

# About the House

## TELLING CHILDREN STORIES.

What sort of bed-time stories do you tell to your children; and what sort of an impression do they make on the little tots? Do you sometimes wonder why the longer you tell your little son or daughter stories the wider awake they become? If this is the case, you may be sure that there is a very good reason for it. What kind of stories do your children ask for? One is safe in assuming that if the child is acquainted with Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, etc., that they are his favorite stories. But have you allowed the child to become acquainted with these characters of story-lore?

A friend once complained to me that the longer she told her little daughter "good-night" stories the wider awake she became. "The more stories I tell her, the more she wants," the mother complained. "She wants tales of ogres and giants and Indians, and she won't go to sleep without them—and she can't go to sleep with them, sometimes 'till ten o'clock. And she gets so nervous that she often cries out in her sleep."

Although a woman of unusual intelligence, she did not seem to realize that it was the sort of stories she told to her little daughter that caused the sleeplessness. Suppose that she had told the child stories of a soothing nature? You know there are stories of that sort—stories that have a repetition of soft, drowsy sounds that naturally have the effect of producing sleepiness. Or, if she preferred, she might have told the little one stories that, even though they did not have the effect of producing sleepiness, may be told at bedtime, with perfect safety. In fact, any story that does not contain the least element of fear may be safely told. But if a mother desires that her child shall sleep well, she should never tell him, or allow him to be told, stories that frighten him. Such stories are also poor brain-developers.

Only a few evenings ago our little brother, seven years old, began after he had been put to bed, to tell the story that his teacher had read to his class in school that day. It was hard to get him interested in any other story. The "teacher's story" had made such an impression on him that it seemed he could not get it out of his mind. I did not get much meaning from his rather incoherent version, but I know the story was full of headings, giants and ogres, and that it was not fit for any child's mind. It was with difficulty that I interested the child in a simple little nature story.

Perhaps the child's teacher is not to blame as she is only a girl and this is her first school. Anyway, our little brother took some stories to school with him the next day—just such stories as he is used to having told and read to him—and the teacher seemed pleased to get them, and to prove it, read them aloud to the class. And as a result brother did not have any difficulty in keeping his mind on his own good-night story when he went to bed. His little mind was not full of horrible, fear-instilling thoughts, and by the time my story was finished, he was ready to go to sleep.

## HANGING-BASKET PLANTS.

Hanging-basket plants, I have learned, must be hardy and not easily injured by heat or temporary neglect. The air up where they are is likely to be much hotter than the normal living-room temperature, and, being above the level of the eyes, they are likely to be neglected. Drying out fast, they need more watering than pots below, and usually get less.

The Bermuda buttercup oxalis has been about the best blooming hanging-basket plant I have ever grown. Both foliage and flowers have long stems, and droop down over the sides as they mature. One or two bulbs will make a fine basket. A large fleshy root stores moisture, which makes it drought-resistant. This is the case also with *Asparagus sprengeri* another excellent basket plant with beautiful feathery foliage but no worth-while bloom. Wandering Jew and weeping lantana are trailing plants often used, but sicker of the above I have found to be better.—A. H.

## THEIR GREATEST LABOR SAVERS.

When a certain farm woman figured that she was traveling 114 miles a year, bringing water from her back porch into the kitchen, it did not take her long to persuade the men-folks to pipe the water into the house. Facts are stubborn and sometimes startling, and often the simplest changes spell the difference between drudgery and pleasure in doing housework.

"What is the greatest labor saver in your home?" was the question asked

at a home-improvement meeting the other day.

Electric lights, electric iron, and electric washer of course came in for their due share of praise; but many of the things mentioned were within the limits of even the slenderest pocketbook, and some of these things require no outlay of money whatever, only a little thought and ingenuity.

"A high stool in the kitchen," said one woman.

"Hooks to hang utensils where they are needed," said another.

"A chamois skin for washing windows and mirrors," volunteered a third.

Other things found helpful were drop shelves to supply extra room, wire dish cloth, dustless dust mop, oil cloth on shelves, traveling table, and oil stove.

Just read this over again, and see if there isn't at least one of these labor savers that you need and can have without much expenditure of time or money.

