

# POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN THE TREETOPS.

By Zoe Beckley

"WHAT an adorable place!" cried Polly, as their walk from the tram-line ended and the big elm trees of "Robinson" came into view. "Could anybody but a Frenchman think up such a thing as building dining-rooms in treetops! Oh, Paul, let's hurry and grab one at the very top!"

They climbed the rustic ladder, up, up and up. Polly squealed with delight as they reached the last platform, where a little table was laid with plates, glasses and silver. The red-gold sun-dappled the white cloth; birds chirruped their evening song overhead.

Rustic benches were their chairs and all about them was a swaying curtain of branches lush with summer leaves. From below came the cheerful clatter

(To Be Continued)  
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## What the Glands Are---And What They Do

BY HERWARD CARRINGTON.

Experiments with ductless glands have convinced scientists that youth can be prolonged and death delayed by simple operations on these glands, while other scientists declare that substitution of glands can cure confirmed criminals. In this article Herward Carrington, in simple language, unravels the gland mystery.

WINNIPEG, Feb. 27.—Almost the most important parts of our bodies—the ductless glands—until 30 years ago.

These glands are so tiny and apparently insignificant that no anatomist even bothered to discover their functions or uses. And yet we now know that small as they are, without them life is extinguished and one dies within a few days!

Ordinary glands are provided with a canal (or duct) which leads either out of the body, or into its interior. The ductless glands have no obvious ducts or canals and their secretions are poured into the general blood stream directly and carried to the various organs and parts of the body.

What Glands Do.

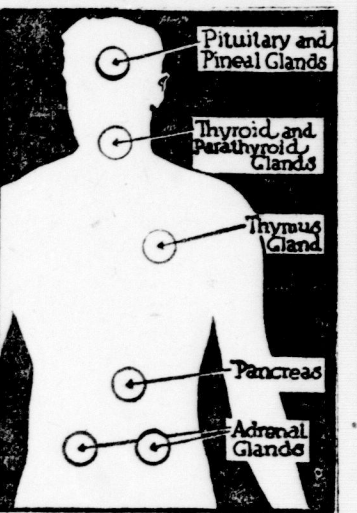
These glands are:

**Thyroid gland** in the neck, which controls the growth of brain, organs and tissues, and regulates energy production in the body.

**Pituitary**, which is divided into two parts, anterior and posterior. This is a tiny gland in the center of the brain. The secretion of the anterior portion controls the growth of the bones in the body; while that of the latter or posterior portion regulates the nerve cells, the involuntary muscles and brain.

**Adrenals**, above the kidneys, are again divided into two portions, known as the "cortex" and the "medulla." The secretion of the cortex regulates brain growth and the sexual glands; while that of the medulla attends to the energy required for sudden emergencies, as combat or fear.

**Pineal gland** is in the brain and attends to brain and sex development, and the development of adolescence and maturity. It is because



WHERE DUCTLESS GLANDS, RULERS OF YOUR BODY, ARE LOCATED.

of the action of this tiny gland that we "grow up."

**Thymus gland**, just over the heart, is the gland of childhood. It keeps us children, and sees that we do not grow up too fast.

**Gonads**, or sexual glands, peculiar to male and female, determine the differing qualities of men and women.

**Parathyroids**, behind the thyroid glands in the neck, control the lime metabolism (changes) in the body, and the degree of excitability of nerve and muscle.

**Pancreas** controls the sugar metabolism in the body—its mal-functioning giving rise to "diabetes."

**Rule Whole Body.**

Every part and organ in the body is controlled by these glands. We depend upon them for our life, our bodies and even our minds, for it has been proved that if these glands are destroyed, the mind also withers and is destroyed.

Differing types of character and temperament, moods, emotions, facial characteristics, teeth, hair, eyes, hands, form, all are dependent upon

Beads Lend Color



MARY PICKFORD IN A BEADED PROCK.

BY MARY PICKFORD.  
This is the last of six articles on styles for girls, written by Mary Pickford.

THIS delightful little Lanvin frock is of black velvet trimmed with narrow bands of white mouffon, while an additional note of color is added by a design of bright blue beads.

A long end of black grosgrain ribbon hangs from the tiny pocket.

the functioning of these ductless glands.

Our personality seems to depend upon them also. So that each type of person represents a certain type of gland activity.

Even the character and composition of our minds seem to be determined by their subtle activities.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

## CONCERNING COFFEE

WHILE the goodness of a cup of coffee depends much on the brand, the best brand of coffee in the world can be spoiled in the making.

Choose the brand, then the way you want to make the beverages and see that the berry is ground to conform with the making.

