THE GARDEN SERIAL STORY

WOMEN'S SECTION

PATTERN SERVICE NEWS FOR WOMEN

CITY WILL PROBE MEASLES CASE

Controllers Want to Know Why Patient Was Refused Admission to Hospital.

DR. HASTINGS' VIEWS

M. O. H. Says There Should Be Institution For Mild Contagious Diseases.

Following the report, as published in The World yesterday, that a Hebrew ill with measles had beeen twice refused admittance to the General Hospital on Wednesday night, Acting Mayor Church ordered an investigation yesterday afternoon. The man is now in the hospital and so far no serious developments have resulted from his collapse on University avenue. The acting mayor is of the opinion that if an investigation is held the board of control will follow it up by passing a recommendation for the building of an isolation hospital in the city for "less contagious diseases," such as measles and chicken pox.

When seen by The World yesterday afternoon, Dr. Hastings stated that he was at a loss to know how the authorities at the General Hospital misconstrued the order that he gave to one of the house surgeons on Wednesday night.

"When the man was taken into the hospital," said Dr. Hastings, "the house surgeon phoned me to ask what he should do with the man. I said that if he were up at the hospital then the house surgeon should quarantine him in the best way possible until he could be taken somewhere else. The house surgeon said 'All right,' and I thought that he understood what I meant.

Need New Hospital.

"This man is now doing all right," continued Dr. Hastings, "but his case has brought the subject of an isolation hospital for mild contagious diseases before the civic authorities. The only cases we take at the Isolation Hospital at Riverdale are scarlet fever, typhoid and diphtheria. We haven't a building over there that is not already crowded, and there isn't land enough to build another building. Now we will have to renew our effort to secure a site for a building."

Acting Mayor Church says that five years ago he brought the matter before the council, and that continually from that time he has worked for a new isolation hospital for less contagious diseases.

HERE IS A CHEAP FARE.

SARNIA, Ont., July 31.—(Special.)—The Grand Trunk employes' excursion will be run from here to Niagara Falls on Saturday and already six hundred tickets have been sold. The cheap fare of ninety cents return is the great drawing card to those who have never seen the Falls.

Boiler Inspector Walton of the local shops of the Grand Trunk was hit on the head by a huge sledge in the hands of a fellow-workman who did not see him when he struck. The injured man was taken to his home, where thirty stitches were required to close up the wound. He will recover.

Daily Fashion Talks

BY MAY MANTON

FOR SUMMER COMFORT

DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.

7920 Woman's Pajamas, 34 to 40 bust.

PAJAMAS that are made of silk or one of the silk and cotton mixtures make really ideal sleeping garments for warm weather and many women prefer them to night gowns. The tub silks are both practical and delightful to wear and, in addition to the mixtures, there are a great many fine soft batistes that are quite appropriate. As a matter of course, the Japanese suggestion in the design seems to add to the fitness. The trousers are just the regulation sort drawn up by means of a ribbon inserted in the hem but the coat can be made with lapped and shaped front edges or single-breasted and buttoned at the center. The sleeves consist of one piece each and can be cut to any preferred length. In the small view, the single-breasted coat is shown with a little turned-over collar.

For the medium size, the pajamas will require 6½ yards of material 27, 5¼ yards 36 with ¾ yard 27 for the bands.

The May Manton pattern of the pajamas 7920 is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of 15 cents.

No. ..... Size. .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Six days should be allowed for the delivery of the patterns.

EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING

BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL

DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

PICNICS

PICNICS may be made enjoyable affairs, cynics to the contrary notwithstanding. To be successful do not attempt too much. This applies to the basket of refreshments, to the distance you go and the number of persons you include.

Do not arrange too long a day, for tired people lose their capacity for enjoyment as well as their appetites. Another thing, do not start too early in the day; early starts are unpopular with housekeepers and everyone else except very young and very elderly people.

So much for the "don'ts."

