

Have You Ever Thought of This? — That a Cup of



"SALADA" TEA

properly infused, is one of Nature's greatest blessings as a harmless stimulating beverage.



Why We No Longer Dread Ironing Day.

When I say in my first sentence that ironing day is no longer considered hard nor dreaded, I am sure I need give no other reason for wishing to tell you about it. We have quit agitating the help question, and do our own work—my daughter and I. We indulge in one luxury—having our washing done away from home. Right here I must give our washerwoman credit for the "first help" to easy ironing. She sends the clothes home in smooth bundles. If clothes are stuffed into the basket heater-skillet you will have many extra wrinkles to iron out.

I give particular attention to dampening the clothes, and prefer a regular sprinker to my own hand. A five-cent aluminum tip fitted into a common bottle makes a good one. Clothes iron much easier when they lie overnight after being dampened. Where we cannot have them ready overnight we use hot water for sprinkling, and roll each garment tight. The warm water creates a steamy condition, and the tight rolling induces the dampness to penetrate all parts of the articles more quickly.

No towels except fancy ones need sprinkling. We let them lie in the basket here and there among the clothes, for one may be needed to cool the iron before doing a dainty waist. Dish towels, underwear, and stockings are smoothly folded and put away without ironing. Every garment is turned right side out when folding at night. It is a waste of time to do this while the hot iron stands waiting. The ironing board—it needs to be spelled with capitals—must be the correct height to give one ease in working. I am 5 feet 4 1/2 inches high, and our board, when in place, is thirty-five inches above the floor, sloping up a little toward the left. The linoleum is soft, but I always place a strip of carpet from the board to the stove, and my feet become less tired.

An essential to comfort is an office stool about 2 1/2 feet high. I keep it near me, and often drop on it when straightening out lace or adjusting a collar for the iron. Many articles can be as easily ironed while sitting on the stool as while standing. You will be surprised if you have never tried this moment of rest to see how much less tired you are at the end of two or three hours.

Now for the short cuts. No sheet or plain pillow slip need take an extra stroke to be well ironed—yes, a few. Lay the sheet folded four-double with selvage edges along the board, and iron these edges first. Then place on the board, now in eighths—having folded together once more—with hemstitching. Iron napkins, handkerchiefs, a waist or shirt on this. When wishing to place the iron on the stand, which should be rather flat—not over one-fourth or one-half inch above board—do not lift it up and carry to the stand, but let it slide along over the sheet and iron as it goes, lifting only the point and allowing it to slide on to the stand without actually lifting it at all.

As soon as this hemmed end is smooth, turn back over it another hemmed eighth, and go through the same process. Repeated trial will enable one to become expert at folding back just right. Use one sheet only till it is smooth, for repeated ironing yellows and wears it. Iron only the hemmed ends.

Pillow slips are not quite so easily managed. They may tend to slip up under inexperienced hands. A plain one can be completely ironed under three or four handkerchiefs. As you fold over the handkerchief with the left hand, after ironing it out flat, keep the iron going with the right hand on over the slip and its hem, and back again, to finish the handkerchief, never having lifted the iron off the board. With the finish of the handkerchief that end of the slip is finished also. Move the slip along, from another handkerchief, and repeat the process on other side of the slip. All are done in about the time it would have taken for the kerchiefs alone.

Cotton or cotton and linen tablecloths may be ironed with thin garments. In the day of the stiff-bosomed shirt—ah, yes, it was forty-five years ago—I took just twenty minutes to iron perfectly my brother's shirt. It was literally "stiff as a board." In this day of soft collars and cuffs one

can do the job in three minutes. The collarband and cuffs can be done on the tail, so no extra stroke is needed there.

It sometimes happens that one wants in a hurry a waist or collar which has been laid away unironed. Sprinkle a heavy towel quite damp and spread it over the board. On this iron your bone-dry waist. The dampness penetrates the waist and the iron slips along more successfully than if the waist itself were sprinkled and ironed at once. But here is a necessary stipulation: After the waist is ironed all over on the damp surface, remove the towel and press the waist again quickly on the board or on a dry surface to remove any moisture left from the first ironing.

