

# The Road to Understanding

—BY—  
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## CHAPTER X (Cont'd.)

Once again Helen passed a sleepless night. Never questioning now Mrs. Cobb's interpretation of her husband's conduct, there remained only a decision as to her own course of action. That she could not be there when her husband came to make ready for his journey, she was convinced. She told herself fiercely that she would take herself and the baby away—quite away out of his sight. He should not be ashamed again by the sight of her. But she knew in her heart that she was fleeing because she dared not go through that last meeting with her husband, lest she should break down. And she did not want to break down. If Burke did not want her, was it likely she was going to cry and whine, and let him know that she did want him? Certainly not!

Helen's lips came together in a thin, straight line, in spite of her trembling chin. Between her hurt love and her wounded pride, Helen was in fact that state of hysterics and heroics to do almost anything—except something sane and sober.

First, to get away. On that she was determined. But where to go—that was the question. As for going back to the old home town—as Burke had suggested—that she would not do now. Did they think, then, that she was going back there among her old friends to be laughed at, and gazed at? What if she did have ten thousand dollars to spend on trills and finery to dazzle their eyes? How long would it be before the whole town found out, as had Mrs. Cobb, that that ten thousand dollars was the price Burke Denby had paid for his freedom from the wife he was ashamed of? Never! She would not go there. Where else could she go?

It was then that a plan came to her—a plan so wild and dazzling that even her fiercest imagination recoiled at first as impossible. But it came again and again, and long before her fancy was playing with it, and turning it about with a wilful "Of course, if I could," which in time became a hesitating "And maybe, after all, I could do it," only to settle at last into a breathlessly triumphant "I will!"

After that things moved very swiftly in the little Denby flat. It was Saturday morning, and there was no time to lose.

First, Helen gathered all the cash she had in the house, not forgetting the baby's bank which yielded the biggest sum of all, and counted it. She had nineteen dollars and seven cents. Then she rummaged among her husband's letters and papers until she found a letter from Dr. Gleason bearing his Boston address. Next, with Bridget to help her, she flung into her trunk everything belonging to herself and the baby that it was possible to crowd in, save the garments laid out to wear. By three o'clock Bridget was paid and dismissed, and Helen, with Dorothy Elizabeth, was waiting for the carriage to take them to the railroad station.

With the same fearless exaltation that had carried her through the prodigious tasks of the morning, Helen lifted up her bag and Dorothy Elizabeth, and followed her trunk down the stairs and out to the street. She gave not one backward glance to the little home, and she carefully avoided anything but an airy "Good-bye" to the waiting Mrs. Cobb in the window on the other side. Not until the wheels began to turn and the journey was really begun, did Helen's tearless exaltation become the frightened anxiety of one who finds herself adrift on an uncharted sea.

Then Helen began to cry.

## CHAPTER XI

In a roomy old house on Beacon Hill Dr. Frank Gleason made his home with his sister, Mrs. Ellery Thayer. The family were at their North Shore cottage, however, and only the doctor was at home on the night that Hawkins, the Thayers' old family butler, appeared at the library door with the somewhat disconcerting information that a young person with a baby and a bag was at the door and wished to speak to Dr. Gleason.

The doctor looked up in surprise. "Me?" he questioned. "A woman? She must mean Mrs. Thayer."

"She said you, sir. And she isn't a patient. I asked her, thinking she might have made a mistake and took you for a real doctor what practices. She said she didn't want doctoring. She wanted you. She's a young person I never saw before, sir."

"But, good heavens, man, it's after eleven o'clock!"

"Yes, sir. On the manservant's face was an expression of lively curiosity and disapproval, mingled with a subdued but unholy mirth which was not lost on the doctor, and which particularly exasperated him.

"What in thunder can a woman with a baby want of me at this time of night? What's her name?" demanded the doctor.

"She didn't say, sir."

"Well, go ask her."

The butler coughed slightly, but made no move to leave the room.

"I did ask her, sir. She declined to give it."

