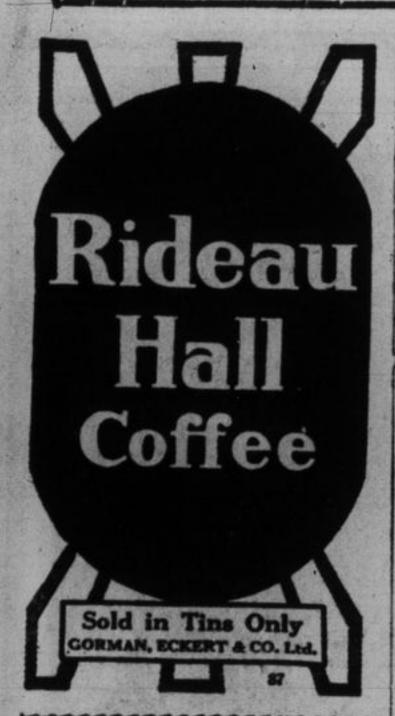
In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features



Children's Teeth

Parents' most important duty is to protect the health of their children. One of the greatest menaces to the health of the child lies in the neglected mouth. In some localities 95% of children suffer from disease of the teeth. In cities where an efficient school dental service has been in operation the number has been reduced to 52%.

Scientists agree that abscessed teeth and diseased gums are causative factors of children's diseases. The poisons and bacteria from these diseased conditions enter the blood and are conveyed to some other part of the body where a secondary infection occurs. The poison from the teeth is mixed with the food and is carried into the stomach causing severe ailments. When the teeth are sore the child does not bite upon them but swallows his food without properly chewing it, thus developing the "bolting" habit which often persists throughaut life. Cavities in children's eeth form ideal breeding places for germs, which cause contagious diseases.

The first or deciduous teeth should be carefully watched and any cavities which appear should be filled. These teeth serve the child from five to ten years during an important period of development when adequate nourishment is urgently needed. Every child should be placed under the care of the dentist as soon as teeth appear. The permanent teeth begin to appear years of age. The first permanent molars are the most important teeth. These teeth come in back of the temporary teeth but without displacing any. Tooth preservation is absolutely essential to healthy children.

How can children's teeth best be protected? 1st. By examination and treatment

three times a year. 2nd. By proper diet: more milk, veget-ables and fruit.

3rd. By keeping the teeth clean. 4th. By proper and sufficient masti-

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Triumph

An Architectural

By KAY P. ALLEN

1932, by McCiure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The occasion of their first meeting was ludicrous, to say the least. Burton recalls it now with a half-hearted grin, and Lois dates all important events from the day that she first heard his knock at the back door of her cottage.

Wing, Burton's Japanese boy, was making a cake and discovered that he lacked the necessary cupful of sugar. Being very obliging, and incidentally fond of cake, Burton consented to go in search of some sugar. . Armed with a glass measuring cup, and feeling rather foolish, he started up the shore. Lois saw him coming through the pines, a tall, bronzed fellow in soiled white duck navy trousers and blue jersey, and she fluttered to her mirror.

instinctively. "You want to borrow a cupful of sugar, I'll bet a cookie," she said, answering his knock.

He swept the small white hat from his head and handed her the cup, grin- tled lips. She whirled the starter

to bring sugar from the village this that kiss and the short sentence that morning, and we simply must have a cake for lunch."

"Of course you must," she agreed. "I met Wing this morning down at the wharf in the village waiting for the launch, and I gave him a lift. That's how I knew you wanted sugar. The poor man discovered his loss on the

way up the lake." Lois went into the tiny kitchen to fill the cup, and Burton seated himself

on the rail. "Now, why didn't I go to the village for the supplies instead of sending Wing?" he asked himself in disgust. When there seemed to be no excuse for staying any longer, Burton took his precious sugar and rose to go.

"I'll return this sugar just as soon as I come back from the postoffice in the morning," he said. "It's awfully good of you to lend it to us."