## A SIMPLE, DAINTY SACK.



4463. Filet lace and crepe de chine are here combined. The model is comfortable and pretty, and may be developed in crepe of two colors, or in batiste with veining and hemstitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material. For the yoke of contrasting material 1 yard 40 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

## HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If You Have You Are in Need of a Tonic Medicine.

Are you pale and weak, easily tired and out of breath on slight exertion?

Are you nervous? Is your sleep disturbed? Do you wake up in the morning feeling as tired as when you went to bed? Is your appetite poor, your digestion weak, and do you have pains after eating?

If you have any of these symptoms you need a tonic, and in the realm of medicine there is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and bring the glow of health to pale cheeks. The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the case of Mr. Horace Cuphill, Woodward's Cove, N.B., who says:—"The first indication that my general health was not good was a shortness of breath after the least exertion. Then my appetite began to fail, and after eating it seemed as if there was a lump in my stomach. I grew so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without resting. Then I was taken with a numbness all over my body and was in a sad plight. I was under a doctor's care, but as I was not getting any better, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first few boxes did not seem to help me but my wife urged me to continue their use and I got four boxes more. Before these were gone I could eat a fair meal, the numbness was leaving me and I was feeling much better in every way. I took the pills for a while longer, and felt that I was again a well man. I still take the pills occasionally but have had no return of the old trouble."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It's not really good company that you meet in bad places.



CONVERTING PRINTED WORDS INTO SOUND

Professor A. Barr, of Glasgow, is shown in the picture demonstrating how, by the use of an Otophone, printed words can be converted into sounds to enable blind persons to read. This was demonstrated recently at a scientific exhibition in Liverpool.

## GIRL CRIMINAL'S LOT IN FRANCE IS HARD

### CONFINED BEHIND WALL NINETY FEET HIGH.

#### Obliged to Work Long at Difficult Tasks and Speech Forbidden.

Although child crimes in France are not so numerous as might be expected after four years of war when fathers had Germans to meet and keep in check while mothers often sought work in ammunition factories to help their men folk, thereby leaving children carefree and often in danger of making ill-famed connections, it has, nevertheless, been necessary in many cases to put youths and girls away in homes.

While the boys find shelter in reformatory schools, where they are usually maintained until they reach the age of 21 or until such time as their conduct might induce their guardians to let them out as "cured," girls are put away in a huge castle, formerly the property of royalty, at Clermont, eighty miles from Paris. Here some 250 girls, most of them victims of childish temptation, are excluded from the rest of the world by an immense wall ninety feet high through which there is but one small aperture in which is placed a solid iron gate. The only sign of exterior life which tells these hapless girls of the joys beyond the walls is the rippling laughter of smaller children, boys and girls, playing along the country road on the way to or returning from school.

#### Girls Work Long.

Inside the walls and surrounded by a large park, across which the girlish "prisoners" rarely romp, is the immense castle, to-day a prison in charge of a score of French nuns. There girls who could not withstand the temptation of a glittering coin or jewel work long and late for many weary months in an attempt to regain their freedom by good conduct and hard work. Groups sit at a long table busily

swing dainty lace on fine underwear made for their older and more fortunate sisters outside. Others bend over a keg of potatoes or other vegetable busily getting ready for meals. Others embroider fine garments. Others wash clothes or dishes. For every ten sewing girls there is one pair of sects carefully put away out of their reach when work is finished, usually when daylight begins to fade outside.

Every day apart from other work they have to attend classes, where the etiquette of honorable living is crammed into their nervous and fearful systems. After school and other work the better behaved girls are allowed a few minutes recreation followed soon after by a hurried "dinner" consisting of soup and a fig.

Speech between any of the "inmates of the 'prison'" is forbidden. There are scores of young and would-be happy girls in the home who have not uttered a word for nearly twenty months. They are resigned to their unhappy lot and move around the establishment merely counting the days when they shall have reached the age when freedom of speech and action shall have been given back to them.

Three days a week they are given meat. That is their only luxury. They sleep in huge dormitories capable of containing twenty prisoners, each within a cage-like apparatus wherein is a bed, a jug of water, a comb and brush. All through the long night the girls are watched over by a nun, while any attempt to mutiny is quickly repressed by the muscular arms of male attendants hurriedly summoned by the nuns. Twice a month they are given a douche of cold water. If well behaved they receive a certain number of good points at the end of the month and a certain number of good marks often reduces their sentence by eight months or two years.