"Declined to—? Well, I like her impertinence."

"Yes, sir. She said you'd—"

The servant's voice faltered and swerved ever so slightly from its well-trained impassiveness—"er—understand, sir."

"She said I'd—the deuce she did!"

Exploded the doctor under his breath, flushing an angry red and leaping to his feet. "Didn't you tell her Mrs. Thayer was gone?" he demanded at last, wheedling savagely.

"I did, sir, and—"

"Well?"

"She said she was glad; that she wanted only you, anyway."

"Wanted only—? Comes here at this time of night with a bag and a baby, refuses to give her name, and says 'I'll understand,'" snarled the doctor.

"Oh, come, Hawkins, this is a colossal mistake, or a fool hoax, or—"

What kind of looking specimen is she?"

"—Hawkins, who had known the doctor from his knickerbocker days, was guilty of a slow grin.

"She's a—very good looking, sir."

"Oh, she is! Well—er, tell her I can't possibly see her; that I've gone to bed—away—sick—something! Anything! Tell her she'll have to see Mrs. Thayer."

"Yes, sir. Still the man made no move to go. "She—er—beg pardon, sir—but she'll be that cut up, I fear, sir. You see, she's been cryin'. And she's young—very young."

"Crying?"

"Yes, sir. And she was that powerful anxious to see you, sir, I had hard work to keep her from coming with me. I did, sir. She's in the hall. And—"

"It's raining outside, sir."

"Oh, good heavens! Well, bring her in," capitulated the doctor in obvious desperation.

"Yes, sir. This time the words were scarcely out of his mouth before the old man was gone. In an incredibly short time he was back with a flushed-faced, agitated young woman carrying a sleeping child in her arms.

At sight of her, the doctor, who had plainly braced himself behind a most forbidding aspect, leaped forward with a low cry and a complete change of manner.

(To be continued.)

## CONVERSING WITH THE MONKEY-MEN

AFRICA HAS ONLY TWO SPECIES OF MAN-APES.

Scientist When Visiting Tropical Africa Employed Phonographs to Record Monkey Language.

The talk about a "missing link" newly found in Africa is, of course, pure nonsense. That continent has been pretty thoroughly explored, and it has only two species of man-apes, the gorilla and the chimpanzee.

Doctor Garner has yet to publish his promised lexicon of ape language. He says that it consists chiefly of squeaks, "E-e-e" means food. Say that to a chimpanzee, and he will always respond—an invitation to dinner demanding from any well-bred person a reply. Ape, declares the doctor, utter ten or a dozen words, which are modified by intonation in such wise as to make forty or fifty words—these including interjections expressive of pain, satisfaction, fear and menace.

When Doctor Garner went into the Gaboon forests of tropical Africa to interview the gorillas at home, he took with him in sections a strong but light steel stage for his own safe occupancy while studying the animals. On his back he carried a small tank of ammonia, with a tubular squirt attached, in order that, in case of an unexpected encounter with one of the ferocious beasts, he might be able to quell him with a dash of the stuff in the eye.

Around the cage, when it was finally set up, he placed several mirrors, so that he could see the animals naturally which female gorillas would naturally be attracted. For a further attraction, it was intended to illuminate the interior with electricity, but the remoteness of the region rendered this impracticable.

Recording Gorilla Conversation.

Eight phonographs were so arranged inside that the large tin horns attached to them projected outward through the bars. Thus, when gorillas approached the cage, and had any reason to be afraid of a hostile or, in the case of a female, an amatory nature, storage batteries controlling the machines were promptly turned on, and the words were duly recorded.

By day and night Doctor Garner made responses to the yells and hoots of gorillas heard in the woods, hoping thereby to draw them near. They awoke much nocturnal uproar, the bachelors of the species being naturally disposed to postpone going to bed until morning, while the males with families kept unrelenting guard at the feet of the trees where their wives re-

posed among the branches in the intervals of the squalls of offspring lacking ipseus and soothing syrup.