"Oh, that's all right," protested Lois, "Don't be in a hurry to return it. Just send Wing up with it any old time." Burton nodded in farewell and said, "I'll bring it up myself. Wing would probably spill it, or something." "Perhaps he would, at that," smiled

Lois. "But don't feel that you have to hurry." Burton set out through the fragrant pine grove, carrying the cupful of sugar at arm's length, carefully and with

exaggerated caution, Lois happened to be at the wharf in her powerful liftle motorboat the next morning as Burton came down the path. Her surprise was real, but his was feigned, for he had watched the little red power boat for half a mile as it approached the village dock, and only left his hiding place around a bend of the path as she tossed the painter to a small, freckled boy.

"Good morning," she said, stepping up onto the wharf. "If you are going back up the lake, put your things in the 'Streak' and I'll be back in

Joyously, Burton tossed his bundles and his sweater into the boat and waited for her to come back from the boathouse with the basket of groceries that had been left there for her.

"Lovely morning, isn't it?" she said over her shoulder as they headed out across the lake. Burton agreed with her willingly.

"I've been up since dawn and have done a day's work already," he told

"Oh, you up here to work, too?" she said, surprised. He nodded. "Working on some plans for a municipal hall my Dad is pre-

senting to his native town." This information thraw a new light on Burton's personality and interested Lois exceedingly. She thought he must have very liberal ideas, and that his architectural plans must reflect them. That afternoon when he brought the rough draft of the hall for her criticism this opinion was confirmed.

"That's only a draft," he explained. "I'll have to work pretty steadily to finish the thing up in time to take it to New York next Saturday."

Lois opened her eyes wide in asconishment. "I should say you will. I know something about drafting, and I think you will perform a miracle if you get it done by then. Does it have to be in New York on Saturday?" "Positively not later than midnight."

inswered Burton. Lois thought swiftly. "I wonder if I can't help you with the elevations and blue printing? I know quite a lot

about that sort of thing." "Would you?" cried Burton, and the next moment they were deep in a sea of calculations and specifications,

Wing saw very little of Burton the next few days, as he moved his drawing boards and instruments to the cottage up the shore, and even ate his meals there, after helping to prepare them in the ridiculously little kitchen. The two worked doggedly until darkness and weariness compelled them to stop. Then Lois would bring out her gultar and sing soft Spanish things to him in the moonlight on the little

porch or out on the quiet lake. Saturday morning found them at work on the little porch as the sut rose, and Burton's face wore a look of desperate determination that mean! success. Lois was sure. He had told her that the plans must be in his father's hands before midnight on Satur-day to avoid a final separation between father and son. The elder Burton had decided upon this means of

forcing his idle, carefree son to go to work. Since leaving college, only subdebs and golf tournaments had occupied the young man's attention, so that his father had grown disgusted. "Cheerio," smiled Lois, waving a protractor. "We've got six hours to work

"I'll have to take the launch that leaves in an bour," groaned Burton. "It's the only one till afternoon." "Nonsense! I'll take you down the

lake in the 'Streak'." "You-you're a peach!" gulped Bur-

ton, and seized his T-square. Campers along the shore watched the little red power boat scatter spray far out to each side as it shot through the water. A young man in a dark blue suit and straw hat, carrying a brief case and leather traveling bag, crouched behind the windshield to avoid the spray, and a girl in a scarlet blazer did wonders with controls and tiller, leaving the two small cottages There was no one at the village

wharf when they drew alongside. Burton tossed his bags up onto the wharf and turned to help Lois ashore. You'd better hurry; it's train time,

"Hang the train! Lois, before I go,

A minute later Lois was staring aftthoughtfully, and went slowly back up "You win the cookle! Wing forgot | the lake, to wait, with the memory of

FANCIFUL NAME FOR BIRDS

Many Explanations as to How Feathered Specimens Became Known as Birds of Paradise.