I must add a description of our handy ironing board, for it is a first aid to the ironer. The right-hand end of the board is hinged to the wall in such a position that when lowered ready for work it stands in front of a window which opens west toward our maple trees. About one-third distance from the other end a plain board, 36x6 inches, is hinged. When the ironing board is up out of position this "leg" falls against it. When in position for work it is the leg of dependence for the ironing board. Near the left end on the edge of the ironing board is an eyelet, and on the wall at the same height is a hook such as one uses on a screen door. In a moment one raises the board and drops this hook into the eyelet and, lo, the board is out of the way as completely as though carried to a dark closet across the room.

A set of drying prongs, screwed to the door casing, is at the left, a little higher than my head. This easily spreads out like an open fan to hold the ironed clothes. We use the old-fashioned irons, so we iron when a fire is needed for broiling and cooking, thus saving fuel and heat. One can learn how to grasp the wooden handle lightly. Nothing is gained by holding it hard and tight, and the hand becomes tired.

Many a time have I kept an open magazine or a poem near my board. Ironing becomes mechanical, so why not be thinking fine thoughts as the iron goes to and fro? It is a progressive and interesting operation to iron. A baby's dainty dress or a fine waist unfolds and develops under skillful fingers as a flower unfolds before the sunshine.

Loving a Child. Loving a child is key To heaven's mystery. Loving a child, and giving knowledge, this is living. Loving a child brings pain, And is life's greatest gain.

Loving a child is knowing The fierce joy of a sowing. That shall cause mighty reaping. Loving a child is weeping, And fearing, too, and praying; This, there is no gainsaying.

Loving a child is being A part of God, and seeing The world beneath one's hand Enlarge, expand, Be different, and grow To one's thought. Even so.

Loving a child is key To every mystery. Loving a child is laughter And heartache after. Heartache and grief and pain, But always joy again. —Mary Carolyn Davies.

An Easy Way to Clean Silver. I want to tell readers just how I keep my silverware beautifully bright without any scouring or polishing. The last time she had prevailed upon her mother to try too, with disastrous results in the way of hot rebuke for both her mother and herself.

There was no question of finances involved. Her father's extensive farm was one of the most productive in the countryside. He was a hard driver and a hard worker and had risen to be one of the richest farmers in a wealthy farming community. No expense was spared in the way of machine or housing equipment to make his ground pay every ounce of which it was capable.

College and Cookin'

By HAZEL B. STEVENS.

"Tisn't any use askin' again. Your Pa won't hear of it." "But why—why won't Pa—?" There was no answer given to this and obviously none expected. Indeed, the question was put as if the speaker had asked it many times, but was neither satisfied by nor resigned to the answer.

"Just everlasting housework and cooking meals!" she went on. "Light! I'm so sick of it!" A vicious pinching of the crust over the blackberry pies before her emphasized each of these words as she said it. A slamming of the oven door upon the completed pies was eloquent of the rebellion still raging in the heart of pretty Polly Alton and she was not to blame.

She moved about the farm kitchen with foot quick enough but heavy with disappointment; and performed small tasks with hands deft but uninterested. A fire smoldered in her black eyes that was not good to see; her cheeks were flushed with something more than the heat from the coal range. As she brushed a stray black curl impatiently back from her eyes, with one rounded bare arm, she was a picture—a pretty but also a sad picture, of thwarted unhappy youth.

"Your father thinks you should be content to stay home, Polly," essayed Mrs. Alton, gently, at last. "I don't know what we should do without you, dear." No answer to this from Polly. And no softening of the bitter frowning face. To go away to college had been the dream of Polly's life since long before the time when she had finished in the high school nearest their farm. No one knew where she had got the college idea; it was not a common one in the part of the country where she lived. The girls of the community were usually satisfied, after a little schooling, to help at home for awhile and then to set down in homes of their own. But Polly was different: college was her passionate dream.

She had broached the subject for the first time the evening after the closing exercises of the high school. It was during supper. She had exchanged her pretty white dress for aingham one, to help with the meal, but was still the flushed and triumphant graduate as she absent-mindedly waited on table, dished out potatoes, poured tea and stirred the fire. Her head chafed her about her white hair-ribbon and her pink cheeks and she good-naturedly answered in kind.

"So stuffed full of learning, you can't come to earth, Polly?" teased one, as she passed him the chili sauce after he was well started on pie. "Full of knowledge, she shared impatiently. "Why, I don't know anything, Jake! I wish—" She glanced timidly at her father, where he sat, gruff and silent, eating pie none too daintily.

"Pa!" she dared finally. "Well?" he answered, in the pompous, rather lordly way that was habitual with him in dealing with his family.

Polly swallowed hard, hesitated, and then plunged in, talking so rapidly that her words ran together. "Pa, would you let me go to college? I could teach school or something then and help pay it back—and you said the crops were so good this year and—" "Talk slower, daughter, and more distinctly," interrupted Mr. Alton. "I can't make head nor tail of what you're sayin'."

"Yes, Pa, but I want—" "Let's hear no more of it!" This in her father's hardest tone as he finished his pie with a finality which left nothing more to be said. It was his way, as Polly knew.

"But, Pa—" "Oh, of course! Girls always want to go gallivantin' off, instead of stayin' home and mindin' their duty!" "But, Pa—" "Let's hear no more of it!" This in her father's hardest tone as he finished his pie with a finality which left nothing more to be said. It was his way, as Polly knew.

That had been three years ago. Each autumn Polly, doggedly persistent like her father, tried again. Each time she had been more persistently refused. The last time she had prevailed upon her mother to try too, with disastrous results in the way of hot rebuke for both her mother and herself.

There was no question of finances involved. Her father's extensive farm was one of the most productive in the countryside. He was a hard driver and a hard worker and had risen to be one of the richest farmers in a wealthy farming community. No expense was spared in the way of machine or housing equipment to make his ground pay every ounce of which it was capable.

This year he had sent away for a soil expert and was paying a fabulous price for chemical knowledge and advice as to what changes to make in his cropping, as to exposures, fertilization, drainage and rotation of crops. He was disgusted at the youth of the soil expert sent him from the Agricultural College, but after pointing out his work to him and following him around a day or two, a silent but keen and relentless critic, he was satisfied that numbers of years may not be all of knowledge and gave the man carte blanche.

Mr. Alton was not the only one surprised at the youth of Jack Halliday, the soil expert. When Polly's father brought him the first time to supper at the table, Polly looked at him with a sort of gasp in her eyes, an unconscious tribute less to his good looks than to the ability which had gained for him, early in life, a position of such responsibility.

It had been some remark to this effect and some mention of Jack Halliday's college that had started Polly anew on the discussion with her mother on the subject of her own ambitions. The matter-of-fact friendship sprang up between Polly and the young college man. Polly's admiration for him was quite impersonal. She listened to his soil and crop observations with all her ears and watched him from under level and intense brows. He radiated an atmosphere she was hungry for and she drank in his occasional remarks with the avidity of a news-hunter which drew chaff upon her, since all the household knew of her absorbing passion for college.

One night he had been telling a tale about how some fellow had tried to get into the circus without paying. The man at the gate had refused to let them in; so the next morning, "the largest snow-white stall-stepping they way forcibly past this same enraged and helpless ticket-taker, with silver-nitrate in small syringes concealed about their person," "Silver-nitrate," he explained, "is colorless when first exposed to the air but soon turns dark." It had been a remarkable coincidence that by next morning, "the largest snow-white elephant in captivity had developed into characteristics or symptoms of a bad case of black measles!"

Polly's head whirled with a delighted gurgly abandon most unusual, and her father looked up from his plate, wondering what it was all about and heard Jake, one of the hired men, say, "I bet she'd give her eye-teeth to go, huh, Polly?" "Oh, wouldn't I? Just wouldn't I?" she cried, who she transformed by the thoughts teeming through her mind.