Inasmuch as the great apes, and even the lesser monkeys, are provided with speech organs exactly like our own, they ought surely to be able to talk. That they do vocally express some ideas is undeniable, but the same might be said of many other species of animals. A rooster can say, "Hee" is a word," just as plainly as you or I.

Doctor Garner thinks that monkey-talk represents the beginnings of human language. Perhaps it does. Who knows?

## REVISING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

RESULT OF EFFORTS TO BRING IT UP TO DATE.

Revised Version of "God Save the King" is a Mingling of Two Conceptions—The King and the Land.

Meddling with a national anthem is a difficult business, and England has approached "God Save the King" with a duly tentative and hesitating hand. Criticism of the old song (that Henry Carey probably did not, after all, write) has been frequent of late years. It culminated in a new version sung recently for the first time at a thanksgiving service in St. Paul's attended by the king and queen. The original first verse has been preserved; for the other two substitutes have been written "with his majesty's approval." The name of the author is not given. The "tentative" revision runs thus:

God save our gracious king,  
Long live our noble king,  
God save the king!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the king!

One realm of races four,  
Blest more and ever more  
God save our land!  
Home of the brave and free,  
Set in the silver sea,  
True nurse of chivalry,  
God save our land!

Kinsfolk in love and birth  
From utmost ends of earth,  
God save us all!  
Bid strife and hatred cease,  
Bid hope and joy increase,  
Spread universal peace,  
God save us all!

It will be seen that the scattering of the king's enemies, together with the lines touching politics and knavish tricks, have been abandoned in favor of the empire and its seaward look. As for the new last verse, then, none that can be said of it is that it is not much weaker than the original. There is sense in this comment of the London Times upon the whole project:

New Version Lacks Unity.

The anthem—for it is now almost worthy of that name—is at length perhaps more in accordance with the refinement of an age remarkable for its avoidance of vivid colors and loud language. But it is to be noticed that there is in it less about the king and more about ourselves, and even the natural scenery of our dominions, than before; and our taste and sense of congruity will have ultimately to decide whether this mixture of motives is calculated to make the same direct appeal as the former single one. There is still much to be said in favor of the old form, which made the king in this song, as in more solemn supplication, stand for the people.

For our part we have never understood the supposed popular discontent with the historic version, and while complementing the latest reviser on the tact and gentility of his effort, we still retain a preference for the hearty, if rude, original.

The revised version of the British hymnal seems an unfortunate mingling of two conceptions. It begins with the king as head and symbol of the state, and then switches to the land itself. The original hymn had the clear merit of sticking to one point of view and gaining all the force that comes from an outspoken unity.

The moral is strong that a national anthem is a good thing to leave alone. Its anachronisms become harmless through lapse of time; its overtones of patriotic emotion grow with the years.

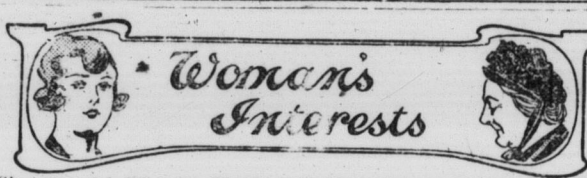
Lack of Food Caused Blindness.

The abnormal number of children in Poland born blind the past three years, although their parents were not diseased, is due mainly to the malnutrition of mothers, says a despatch from Warsaw. The increase in blindness among children at birth was thought at first to herald the advent of some new war disease. But investigation by experts proved that the famished condition of the mothers reflected on the eyesight of their infants.

A New Kind of an Iron.

When boarding of traveling keep with you a number of pieces of blotting paper about twenty inches square. Wash out your handkerchiefs or lace collars and place them between the pieces of blotting paper and place something heavy on them. It is an easy and effective way to iron.

Minard's Liniment Cures Croup in Cows



Give your Job What It's Worth.

