

## When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

# "SALADA"

TEA

For that reason is never sold in bulk.



### OUR INDOOR TOILET.

The most annoying feature for women who live in the country, is the evil-smelling, unsanitary (and that means disease-breeding) out-door toilet. Where there are small children, it is especially inconvenient in winter. And it is horrible and unhealthy, for many reasons, winter and summer.

We have overcome this annoyance by installing a standard flush toilet without the prohibitive cost of a water system. We expect to have the latter soon but we have had the use of the toilet for three years, while waiting for the more expensive equipment, which can be added without the loss of the equipment already in place.

Money was very scarce with us when we made the venture but we achieved the apparently impossible by following this plan:

Our small income was budgeted and after carefully considering the various expenses, we found that by extra economy in some items, for a period of three months, we could save one-half of the cost of the toilet. We determined to make our little garden yield a surplus which we could sell and thus raise the remaining half.

Here is a record of actual produce raised and sold from our kitchen garden. We planted a seed of the vegetables demanded in our locality and matured everything very early, getting the top prices.

3 bushels string beans	\$7.50
2 bushels very early harvest apples	4.00
10 bushels plums	8.50
Cucumber pickles	5.00
5 bushels tomatoes	5.00
12 doz. ears Golden Bantam corn	8.00

\$33.00

For three months we put every penny saved in any way from our income together with the garden money in a special box and then had enough for installation of toilet and building of septic tank.

We flush the toilet in the usual manner, filling the box by pails of water from the well. We keep two extra pails filled with water in the toilet recess. There is no odor and perfect satisfaction.

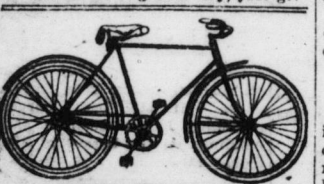
A concrete septic tank outside the house disposes of all sewage. Let every woman insist upon the abolition of the disease-breeding out-door toilet. It can be done.—Mrs. B. B. G.

**LAMPS THAT WON'T SMOKE.** Every farm housewife knows how hard it is to keep kerosene lamps from smoking. An ounce of prevention saves much work.

When the lamp smokes it is wasting fuel. Therefore, the first secret of a well-burning kerosene lamp is to have clean oil in the lamp. It should never be mixed with other oils or have dirt in it. Fill the bowl each day as the lamp is used to within half an inch of the top of the bowl. A full bowl also makes for a safe lamp. Have the chimney fit the holder. Keep the wick well trimmed and even. In addition, see that it entirely fills the opening through the burner.

This prevents the fire from burning back down the burner and igniting the oil in the bowl. Keep the charred part of the wick brushed off even with the top of the slit in the burner. A burnt match is useful for this purpose.—Hazel Blair.

**WASHING A SWEATER.** In washing a sweater, put it in a small pillow slip, squeeze it in a lather of good soap, rinse in three waters, each time squeezing the water out. Never wring; shake well and hang on the line in the bag until dry, just giving it a good shake.



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## "When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

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

### CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Alice, not being entirely a fool, caught glimpses of what lay behind the tattered curtain which had been drawn for her deception. Here and there she saw a fragment of something which was very ugly. The horror of it made her weak with fear and shame.

Hugo—that had been her father's name, but her father was supposed to have died how long ago? As many years or thereabout as Uncle John had possessed his old hat. His rambling talk of the early morning began to have some meaning for her. Was this strange old man her father? And if so, where had he been this long time? In that place? Had he been in prison by any chance?

And it seemed to her that Philip knew perhaps even more than she herself feared to guess.

Her mother, she could see, was half wild with apprehension.

Oh, yes, a very good idea to lunch quietly—yes, a very good idea indeed, the distressed little woman kept repeating. "Then afterwards we could go on to look at this place I've found. It's called the Villa Charmil. Isn't that a pretty name?"

Mr. Gaunt says he will get me a servant. Wouldn't it be jolly if we could move there very day, Alice? Do you think we could? What do you think, Philip?"

"I should advise it—by all means," Ardeyne replied.

There was a professional note in his voice that made Alice wince, but Jean was too upset to notice anything.