Was this eager-eyed, wistful little Polly his daughter? He stared at her, startled—and jubilated. Late that night, when they were alone, he said to his wife, "You can tell Polly I've decided she can go to College in September." (To be continued.)

Facts.

There are over 600 private schools in London.

Tuesday is considered unlucky for weddings in Spain.

The tip of the tongue is the most sensitive part of the body.

More than 60 per cent. of the population of Portugal cannot write.

The total war debt of the world is estimated at \$200,000,000,000.

One pound of dried tea represents about four pounds of fresh-gathered leaves.

The swallow has a larger mouth in proportion to its size than any other bird.

20,000 women were employed on British railways at the end of January of this year.

In an ordinary book the letter "Z" will occur, on an average, twice in 3,000 words.

One central station in Germany is supplying electricity for light and power to 166 villages.

Criminals are rarely made by circumstances, but are due to birth and environment, says an expert.

No fewer than 1,000,000 men are still under arms in Poland, Rumania and the new European States.

The world total of Girl Guides last October was 231,896, of which more than half are in the British Isles.

The Imperial War Museum, to be opened at the Crystal Palace, London, in June, will contain more than 100,000 exhibits.

Love in an Earthquake. "He looks like a cross between John Bull and Mr. Pickwick, and talks like John Bull—born Canada."

White Lies.

Bill Smith was just a P.T.E. A-serv'ing in the infantry. And taking orders under me—

A simple cuss he seemed to me; I never thought that he could be A teacher of philosophy.

Till suddenly one awful night, In rain and cold and sorry plight, The Boche attacked upon our right.

Then just before that bloody fight, Bill scrawled this note by candlelight: (I censored it with blurring sight.)

"Dear Ma," he wrote, "here's just a line To let you know I'm feeling fine. This kind of life is hard to beat. You ought to see the way I eat; But then we've got the finest chow In all the army anyhow.

They feed us meat and eggs and cakes Until we all have tummyaches. Our grub is always piping hot; That stuff is all a lot of rot. About our being poorly fed, And using pig-pens for a bed.

Why, listen, Ma, I'm sleeping high Up where it's nice and warm and dry; It's in a dandy old chateau Where princes slept not long ago. There's showers baths and everything That I could wish, if I were king. Is sure is great to see the way The mail from home comes in each day;

I guess I've had my full share, too. Most every day I hear from you. Now don't you worry, Ma, for me; I'm just as safe as safe can be. For we are miles in the rear And far from any danger here. I guess the bloomin' war'll stop Before I once go o'er the top.

I'm just as happy as can be. So, smile, Ma, 'twill not be long Until we sing the victor's song. And great will be your pride and joy To greet your grown-up little boy."

I've marked his grave beyond the hill, And though I wear a "brass hat," still I learned a heap from Private Bill.

Concerts Through Space. We need not look very far ahead for the time when the world will be brought to our firesides, says an English writer. Cinema and wireless are moving on.

Four hundred people living some way out of Pittsburgh, U.S.A. are able to enjoy the night by wireless telephone from that town.

Following the great success of the Marconi Company's experiments with the wireless telephone, it has been said that within six months there will be a commercial wireless telephone service between London and New York.

Many amateur wireless operators had their arrior somewhat damped by the statement of an official that, owing to the high wave-measures used, it would probably be impossible for them to hear long-distance telephone messages with their receiving sets.

But now comes the news of an instrument for the home, costing but a few pounds, which can be contained in a tin box, and will, it is claimed, receive messages from America.

The inventor of this long-range receiving set, Mr. Powell Rees, listens regularly every Sunday afternoon evening, in his home in London, to a concert taking place in Italy. An aerial 85 feet long, stretching from his bedroom window to a tree in the garden, is used, and faint waves are picked up by this, being passed to his receiving set, which magnifies the sounds.

It is said that these sets, which are to be manufactured for amateurs, have such simple mechanism that they may be easily worked by anybody.

Fashions in Whiskers. There are signs that whiskers are being cultivated again. It is a remarkable thing that, although both King George and his father, King Edward, were bearded, very few of their subjects followed their lead.