A great deal is being written just now about the place women is to take in the reconstructed world which everyone is expecting. That the several millions who were engaged in war work are not going back to their old jobs seems to be taken for granted, but just what is to be done with them is a problem to the agitated writers, all of whom seem to consider any branch of housework as drudgery. Granted for the sake of their argument that it is more exciting temporarily to stand all day in an elevator, shooting up and down and calling "floor, please," than it is to stand a room or bake a pie, with the opportunity to run outdoors occasionally between occupations, it is still a question whether the women themselves will find their new occupations any less tiresome than their old after the novelty wears off.

"Equal pay for equal work," is another slogan for the woman in industry, and a just one. Woman should receive the same pay as man, if she does the same work. But, mark you, she should receive it only if she does the work. I am glad to see that one woman writer in a widely read magazine has had the courage to call attention to that fact. She has told women quite plainly that if they want the money they must deliver the goods, when they clamor to be paid what the job is worth they must be sure they are giving the job what it is worth. This is a point well taken, and one that men and women both would do well to consider.

Are you giving your job what it is worth? And any job worth doing at all is worth doing with all your might, mind and heart. Years of experience has led me to believe that mighty few workers are giving that. It is the few who do give all that is in them to the job who make the successes and complain the least about being underpaid. The ones who talk the most about how poorly they are paid are almost to a man and woman the ones who are not earning what they get.

I hope in this reconstruction through which we are passing that we will adopt a new method of paying employees, and pay what each is worth. Instead of adopting the union method of a fixed wage regardless of the quality or amount of work turned out in a given time. How much more satisfactory it would be, both to the employer and the employee, for it is now so exasperating to feel that you earn \$5 a day and get but \$3, than it is to have to pay \$5 for work which is worth about fifty cents.

There is the case of women workers who come for a day in the home. The standard price is \$2 a day. One woman will come, and in her eight hours do four times the work of another. Yet each gets the same price. I have had women put in eight hours time and get \$2 for it, who, judged by the help they actually gave, should have paid me \$2 for taking up my time and frazzling my nerves. The little work they did was so poorly done that a ten-year-old child might have done better. It would have been more satisfactory to me to hand such "helpers" a quarter, and it surely would have done them more good. Such treatment might jar them into a realization of the fact that if they want real wages they must see that they deliver the goods.

This sort of help is only too well known by farmers. The hired man of the day is the supreme autocrat. He demands the highest wage going, and gives in return just what he chooses. It would be a godsend to him, as well as to the farmer, if he could be paid what he earned. The average individual who knows he will receive a stipulated sum anyway cares mighty little for the quality of his workmanship. It is the man who is working for a bonus who does his best.

A little more conscience and a little less arrogance wouldn't be a bad thing for a great many people, as William Hohenzollern found out. The world doesn't owe anybody anything as a free gift. The command to work was

the first divine command after Eve ate the apple, and to my knowledge it has never been rescinded. Honest work should be a part of one's religion.

How To Do Things in the Kitchen.

String beans cooked thus are both tender and green: Trim off the ends and strings, cut lengthwise into three strips, soak for an hour in cold water, then cook in boiling, slightly salted water. Drain, return to the saucepan, add a little salt and either butter or cream; stir until hot, then serve.

For tomato toast fry slices of bacon; take from the pan and in the fat fry thick slices of tomatoes that have been dipped in flour. Place on buttered toast, and in the same fat fry as many eggs as there are slices and place on top of the tomatoes.

Tomato butter: To seven pounds of firm, ripe tomatoes, pared and sliced, add three pounds of sugar, a scant pint of vinegar, an ounce of powdered cinnamon, and a half ounce of whole cloves. Boil for three hours, pack in jars and keep in a cool, dark place.

Bake a slice of ham for a change. Cut it one-half inch thick, and to it add twelve cloves, two tablespoonsful of brown sugar and two tart apples. Wipe the ham with a damp cloth. Stick the cloves in it, place in a baking dish or casserole and surround it with the apples, pared, cored, and cut across to form rings. Sprinkle with sugar and pour over the ham one cupful of hot water. Bake in a covered dish until the ham is tender.

