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YOUR CHILDREN'S BELONG-INGS.

The story is often repeated about Johnnie's calf that became Dad's cow, and of Benjie's pig that grew and grew until it was added to the credit side of Dad's account, when it was sold in the fall. These injustices are well worth elucidating upon, but there are others that are equally as serious because the same principle is involved. When mother takes a gift received by one child and gives it to another, the former loses its rights and the latter is conscious of acquiring something without effort. A child has rights! Unless they are respected by parents, the children's impression of their own rights become distorted. Frequently an older child is requested to give a prized plaything to baby to keep it from crying. This is not good for the older child, for she comes to look upon baby as an enemy and will hide her playthings that she may have them as her own.

A child's mind is easily influenced and clear ideas of right and wrong can be easily implanted in youth. Later in life, there will be many things that we will try to teach, and those first impressions will either help or hinder. Even the very small child needs to be taught to respect his brother's and sister's toys. If Big Sister lends a toy to Little Three-year-old, she should be taught to be extra careful with that toy because it is borrowed. The best arrangement is for each child to have a place for his own toys, and these toys should be loaned indiscriminately by parents, or mother, by brother or sister when the owner is away. It will tend to develop a greater companionship between brother and sister, and create a pride in their possessions. When a child is brought to realize his own rights, he is more ready to respect the rights of his playmates. As early as possible mothers should teach the little ones the true meaning of "mine" and "thine."

AN EASY WAY WITH ICING.

Many an otherwise perfect cake is spoiled by the frosting. To be perfect it must be smooth and creamy with a slightly glazed surface. I used to dread this part of cake baking. Boiled icings were tedious and results uncertain. Finally I succeeded in making an icing that is delicious and simple.

Plain icing—To make this use one and a half cups of XXXX sugar—be sure it is XXXX, as powdered sugar is grainy and will crack when it hardens; one scant tablespoonful of butter and four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream.

Sift the sugar and add gradually to the cream until all is blended. Set the bowl over boiling water, add butter and stir until you have a creamy icing with all the ingredients thoroughly blended. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla just before taking from the stove, and beat gently until it has cooled a little, when it is ready to spread on the cake.

This may be kept three or four days in the refrigerator. When ready to use just set bowl over boiling water.

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—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser
for the mouth
and teeth.
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benefit as well as
pleasure.
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in its
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Package
WRIGLEY'S
JUICY FRUIT
CHEWING GUM
MADE IN THE U.S.A.
ISSUE No. 38-21.

again to soften. This icing may be varied in many ways. For chocolate icing add one tablespoonful of cocoa or chocolate. For nut icing add a quarter cupful of shredded nuts. For orange icing substitute orange juice for cream and one teaspoonful of lemon juice for vanilla. If juice is allowed to stand on grated rind for an hour it has a better flavor. Strain before using. Yellow vegetable coloring may be used to secure rich color. For pineapple icing substitute juice for cream and add two tablespoonfuls of grated pineapple. For Mocha icing substitute strong coffee for the cream, omit vanilla and add one teaspoonful of cocoa. If filling as well as icing is wanted recipe should be colored by using vegetable colors.

SAVE A HALF BUSHEL OF WORK.

One farm woman has discovered a way of saving her dishes and a half bushel of work three times a day. Dishwashing for her is no longer a tedious process, but a mere incident in the busy day. On a table near the sink she keeps a half bushel basket, into which she sets the dishes, edge-wise, as soon as they are washed and given a shower of boiling water. This basket is set in a pan to catch any surplus water. Then she forgets about them until the next meal, when they are ready to be pressed into service again. The heat will dry them without the aid of a dish towel and they will be brighter and cleaner than when wiped, to say nothing of the big saving of valuable time.

Breakage is reduced to a minimum by using this method, and nicks and scratches are avoided. There are no tea towels to wash after the dishes are done. This particular housewife finds it an additional saving of time to let the dishes in general use simply remain in the basket until next meal instead of putting them away in the cupboard. After they have stood a few minutes she throws a light cloth over the basket to keep out dust.