If you use a percolator the coffee should be ground "medium," filter or "drip" coffee pots require pulverized coffee and the old-fashioned "pot on the stove" takes a medium-coarse ground berry.

The most delicious, healthful and, in the end, economical coffee is made with a pulverized berry by the drip method. There are specially constructed pots on the market, but you can construct your own. A wire strainer four or five inches in diameter is lined with firm, but not too heavy cotton cloth and placed over an enamel or earthenware utensil to drip.

Be sure that the water is boiling hard before pouring through the grounds. Be sure that the utensil in which the coffee drips is as hot as boiling water can make it before using.

Be sure that the filter has been thoroughly saturated with cold water and the muslin is still wet before putting the pulverized coffee in it. Be sure that the coffee pot that finally receives the finished coffee is scalded and heated through. Chilling spoils the infusion.

To make filtered coffee allow one tablespoon pulverized coffee for each measuring cupful of boiling water. Put the coffee in the filter and pour the water through. Keep hot by surrounding the pot with boiling water. Four cups of boiling water and four tablespoons of pulverized

# THE WINTER COMES

The Greatest Novel of the Present Decade

BY A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

(Copyright, 1922, Little, Brown &amp; Co.)

Mabel was two years younger than Sabre, twenty-five at the time of her marriage and just past her thirtieth birthday when the secret rooms were first occupied. Her habit of sudden laughter, rather loud, which Sabre first noticed in connection with their differing views on the mean streets visit, was rather characteristic of her. Her laugh came suddenly, and very heartily, anything that amused her, and without her first smiling or suggesting by any other sign than she was amused. And it came thus abruptly out of a face whose expression was normally rather severe. Probably of the same mentality was her habit of what Sabre called "flying up." Sabre flew up; but of her flying up, unlike her sudden burst of laughter, Sabre came to know certain premonitory symptoms in her face. Her face what he called "tightened." In particular he used to notice a curious little constriction of the sides of her nose, as though invisible tweezers were pressing it.

She had rather a long nose, and this pleased her, for she once read somewhere that long noses were aristocratic.

Her complexion was pale, though this was perhaps exaggerated by her coloring, which was dark. Her features were noticeably regular and noticeably refined, though her eyes were prominent, when Sabre married the Dean of Tidborough's only daughter, it was said that he had married "a good-looking girl"; also that he had married "a very nice girl"; those were the expressions used. She liked the company of men and she was much liked by men (the opinion of a person of her own age or older than herself, and she was very popular with such. She did not like girls, married or unmarried.

Mabel belonged to that considerable class of persons who, in conversation, begin half their sentences with "And just imagine—"; or "And only fancy—"; or "And do you know—". These exclamations, delivered with much excitement, are introductory to matters considered extraordinary. Their users might therefore be imagined somewhat easily astonished. But they have a compensatory steadiness of mind in regard to much that mystifies other people. To Mabel there was nothing mysterious in birth, or in living, or in death. She simply would not have understood had she been told there was any mystery in these things. One was born, one lived, one died. What was there odd about it? Nor did she see anything mysterious in the intense preoccupation of an insect, or the astounding placidity of a primrose growing at the foot of a tree. An insect—you killed it. A flower—you plucked it. What's the mystery?

Mabel was not demonstrative. She had no enthusiasms and no sympathies. Enthusiasms and sympathies in other people made her laugh with her characteristic burst of sudden laughter. It was not, as some persons, that matters calling for a smile or a cry, or a patient, as very robust people are often intensely impatient with sickness and infirmity. She never would say, "I have no patience with such and such or so and so." She had plenty of patience. It was simply that she had no imagination whatsoever. What she saw or heard or read, she saw or heard or read exactly as the thing presented itself. If she saw a door she saw merely a piece of wood with a handle and a keyhole. To Mabel nothing was on the other side of anything she saw and nothing went on behind it.

A person or a creature in pain was to Mabel a person or a creature "laid up." Laid up—out of action—not working properly: like a pencil without a point. A picture was a decoration in paint and was either a pretty decoration in paint or a not pretty decoration in paint. Music was a tune, and was either a tune or a mere noise. A book was a story, and if it was not a story it was simply a book. A flower was a decoration.

A fine deed was fine precisely in proportion to the social position of the person who performed it. Scott's death at the South Pole, when that was announced in 1912, was fine because he was a gentleman. The disaster of the colliers entombed in the Welsh Senghenydd mine which happened in the same year, was sad. She read the account, on the first day, with the paper held up wide open, and said, "How sad!" and turned on to something for which the paper might be folded back at the place and read comfortably.