Green corn omelet is a good supper dish. Cut the grains from six young and tender ears of corn, but do not cut too close. Sprinkle with sifted flour and set aside. Beat five eggs until light, add three tablespoonsful of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, one saltspoonful of salt and, last of all, the green corn. Butter an omelet or frying pan and cook as you would any omelet, or pour into a greased baking dish and bake until it sets.

Baked stuffed peppers add a variety to the daily fare. Six green peppers will require two cupsful of cooked rice, one-half cupful of chopped ham, one tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Wash the peppers, remove the stems and seeds and stand in scalding water for fifteen minutes. Mix the rice and ham and add seasoning. Fill the peppers with this mixture, placing a small piece of butter on top of each. Place in a baking dish and bake until browned on top.

Sandwiches Both Sweet and Savory.

Sandwiches for picnics and lawn parties are in order. Pretty and appetizing ones are made of nasturtiums. Lay the petals of fresh flowers in ice water for a few minutes. Butter thin slices of bread, spread with mayonnaise dressing, then cover with a thick layer of the petals and place another buttered slice on top. Arrange the sandwiches on a plate with some fresh blossoms and leaves among them.

Dry sausage sandwiches should be made with rye bread to be at their

## Victory Bonds

Sellers of Victory Bonds will find definite prices quoted on the financial page of the Toronto morning papers.

W. L. McKINNON & CO.  
Dealers in Government and Municipal Bonds  
McKinnon Bldg., 19 Melinda St., Toronto

best. Both sausage and bread should be cut very thin.

Egg and ham sandwiches: One hard-cooked egg, chopped fine; an equal amount of chopped ham; one teaspoonful of melted butter. Mix all together.

Tomato sandwiches: Peel firm tomatoes and cut into thin slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and bits of crisply cooked bacon and lay between crisp slices of buttered toast.

Cheese sandwiches require two-thirds of a cupful of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, yolk of one hard-cooked egg, a quarter teaspoonful of mustard, a quarter teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper. Mix to a smooth paste.

Olive sandwiches: Chop six olives, mix with butter, add a few drops of lemon juice and spread on thinly cut slices of bread. Sweet peppers can be used in the same way, omitting the lemon juice.

Peanut sandwiches: Shell and skin a cupful of peanuts, pound in a wooden bowl with a potato masher, sprinkle with a little salt, mix to a paste with butter, and spread on thin slices of bread.

Salmon sandwiches: Remove the skin and bones from canned salmon, and mash. Add the yolks of hard-cooked eggs. Moisten with melted butter and add shredded lettuce. Season with salt, pepper and a few drops of lemon juice.

## Summer Sunshine.

Summer sunshine warm and bright bleached the daisy's collar white; Knit for him a cap of yellow, Turned him out a dapper fellow.

Summer sunshine touched the rose, Made her tender leaves unclose, Painted blushes on her face, Gave her beauty, gave her grace.

Summer sunshine drew the showers That revived the drooping flowers; Waved his wand, and lo! the sky Flashed a rainbow to the eye!

Summer sunshine, all your ways Gladden us through many days; Girls and boys, and flowerets, too, Owe so much of joy to you!

On water alone a horse can live twenty-five days, but he will last only five days eating solid food without drinking.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The condor is the only bird that keeps its offspring in the nest for a year. The young can not fly for twelve months after being hatched.

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Is perfectly cooked and the Government legend guarantees absolute purity.  
With Tomato, Chili or Plain Sauce.  
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**Benson's CORN STARCH**

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A little Benson's Corn Starch should be introduced into juicy fruit pies, such as rhubarb, cherry, etc., to prevent running over.

Orange Cream Pie is not difficult to make and will prove a happy addition to your dessert recipes.

Serve custards, blanc mange, sauces, gravies, cakes and puddings made with Benson's Corn Starch.

**The Canada Starch Co., Limited Montreal**

## LUGGED BOY HOME IN A BAG

RESCUED ORPHAN FROM SNOWS OF RUSSIA.