NO WASTE IN WATERMELONS.

It is said that in the packing companies the waste of animal products is reduced to a minimum, that every part is preserved or made into a by-product, except the squeal. Perhaps if a watermelon had a squeal that also would be the only waste.

The rosy pink centre of the melon is a tempting stimulant to the appetite and the seeds are dried for planting the following season. But don't throw away the rind. Cut it from the melon before serving, and pare the green outside rind off, trim off any of the pink portion. There should be left only the hard, greenish white, indigestible portions. Trim these strips into thin pieces about three inches long and less than a quarter of an inch thick. Drop into salted water and let stand over night. In the morning drain and rinse.

Have ready a syrup made as follows: Take one pint of vinegar, one pint and a half of water, one cupful of brown sugar, and one cupful of white sugar. Have a bag of clean muslin containing a couple of broken sticks of cinnamon and a couple of dozen cloves. Boil the syrup ten minutes. Then drop in the pieces of watermelon rind. Cook until they are transparent and can be pierced easily with a fork. Can while hot, using pint or half-pint cans. Fill with the green and pour the liquid over hot. Seal at once. Do not put the spice bag in.

If this does not use up all of the syrup, set it aside until there are more watermelon rinds to do, and add it to the next batch. Some prefer the ground cinnamon and a quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves for the spice bag. It may be used several times. A very little of the powdered spice will escape, but not much, and the flavor is a bit more pronounced than when whole spice is used.—W.

When a man walks a mile he takes an average of 2,263 steps, but when he rides a bicycle with an average gear he covers a mile with an equivalent of only 627 steps.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Cont'd.)

After dinner they had some music, supplied by Hugo and Tito. The little dog's singing delighted Hugo, but it got on to Jean's nerves so that he could scarcely force himself to sit still. Sometimes it seemed as though Hugo sat in a dim corner with her clenched hands hidden in the folds of her skirt, and every time Tito let out one of his soulful howls, her lips drew together in a painful tension, and a little nerve somewhere at the back of her neck stabbed like the prick of a hot needle. Finally, the moment came when she could not bear it any longer.

"It's your bedtime," she said to Hugo. He got up from the piano, the light of foolish pleasure upon his face. "I don't want to go to bed," he said stubbornly. "Why must I?"

"Because Jean tells you to," Gaunt replied. He realized what poor Jean was suffering. "Either go to bed or shut out that howling hound."

Hugo bent down and patted Tito's head. "Tito likes to sing," he said.

"Well, we don't like to hear him—nor for hours on end," said Hugo. "I see. You want to get rid of me," said Hugo. "Very well, I'll go to bed. I'll not stay where I'm not wanted."

Along Tito—poor old fellow! They don't like us. Come along, Tito." At the door he hesitated a moment as though hoping or expecting to be called back, but nobody said anything.

"Poor Jean! You've had all the music you can stand," he said. She smiled in an apologetic way. "I ought to be ashamed of myself. But towards the end of the day there comes a time when I honestly cannot stand it another second. Sometimes I think that Hugo is trying to drive me mad. I can't see that he's mad himself—only childish—but there's a sort of deadly purpose about him. He's fond of me, he clings to me pathetically, but also he likes to torment me."

"Well, he's gone to bed now," Gaunt said. "I'd like a cigar. Shall we go out into the garden for a little while? It's as light as day and cooler now."

Jean hesitated, but then a little gesture of resignation gave consent. "If you'll try not to remind me of things," she said.

Gaunt did not reply. He might not remind her of things in so many words, but she would be reminded in spite of herself.

Hugo did not take his dismissal quite so meekly as it appeared. He went upstairs to his room and even undressed. He had the best bedroom with the biggest balcony, and on the balcony there was a little box lined with a strip of old blanket where Tito slept on clear nights. Tito went immediately to his box and curled up, but when he discovered that this interesting new matter of life was not following suit in kind he got up again and sniffed inquiringly at Hugo's lean ankles.

Hugo bade him sternly to get back where he belonged, but with a disgusted snort the little dog obeyed.