Now for the "must haves." Choose a deep two-handled wicker basket, line it with parchment paper and in the bottom put the jars of food and articles that you will not need until after the table is set.

Too often the table cloth is put in the bottom and the entire basket of food must be unpacked before the places can be laid!

For food I should have a jar of chicken salad, one of potato salad, or Saratoga chips, lettuce, chicken, pimento and cheese sandwiches, deviled eggs, and veal loaf. A box of pastry shells and a glass of jam for filling them may also be put in. A jar of rich fruit punch can be thinned when needed and is easy to carry and a pleasant change from lemonade made on the spot.

How to pack:

Wrap the sandwiches separately in oiled paper, then in a paper napkin. This keeps them from drying and from absorbing odors. The cold meat or veal loaf, too, must be wrapped in paper and then put in a box.

Put the jars in first, then the boxes of food. If you have a cake put it next, but cookies are more practical for picnics. Now stick the knives, forks and spoons in one corner and on top of this lay the bottles of olives, pickles and boxes of wafers and bonbons in such a way that they will be snug even if jarred.

In the following order put the sanitary paper drinking cups, paper napkins, doilies, paper plates and over all the paper table cloth.

Don't forget that you will need a big sharp knife, a can opener and a corkscrew, and that limes are better thirst quenchers than lemons, and tomatoes better than anything else in the "drink" list.

After dinner is over roll up all the debris in the paper table cloth and burn or bury it. Some one else may want to have an outing in this same spot and you owe it to your own self-respect to leave the place as you found it.

THE GARDEN

CONDUCTED BY RACHEL R. TODD M.D.

Training Your Vines

It is a great mistake to let your vines grow up just as they can, and yet many people follow this plan, from pure carelessness, or ignorance.

No matter how well supplied with clinging tendrils the plant needs a certain amount of guiding or else it will wind itself more or less in a heap. That is the tendency of most heavy-growing vines, unless we except the Boston Ivy, which really does spread itself out fairly well without any help from others.

Take the ordinary clematis vines for instance. If you have such a vine, and have not been helping it, just go out now and take a good look at the poor thing. If you do not find it more or less one tangled mass, especially in the upper portions of it, why then we do not know what we are talking about.

Spread out the branches carefully, as they grow. This is important. Why? Look at your clematis for instance. If you have left it alone to follow its own sweet will, how are you going to untangle it without doing a great deal of mischief? No matter how carefully you handle the tendrils, many will break off in your hands.

Some plants have one kind of tendrils and twiners, and other vines have another kind. All twine around the first thing they can reach in a more or less short time. With some plants, the tendrils twine as they grow.

Look at the twining fingers of the clematis for example, a strange thing happens, a thing that is really responsible for the tangled upper parts of the vine if it has been uncared for. This is it: The tendrils of the young growing shoot clasp hold of something, whatever happens to be handy, and hold on tightly. But the stem goes on growing, that is, the portion of the stem below the two tendrils, and pushes itself up, and up, and up, but it cannot get past the place where the two tendrils took hold. The part of the shoot above the two tendrils goes on growing too, pulling on the part below. A deadlock result twisted mass, because one part has a tendency to pull the other part back. Study the thing out yourself, from your own vine and then do not neglect it again.

Another point, spreading out the vines gives greater exposure to sun, result, more bloom, larger bloom, richer color.

T. A. RYAN GOES TO DETROIT.

Theobald A. Ryan, grand vice-president of the Knights of St. John of Ontario, left for Detroit, accompanied by Mrs. Ryan and their youngest son.

THE TRIPLE TIE

BY A. H. C. MITCHELL

(Continued From Saturday.)

"My father, who was the kindest, most courteous and most considerate man that ever lived, except for the brief period of which I am telling you, was his old self at this family conference. He freely acknowledged his terrible mistakes and begged forgiveness of his wife and brothers. When it came to a question of what should be done, it was my father who made the suggestion, that was promptly carried out. My mother jumped at it. What my father believed would be a great sacrifice on her part she gladly assumed.

