

## A Case of Natural Selection

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ready simultaneously for an occasion like this. Usually they took their outings in small groups, which was less of a strain on the family properties such as hair ribbons, neckties, sashes, and the like, and much better for the disposition of Jim Schwind, who hated confusion.

When Elvira Middleton appeared there was a gasp of admiration. She was clad in pink silk, with shoes and stockings to match, and her naturally straight hair was in a riot of curls and crimps.

Rumors of the impending photograph had circulated through the Alley, and by the time the Schwinds were ready to start for the studio the neighbors were stationed at windows and doors. The procession was marshalled by Eloise, wheeling the twins, and flanked on either side by Mr. and Mrs. Schwind. Since little Mabel's funeral they had not been out as a family and they were not unconscious of the attention they attracted.

Facious bystanders made the usual personal remarks. One genial person shouted:

"Say, are they all yours, or is it a Sunday School picnic?"

And Jim drew himself up with pride and answered loudly:

"They're all mine, you bet!"

Brady was much impressed with the importance of the occasion when told of the contest. He tried solicitously to give them his best work, taking them standing and sitting, and as a series of steps.



"Mother of Pearl!" she cried. "I'm tremblin' like I was goin' to the dentist."

He also gave them a choice of several backgrounds. On the whole, Mrs. Schwind felt that never before had she so completely received her money's worth.

On the Monday, when the proofs arrived, there was much excitement in the Alley. Helene, carrying a foaming pail from Tom Murphy's met the postman. After a glance at the envelope, she started on a run, screaming shrilly:

"The picture, Ma, the picture!"

The other Schwinds, who were playing throughout the street, with one accord started for the house. In the scramble, the twins, Royal and Patricia, were dumped from the baby carriage by the eager Eloise. It took several minutes to restore tranquillity. Then, in the order of their ages, they were each allowed one look. Presently Mrs. Middleton and Elvira appeared.

"It's more natural than life," declared Mrs. Middleton, "and Elvira shows up real good too."

"It was nice of you to give us the advantage of her," said Mrs. Schwind gratefully. "I kinder hated not to get credit for Mabel that had ammonia of the lungs."

"Have you got to write their names underneath?"

"Jim's going to do that," Mrs. Schwind answered with pride. "He's been takin' lessons over to the Settlement. Eloise, run over and ask Miss Howard for the lend of an envelope, a pen and a bottle of ink. Tell her it's a matter of big importance and we'll return the ink tomorrow. Helene, take this proof back to Brady and tell him to send it as quick as he can."

The picture arrived the following day. It took the entire evening and the com-

bined efforts of the family to get it ready for the Elite Ladies' World. The four weeks that followed seemed very long to the waiting Schwinds. The postman had agreed that when he had something for them he would whistle three times as soon as he entered the Alley. At first the children stationed themselves to watch, but as the days passed their interest flagged and they resumed their usual games. At last a day came when the postman actually did whistle. Mrs. Schwind was so startled that she sank into a chair, her hand over her heart.

"Mother of Pearl!" she cried. "I'm tremblin' like I was going to the dentist."

By the time that Helene entered the house, carrying a letter and a small package, the news had gone forth. Since everyone knew of the contest, the Schwinds' friends lost no time in presenting themselves to hear the result. In her excitement, Mrs. Middleton came with her dust pan and broom. The children stationed themselves around their mother, who handed the letter to Eloise to read. It seemed an eternity before she succeeded in opening the envelope. Then she read in her shrill little voice:

My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Schwind, We are in receipt of your splendid photograph, and on behalf of Mr. Thomas Blackwell, the Elite Ladies' World congratulates you upon your large and fine-looking family.

The response to our prize offer has been most generous. In fact, owing to the large number of pictures submitted it has been difficult to award the prize. Since a family from Eau Claire, Wisconsin, presented a photograph containing exactly the same number of children as yours, we were obliged to depart

from our custom of rewarding the family as a whole, and decide between the merits of individual children.

After deliberation and consultation, we have awarded our prize to your particularly beautiful little girl of eleven years. Although the other children are attractive in looks, Elvira leads them all in her appearance of perfect and blooming health. We therefore send, under separate cover, a gold medal with the name "Elvira" engraved upon it.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity, we beg to remain, Very sincerely yours,

The Elite Ladies' World.

The atmosphere was vibrant with constraint that was almost consternation. Disappointment was written on the faces of the children, and the neighbors dared not express the sympathy they felt. Mrs. Middleton struggled nobly to hide her look of pride and satisfaction. Mrs. Schwind herself was the first to recover, and it was she who broke the embarrassing silence. She glanced affectionately at the twelve little Schwinds circled around her and against the wall.

"Now what do you think of that?" she began. "I was just wondering how I could ever pay Mrs. Middleton for the lend of Elvira. Helene, hand the bundle to her—She's welcome to the prize and she deserves it. Elvira is the prettiest, and being an only child, of course she's the healthiest, too. But," she continued, a hint of patronage in her tone, "for my part, I've always said it was a woman's duty to have plenty of children, although I have heard tell that the fewer you have, the healthier they are."