An hour later, lunch being over, they went to inspect the Villa Charmil, and found Hector Gaunt there house-cleaning with the aid of his faithful Maria and an Italian girl he had discovered somewhere. The latter's name, he informed Jean, was Louise, and she was a good cook and laundress.

Gaunt, with shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows, and his grey flannel shirt tucked negligently into belted trousers, had started to wash the windows.

His mule was tethered in the tiny strip of terraced garden, and in the glass-covered corridor he had unloaded a choice supply of provisions—a couple of chickens, vegetables, flowers, butter, eggs, a flask of olive oil, and a small cask of wine—all the produce of his own farm. He had taken it for granted that Jean would settle at once into the Villa Charmil, and had made all the necessary arrangements for her.

She, poor woman, almost wept in her gratitude. It was such a novelty to have things done for her that she scarcely believed in this good fortune.

Maria had built fires and was very busy airing the beds and linen. Gaunt had already said to her, "I have considered necessary in the way of groceries and other things and had despatched his boy, Carlo, into the village for them."

It suddenly occurred to Mrs. Carnay that for fifteen years she had never enjoyed what might be called a home of her own. True, the Villa Charmil was only a rented home, sparsely filled with the rat-trap sticks of furniture deemed sufficient by a parsimonious landlord, but in her eyes it was beautiful. And she could see how, with a touch here and there, with flowers and cushions and furniture covers, it could be made a very haven of joy.

Gaunt had come out to the gate to greet them and explain his own presence on the premises, and it was thus that Hugo Smarle and he met for the first time since Jean's curious marriage. The last occasion has been in this very town in the old Villa Tatina, something more than a good stone's throw distant.

Poor Hugo looked an awestricken, shrivelled little creature surrendering to the big paw of Hector Gaunt. Augustus Gaunt, it seemed as though the sheer bulk of Gaunt gave him moral ascendancy over Jean's husband. There were no protests from Hugo that he did not want to be cut off from the pleasures of hotel life and immured behind the pink walls of this little tucked-away house.

Gaunt, behaving rather as though it were his own place, showed them around. The long windows of the salon opened upon the balconies overlooking the sea, but directly overhanging the railway line, although these were invisible by reason of the thick growth of palms and olives which covered the steeply terraced slopes. The Villa Charmil seemed somehow to hang mysteriously between sky and sea upheld only by the feathery tops of the palms.

Hugo, promised his meals in the arbor, took heart of grace and recovered from his fit of overawed dependency. Almost immediately he attached himself to Hector Gaunt and begged to be allowed to wash windows. The favor being granted he was left to wash them alone—which wasn't quite what he wanted—while Gaunt discussed the various household arrangements with Jean. Alice and Ardeyne went back to the hotel to pack up the Carnays' and Hugo's clothes, and also give this rather sudden notice that the suite would no longer be required.

Hector Gaunt and Jean sat in the arbor with the stone table between them; Jean, with her bag-tumbling, and Gaunt, with a mass of soiled Italian notes, and a stub of pencil jabbing memoranda on the various expenditures.

There was the month's rent, for which Gaunt had settled in advance,

and the money he had given Carlo for the groceries, and what Jean felt he ought to give Maria for her share in the labor and—oh, any amount of other items. Their voices rose in altercation and reached Hugo.

In imitation of Gaunt, Hugo had stripped off his own coat which rolled up his sleeves, but he still stuck to his new hat. He peered out furtively, pretending to be wringing the water from the grey strip of towelling he had been washing the windows with, and then bobbed back again when he thought himself in danger of being discovered.

"Tell Maria to bring us some beer," Hugo disappeared like a Jack-in-the-box and a few minutes later came back with a tray.

"I brought it myself," he said. He set it down, looked at them a little wistfully, and was edging off again, when Gaunt—still quarrelling with Jean about money—interrupted himself to invite Hugo to join them.

"But fetch another glass for yourself," he said. "You've only brought two."

Hugo bounded off like a happy puppy, and the extra glass was duly procured. Gaunt poured out the beer, foaming, light stuff, deliciously cold, and Hugo settled himself as near as he could get to the big man. There was something pathetic in the pale, near-sighted eyes that dwelt upon the careless Gaunt. One understood then, how in his day of great adventures—and very likely still—Hector Augustus Gaunt had been a master of men, a leader whose lightest desire was a law to his adoring followers. Hugo Smarle had once followed this big fellow through the trackless waste of uncharted seas; that pale, persistent gaze went back to the day when there had been no Jean Carnay, no tame Italian Riviera on their maps; a time when life's course was marked by the hand of destiny, and when the fall of the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen, who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

"Well, boys," he said, "this is what we always see in Ireland! One man working, and two more looking on! There's three of them now, sir!" said one of the lookers-on politely.