"My father's plan was this: As he believed it would simply be courting destruction for him to remain in New York or any other city where the temptation of strong drink was always at hand (for in that terrible period he found himself unable to resist it), he proposed to take himself away from the haunts of men; to build himself a place away from everybody, and live there for the remainder of his days. It was a drastic remedy, but the only thing to be done. There was nothing that need keep him in New York. His financial affairs were in safe hands. He had been brought up and educated to live a life of ease.

"When my mother told me the story, she said she cried for joy when my father unfolded his plan to her and his brothers. The plan was adopted then and there, and not a moment's time was lost in carrying it out. That very night emissaries were despatched to the south. One went to the mountains of Virginia, one to North Carolina, and one farther south. Within a week reports began to come in, and within a month this site was selected.

Wife Never Left Him.

"In the meantime my father did not leave his house. My mother never left him for an instant. They became so wrapped up in their project that all other thoughts were banished from their minds. My father began drawing plans before the site was selected. The moment the deeds were passed, horses, teams, several camping outfits and all manner of supplies were loaded on a train. Six men and a foreman went along. My parents, with two servants, followed. They pitched camp on the banks of this brook, and from that beginning you see the result all around you.

"From that day, Mildred, neither my father nor my mother ever left this place. They were perfectly happy and contented. They disappeared, as it were, and it was thought they were living abroad. My uncles and their families used to come down from New York occasionally, and at rare intervals some very close friend of my parents would come for a quiet visit. My mother never left my father's side for an instant, day or night."

"Why was that, Gordon?" asked Mildred in a low tone.

"It was at my father's request. It was his wish. Strange as it may seem in one otherwise so normal and healthy in every way, he was possessed of the fear that someone, in some way, would offer him a temptation he could not resist."

"How strange," said Mildred.

"Strange, but prophetic—I hate to tell you the rest, Mildred."

"Don't unless you wish to, dearest, but I can hear it; I can sympathize. You would tell me some time, wouldn't you?"

"Perhaps it is best that I tell you now. In the midst of our happiness and contentment, for none of us had the slightest desire to leave here even for a day, even to go to Chattanooga, which is less than fifty miles from here—in the midst of our quiet pleasures, my mother was taken away. It was quite sudden; three years ago next November. Almost the last words she said to me were contained in a request that I take her place at my father's side and never leave him for an instant. She seemed to have some foreboding."

A Great Change.

Gordon's voice was hardly above a whisper. He was silent for a time, and then continued:

"It made a great change here. Nothing seemed the same. My father seemed to lose interest in all that had interested him. He aged rapidly, tho far from being an old man, being less than fifty. I kept my promise to my mother; I was with him all the time, night and day. He would accompany me when I went out for exercise, for I was always very keen on that, but he no longer took pleasure in watching me as he did before our loss, yet, as nothing interested him, I thought it just as well that he do that as anything else.

"I now come to the most distressing part of my story, Mildred, but I will make it brief, and it need never be told again. . . . One afternoon, last November, I was out on the field kicking a football. My father, of course, was with me. I was trying to punt the ball straight up in the air and then trying to get under it and catch it as it came down. But there was a high wind blowing and I was having my troubles. I miscalculated on the last punt I made, and instead of the ball going straight up in the air it sailed forward with a strong wind behind it for 70 or 80 yards, and then rolled many yards more when it landed. I walked after it leisurely and, picking it up, began to kick it back to the point I had started from. I was paying no attention to my father, as I never did when we were out on the field together, and when I returned he was nowhere to be seen.

The Tragedy.

"It was very much startled. This may seem strange or odd to you, Mildred, but you must remember he had not been out of my sight for two years, except when we slept (and we slept in the same room). I called all the workmen and the house servants and we searched high and low for my father, but could not find him. Next day we found his body at the foot of that big granite hill. He had fallen and was killed. But in his hand, Mildred, was a large demijohn which he had firmly clutched. The glass within the wicker work was broken in a thousand pieces and the wicker work was bent badly out of shape. Where he had secured the demijohn and its contents I could never learn, but it was almost a new one. That is all, dear."

