The Road to Understanding

—BY—
Eleanor H. Porter

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CHAP. XI.—(Continued.)

The doctor sprang to his feet. His eyes were moist and his voice shook when he spoke.

"Help you! I'll help you to—to bring down the moon and all the stars, if you say the word! Mrs. Denby, you're a—a little brick, and there's no end to the way I respect and admire you. Of course I'll help you—somehow. Though how I haven't got the faintest idea. Meanwhile you must get some rest. As I told you, my sister is at the beach, and there are only Hawkins and his wife here to keep the house open. But they'll make you comfortable for the night, and we'll see to-morrow what can be done. We'll have some kind of a plan," he finished, as he crossed the room to ring the bell.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" breathed Helen. "But, remember, please, I'm not Mrs. Denby. I'm Mrs. Darling—my mother's maiden name," she begged in a panic, as the doctor touched the bell.

True to his promise, Frank Gleason had a plan, of a sort, ready by morning. He told it at the breakfast table.

"I'm going to take you to my sister, provided, of course, that you agree," he announced. "Five minutes' talk with her on this matter will be worth five years' with me. I shouldn't wonder if she kept you herself,—for a time, with her. And you couldn't be in a better place. Perhaps you'll be willing to help her with the children—and she'll be glad of that, I know."

"But—my money—can't I pay—money?" faltered Helen.

He shook his head.

"Not if we can help it. Your money you'll need later for Miss Dorothy—unless you are willing to make yourself known to your husband sooner than you seem now to be willing to. We'll invest it in something safe and solid, and it'll bring you in a few hundred a year. You'll have that to spend; and that will go quite a way—under some circumstances."

"But I—I want to—to learn things, you know," stammered Helen; "how to be—be—"

"You'll learn—lots of things, if you live with my sister," remarked the doctor significantly.

"Oh!" smiled Helen, with a sigh of relief and content.

The doctor sighed, too,— though not at all with either relief or content. To the doctor, the task before him loomed as absurd and unreal as if it were, indeed, the pulling down of the stars and the moon—the carrying out of his extravagant promise of the night before.

CHAPTER XII.

Burke Denby was well pleased with the letter that he had sent to his wife, enclosing the ten-thousand-dollar check. He felt that it was both conclusive and diplomatic; and he believed that it carried a frankness that would prove to be disarming. He had every confidence that Helen would eventually (if not at once) recognize its logic and reasonableness, and follow its suggestions. With a light heart, therefore, he gave himself to the enjoyment of the day with his father. By Saturday, however, a lively curiosity began to assail him as to just how Helen did take the note, after all. There also came unpleasantly to him a recurrence of the uncomfortable feeling that his abrupt departure from home Thursday night had been neither brave nor kind, and, in fact, hardly decent, under the circumstances. He decided that he would, when he saw Helen, really quite humble himself and apologize roundly. It was no more than her due, poor girl!

By Sunday, between his curiosity and his uneasy remorse, he was too nervous really to enjoy anything to the full; but he sternly adhered to his original plan of not going down to the Dale Street flat before Monday, believing, in his heart, that nothing could do so much good to both of them, under the circumstances, as a few days of thought apart from each other. Monday, however, found him headed for Dale street; but in an hour he was back at Elm Hill. He was plainly very angry.

"She's gone," he announced, with a brevity more eloquent of his state of mind than a flood of words would have been.

"Gone! Where?"

"Home—to spend that ten thousand dollars, of course. She left this."

With a frown John Denby took the proffered bit of paper upon which had been scrawled:

I hope you'll enjoy your playday as much as I shall mine. Address me at Wenton—if you care to write.

Helen.

"Where did you find this?"

"On my chiffonier. I didn't think that—of Helen."

"And there was nothing to show when she left?"

"Nothing—except that the apartment was in spick-and-span order from end to end; and that must have taken some time to accomplish."

"But perhaps the neighbors would—"

"There's no one she knows but Mrs. Cobb," interrupted Burke, with an impatient gesture. "Do you suppose I'm going to her and whimper, 'My wife's gone. Please, do you know when she went?' Not much! I saw her—the dear creature! And one glance at her face showed that she was dying to be asked. But I didn't afford her that satisfaction. I gave her a particularly blithe 'Good-morning,' and then walked away as if I'd known I was coming home to an empty house all the time. But, I repeat, I'm disappointed. I didn't think this of Helen—running off like this!"

"You think she was angry, then, at your letter?"

"Of course she was—at that, and at the way I left her the other night. I was a bit of a cad there, I'll admit; but that doesn't excuse her for doing a trick like this. I wrote her a good letter, and you sent her a very generous check; and I told her I was coming to-day to pick up my traps and say good-bye. She didn't care to see me—that's all. But she might have had some thought that I'd like to see my daughter before I go. If there was time I'd run up there. But it's out of the question—with only to-morrow before we start."

"Wenton is her home town, I suppose."

"Yes. She left there, you know, two years before I saw her. Her father died and then her mother; and she had to look out for herself. I shall write, of course, and send it up before I go. And I shall try to write decently; but I will own up, father, I'm mad clear through."

"Too bad, too bad!" John Denby frowned and shook his head again. "I must confess, Burke, that I, too, didn't quite think this—of Helen."

"I don't know her street address, of course," Burke was on his feet, pacing back and forth. "But that isn't necessary. It's a small town—I know that. I told her I thought she'd like the hotel best; but she may prefer to go to some friend's home. However, that doesn't signify. She'll get it all right, if I direct it simply to Wenton. But I can't have a reply before I leave. There isn't time, even if she deigned to write—which I doubt, in her present evident frame of mind. Pleasant, isn't it? Makes me feel real happy to start off with, to-morrow!"

(To be continued.)

Sun-Strokes!

The summer sun is distant 95,000,000 miles from you as you lie on the bench and bask, or gasp, in its rays, but the sun you see is only a part of the real sun.

Do you know that the sun is composed of sodium, iron magnetism, cobalt, hydrogen, nickel, titanium, chronium, and a few other things? There are movements in the sun, but no signs of it being burnt out or exhausted.

It is not the heat that gives you sunstroke, but the invisible violet rays of the sun, and the base of your skull is the vulnerable spot.

Sunburn is really the rupture and inflammation of the tiny veins of the skin. And you wear white in the sun time not because it looks cool, but because that color resists the heat rays of the sun better than colors.

The violet tinge over everything after you have looked at the sun is there because violet is the accidental color of yellow—the sun's color. You cannot really look at the sun, but birds can, because they have an extra eyelid which can be drawn down to act as a screen or shield.

The sun is hottest between 3 and 4, summer time.

And the sun seems much larger at sunrise and sunset—although it never sets nor rises—because it is then nearer the terrestial objects, and so gains by comparison.

A red sunset portends fine weather; a red sunrise indicates wet—the vapor in the air being already condensed to clouds. Finally, the hottest summer sun will never, by itself, ignite natural substances, and for all the germs it kills with its light it brings as many more into existence with its warmth.

Unusual Concrete Ships Built For Salvaging.

Concrete ships of extraordinary design are being built for the British Admiralty to be used in raising merchant vessels sunk by the Germans near the coast of the United Kingdom. On a broad foundation, shaped like the hull of a ship, are placed a series of towers, constructed of hollow blocks, and reinforced in such a manner as to be able to withstand great internal pressure. The towers are provided with water-tight doors and pumps. These unusual vessels are to be towed to the location of a sunken ship, and lowered on either side of the wreck. Divers will then attach them to the wreck. When they are pumped out, they are expected to rise to the surface, carrying the wreck with them.

Oxford is a city divine in her beauty and in her young men.—John Masefield.

BLACK SNOW.

Caused by the Eruption of Mount Etna, in Sicily.

"As white as snow" is one of the stock comparisons of every day, and there is nothing on earth whiter than new-fallen snow. Its whiteness is caused by its excessive color. Every tiny crystal of which it is composed acts as a prism, and breaks up the light into its constituent colors of the rainbow; but the crystals are so numerous and set at such an infinite number of angles that they all neutralize each other, and we see the snow perfectly white.

It was thought until Australia was discovered that all swans were white. There they are black. Similarly it is thought that all snow is white, and the thought is much nearer the truth, for all snow is naturally white.

Some time ago snow of a decidedly dark, almost black, color, fell on the Alps, especially on the southern or Italian side, where fierce fighting took place in the closing stage of the war. Naturalists were greatly interested, and many solutions of the snow were examined. The consensus of opinion attributed this black snow to the ashes of Mount Etna, in Sicily, which had recently been in violent eruption, and had vomited forth millions of tons of dust and ashes into the upper atmosphere.

LONDON'S BRIDGES.

Waterman Opposed the Building of Westminster Bridge.

When the population of London was well over a million and its houses lay for miles on each side of the river it was apparently well content with the one London Bridge. At length, in 1734, Westminster was seized with the desire to have a bridge of its own. Application was made to Parliament for powers, only to encounter the fiercest opposition from the city, the forty thousand watermen, the inhabitants of Southwark, and the West Country bargemen, all of whom implored the Commons to protect them against this new enemy. The result was that the bridge was not built till 1750. Blackfriars, at first called Pitt's Bridge, was finished in 1769 at a cost of two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, defrayed by tolls. Waterloo was opened on the second anniversary of the famous battle with great pomp by the Prince Regent in person, accompanied by his Royal brother, the Duke of York, the Duke of Wellington, and many other distinguished persons.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE.

The More Nails the Better the Luck of the Finder.

The superstitious use of horseshoes as emblems of good luck originated about the middle of the seventeenth century. They were at first deemed a protection against witches and evil spirits, and were nailed on doors of houses with the curve uppermost. It was the belief that no witch or evil spirit could enter a house thus guarded. The custom of nailing horseshoes to ships and other sailing craft is still in vogue in many English-speaking countries. To find a horseshoe with an odd number of nails attached to it is considered the forerunners of good luck, and the more nails the greater the good fortune that is likely to attend the finder.

Looked Suspicious.

Gr-rr-r-h! The train drew up with a mighty crash and shock between stations.

"Is it an accident? What happened?" inquired a worried-looking individual of the conductor.

"Someone pulled the bell-cord!" shouted the conductor. "The express knocked our last car off the track! Take us four hours before the track is clear!"

"Great Scott! Four hours! I am supposed to be married to-day!" groaned the passenger.

The conductor, a bigoted bachelor, raised his eyebrows suspiciously.

"Look here!" he demanded. "I suppose you ain't the chap that pulled the cord?"

Drake's Cup Brings $19,000.

The cup which Queen Elizabeth gave to Admiral Drake for defeating and scattering the Spanish Armada, has been sold at auction in London for $19,000. It is in the form of a terrestial globe engraved with a map of the world as it was known in the sixteenth century. The cover is surmounted by a vase chased in cherubs, grotesque masques and fruit. It was made in Zurich about 1570, and weighs 42 ounces.

Oil the Machine.

Sometimes my sewing machine becomes gummed, and refuses to move, so I pour coal oil into the oil holes, take the thread out of the needle, and run the machine. The coal oil soon cuts the dirt and gummed oil. Then I wipe off all the coal oil, and oil with good machine oil.

This knowledge has saved me sending for the repair man a number of times; also has saved much time. It is a simple thing, and yet many women neglect it.

War Savings Stamps pay 4½ per cent. compounded half-yearly.

Red hot pokers, tritomas, like plenty of water and a dose of liquid manure now and then.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Woman's Interests

The Boy Who Kept Clean.

"Animated sunshine," "the handsomest baby in town," these, and like expressions of admiration my son evoked. He had the friendliest smile; his beautiful eyes were sparkling with delight in living. All hearts warmed to him. He liked the whole world, and its dog.

Jealously I guarded him from every harm. His grandmother could scarcely believe that at a year old he had never had a bump. "I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed the dear old lady incredulously.

The day Son started to school was the first day I entrusted him to care other than mine. Solemnly I realized that influences were coming into the life of my boy which I should not initiate or control.

A lively sense of humor and an inherited drollery, made him the delight of some of his teachers and the despair of others. In his fun-loving pranks, there was no trace of cruelty or meanness. This was a comfort, when my middle-aged patience was often tried.

Dearly as I loved the boy, strongly rooted as was my belief in his basic integrity, from the day he entered school I was never free from a haunting, horrible fear of the deadliest evil that lurks in the path of hot-blooded youth. I was frank with my boy, providing him with the best available expert instruction in printed form warning against the social evil, but always I was not sure how deeply such instruction went home.

With all his warm-hearted openness there persisted a certain reserve that kept me outside my son's confidence.

I did not mistake his native joyousness and optimism for evidences of a shallow nature; that there were depths of thought and feeling I was confident, but I could not fathom them. It seemed to me we never got below the surface of things in our daily converse.

Son went to college. His too brief vacation visits were the events of my years. Earnestly I studied that bright, handsome face for trace of something I dreaded. In clear, honest eyes shone the old-time mirth, unshadowed. And yet, so many boys, as gifted, as loved as mine, have fallen under evil influences that drag in the mire the glory and beauty of youth.

The fear stayed with me, an ever-present shadow, walking by my side in brightest noon-day. If I could only know that Son was safe! I could not know. Only another mother of a boy can understand the suffering caused by such a fear.

Then came the revelation.

Son and I were spending a summer together overseeing the development of some western land. We camped in an old farmhouse built by a pioneer. Son's sleeping room opened into mine. We got into the habit of going early to bed and talking until sleep claimed us. Lying in the sweet summer dark, far from home and familiar associations, alone, uninterrupted, we entered into an understanding of each other such as never before had been possible. Son gave me glimpses of his inmost thoughts, gave me confidences that evidenced an earnestness of purpose ordinarily hidden by the bantering, humorous trend of his daytime remarks.

One night from the borderland of delicious sleep, Son's voice called me: "Mother, I had an experience last fall that you may be interested in. I was down town one evening, going home from the library, when a girl accosted me. She was young—no older than Sister, I thought, and she seemed scared at having stopped me. I asked her if she had never accosted a man before. She said it was the first time. I asked her why she was beginning that sort of a life. She had lost her place in a down town office for lack of preparation for her work. She said if she had only had a little more training she was sure she could have made good as a stenographer. When her landlady turned her out because she could not pay, she was desperate, she was starving and cold. I asked her what she would do if she could borrow money enough to live on until she could finish a course at business college.

"'What would I do?" she cried, 'I would work—I would pay it all back—but there is no one who would lend me money.'

"I'll lend it to you," I told her.

"I left her in charge of the Y. W. C. A. for the night, and the next day I took her over to Mrs. Blair's boarding-house near the business college. I guess Mrs. Blair got the impression the girl was some one from back home that I had been acquainted with a long time. There couldn't be a better place for a homeless girl to stay; Mrs. Blair is one of the motherly kind. Getting in there was the best of good luck for the girl. She helped Mrs. Blair with kitchen and dining room work, to reduce expenses until she got her diploma and a dandy good position.

"Well, she made good, all right. She's just finished paying me back the money I lent her. Last week she sent a check and a line saying, 'Got my salary raised to-day. Thanks.' I've not seen her since I got her the place to stay. . . Something about her made me think of Sister."

I tried to say something—words would not come. My heart was singing. Somewhere in the starry spaces, angels were singing a hallelujah chorus. Son's voice went on, in the sweet, silent summer dark: "I've been tempted enough, Lord knows; especially since I went to the city. The thought of you, Mother, and of Sister, has kept me clean. I've given a square deal to every woman and girl I've ever had any association with. Thought maybe you'd like to know."

The fear is past. Gone forever is the shadow stalking beside me at noon-day.

The kingdoms of earth hold no wealth or glory not excelled by the exceeding abundance of heart riches lavished upon me by my son—my baby who grew up to be a man, upright, dependable and clean.

As I have said, only mothers fully can understand my fear and my rejoicing; and only sons can understand what my son had to meet and how he met it.

Seasonable Recipes.

Baked Rice with Cheese—Three cups boiled rice, two tablespoons melted butter, one-half cup grated cheese, one-half cup milk, one-half teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon paprika. After boiling rice until tender, mix in milk, butter and seasoning. Add grated cheese and place in baking dish. Bake until brown. This is nice if a tomato sauce is poured over it.

Kidney Bean Stew—One and one-half cups kidney beans, one cup canned tomatoes, one-half cup boiled rice, two tablespoons flour, one onion (fried), and one teaspoon salt. Cook beans until tender, or canned kidney beans may be used. Wash rice, and cook thoroughly. Add tomatoes which have been cooked, friend onions, seasonings, and mix with kidney beans. Cook down until all are well mixed.

Glazed Turnips—Pare and wash turnips. Cut in slices, and cook until tender. Place in baking dish, add salt, pepper and butter. Dredge with flour, add a little water, and bake until a delicate brown.

Tomato Butter — Combine ten pounds of ripe, peeled tomatoes, four pounds of granulated sugar, three pounds of peeled, sliced apples, a scant quart of vinegar, half an ounce each of stick cinnamon and ground ginger and a quarter of an ounce each of mace and whole cloves. Tie the spices in a bag and cook all the ingredients slowly until quite thick. Seal as for jelly or jam.

Spiced Sweet Tomato Relish—Mix together two quarts of peeled and sliced tomatoes, one quart of brown sugar and mixed ground spices to suit the individual taste. (Use mace, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg.) Let stand for two or three hours in a preserving kettle and boil down slowly like jam. Seal when cold with paraffin. This is delicious with cold meats.

Women In Public Life.

