying pan, although he believed it conceivable that a blackfish might live for some time frozen without water.

The carp and the decorative goldfish are, next to the blackfish, the hardest with which he has experimented.

Through Henry O'Malley, commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries, Dr. Borodin learned that in Alaska the blackfish is used extensively for feeding sled dogs, because of its freshness when frozen.

Experiments have proved that, when fed to the sled dogs, the fish is thawed out by the heat of the dogs' bodies, and that its movements within the dog's stomach, before digestion begins, have actually been observed.

Salt-water fish cannot be frozen and revived, Dr. Borodin said. This, he explained, is because ocean fish can always find open water, making it needless for nature to provide them with the cold resistance required by species which live in water that freezes.

Regarding the economic significance of his experiments, Dr. Borodin pointed to tests by Russian scientists who seek practical methods of large-scale freezing of live fish.

ASK NO QUESTIONS!

By BELDON DUFF

SYNOPSIS.
Annassa West leases Bride's House, in Connecticut. Several previous tenants had died there mysteriously, and a bride had disappeared. It is stipulated that the new tenant ask no questions. John Diamond, owner of a New York newspaper, is strangely insistent that Ann leave. She refuses. Her stable boy, Otto, is murdered. Then a deputy who is put on guard in the house is shot to death. A stranger, who has been riding one of Ann's horses at night, rescues her from a noose when she seeks aid at the house of Dr. Cranston, veterinary surgeon. Alva "Crosby," managing editor of Diamond's paper, decides to try to solve the mystery of the double murder and learns of a mysterious "naturalist" who does all of his searching at night.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)
Taken by and large, it was an exhausting morning. But by twelve o'clock they had all trailed off in the direction of Hales Crossing, carrying with them the body of the deputy which, owing to some breach between the officials of Danbury and those on the Ridge, had been left lying on the couch in the living room at Bride's House all day Monday. Most of the men were headed for Noah's Ark and lunch. It seemed safe to figure on an hour or two of privacy before any of them would return.

Once convinced that she and Abby were alone, Miss West, under pretext of looking after the horse, made her way to the white barn. For the past eight and twenty hours, ever since the investigation of the second murder had commenced, she had gravitated between the house and the outbuildings, going into the red barn as often as she dared. But though she had proof that the big stranger was not far off, she had never once caught sight of him.

It was no longer a surprise to find that the ponies had been watered and fed. Indeed, standing in the doorway, there was nothing to indicate that life on the old farm was not going on for her as it had begun. Otto's orderly presence seemed still to hover over manger and feed bin. Even the stalls had been cleaned out and fresh hay brought to the mows.

In the red barn Dracula had fared as well. It was a safe bet that the big stallion had been ridden again. The eye he turned upon the mistress of Bride's House as she approached the box stall was as mild as that of Daisy Bell, the rented cow.

After a moment spent in contemplating the work of her unseen helper, Miss West said in a tone loud enough to be heard in all parts of the old building:

"Thanks for attending to my chores, but I cannot accept any more favors at your hands until I know who you are, and why you are doing these things."

A sound from the hay loft over her head drew her eyes upward. There, seated on a crossbeam, legs swinging, shoulders sagging indolently, was the big stranger. Seeing himself observed, he spoke:

"Good morning. Your mud bath hasn't hurt you then, after all? When you didn't show up at the usual time yesterday morning, I was afraid it might have."

His voice was deep, musical, suggesting a background of culture and refinement. There were other points, too, now that she had a good chance to look at him: white, well-cared-for teeth, hair that had been trimmed, not butchered by a barber's clippers; a nice brown skin. The girl said she had had plenty to keep her indoors the day before, adding, "Come down a please. I want to speak with you."

He obliged without delay, swinging

A Chapeau Plus



Although felt still leads as the favorite fabric, this charming model of black straw has much to commend in the way of chic.

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the Bank of Montreal was marked by very interesting and forceful addresses by Sir Charles Gordon, President, as well as by W. A. Bog, Joint General Manager with Jackson Dodds.