#### Hard Lot of Bad Girls.

Girls so treated are considered "curable." The "bad characters," usually made up of girls who have already passed through the home, been set at liberty and have returned there for some new charge, are kept away in small cells, heavily barred and locked. Rarely do these unfortunate youngsters, some of them not 20 years old, leave these cells for months at a time.

Although the ages of these inmates vary from 16 to 25, it is estimated that

## —AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



only about 65 per cent. when set free, become honest and lead a straight life. Some have been known to get married in the neighborhood and at times visit the establishment which harbored them during the best years of their youth because one day they had stolen a few francs.

One of the saddest cases in the prison is that of a young girl who, yielding in a moment of folly, strangled the child that was born to her. A jury composed of elderly men had sentenced her to seclusion until she attained the age of 21. She was then 15. Her exemplary conduct in the prison prompted the nuns to place her in the linen department, where she helps to sew garments with one of the nuns and carefully puts the material made by her companions away in chests. She has been in the home five years now and almost fears the day when she will be set at liberty.

## Preserve Your Health Yourself.

"Disease is always due to breaking the laws of health."

"To be constantly commenting upon the high death-rate from cancer, without taking into account the fact that it is primarily a blood disease, is the height of folly. And when it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is only by raising the blood to a healthy standard, and retaining it there, that cancer can be, and has now, in innumerable instances, been cured, what possible ground can there be for denying such a truth?"—Medical Times, Lon.

The late Dr. Forbes Ross, of London, Eng., in 1912, proved in the most conclusive manner that cancer is caused by potassium deficiency. When certain combined assimilable salts of potassium have been administered to far advanced and apparently hopelessly incurable cancer patients, every one received marked benefit. And while it may be conceded that the small quantity of medicinal assistance given is imperative, the fact remains that fully seventy per cent. of the credit due to every completely restored cancer case belongs to the correct diet taken.

It is of supreme importance to adapt the diet so that it may supply those organic salts contained in vegetables, cereals and fruit, when in their natural condition, combined with the living principle of these products of the vegetable kingdom, which are of vital importance.

Cancer is an unconsciously self-inflicted blood disease which, without warning, on the most trifling provocation is liable to attack any adult reader who consistently adheres to the generally accepted diet of the civilized world. The best proof of the truth of this appalling statement arises from the fact that if individuals from uncivilized, cancer-free races partake of European or American fare, they speedily become cancer-stricken.

There is no reason why cancer should not be eliminated from this country if the public will exercise common sense in the matter of its diet and positively refuse to continue to destroy, in cooking, the organic salts in all vegetables, which are essential to the continued preservation of our health. We must admit that we pay much greater attention to the diet of our animals than we do to our own. As a consequence, one hundred and ten thousand persons died from cancer on this continent alone during 1922, and this awful mortality will be increased in 1923 unless we reform our mode of living. We must face these unpleasant facts.

Believing that every man and woman should personally help to relieve humanity from its needless sufferings, the writer has printed and copyrighted a dietary upon which the eminent cancer authority, Dr. Robert Bell, of London, England, has complimented him. Fathers and mothers, adopting such diet, will very speedily find that they and their children are enjoying such health as never before experienced; that, consequently, doctors' bills don't have to be paid, and no medicine is wanted, and, last but not least, a considerable money saving is effected by the greatly reduced cost of living. To help some who may not know how to cut loose from civilization's present disease-producing, premature death-dealing habits, the writer will gladly and freely mail one thousand copies of his dietary to the first one thousand readers who apply for same to Charles Walter, 51 Brunswick Ave., Toronto Ontario.

#### Good Enough.

Grocers are accustomed to answering penetrating questions about the merits of their wares. Perkins of Perkinsville was no exception to this rule. "Are they really fresh?" demanded a woman customer who came to buy eggs. "They certainly are," replied Perkins. "You're sure of that? Because I'm so frightened of bad eggs. I must have them really fresh." "Boy," called out the grocer to his assistant, "just run to the back room and see if this morning's eggs are cool enough yet to sell."