In Canada at present we have three members of the fair sex who are aldermen—Alderman Mrs. A. Gale, of Calgary, who at this writing is acting mayor of the western city; Alderman Mrs. M. B. Hill and Alderman Mrs. H. J. Hanna, both of Alberni, B.C. In the United States lady aldermen are equally scarce, but in Great Britain many women have taken on municipal responsibilities with success, one of the latest recruits to aldermanic dignity being the Duchess of Marlborough, who was recently elected to the London County Council by a district made up entirely of working men. What is more, the duchess easily defeated her opponent, who is a well-known local Socialist.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Persons not vaccinated are not permitted to vote in Norway.

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Write for booklet of recipes

THE GRANDEUR OF GIBRALTAR.

ROCK HAS APPEARANCE OF INDESCRIBABLE MIGHT AND POWER

From Height of the Fort a Wonderful Vista Stretches 1,000 Feet Below, a Panorama of Incomparable Beauty.

Viewed from the deck of an ocean liner surging through the waves of the Mediterranean one can never forget the thrill he experiences at first sight of Gibraltar. Spanish girls of rare beauty come out in small boats to greet you, and when by the aid of a rope they hoist grapes up along the side of the ship it is seldom their baskets are lowered without a goodly amount of money in exchange for the fruit. Sounds of drums and bugles add to the exciting din, and amidst screeching whistles you descend to one of the tenders which wait below to take you ashore.

The little Spanish stuccoed houses are to be seen everywhere, and the women and girls with shawls of brilliant hues and mantillas upon their heads laugh and dance to the twang of a guitar.

Driving through the narrow cobbled streets, visitors are constantly stopped by the natives, who attempt to sell them all sorts of trinkets, for jewelry shops appear at almost every corner. Eating places of every variety, with food at reaching distance from the curb, occupy the tiny sidewalks, and little children crawl in front of the phaeton-like cabs with the hope of collecting a few pennies.

The Pride of Gibraltar

Finally the Alameda is reached, and this park, with its palm and cactus plants, is the pride of Gibraltar. Geraniums in abundance crown the entrance and tropical trees and bowers help to create a scene well to be remembered. Fountains play about on the east and west sides, while several small boulevards twine in and out through the park. Attractive pony carts carrying little rosy faced English children accompanied by their Spanish servants, occupy the roscate driveways in the Alameda, and the liquid songs of the birds give a touch of softness and pathos to the spot.

And now we come to the scorpion rock of Gibraltar which cannot be appreciated from the water front, for the town stretches along the western side for over a mile, and only when directly in the interior of the colony can the gigantic size of the rock rightfully be estimated. It stands as if against the sky with a prepossessing dignity of indescribable mightiness and power. Tarik, the one-eyed Moor, landed at the foot of the rock of Calpe (now known as Gibraltar) in the year 711 to reconnoitre Gothic Spain, and therefore from Gibel Tarik (which means the hill of Tarik) the name of Gibraltar originated.

Low wheeled, two seated, so-called vans accompanied and drawn by ponies take the visitor to the base of the fortress, and a steep climb must then be made on foot. It is an extremely tedious trip, for the ascent is rocky and uneven.

Vista of Snow-Capped Mountains.

Perhaps the most striking view from a small opening in one of the caves built in the fortress, is the white wall of Algeciras and San Roque, both parallel with the snow-capped mountains of Andalusia.

El Hacho, the signal tower, is not always open to visitors and many of the heavy guns are also kept under secrecy. In the tunnelled portions of the fort old batteries and cannon are pointed out by sentries, and secluded spots had been set aside for punishing purposes in bygone years. In one of the dark passageways the stone is cut in peculiar points which stand straight upward, representing icicles because of the shiny, silvery gloss on the ends of the highest needles of the rock, and one can readily imagine fireplaces to have been inserted in the walls.

Having attained the height of the fort and emerging suddenly into open sky, a wonderful vista stretches out 1,000 feet below. Ships anchored at bay seem but dwarfs, and the polo grounds, once famous for bull fighting, can also be observed. Far below the barrack yards look up at you and the smoky houses with their sloping roofs keep cover over the lounging soldiers.

As the sun takes refuge behind the fleecy lining of clouds, the mountains, hills and ocean form a panorama of wide scope and incomparable beauty.

Thrust and Parry.

Pangs of jealousy were in Miss Coldfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and when she happened to run across her in the bargain rush could not resist giving her a thrust.

"I hear you've accepted Jack," she gushed. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me."

"No," answered Jack's fiancee. "He once told me that there were a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

Pepper cost $175 an ounce in England in Henry VII.'s reign.

The world's skating record is 10 miles in 31 minutes 9½ seconds, made by a Swedish skater.