In fact, from the days of the late Stuart set, Mr. Powell Rees, listens regularly every Sunday afternoon evening, in his home in London, to a concert taking place in Italy. An aerial 85 feet long, stretching from his bedroom window to a tree in the garden, is used, and faint waves are picked up by this, being passed to his receiving set, which magnifies the sounds.

It is said that these sets, which are to be manufactured for amateurs, have such simple mechanism that they may be easily worked by anybody.

There are signs that whiskers are being cultivated again. It is a remarkable thing that, although both King George and his father, King Edward, were bearded, very few of their subjects followed their lead.

In fact, from the days of the late Stuart set, Mr. Powell Rees, listens regularly every Sunday afternoon evening, in his home in London, to a concert taking place in Italy. An aerial 85 feet long, stretching from his bedroom window to a tree in the garden, is used, and faint waves are picked up by this, being passed to his receiving set, which magnifies the sounds.

It is said that these sets, which are to be manufactured for amateurs, have such simple mechanism that they may be easily worked by anybody.

There are signs that whiskers are being cultivated again. It is a remarkable thing that, although both King George and his father, King Edward, were bearded, very few of their subjects followed their lead.

In fact, from the days of the late Stuart set, Mr. Powell Rees, listens regularly every Sunday afternoon evening, in his home in London, to a concert taking place in Italy. An aerial 85 feet long, stretching from his bedroom window to a tree in the garden, is used, and faint waves are picked up by this, being passed to his receiving set, which magnifies the sounds.

It is said that these sets, which are to be manufactured for amateurs, have such simple mechanism that they may be easily worked by anybody.

There are signs that whiskers are being cultivated again. It is a remarkable thing that, although both King George and his father, King Edward, were bearded, very few of their subjects followed their lead.

In fact, from the days of the late Stuart set, Mr. Powell Rees, listens regularly every Sunday afternoon evening, in his home in London, to a concert taking place in Italy. An aerial 85 feet long, stretching from his bedroom window to a tree in the garden, is used, and faint waves are picked up by this, being passed to his receiving set, which magnifies the sounds.

It is said that these sets, which are to be manufactured for amateurs, have such simple mechanism that they may be easily worked by anybody.

AUTO SPARE PARTS for most makes and models of cars. Your old, broken or worn-out parts replaced. Write or wire us describing what you want. We carry the largest and most complete stock in Canada of slightly used or new parts and automobile equipment. We ship C.O.D. anywhere in Canada. Satisfaction guaranteed. In full our motto. Shaw's Auto Salvage Part Supply, 223-225 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont.

How We Got Collars. It is just a hundred years since the collar came into being as a commercial proposition.

It has been suggested that the neck lace of teeth or claws, or string of beads, with which our early ancestors adorned themselves, was the forerunner of the modern collar.

The earliest pictorial proof of the use of the collar proper dates from Elizabethan times, when the ruff was the principal form of neckwear. After this gold and silver vellum fringes were the fashion for a considerable period, these being supplanted by collars similar to those worn to-day, save for the fact that they formed part of the shirt.

But this arrangement was an extravagant one. As soon as a collar was soiled, the shirt had to be shed for washing purposes.

This state of affairs was changed a century ago by an Englishwoman, one Hannah Montague, a blacksmith's wife. She had a bad time with her husband's washing until one day she was struck by the brilliant idea of separating the collars from the shirts.

The next morning the blacksmith went to work in a collar that tied with strings, instead of being fastened, as before, to the neck of his shirt. From this simple idea sprang the collars we wear to-day.

"Oh, I say, old chap," said Smarte to a friend, "heard about the scandal in the post office?" "No," replied his friend, preparing to hear and enjoy. "Not about our postman getting the sack?" asked Smarte, incredulously. "What did he get it for?" "To put the letters in, old chap!" said Smarte, with a chuckle.

Ceremonies differ, but true politeness is ever the same.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Queen's University Kingston, Ont. Arts Part of the Arts course may be covered by correspondence.