And the old people can still laugh at themselves,—which is perhaps the touchstone of humor,—especially the old women, who regard the world and life, needs and follies as from another plane, having never had time or follies for having outlived all needs except a pinch of tea and a pair of boots. I cannot forget little old Mrs. Leary, who, dying, said gaily:

"Sure, three inches of a coffin'll do me! 'Look! I says to them, 'make the coffin a small sign too big, the way the people'll think the womenfolk inside in it wasn't all out so little as what she was!'"

And consider the two old "nurses" at Ross, one of whom was acting as butler and housemaid, and the other as cook and yard boy; each, conscious of her own absurdity, would describe herself and her companion as, "Me an' the other old hairo!"

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### Friendly Stiles of England.

The stiles begin to exercise their old charm when the time for country wandering arrives. They appeal to you now. They are irresistibly friendly. They would not try to make it easy for you to pass to the other side of the hedge did you need to go further, like a trespasser, looking this way and that, writes P. W. D. I. in "The London Daily Mail."

Wherever there are stiles they are friendly. They differ much in form, from the rude steps on the fern and foxglove walls of Cornwall to the torn ship's timbers taken from the shore and fashioned into stepping ways amid the briars and brambles of Norfolk hedges.

They mark the short cuts to rest as well as work. They are crossed for reluctance no less than dispatch. It is the potter's reason that is starting now. The lure of the field paths is strong. There will be wanderers alone and wanderers in threes and fours; but perhaps as often as all others there will be wanderers in twos, tramping from stile to stile till they find one more friendly than the rest—a lovers' seat.

Summer comes, with billows of leaves and surge of flowers, with unceasing drone of insects in the sunny air. The quiet woodside that the little path hugs is grown bosky; the beck in the hollow tinkles over its pebbles beneath the plank bridge and then is lost in a forest of willow herb; the corn is grown so high that children crossing the fields are seen only as they top the stiles; and every stile is deeper set, so have the lusty brambles pread their hedge-plant given themselves to abandon. The lovers must sit close.

And then will the small meadow-brown butterflies disport around these spots from morn to eve. We call them gatekeepers, because they haunt the little gateways with wink of eye and wings and airy dancing. They keep a stile as gleefully.

### A Few Chuckles from Ireland.

Many good things have come from Ireland, not the least of which are its characteristically mischievous jokes and anecdotes. Of recent years, alas! the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen, who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

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## WRIGLEYS

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It's the longest-lasting  
confection you can buy  
—and it's a help to digestion and a cleanser  
for the mouth  
and teeth.

Wrigley's means  
benefit as well as  
pleasure.



### Nature's Night-Lights.

What is the most efficient light in the world?

Some people might vote at once for the "last word" of science in artificial illumination, but they would be wrong. The most efficient light known to us was known in the days of pine torches and rushlights. It is that with which Nature has endowed the glow-worm and the firefly.

Science has so far failed to solve the problem of the production of light without heat—a problem which seems to have given Dame Nature no difficulty. In all artificial light production an enormous amount of energy is lost in the form of heat rays and chemical rays.

Thus a four-watt carbon lamp has a luminous efficiency of less than a half per cent, and the most perfect artificial illuminant has an efficiency of only four per cent.

Science here compares badly with Nature, for the luminous efficiency of the firefly is no less than 99.5 per cent, whilst the glow-worm's light is eighty times more efficient than a tungsten lamp.

Love is the only fire that is enough to melt the iron obstinacy of a creature's will.

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The work is easy. The goods sell themselves. Any woman will at once recognize the high quality of B. & E. Hosiery. This class of hosiery is not generally obtainable locally. Therefore, people are anxious to buy from our agents.

Housewives who need more ready cash, schoolgirls with books and dresses to buy, teachers, men or women, any one can sell B. & E. Hosiery and make money. At the same time they do a real favor to their customers. Write today.