Hugo robed himself in his pyjamas and over them put on a light silk dressing gown which was a recent acquisition to his wardrobe. Then he put on his hat, still decorated with a wilting wreath of flowers, and his bedroom slippers. The beloved pipe was slipped into a pocket of the dressing-gown.

Half regretfully he peered out at Tito, who unclosed a reproachful but sleepy eye at him.

"You stay where you are," Hugo said again in a stern whisper. "You can't be trusted to keep quiet. Don't you move or stir."

Tito replied with a sneeze, and Hugo shut the door on him, thus ensuring obedience.

Then Hugo tip-toed out into the corridor.

It was rather a mediaeval picture he surveyed—the long sweep of marble staircase with its wrought-iron and copper balustrade, the tapestries clothing the stone walls, lights gleaming dimly from the pierced lanterns, old painted Venetian marriage chests ranged along the passage beneath windows of exquisite stained glass.

Hugo listened attentively, then continued his progress with extreme caution. Fortunately, the marble stairs could not creak. No! a sound anywhere, until somewhere in the kitchen quarters a door slammed, which startled him very much and set his heart to beating frantically.

When he had recovered from this little fright he went on down the stairs and stopped at the door of the drawing-room, for the first time regretting the Aeolian harp which decorated its inner side. No matter how

loafily he might push open that door the harp would betray him.

But there was another door leading from the dining-room and that had no harp. So he slipped like a grotesque ghost through the dining-room and discovered the other door to be open. No one was in the drawing-room at all. Just as he had half suspected. They had gone out into the garden—into his garden. It is difficult to say whether at the moment poor, mad Hugo was jealous of Jean or of Gaunt or of the garden.

Anyway, he was being left out of something, and that hurt his feelings and roused the malicious side of his nature.

The long window to the terrace stood open and Hugo slipped quietly through and down the flight of steps into the garden. His fingers itched for his pipe, but he dared not put it to his lips. One note, and they would know he was here. It was going to be a sort of game of hide-and-seek. Only Hector and Jean did not know he was on their trail. How surprised they would be—though perhaps not pleased. So few people could take a joke. It had been just the same in that Place—nobody had ever appreciated Hugo's jokes. He had never met anyone whom he considered to possess a real sense of humor.

From shadow to shadow he slipped noiselessly, using the thick trunks of the palm trees for temporary bases. Scouting thus, he worked in a zigzag fashion to the path by the big pool. A low, intermittent murmur of voices guided him, and although he smiled to himself for his mischievous prank, he was also a little angry. His pool—not theirs. They had sent him to bed so as to have the pool entirely to themselves. They didn't like Tito. How selfish people were! He wished he hadn't locked Tito out on the balcony, poor little fellow. Who was Jean to order them to bed? Or Hector Gaunt? Treating him as though the Villa Tatina was the annex of a madhouse. He might just as well be back in that Place for all the liberty he had. Well, he'd show them that he wasn't their prisoner, nor anybody else's. He'd go to bed when he liked, and not before. Perhaps he'd sit up all night, if he only proved his independence.

But, on the whole, amusement supervened. They never guessed he was here, within a few steps of them. The massive trunk of the palm made ample protection for his meagre little body. His footsteps had been no heavier than the fall of leaves. He reached for his pipe, a gloriously soft, white blur in the moonlight, which he longed to find expression. With the pipe at his lips, he ventured a peep around the corner of the tree. Jean was sitting on the rim of the pool, a soft, white blur in the moonlight. Hector Gaunt moved about a little restlessly on the gravel path, the glowing tip of his cigar fascinating the watcher behind the palm.

Hugo's thin chest heaved with a sigh of deep and envious admiration. What a man Hector Gaunt was—a real giant. Hugo wished that he himself had been half such a man. Gaunt turned and stood beside Jean, talking earnestly.

"I know," she said in reply. "I know everything you can tell me by heart. Haven't I thought it all out, Hector? Why, some nights I don't sleep at all. I just lie there thinking all the time, until my head nearly bursts. I only wanted Alice to be happy, and she is happy. There are some things a girl could never forgive her mother, and Alice is such a queer little thing. It's bad enough for her believing that Hugo is her father, but what would happen if we told her the truth. I can't guess. Besides, it's impossible to count on Hugo. As likely as not he'll persist in this attitude of his. What then? Mme. Douste is dead, although even she hadn't the faintest notion of the truth."

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Hugo, behind the palm tree, slipped his pipe into his pocket. His thin, shaly featured face took on an expression of serious attention. Gaunt abstractedly threw his cigar into the pool, and Hugo longed to reprimand him. Did he want to poison the goldfish?

"Oh, Jean—Jean! Why did you do it?"

The big man held out his arms to the soft white blur that was Jean, and with a smothered little cry she allowed herself to be enfolded.

"I don't know. I've told you, Hector. I was frightened, and poor Hugo was so kind. I didn't realize."

She began to sob against his breast. "There, there! I didn't mean to upset you. My dear—my dear! I love you so much. I don't want to make it any harder. Yes, the poor little chap was kind enough. Hugo's got a heart of gold, really—if one takes him the right way. It's all over and done with. How many times I've said that. Good-night, Jean dear. I'm going now."

"Good-night. Oh, Hector, if only—if only—"

"I know. But we can't help it now. You're so brave, my dear."

They walked up through the rose arbour to the house, and presently a swift determined step going down the driveway told Hugo that Gaunt had departed.

(To be continued.)

Do not take all the mother cat's kittens from her. Leave her a male till she tires of it. She suffers physically and mentally when they all go, and one can always find a home for a male kitten.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Soap should never be rubbed on to white silk. It should be dissolved in the water before you begin to launder the garment. Rinse in warm water. To this you may add half a teaspoonful of blue ink to prevent a yellowish appearance.

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Serious Deficit in Wheat Harvest of France.

The French will be condemned to eat bread made with coarse flour as a result of the wheat shortage this year, which is expected to represent a deficit of more than 20,000,000 pounds. The prefects of all departments have been instructed by the Government to watch against any attempt to corner wheat, while the millers have been ordered to grind coarser flour so as to avoid waste of grain.

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Alive for 4,000 Years.

Stonehenge is supposed to be the oldest monument in Britain, and it is possible it may be as old as the pyramids of Egypt; but of growing, living things the yew trees would appear to beat anything else.

Gilbert White's yew tree in Selborne churchyard is one of the biggest, and perhaps the best preserved. The ground on which it stands was the gift of the consort of Edward the Confessor. The tree is not less than 1,200 years old; it is still clothed in rich dark foliage every summer, and its trunk is of enormous girth—27 ft. 9 in.

The yews at Norbury Park are reputed to have been growing when the Romans came to Britain.

There are two yews of greater girth than the Selborne monster. One in the churchyard at Crowhurst, Surrey, is 33 ft. in circumference. It is hollow and has benches inside which will accommodate about a dozen people. The other is at Tandridge, also in Surrey. At a height of 4 ft. it splits into four branches, which have a spread of 8 ft.

The Scots cypress in Lombardy is known to have existed forty years before the beginning of the Christian era, and according to Dean Stanley there are still eight of the original olives standing in the Garden of Gethsemane. But all these ancient trees must give place, in age, if not in historical importance, to the Big Trees of California, the rings of which record 4,000 years of growth.

Fishing Cats of St. Ives.
A place where grown men play marbles with the roset of schoolboys, and where cats catch live fish among the rock pools when the tide is out. Such a place does exist, and in the quaint old fishing town of St. Ives, in far-away Cornwall, these things may be seen.

In the cool of the evening, along the broad road bordering the sheltered harbor, numerous groups of hardy fishermen, with sea and sun-tanned complexions, play marbles for hours at a time, surrounded by many interested onlookers.

Grizzled old mariners, many of whom preserve the old Cornish custom of wearing small gold ear-rings, pace the quay-side in parties of three and four, following the "walk four steps and turn" which is all they are able to do on the clear space on the decks of their luggers.

There is a legend about the cats of St. Ives