When the earliest European voyagers reached the Moluccas, or Spice islands, in search of cloves and nutmegs, which were then rare and preclous spices, they were were presented with the dried skins of strange and beautiful birds .- The Malay traders gave them the name of "Manuk dewata," or God's birds; and the Portuguese, finding that the skins had no feet or wings, and not being able to learn anything authentic about them, called the birds "Passaros de Sol," or Birds of the Sun; while the learned Dutchmen, who wrote in Latin, called them "Avis paradiseus," or Paradise bird. One writer in 1598 said that no one had seen these birds alive, for they lived in the air, always turning toward the sun, and never lighting on the earth till they died; for they had

neither feet nor wings. More than a hundred years later another voyager wrote that he had seen specimens at Amboyna, and was told that they came to Banda to eat nutmegs, which intoxicated them and made them all fall down senseless. when they were killed by ants. Down to 1760 no perfect specimen had been seen in Europe, and absolutely nothing was known about them.

Bullets Turned From Their Course. At a rifle meeting in Switzerland it was discovered that the steel-jacketed bullets of the marksmen were swerved from their course by the influence of telegraph and telephone wires running alongside the range. Experiments were then made at Thun by placing four steel cables parallel with the range and

Unexpected Guests



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Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the Duke's elder daughter, seen with Jack Anthony, a famous cross-country rider, whom she is to marry. He rode the winner at the Grand National on "I don't think I'll stop, Ralph. three occasions." Lady Ursula is twenty-one years of age.

sending a current of 8,000 volts through them. The effect, it is said, was to turn the bullets so far from their course that the deviation amounted to 24 yards on a range of 260 yards. The bullets on being taken from the targets were found to be magnetized. Next, on an artillery range of 3,000 accompanied it, until her architect re yards the electro-magnetic influence was generated 200 yards in front of the targets and 40 yards to one side. The projectiles were swerved 14 degrees from a straight line.-Washing-

Gas Production at a Glance. The question of the conservation of natural gas led the Smithsonian institution to construct a model which is exhibited in the national museum, showing all the steps between the production and utilization of this natural fuel. On account of the rapid decline in quantity of natural gas, the time is not very far off when many towns now using natural gas will have to use manufactured gas, and for this reason the Smithsonian institution has just completed and placed on exhibition a model showing how manufactured gas is made and delivered to the home, and has in preparation a bulletin covering in detail the future manufactured gas situation for the purpose of bringing within the experience of the layman the salient features of both the natural and manu-

Peculiar Milestone.

factured gas situations.

A recent picture showed one three old milestones that are found on the old Bay road which runs from Boston to Portsmouth, N. H. Thousands of motorists pass it yearly, and the popular superstition is that it is a marker over the grave of a thief, whom our Puritan forefathers condemned to be buried, "where everybody might walk across his grave." There is a quaint inscription on the stone-written with the old-fashioned "s" which is like an up-to-date "f"-Job 30:23. "For I know that thou wilt bring me to death and to the house appointed for all living. 1710."

This milestone is to be found outside the old Wenham burying ground in Massachusetts, where it has stood for more than two hundred years.

HIC OUTFIT FOR TRAVELING



raveling suit are of almond green aircieth, while the costume blouse f sand-colored Jersey cieth, with nonogram of Japanese letters enclose n an embroidered circle at the left ront, in self color. Smart hat of alond green felt trimmed in brightly stored chenitte embroidery is worn The scarf is of gray fox.

A wise man is like a pin-his head keeps him from going too far,

Springer-Montgomery.

The marriage of Mary Montgomery, Lanark, a graduate of Macdonild Institute, and Dietitian at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph to Stephen Springer, Superintendent of the Ontario College, Guelph, took place Tuesday in Holy Trinity church, Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Springer left for California, New Mexico, and other points south. They will return to Guelph in the latter end of May.

Engagement Announced.

The engagement is announced of Miss Martha Francis Bateman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Bateman, Strling, Ontario, to Dr. Frank W. Wilkinson, son of Mrs. Wilkinson and the late Rev. James W. Wilkinson, Toronto, the marriage to take place quietly in April.

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sent and sent for a free sample which alped me so I purchased more, and after using four cales of Soap with the Ointment, I was besied." (Signed) Miss Martha Thouseh, R. 2, Box 45, Vining, Minn.

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