She was never particularly grateful for anything given to her or done for her; not because she was not pleased and glad, but because she did not understand the feeling of the feelings of the giver. The thing was a present just as a pound of bacon was a pound of bacon. You said thank you for the present just as you ate the bacon. What more was to be said?

CHAPTER V.

The Penny Green Garden House Development Scheme was begun in 1910. In 1908, the year of the measles and the separated bedrooms, no shadow of it had yet been thrown. It never occurred to anyone that a Green with Tidborough and all the rest of the surrounding world, or that a railway to Tidborough was desirable. Sabre bicycled in daily to Tidborough, East and Sabre's, and the daily ride to and fro had become a curious pleasure to him.

There had once occurred to him as he rode, and disfigured had persisted and accumulated, the feeling that, on the daily solitary passage between Tidborough and Penny Green he was mysteriously detached from, mysteriously suspended between, the two centers that were his two worlds, his business world and his home world.

He was not in the least aware that so simple, so practical and so obviously essential a thing as his daily ride—as simple, practical and obviously essential as getting out of bed in the morning and returning to bed at night—was molding a mind always prone to develop meditative grooves.

Mark Sabre was not in the least aware of any steadily permeating influence from the face of his thumb. "Low"—Mabel's face twitched. He had persisted in the idiotic and indecorous manner, and her face always twitched when he used them—"Low, do you keep my axe for chopping coal or what?" And he addressed Mabel. "I'm getting fat, I think. I don't want the axe to cut lumps off myself, though. I'm going to chop a marking peg. I've done a heavy-weight world's record on that run in on my bike."

"Oh, that!" said Mabel. "And when he had gone out into the woodyard, Low Jinks staring after him with the uplifted eyebrows with which both sisters, the grim and the grim, commonly received the master's 'ways.' Mabel said in the gloom of the way which was her admirable method of administering rebukes in the kitchen: 'The woodshed is the place for the small wood axe, Rebecca.'"

Rebecca promptly unsmirked her smirk. "Yes, m'm."

A little later the sound of loud hammering took Mabel to the gate. Across the road, at the edge of the Green, Sabre was energetically driving.

He felt the edge with his thumb. "Low"—Mabel's face twitched. He had persisted in the idiotic and indecorous manner, and her face always twitched when he used them—"Low, do you keep my axe for chopping coal or what?" And he addressed Mabel. "I'm getting fat, I think. I don't want the axe to cut lumps off myself, though. I'm going to chop a marking peg. I've done a heavy-weight world's record on that run in on my bike."

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ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

## STOLEN MAGIC

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



So saying, he thrust his hand into Nick's pocket.

"Now, then," said Twelve Toes the Sorcerer to himself when Nancy and Nick entered the room holding tight to the Cloth of Dreams which made them forget everything. "Now then, before I change from a gypsy woman back to the form I most prefer, a fiery dragon, I shall see what magic these young travelers have with them. The Fairy Queen would scarcely send them on such a dangerous errand without plenty of help."

So saying, he thrust his hand into Nick's pocket and there found the magic paper on which the Twins received their messages from the Mushroom.

"I thought so!" he cried in glee. "This paper is made from the wings of a thousand humming birds. The Sorcerer waved a huge pair of scissors, with one motion cut the cloth in half. 'Now scrub,' he commanded, pushing them to their knees.

(To Be Continued.)  
(Copyright, 1922.)

ing in the peg with the back of the axe. He was squatting and he looked up highly pleased with himself and his words implied, with her 'Come to see it? Good! How's that for an effort, eh? Look here now. Yesterday I only got as far as here,' and he walked some paces towards Mr. Fergus's gate and struck his heel in the ground and looked at her, smiling. 'Absolutely the same conditions, mind you. No wind. And I always start from the top practically at rest; and yet always finish up different. Jolly funny, eh?'

She opened the gate for him. 'What you can see in it?' she murmured.

He said, 'Oh, well!'

But on the following day he was surprised and intensely pleased to see his champion peg gleaming white in the sunshine. Mabel was in the morning room, sewing.

'What's sewing?' I say, did you paint my peg? How jolly nice of you?'

She looked up. 'Your peg? What-ever do you mean?'

'That record distance peg of mine. Painted it white, haven't you?'

'No, I didn't paint it!'

'Who the dickens?—Well, I'll just wash my hands. Not had tea, have you? Good!'

When Low Jinks came to his room with hot water—a detail of the perfect appointment of the house under Mabel's management was her rule that Rebecca always came to the door for the master's bicycle, handed him the brush for his shoes and trousers, and then took hot water to his room—he asked her, 'I say, Low Jinks, did you paint that peg of mine?'