"It was terrible," said Mildred. "I am not sorry that you told me, Gordon."

CHAPTER XXXV.

Gordon drove to the bungalow as early ing allowed. Mildred had hardly finished breakfast when she heard the sound of his car outside the window.

"Come on, Elmer," she cried gally, "we'll make Mr. Kelly take us for a ride."

"Mr. Kelly, eh? That's a good one. I heard you call him Gordon over the telephone last night," laughed the boy.

"All right, Elmer, I'll not quarel with you," returned Mildred, with a smile.

"But what were you doing, listening to what I said?"

"Honest, I wasn't, Mildred. I just heard how you started out and then I walked away."

"You are a good little boy. Now let's go out and receive our guest."

They went out on the porch.

"Howdy, Gordon," was Mildred's greeting. "Elmer has found us out. He knows we call each other by our first names. What's on the tapis for today?"

"I propose that we go to my place. There's some things there that might interest Elmer—the ball field, for instance."

"Gee whiz, you got a ball field?" exclaimed the lad.

"Certainly I have, and if you behave yourself and promise not to tease Mildred, maybe you and I will have a little game of tossing the ball around."

(To Be Continued.)

Main 825
Main ...4083
Main 827
Main ...4953
Main ...7164
Main ...4154
North 198
North ...5001
North 129
College ...443
College ..229
College ..1010
Park. ...1799
Park. ...342
Junct. ...836
Junct. ..1824
Junction 1044
Beach ...457
Gerrard .1680
Gerrard .2478
Gerrard. .686

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DOGS TO REPLACE MEMPHIS CADDIES

(Special to The Toronto World).

MEMPHIS, July 31.—Bird dogs to replace caddies and retrieve lost golf balls will soon make their appearance on the municipal links at Overton Park, according to an announcement made by city hall officials.

J. P. Clages, dog fancier and expert trainer, has been schooling the animals at the links for several weeks and the dogs will be given a trial, and if they prove adept they will be used regularly.

The canine caddies are the result of numerous troubles with boys who were put under charge of the juvenile court for various offences committed at the links.

COLONEL DENISON BACK AT HIS POST

Hale, hearty and as brown as a berry, Colonel G. T. Denison returned to the police court yesterday morning to resume his duties after a two months' holiday spent in the western provinces and the Rocky Mountains.

Magistrate Kingsford now leaves for his two months' vacation, while Magistrate Ellis will take his when the big game shooting is at its best in October.

WOMAN ON LONG HIKE.

NEW YORK, July 31.—Mrs. M. B. Chester of Middletown, N. Y., wife of a boat builder, started from here today with two of her ten children to walk to Minneapolis. She carried a letter from Mayor Gaynor to the mayor of Minneapolis, which she hopes to deliver some two months hence. The two children are boys, aged 13 and 14. Mrs. Chester, who was costumed in the bonnet and gingham dress of a farmer's wife, said she had no other purpose in attempting the journey than the love of walking.

RAN DIRTY EATING HOUSE.

For running a filthy restaurant, described as the dirtiest in the city, Dong Chong, a Chinaman, was fined $5 and costs or thirty days by Colonel Denison in the police court yesterday.

Dong contended that he had hired a man to clean up the place, but "man no come," he said. He himself had no time to do the work.

100 Lessons IN BUSINESS

HURRY!

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Only one coupon will be necessary together with 77 cents, which merely covers the cost of duty, freight and packing. Clip the coupon and mail it today if you would be a possessor of one of these books by the greatest business writer of the century. Seymour Eaton is a wizard in mathematical condensation, and his original short-cut in figures, which was published twenty-five years ago, has never been improved on. The book should be in the hands of every school boy or girl, and is practically indispensable to the business man or artisan.

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