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

## How I Learned to Swim

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earnest, and I began to plead and cry. Of course this was just what they wanted and they teased me all the more. Fear will often give one courage, and I guess that is what happened in my case, for when one of the boys stood up in a threatening attitude, I jumped over the edge of the boat into the clear water, through which I could see the bottom of the river. The water was much deeper than it looked here, and down, down I went until my feet touched the bottom, then I came up again. In the meanwhile the boys had been rowing, and when I came to the top the boat was at least ten yards away. I hoped some one would catch me and pull me into the boat, but no one could reach me, so down I went again, never expecting to come up. It would surprise you how many things even a small boy can think of when so close to death. I remember quite well how sorry I knew my sister would feel when she heard I was drowned. I also thought how disobedient I had always been, and in fact a million things seemed to run through my brain in a few seconds. But to go on with my story. For the second time I went down until my feet touched bottom, and then came up again, and this time I tried to paddle and kick, and did so well that I worked my way into water only up to my waist. Of course I was very weak by this time, and also nearly frightened to death, but after lying on the shore for half an hour I felt able to walk home. I had to tell my sister of my narrow escape, and I got a scolding for my disobedience, but she spared the slipper as she thought I had had lesson enough for one day. I had not only learned a lesson in that way, but I had learned to swim, at least I had learned what I could do when I had to. I have always tried to remember since that you can do anything if you must, and that lots of things that seem impossible are easy if we only try to do them with all our hearts.

I hope no one will try jumping in the lake to learn to swim just because they have read this story. They might not be as fortunate as I was, but I wrote this to show that success in life rests entirely in ourselves, and the confidence we have in ourselves.

## The Planting of the Home Garden

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a large one buy the seeds by the ounce, but for a small plot, one packet of parsnips should sow a thirty foot row; 1 ounce of beet seed; ½ ounce of onion; 1 packet of carrot and 1½ lbs of onion sets will seed the thirty foot drill. Early cabbage and cauliflower and tomatoes are better set out as transplants, and twelve plants may be set in a thirty foot row. Beans and cucumbers, squash and pumpkins, as well as corn, must not be planted until the early spring frosts are a thing of the past (the last week in May or early June) as all these seeds germinate quickly, especially when the earth is warm and the June rains have commenced. About this time late cabbage and cauliflower, perhaps a packet of tomatoes should be sown in the open.

Transplants freeze so easily it is well to wait until June 12 to 15, before risking them. In this country squash or cucumbers may be planted in the drill where early lettuce, mustard and radishes have been pulled. Of course, these vines all need to be sown in hills placed 5 feet apart, plant 6 seeds in a hill. A little stable manure placed in the bottom of the hill ensures a better growth in the vine vegetables, such as marrows and cucumbers.

One of the most successful growers of potatoes, near Winnipeg, tells me he always plants his potatoes with manure in the drill, and has proven a better crop can thus be secured, in either a wet or dry season in Manitoba. So I pass on the "tip." Everybody enjoys potatoes about Dominion Day, or thereabouts, fresh from the garden, so a half bushel of early "spuds" should be planted in hills early in May. Sometimes Jack Frost will singe them severely, but they will

survive a spring frost as a general rule, then the later crop should be planted the latter part of May.

Peppers can be grown successfully some seasons, and musk and water melons grew splendidly last season, but a short, cool summer does not suit them, they will not mature or ripen.

A bed of sweet herbs should find a corner in the garden. Parsley; summer savory; mint; thyme and sage are all delightful herbs. The bed should be well enriched, and hand-raked very fine and smooth. The seeds are tiny, therefore need careful sowing, and the soil barely dusted over them. Parsley takes a long time to germinate, but the other herbs grow quickly.

Celery, many people do not care to grow, finding its culture more difficult than other vegetables. A box of celery plants, say 5 or 6 dozen, should be set out in the home garden. A trench or deep drill made to set them in, 8 to 10 inches apart. Water well, and as they grow gradually work the soil up on the roots, always hilling them up to blanch the roots and make them shapely and firm.

A small hand roller is useful in the garden to "firm" in the seeds, such as onion and beets, etc. An old barrel may be utilized in this way.

In closing I must urge frequent weeding during the rapid growing season. Do not let the weeds get ahead of you, then gardening is a pleasure.

## Through the Maritimes

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century. This is a testimony more authoritative and authentic than any other that has been so far discovered on New World soil. There is every reason to believe, so I was told, that the Vinland of the Northman was none other than Nova Scotia; and here at the southwest corner of the Province are several sea-cleaving headlands, one of which may have been that "Keelness" on which Leif Ericson built himself the first ship fashioned on the shores of the New World. Five centuries later, when Champlain had shown the French the way to Acadie, settlements sprang up about this southwest corner of the peninsula, where the climate was mild and the harvest of the fisheries rich. Yarmouth is picturesquely situated along a slope parallel with the harbor, which is a beautiful piece of water at high tide. Across the harbor are bold, wooded islands, and wide flats which the flood tide transforms to a placid lake. The houses of Yarmouth are almost invariably surrounded by well-kept hedges to which the cool, moist air imparts a delicious and lasting greenness. These omnipresent hedges are one of the first features to catch the visitor's eye, especially if he has come from sere August landscapes.

## GOOD EVIDENCE

One day a teacher was having a first-grade class in physiology. She asked them if they knew that there was a burning fire in the body all of the time. One little girl spoke up and said:

"Yes'm, when it is a cold day I can see the smoke.—National Monthly.

## WHO WOULDN'T BE AMAZED?

A freshman in a New York university who was asked to write a theme on his first impressions of the city began with this: "The most amazing sight I ever saw was the sky-scrappers of New York crossing the Hudson River on a ferryboat." Such optical illusions are not uncommon.

## THE MOST FAMILIAR CONE

Teacher.—"Johnny, what is a cube?" Johnny.—"A cube is a solid, surrounded by six equal squares."

Teacher.—"Right! Willie, what is a cone?"

Willie.—"A cone? Why—a cone is—er—a funnel stuffed with ice cream."—The Christian Intelligencer.