Sir Charles Gordon, in his address to shareholders, pointed out that there is no need for a central bank in Canada. For all practical purposes such an agency already existed under the Finance Act, which for eighteen years had admirably performed its purpose. Furthermore a monopoly of the note issues by the Government would not increase by a single dollar the amount of currency in the hands of the public unless the notes were irredeemable and recklessly emitted.

Sir Charles also registered very strong opposition to any proposed plan that would bring about currency inflation.

"If there is one fact in finance more firmly fixed than another," he said, "it is the certainty that the unrestricted issue of paper currency culminates in disaster. I may point out, moreover, that we in Canada do not suffer from inadequate credit or inadequate currency. Trade has contracted in volume and value to a degree where much less currency and credit are required for its conduct. Our banks welcome borrowers to whom they can safely lend, and as trustees of depositors from whom their loaning resources are derived, banks ought not to lend on any other condition."

"Don't be absurd! Wasn't there a lawyer? And didn't I sign in the presence of witnesses?" He pressed the point with more heat.

"Witnesses or no witnesses, was that lease made with the knowledge and consent of the real owner?" She came back at him just as hotly. "Who is the real owner? Do you know?" His momentary irritation gone, he shrugged. "Bride's House seems to belong to anyone who chooses to claim it." "Do you claim it?" "I may before I get through."

Adventurers And Actresses

In his breezy reminiscences "Yonder Lies Adventure," Colonel E. Alexander Powell, well-known traveler and war correspondent, tells of a "memorable occasion" when he was living in London—said memorable occasion being the cashing by him of a cheque from home at the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" (Bank of England) when "I found half a sovereign more than I expected in the scoopful of gold pieces poured upon the counter."

"It's all right, Yank," said the teller, smiling at my surprise. "We don't count gold pieces, you know. We weigh 'em. You're getting an extra one because of the abrasion!" Page Montagu Norman, please!

"Any suggestion of indelicacy in my treatment of a part always blighted me," says Ellen Terry (in her enchanting "Memoirs"—reissued with notes by Edith Craig and Christopher St. John.) Then she tells of an occasion when "Mr. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll, of the immortal 'Alice in Wonderland') brought a little girl to see me in 'Faust.' He wrote and told me that she had said (where Margaret begins to undress): 'Where is it going to stop? and perhaps in consideration of the fact that it could affect a mere child disagreeably, I ought to alter my business!'"

"I had known dear Mr. Dodgson for years and years. He was as fond of me as he could be of any one over the age of ten, but I was furious. 'I thought you only knew nice children,' was all the answer I gave him. 'It would have seemed awful for a child to see harm where harm is; how much more so when she sees it where harm is not.'"

"But I felt ashamed and shy whenever I played that scene," adds the actress.

When Sir Henry Irving was a small boy staying with his aunt in Cornwall, she sent him one day to call in the cows. Walking along a deep narrow lane, he looked up and saw the face of a sweet little lamb (says Ellen Terry) gazing at him from the top of the bank. The symbol of the Lamb in the Bible had always attracted him (his chief companions in youth were the Bible and Shakespeare), and his heart went out to the dear little creature. With some difficulty he scrambled up the bank, slipping often in the damp, red earth, threw his arms around the lamb's neck and kissed it.

The lamb bit him!

He would not hear of that for a reason. A mere matter of being on hand at the right moment. The time, the place, and the man. "And that you rode my horse, Dracula," she went on, heedless of his protestations, "which gives you two of the first requisites of friendship—resourcefulness and courage." As an afterthought, "And you've just added another—modesty."

Her tone, rather than her words, seemed to touch him. For the first time the broad shoulders relaxed. An invisible barrier fell away. "Don't," he begged with disconcerting earnestness. "Don't say you'll be my friend unless you mean it."

No use trying to back out now. But at least the situation should be handled with as light a touch as possible.