Low Jinks colored and spoke apologetically. 'Well, I thought it would show up better, sir. There was a drop of whitewash in—'

'Jove, it does. It looks like a regular winning-post. Jolly nice of you, Low!'

Two months afterwards the bicycle did the worst on record. This was a surprising affair; the runs had recently been excitingly good; and when Low Jinks came out to take the bicycle he greeted her: 'I say, Low Jinks, I only got just up to Mr. Fergus's gate just now. Worst I've ever done!'

Low Jinks was enormously concerned. 'Well! I never did!' exclaimed Low Jinks. 'If those bicycles aren't just things! You'll want a peg for that, sir. Like you had one for the best!'

'That's an idea, Low. What about painting it?'

'Oh, I will, sir!'

But he did not mention the new record to Mabel.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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# BOOKS

EDITED BY CABR.  
MORAL EMBLEMS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. With Nineteen Woodcuts by the Author and a Preface by Lloyd Osbourne. London: Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.

Unlike the common run of men, I wield a double power to please, And use the GRAVER and the PEN

With equal aptitude and ease.

So wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, in the third of the illustrated booklets, printed and published in the eighties, at Doves-Platz, by the young and enterprising firm, "S. L. Osbourne & Co."

The "Doves-Platz booklets" have been among the rarest of the prizes sought by collectors.

They were printed in editions severely limited to fifty, ninety or one hundred copies, and although facsimile reprints were published in "A Stevenson Medley" (1899) and the booklets were well known to the instructed circle of Stevensonians whose shelves bear the Edinburgh edition of the author's works, they remained unknown to the equally uninitiated public, which has to be content with books borrowed from the circulating library or bought in cheap reprints.

The large public will welcome the appearance of the complete contents of the booklets, further enriched by two delightful, longer "moral tales," "The Pirate and the Apothecary" and "The Builder's Doom," and prefaced by an account of the genesis of the rhymes and pictures, which all lovers of Stevenson's charming genius and character will find of the highest interest.

Very skillfully Mr. Lloyd Osbourne shows us how the anxieties which beset Stevenson, during his difficult sojourn at Doves-Platz, were reflected in the preoccupations of his small stepson, happy though the boy was in the enjoyment of perennial skating and tobogganing and the manipulation of a toy theatre and printing press.

Westminster Abbey: Its Memories and its Message. By Mary Sturgeon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$7.50.

SOME things are so great that interest in them is "new every morning and fresh every evening." When that something is a fine old building around which have clustered for centuries historical, literary and political associations, there will appear at intervals someone who views it all from a different angle and discovers some way to present familiar material in a new guise.

This is what Mary Sturgeon has done in "Westminster Abbey: Its Memories and its Message."

In referring to my preceding books on the Abbey in which, by the way, Princess Mary of England became the bride of Viscount Lascelles today, the author says in her preface: "They usually stress either history or architecture."

She has done neither, although it has been attempted in both directions to place with sufficient accuracy the different architectural periods represented, while the history of the Abbey is well sketched. They are already scholarly books for the special student in these lines. The author here is seeking to represent something quite apart. To quote again from her preface:

"But what springs to the mind more and more clearly as one thinks about the Abbey and perceives its significance is the amazing way it has come to represent the spirit of our race in all its various activities."

"We find living here our patriotism, our poetry, our statecraft, and our science, our philosophy and our art, our courage, our adventure, and romance."

The etched frontispiece and the 15 full-page drawings by Louis Weir, R. B. A., illustrate the volume in the spirit of the author. In a charming manner the artist has put into his pictures the soul of the Abbey, making them something more than architectural drawings.

The reproduction of the drawings is also in harmony with the other work. There is an undertone of color which flushes to the surface, like vermillion under black.

As a piece of bookmaking, the large type, well-placed as to margins on an ample page of good paper, is most attractive.

The reader regrets, however, that titles to the illustrations do not accompany them, that the reader might not be compelled to turn to the list in front of the book.

BRAID TRIMMINGS.  
Paris is trimming her new tailored gowns with an abundance of narrow braid.

He Has No More Pains In the Back

Now Sings the Praises of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Saskatchewan Man Who Has Found New Health and Gained Twenty Pounds in Weight Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Wakaw, Sask., Feb. 27.—(Special)—Simon Gawluk, a well-known and respected resident here, is a sworn friend of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has tried them and found them good.

"I am more than thankful that I was led to use Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Gawluk states. "I had backache and after using Dodd's Kidney Pills grew much stronger and I gained 20 pounds in weight."

"Now I am very thankful to say I have no more backache and I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone."