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Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel.

Blow Hot, Blow Cold, Mothers—By Ethel G. Peterson.

Last evening I saw a six-year-old rush down the walk, to throw both arms about his mother, who was returning from a shopping trip; his face was aglow, his eyes shining with joy. Then I was dismayed to hear the mother say pettishly, as she pushed him aside, "For goodness sake, leave me alone. Can't you see that I'm tired, and have my arms full?"

No, a six-year-old doesn't often notice such things unless his attention is called to them. I watched his bright face change, his lips quivering, and his eyes filling with tears. I could scarcely keep from picking him up and comforting him.

Now, as it happened, a few days before I had watched that same young mother romping on the lawn with her boy and girl, and had seen her end the game by gathering them both into her arms with almost passionate affection.

I know she really loves her children, but she is a "blow hot, blow cold" mother, who when tired or nervous, treats her children with what looks to an outsider almost like dislike; then perhaps the next day she bestows extravagant caresses upon them. Poor children, they never know what they are going to receive at the hands of their mother. Yet she would emphatically resent any imputation of unfairness in her conduct toward them!

I heard another mother of this same general type scolding her little daughter one day unsparingly for what—a tear in her glove! I wondered at her harshness, myself, and was amused when the child looked up at her, and asked respectfully, "Mama, what would you have left to say if I stole something?" I wondered too.

A week later the same child disobeyed a strict order of her mother's and came tremblingly to tell me about it. I advised her to go to her mother at once, and have it over with. She finally promised to, though she said, "I know Mama will whip me, for she said she would."

A few days later I had an opportunity to question her as to the outcome. She laughed, and said, "Oh, Mama was busy sewing, and she just said, 'Well, you've been very naughty, and I'll certainly punish you if you do it again!'"

That is the mother who at one time pounces upon a child and punishes her for some mere trifle, and at another time overlooks a much more serious fault for which the child herself expects to be punished.

Are you a "blow hot, blow cold" mother whose children never know what to expect, or are you by your own poise, fairness, and self-control cultivating the same desirable qualities in them?

FLYING IN THE ARCTIC

"Flying in the arctic circle is not the unpleasant experience that one might imagine. In fact, of all the flying I have done in different parts of the world and under varied circumstances, I think my two months' experience in the arctic regions last summer was the most interesting."

Such is the decision reached by Hakon H. Hammer, many years associated with Capt. Roald Amundsen, the noted explorer. Because of an accident to his machine en route Capt. Amundsen was prevented from joining Mr. Hammer in their plan to circle the north pole by airplane last summer for the purpose of making extensive geographic surveys. Mr. Hammer is president of the Universal Shipping and Trading Company of Seattle, but for the last year he has devoted the greater part of his time to this fresh exploit of exploring the vast arctic regions by plane.

"The greatest difficulty to be encountered in flying in the arctic circle arises from fogs and heavy mists," he said. "On the other hand, we had last summer the advantage of daylight practically the whole twenty-four hours of the day, and often in clear, fogless nights I made it a rule to go out with my machine and considerable of the flying I did was done at this time."

"The machine I used was built especially for this purpose. I flew in it from Germany to Norway. From there it was transferred by boat to Spitzbergen, where I made my headquarters last summer."

"Flying over the North Sea, over our Western coast and mountains, one very often encounters bad winds and other adverse conditions such as fog and rain, but flying in the arctic on a clear day is, I should almost say, an agreeable sport. For the most part I flew at an average of 6,000 feet. An

almost even temperature is maintained during the summer months in that far northern country of around zero. Being a Dane, I am accustomed to cold countries. My father was an officer in the Danish navy, and from him I learned something about care of one's self in traveling in unusual weather and unusual places that do not afford the comforts of modern civilization."

"I flew within a couple of hours' flight to the pole," Mr. Hammer explained, "but the machine I used made it impossible for me to land. We are now having machines built in Germany for next year's flight. They will be built of metal, and with these we shall be able to fly, float on the water or land on snow or ice."

With these, Mr. Hammer said, they hoped to solve what is probably the last geographical problem left to explorers—that of learning from careful survey more of that vast white land adjacent to the north pole. Their survey, as planned, will cover an area of approximately 100,000 square miles. This task, he pointed out, would be infinitely easier and safer than the old time method of trying to reach this frozen section by boat or overland with dogs and many miles of suffering and hardship.

This new mode of traveling, he explained, would be comparatively safe, for the reason that the planes are to be equipped with wireless and therefore would be constantly in touch with the wireless station supported by the Government at Spitzbergen, only about 600 miles distant from the north pole.

During his flight last summer Mr. Hammer was able to make many interesting observations and obtain a number of excellent photographs of the various sections over which he flew, including mountain ranges, huge ice floes and great snow formations.

The Stupidest Beast in Africa.

The rhinoceros is the stupidest old fellow in all Africa, according to Carl Akeley, the distinguished naturalist and chief taxidermist of the American Museum of Natural History. In his autobiography, "In Brightest Africa," Mr. Akeley tells how he discovered, quite by accident, that a rhino's charge is not necessarily fatal.

"I was going along the bank of the Tana River one day with my camera," he says. "Suddenly I was set all a-quiver by the thrashings and snortings of a rhino coming through the bushes in my direction. There was nothing to climb. Between me and the thicket from which the rhino was coming was about twenty-five feet of open space. Behind me was a 30-foot drop to the crocodile-infested waters of the Tana. The only hope I saw was a bush overhanging the brink which looked as if

it might or might not hold me if I swung out on it.

"I decided to try the bush and let the rhino land in the river, trusting to luck that I wouldn't join him there. The bushes were thrust aside and he came full tilt into the opening where he could see me. Everything was set for the final act. He suddenly stopped with a snort. His head dropped. His eyes almost closed. He looked as if he were going to sleep. The terrible beast had become absolutely ludicrous. While this was going on I felt a poke in my back. I reached behind and took my rifle from the gun boy who had come up with equal celerity and bravery. I drew a bead on the old fellow but I could not shoot. A stupider or more ludicrous looking object I never saw. I began talking to him, but it did not rouse him from his lethargy. There he stood, half asleep and totally oblivious, while I, with the gun half aimed, talked to him about his ugly self. About this time my porters came into hearing on a path behind the rhino. He pricked up his ears and blundered off in that direction. I heard the loads dropping as the porters made for the trees. The rhino charged through the safari and off into the bush."

Tell-Tale Toes.

A great deal of information is to be derived from a study of footprints.

Each of us has his own peculiarities of gait and wears out his boots and shoes always in the same way. A close examination of footprints enables the detective who has made a special study of the subject to decide exactly the kind of boot or shoe that made a particular imprint, and the class to which the wearer belongs.

One of the problems which most detectives meet at some time or other is that arising from footprints that are intended to deceive. As a rule, however, a man wearing a woman's shoes gives himself away nine times out of ten by his stride. In the same way a woman wearing a man's shoes is apt to overlook the fact that a man takes bigger and firmer steps than a woman.

Walking backwards is a trick by which some criminals try to put detectives off their track. It is almost hopeless, however, to attempt to deduce the expert in this way. Backward steps are always shorter than forward ones, while the fact that the toes are imprinted more firmly than the heels shows the direction in which the criminal was walking.

People of leisure turn the feet outward in walking. Those going about definite employment walk more firmly and directly. The active, energetic peoples of the world leave behind them small land more or less shaped like footprints. The more indolent, lethargic races leave broad, ill-shaped imprints.

Europeans Who Live With Cows and Donkeys.

One of the most primitive places in Europe is St. Paul, at an altitude of 4,820 feet in a difficult part of the Alps. "The village inn is a most surprising place to enter," says Mr. Cecil B. Waterlow, in "Through the Unknown French Alps."

"As you open the parlor door, chickens run out, and through a further aperture in the wall you catch a glimpse and a whiff of cows and donkeys in the back room, with perhaps a goat or two."

"These animals, by their bodily heat, contribute to the warmth of the family home during the long, hard winter."

"But upstairs it is clean and sweet, and they expect their visitors to have a good appetite, for they put before you delicious food from the June fields and more of it than I believe any human being could consume at a sitting."

A Retort.

"The difference between a woman and a glass," said the funny fellow, "is that the glass reflects without speaking, while a woman speaks without reflecting."

"And the difference between you and a glass," said the sharp girl, "is that the glass is polished."

Pay for Itself.

Agent—"When are you going to pay for that sewing-machine I sold you?" Mrs. Deerie—"Pay for it. Why, you said that in a short time it would pay for itself!"

A Sentence.

Miss Jenkins—"Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate." Knecht—"I have, Miss Jenkins." Miss Jenkins—"What is it?" Knecht—"Thirty days."

The real test of all law comes not in the court room but when in contact with the citizen.

Luck is the thing that helps you most when you don't trust to it.

A woman will pardon cruelty and injustice, but never indifference.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

CANADA'S FLOATING CITY

In the waters of the Inside Passage of the Pacific Ocean on the British Columbia coastline is located Canada's only floating city—Simoon City. While it has attained the respectable age of seventeen years; it is practically unknown to the rest of the Dominion. It is unique in many respects. Besides being Canada's only floating city, Simoon boasts of the fact that within its confines there are no moving picture houses, no roads, no fire and police departments, and last but not least, its citizens pay no taxes.

The formation of this novel city was due to the unusual occupation of its residents. Along the British Columbia coast there are numerous mountains the sides of which dip into the ocean and are covered with thick merchantable timber. As it is a difficult matter to establish camps on the land for the working of these timber tracts, big operators have passed them by, and as a consequence the citizen of Simoon City is enabled to secure many valuable timber holdings.

When permission to cut the timber has been secured, the citizen attaches his floating house to a row-boat or motor-boat and moves it to the scene of his intended operations. Often two or three residents will band together and take up a concession. When the logs are cut, they are shot into the water by chutes, or sometimes, if the mountain-side is particularly steep, by gravity. The logs are then put together in the form of a raft and towed to the nearest lumber mill.

Eight Permanent Dwellings.

When operations have been discontinued, the loggers tow their houses to Simoon City, where at the present time there are eight permanent dwellings. Here there is no lack of entertainment. There are parties, dances, hunting and other forms of amusement to interest the citizens until they again start out to their concessions. If the dweller tires of local entertainment, it is only a short distance to Vancouver, where he can partake of all the joys of city life.

There is one store in the city. About seventeen years ago an astute business man of Vancouver, realizing the need of a general store to cater to the wants of these floating homes, fitted up an old float-house, which he moved up and down the coastline supplying the wants of the logger. However, with the establishment of permanent dwellings at Simoon City, he anchored his boat there, and, according to latest reports, is doing a thriving business. In addition, the city also boasts a post office, and a letter addressed to Simoon City is handled with the same despatch as that addressed to one of the larger and more populous centres on the mainland.

Of late Simoon City has been doing a thriving tourist trade. A large number of wealthy American and Canadian yachting tourists who cruise in the waters of the Inside Passage have visited the place. Upon landing in the city the traveller visits Simoon's Bear Trap Restaurant, where the visitor, if he so desires, may enjoy shantymen's fare, to the accompaniment of "canned-music."

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Handkerchief Law.

A Hindoo prince has started the fashion of oval pocket-handkerchiefs. But why should he want his handkerchiefs oval?

Another ruler, far more famous, invented the square handkerchief. When Louis XVI. ascended the throne of France, handkerchiefs were oblong. Before that they had been round, with a deep bordering of lace. It was only the high-born and the rich who owned handkerchiefs at all in those days.

When Louis XVI. had reigned for about twelve years he considered that the time had come for another change of shape, and doubtless Marie Antoinette had something to do with the idea. It was decided that the reign of the square handkerchief should begin.

By letters patent, given at Versailles on September 23rd, 1784, it was decreed that the length and the breadth of the handkerchief should be equal. Three months later the French Parliament gravely confirmed the absurd decision.

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Women in Egypt are appealing for a law to be passed raising the marriage age for girls to sixteen.

If you live in a glass house you should pull down the blinds.

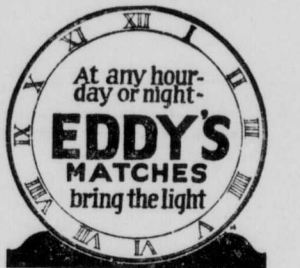
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MAKE MONEY! GRADE EGGS

New Dominion Law says all eggs must be sold by grade only. That means openings for Government just inspectors—more graders, candlers and men trained in the egg business. Truck farmers are now making extra money buying eggs and grading themselves. Country merchants are paying 25c to 50c a case for grading. Learn egg grading and egg business in spare time by mail through Shaw's Egg Grading Course. Approved by authorities. Prepare now for the many openings the April rush will create. Get full information. Write Prof. C. K. Graham, Dept. 35, Shaw Schools, Limited, 46 Bloor St. W., Toronto.



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