"The fact that Fate has thrown us together on this ghost-ridden farm establishes a sort of bond. And anyway—here came the light touch—'better friends than enemies.'"

(To be continued.)

Latest Discovery Proves Diet Stops Decay of Teeth

Two Young Canadians Claimed by U.S. Doctors —Vitamin D Main Factor

New York.—Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Agnew, of Toronto, two young Canadian missionaries to China, were acclaimed last week as co-discoverers of scientific proof of a diet that vanquishes dental decay.

A combination of phosphorus and vitamin D does the trick, 10 years of research, recently concluded at the University of Toronto, have shown. Vitamin D comes mainly from sunshine and cod liver oil, or their substitutes. In order of their richness, phosphorus foods are egg yolk, milk, meats, leafy vegetables and the seeds, grains, roots and tubers.

VICTORIA GRADUATE.

Dr. Agnew, graduate in arts from Victoria College and holder of a D.D.S. also obtained in Toronto, discussed the important discovery here before 100 leading scientists invited to a testimonial luncheon by governors of the West China Union University, a Protestant university supported by Canadian, British and United States churches.

Dr. Agnew is head of the department of Pathology at the university, located in Szechwan Province. Mrs. Agnew, a bio-chemist, also was a guest of honor at the luncheon.

LONG RESEARCH.

The young Canadian research man, leading the learned group over his work step by step, said that through experiments carried out in the diet of 350 children and thousands of rats over a two-year period at Toronto, and in earlier experiments on natives in China, he had been able to produce and prevent tooth decay in almost 100 per cent. of cases. The addition or subtraction of phosphorus or Vitamin D governed the course of the action.

Dr. E. V. McCollum, Professor of Bio-Chemistry at Johns Hopkins University and discoverer of Vitamin D, declared:

"What we have just heard constitutes an abstract from one of the most important chapters in the history of nutritional research. It marks another milestone in scientific progress toward bettered human health through knowledge of the biological effects upon us of the food we eat. "In the light of this discovery it is likely that tooth decay, the suffering incident to it, and the many diseases which are directly or indirectly due to decayed teeth will be minimized."

When You Were a Little Girl

When you were a little girl
And you went driving with Grandfather,
If it rained, didn't he braid up the horse's tail,
Binding it round with a bright silver band,
And fasten on the side curtains of the carriage
And pull the rubber "boot" over the dashboard?
And do you remember how the horse's feet
Went "plop, plop," in and out of the mud,
And you felt the mist blow in on your face
When you managed to peer out over the curtain?
And didn't you snuggle up close to Grandfather
And hug your Fairy Tale book
Which he was going to listen to
When the rain stopped and you lunched
Beside the road?
Didn't your Grandfather always drive over
To the cheese factory, and bring out
The fresh cheese curd to you?
Can't you remember the taste, even now?
And sometimes, when it stormed hard,
and thundered
And lightened, and the crashing made the horse
Want to run, wouldn't your Grandfather always say:
"Steady there, now, boy! Steady, boy!" so gently,
That neither you nor the horse were afraid after that
Because Grandfather said everything
was all right,
And he knew. And wasn't your Grandmother
Waiting in the doorway watching a bit anxiously,
Until you two turned into the yard?
Mine was.

—Jean M Snyder.

More Men Teachers

Mexico City.—Mexico's public schools will have two women to one man on their teaching staffs, as President Rodriguez has issued a decree fixing that ratio. Heretofore, the number of male teachers has been insignificant in comparison with the number of women so employed, and the President seeks to correct the unequal distribution.

Teachers for the primary and secondary schools will be taken exclusively from Mexican Normal schools. The system of choosing candidates will be based on grades the normal school students received during their attendance.



"What did Old Owl say when I was expelled from the club?" "That he didn't give a hoot."

It is a secret, well known to all great men, that by conferring an obligation they do not always procure a friend, but are certain of creating many enemies.—Fielding.

Shopkeeper—"Here's a cigar you can offer to anybody." Customer—"No thanks. I want one I can smoke myself."