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entilation blamed for
Colds.

Inadequate ventilation of homes and school rooms is one of the principal causes of severe and dangerous colds among children during the winter season, according to a heating and ventilation expert.

Children should never be permitted to gorge on sweets or desserts. Overloading of their stomachs and the resulting disorders of the system are predisposing causes of colds. Uneven heating of living and school rooms is a menace to children's health. A child kept for hours in a stuffy room, and then subjected to a sudden draft, will be chilled and ready to be sick, while he who has spent the time in a room uniformly freshened and heated by a good system of mechanical ventilation will laugh at the cold air outdoors.

The child who has a thoroughly ventilated school room, living room and sleeping room, is provided with the first and greatest safeguards against colds. Up-to-date school rooms are the most scientifically ventilated of all rooms now, when they have a positively controlled mechanical system of ventilation, which brings in fresh outdoor air, warms it, and diffuses it equally. It is unfortunate that this system is not generally in use for children's play-rooms in their homes, as well as in the schools.

The uneven heating of school rooms depending upon window ventilation invites colds. The reason is a lack of control. The school room becomes overheated, the children's pores are opened, and when the window is opened to cool the room the resulting draft of cold air nearly always results in colds.

Life! How he wanted more of it! The final great rebellion against death was raging within him, and he was shaken as with a chill.

He drew his hunting-knife and contemplated it. What, after all, was the dog? The world was full of them. He would not have hesitated to shoot a dog that attacked him or one that killed his chickens.

The dog was not a man. Why, then, should he hesitate to make Boule render him a last service—when that service meant the difference between life and death?

The dog had left him and lain down near the door. Larocque sank painfully to his hands and knees, with the knife between his teeth. Another day and he would be too weak to save his life by this method—even now it would take his last ounce of strength to do what he had to do. And after the thing was done there would be a fire to make.

He dragged himself toward Boule, forcing his eyes to look into those of the dog. They did not waver—Larocque imagined that the animal knew his purpose. It would have been easy for Boule to kill him.

He reached out a hand and grasped the dog by the scruff of the neck, rolling him unresistingly on his side. Gedeon called upon his resolution and poised the knife. Boule looked up once, and closed his eyes.

With a cry that was half a sob, Gedeon Larocque flung his knife across the room. Weakness possessed him in every nerve and muscle, and he sank down with his face buried in the great neck of the dog. He knew that unconsciousness was hovering close to him, and yet he was at peace.

Better to die thus and now than to live the thing which he had lifted his hand to do. So he lay, content with things as they were, his misty eyes before his eyes and his mind in a state of existence in fact sound in his ears.

After what seemed a long time, Boule moved, gently, and Larocque's head lay upon the bare floor. He felt the rasp of his tongue against his cheek.

Into the far region where his soul had retired came sounds that were real. They drew him back to consciousness and he turned his head toward the source. Hazily he saw the door of the cabin shivering under the wind.

The bar danced in its sockets. Hope coursed in the veins of Gedeon, and he drew himself to an elbow, believing that a rescue had come. Then a socket broke and the bar leaped half-way inward.

Albert Dinele stood upon the threshold, poised like a cat for flight or attack. The rifle that he held swung slowly until it pointed at the body of Larocque.

Gedeon looked along the barrel and into the triumphant eyes of his enemy. So the coward, encouraged by long silence, had at last mustered courage to attack like a man.

Larocque knew that death was a matter of seconds away, and yet he did not regret his rejection of the one means which would have given him strength to meet this, life in hand.

While Larocque looked and waited, the face of Dinele changed. In one of those little fragments of time for which the senses cannot measure he then sank out of sight behind the puff of smoke with Boule's weight upon his chest.

The thud and heave of straining bodies came to Larocque. He heard the rare battle snarls of Boule, and once, just before they ended, a cry that could have come only from a human throat.

He tried to drag himself to the door, to raise his voice to a shout, and failed in both. Through the quiet moments that followed the end of the battle he struggled to gather again his forces.

Then Boule backed into the cabin, dragging after him the pack of Dinele as he had been taught to fetch the pack of his master. His white teeth worried the canvas until it ripped and the contents spilled upon the floor—bread and cold pork, a flask and a tin of marmalade.

But before Gedeon Larocque laid hands upon the life-giving food he flung his arms about the neck of his dog and wept unashamed—not with joy that he had escaped death, but

Touch but with gentlest finger the crystal that creaks the Mariner's Guide—
To the East and the West how it drifts, and trembles, and searches on every side!
But it comes to its rest, and its light lance poses only one self-same way
Since ever a ship spread her marvelous sea-wings, or plunged her swan-breast through the spray—
For North points the needle!

Ye look not alone for the sign of the lode-star; the lode-stone, too, lendeth cheer;
Yet one in the heavens is established forever, and one is compelled through the sphere.
What! and ye chide not the fluttering magnet that seemeth to fly its troth,
Yet even now is again recording its fealty's silent oath—
As North points the needle!
—From "The Selected Poems of Edith M. Thomas."



Princess Catherine Alexandrovna Obolensky
A daughter of Tsar Alexander II., who served in the great war hospital at Yalta, in the Crimea.

The True Nature Book.
It books about Nature are to live, they must not be descriptions written at the moment of rapture; they must be books written as the result of observation. Wordsworth said that poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity. I will not discuss how far this is true of poetry, but I think it is true for books on Nature. These should be the result of long observation, much feeling and tranquility, and then the effect upon the reader is one of calm and contemplation, and brings that sense of leisure and repose for which, in these days, we are more and more grateful.—Viscount Grey of Fulwood.

The Y.W.C.A.
If the Y.W.C.A. had not been organized, it would have been necessary to form some other society to undertake a service which is essential under modern city conditions. It is not too much to say that no great community could have in its midst such great numbers of young women, most of them without family association, contributing to its economic life and to its higher activities, without some agency to give them social, recreational and educational opportunities, as well as to help them in such matters as employment.—New York Times.

"Oh, well," said the painter as he fell off the scaffold with a bucket of paint in each hand, "I'm going down with flying colors, anyway."



The only flag in the British Empire that never comes down except to be replaced by a new one is that which flies over the Residency at Lucknow, India, day and night. Tennyson wrote a poem on the incident of which it is a reminder of the Indian Mutiny.

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"SALADA TEA"
That is why people insist on Salada

Fidelity.
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AN ATTRACTIVE FROCK.

Particularly graceful is this moire frock pictured here. The front opens in a deep V and the turn-back fronts form revers displaying a vest, while the collar may be worn buttoned at the throat as illustrated, or left open. The skirt is plain at the front and back and fulness is achieved by means of graceful flared side sections. The dart-fitted sleeves have flared cuffs placed a short distance above the lower edge. No. 1439 is for ladies and misses and is in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch material. Width at lower edge about 76 inches. 20 cents.

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