SCHOOL OF COMMERCE BANKING MEDICINE EDUCATION Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical ENGINEERING

SUMMER SCHOOL NAVIGATION SCHOOL July and August December to April ALICE KING, Acting Registrar

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

Where Noah Landed.

Youthful students of sacred History may find their interest in current news heightened by joining Biblical narrative with 1920 political events, however incongruous the junction may appear at first sight. If they will look up the map of the Near East they will find in the extreme northwestern part of Persia a mountain peak marked Mount Ararat.

That should give them a fine starting point, for they will remember that it was on Mount Ararat that Noah, in the Biblical account, landed. Mount Ararat is the loftiest peak in Azerbaijan, 17,000 feet above sea level, but it has been neglected recent news from Europe they may not know that Azerbaijan is a new republic established by the political strife in eastern Europe in the expectation that it will act as a political and military buffer for some of the great nations of the world.

The inhabitants of Azerbaijan are Persians, Armenians, Kurds, Tartars, Turks and Arabs, whose valleys are veritable garden spots. It ranks in statistics as one of the most productive spots in all Persia, but young readers will find their chief interest in the fact that it contains Mount Ararat, which gave Noah his first shelter, according to the narrative with which all are familiar. The erection of Azerbaijan as a buffer state brings the remote past and the immediate present together in a way which may also awaken the interest of those who have moved past the years of youthful curiosity.

Amazon Valley Fruitful. The Amazon valley could raise food enough to feed the entire world; from Para to the Andes foodstuffs can be grown successfully. The soil is extraordinarily productive; there is a bounteous rainfall throughout the year and perennial sunshine; two and three crops a year are harvested by many agriculturists, and there is never the danger of frost or drought. It is said that for every bushel of grain planted 800 bushels are reaped.

Cocoa has always been a more or less important export. Amazonian cocoa is of excellent quality, and commands a high price in the world's markets. There is no limit to the possibilities of cocoa growing.

Cotton is being grown in Amazonia for the first time. It thrives there amazingly well, and is said to be of the finest quality with an unusually long staple. It can be grown almost anywhere throughout the valley, and in some places it has already begun to surpass rubber in importance.

Cotton, tobacco, sugar, corn, rice and beans will undoubtedly figure largely in the future exports of the Amazon valley.

The forests of the Amazon river and its tributaries contain inexhaustible quantities of commercially valuable products, many of them raw materials urgently needed in the world's manufacture today.

Wise Men Say— That a small life's beatings, That there is a dangerous life just above many a man's chin.

That a tough journey toughens the man, made of the right stuff, and that character, like gold, is acceptable currency in all countries.

That a man without ambition is as useless as last year's dog license.

That nothing is more satisfactory than some people's opinion of themselves.

That jealousy is an admission of inferiority. It is an attribute of small minds.

That we cannot all be as wise as Solomon, but we can all stop pretending that we are.

That in telling your troubles, you just waste time that might be spent in making them lighter.

That the victor in the race is not the one who dashes off swiftest, but the one who leads at the finish.

That hard luck helps some people. Even a dog appreciates a happiness more accurately after he has had a few tin cans tied to his tail.

The Pocket Stove. An interesting and useful invention is the pocket stove. It will burn liquid fuel and can be carried in bag or pocket without danger or risk of leakage or explosion.

It is composed of three parts—reservoir, burner, and boiling pan. The burner does not burn from an ordinary wick. The wick is flattened out at the top and is brought into contact with a pad of asbestos. The spirit soaks into the pad by capillary attraction and thus a large indestructible burner is formed.

The stove can be used to heat water or milk in a few minutes and then taken to pieces and stowed away in the pocket.

Marrages in Burma. A curious idea among the Burmese is that people born on the same day of the week must not marry, and that if they defy the fate their union will be marked by bad luck.

To prevent these disastrous marriages, every girl carries a record of her birthday in her name, each day of the week having a letter belonging to it, and all children are called by a name that begins with that letter. It is rather hard if the Marys and Maras of Burma fall in love with each other, as in this country.

Unlike other Oriental lands, the young people are allowed to marry as taste dictates, subject only to the birthday restrictions.