Returned Toronto Soldier Saved An Eleven-Year-Old Whose Parents Were Murdered by Bolsheviks.

Probably the most novel souvenir of the great war which has been brought to Canada is "Alexander Jamieson," Alex, is 11 years old. He lives at the home of a Toronto soldier, Jack Jamieson, who has just returned from the Russian front.

Mr. Jamieson tells the story of the boy's rescue and travels to Canada. "Alex," as he is called, is probably the boy's real name, though what his surname is can only be guessed. He himself has adopted the name of his deliverer, Jamieson. Alex's parents were both murdered by the "Bols," and the lad was picked up by the boys of the Canadian artillery expedition at a village about 250 miles south of Archangel. The exact name of the place sounds like "Ostovaga," and means "the mouth of the Volga" river. There is a river at this point which empties into the Volga.

Smuggled to Canada.

The lad was taken in charge by Jamieson and another soldier, Sid Howard, from Deseronto, Ontario. They had no trouble taking care of him at the front, as he ate the army rations and slept with the boys. But it was necessary to make a stowaway of him. On the journey from Russia to England he was placed in a large mail bag and carried on board like any other part of a soldier's equipment. He was let out in England, where a khaki uniform was made for him by a soldier's wife. On coming from England, he was again wrapped up, this time in a blanket, thrown over one of the soldier's backs and "all aboard for Canada."

Alex is a remarkably sturdy boy for his age. He has tremendous strength in his arms, being able to twist an ordinary full-grown man off his feet. He can speak a few words of English, though is not yet very fluent. But he is very quick to understand, and will no doubt speak the language of his adoption within a few months.

Mr. Jamieson states that the boy threatened to drown himself if he was not taken along by the boys when they left Russia. So what could they do but take a chance?

"He is a big responsibility," stated Mrs. Jamieson, mother of the returned soldier. "Just look at the muscle of him for a boy of his age."

Fighting in North Russia.

In connection with the Russian campaign, Mr. Jamieson gave some interesting sidelights on the fighting in the district from which the lad comes.

We had to do patrol duty, and machine gun picket, as well as our ordinary artillery work," he stated. "And we always dug the guns in a ring-bed for the trail, so we could turn the guns round and fire behind us, as we sometimes had the 'Bols' both behind and in front, and on one occasion had both guns firing at the same time in the opposite direction. Just a day after the armistice of the western front was signed, two of our boys were found dead on the road where they had been doing cavalry patrol duty. The 'Bols' had slashed the mark of a cross on their faces with the axe to show, as they consider, that they had 'killed like dogs.' The country is very difficult for observation. It is nearly all short pine trees about twenty feet high, and when an airplane comes over the 'Bols' would simply slip in under the trees, so that aviation is a distinct handicap. Guns are also hard to pick up on account of the dense growth of the forest.

Mr. Jamieson served in the Canadian artillery in France from the battle of the Somme up until Passchendaele, when he was gassed and sent to England. He landed in Russia in October last, and the battery was finally relieved on June 7th of this year.

Hudson Bay Railway.

During the year ended March 31, 1918, the grading of the entire line of the Hudson Bay railway from The Pas to Port Nelson was completed. The main line track, with necessary sidings for the operation of light traffic, extends from The Pas to the second crossing of the Nelson river at Kettle rapids, a distance of 334 miles. The total distance from The Pas to Port Nelson is 424 miles, therefore about 90 miles of line remain over which track has not yet been laid, as stated in the annual report of the Department of Railways and Canals.

Attracted His Attention.

Codville is very proud of its schools, which hold all the latest improvements. Every visitor is asked: "Have you seen our schools?"

"I have," replied one man promptly, in answer to this question. "They're quite good."

"Splendid, aren't they?" gushed the native. "Fine buildings, and all the most up-to-date fittings. By the way, what was the first thing which struck you on entering?"

"A bean from a beanshooter!" said the visitor, coldly.