

The Road to Understanding

—BY—
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CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)
Fresh from her vigils of the night before, with its self-accusations and its heroic resolutions, she was so chastened and softened that there was more of grief than anger in her first outburst.
She began to cry a little wildly. Burke was going away. He wanted to go. He said they—they got on each other's nerves. He said they needed a vacation from each other. Needed one! As if they did! It wasn't that. It was his father's idea. She knew. It was all his fault! But he was going—Burke was. He said he was. There would not be any chance now to show him the daintily-gowned wife welcoming her husband home to a well-kept house. There would not be any chance to show how she had changed. There would not be—
But there would be—after he came back—
Helen stopped sobbing, and caught her breath with a new hope in her eyes. Dorothy Elizabeth began to cry, and Helen picked her up and commenced to rock her.
Of course there would be time after he came back. And, after all, might it not be the wisest thing, to be away from each other for a time? Why, even this little while—a single night—of Burke's being gone—had shown her where she stood—had shown her where it was all leading to! Of course it was the best way, and Burke had seen it. It was right that he should go. And had they not provided for her? She was to go—There was a check somewhere—
Burrowing in her lap under Dorothy Elizabeth's warm little body, Helen dragged forth an oblong bit of crumpled paper. Carefully she spread it flat. The next moment her eyes flew wide open.
One thousand dollars! No, ten thousand! It couldn't be! But it was. Ten thousand dollars! And she had been scolding and blaming them, when all the time they had been so generous! And it really was the best way, too, that they should be apart for a while. It would give her a chance to adjust herself and practice—and it would need some practice if she were really going to be that daintily-gowned young wife welcoming her husband to a well-kept home! And with ten thousand dollars! What couldn't they get—with ten thousand dollars?
Dorothy Elizabeth, at that moment, emitted a sharp, frightened cry. For how was Dorothy Elizabeth to know that the spasmodic pressure that so hurt her was really only a ten-thousand-dollar bug of joy?
In less than half an hour, Helen, leaving the baby with Bridget, had sought Mrs. Cobb. She could keep her good news no longer.
"I came to tell you. I'm going away—Baby and I," she announced joyously. "We're going next week."
"Jinny! You don't say so! But you don't mean you're going away five?"
"Oh, no. Just for a visit to my old home town where I was born—only 'till be a good long one. You see, we need a rest and change so much—Baby and I do." There was a shade of impatience in voice and manner.
"That you do!" exclaimed Mrs. Cobb, with emphasis. "And I'm glad you're going. But, sakes alive, I'm goin' ter miss ye, child!"
"I shall miss you, too," beamed Helen cordially.
"How long you goin' ter be gone?"
"I don't know exactly. It'll depend, some, on Burke—mean Mr. Denby—when he wants me to come back."
"Oh, ain't he goin', too?" An indefinable change came to Mrs. Cobb's voice.
"Oh, no, not with us," smiled Helen. "He's going to Alaska."
"To—Alaska! And, pray, what's he chasin' off to a heathen country like that for?"
"Tian't heathen—Alaska ain't," flashed Helen, vaguely irritated without knowing why. "Heathen countries are—always hot. Alaska's cold. Isn't Alaska up north—to the pole, 'most? It used to be, when I went to school."
"Maybe 'tis; but that ain't sayin' why he's goin' there, instead of with you," retorted Mrs. Cobb. In spite of the bantering tone in which this was uttered, disapproval was plainly evident in Mrs. Cobb's voice.
"He's going with his father," answered Helen, with some dignity. "His father! Humph!"
This time the disapproval was so unmistakably evident that Helen flamed into prompt defence, in righteous, wifely indignation.
"I don't know why you speak like that, Mrs. Cobb. Hasn't he got a right to go with his father, if he wants to? Besides, his father needs him. Burke says he does."
"And you don't need him, I s'pose," flamed Mrs. Cobb, in her turn, nettled that her sympathetic interest should meet with so poor a welcome. "Of course he's none of my business. Miss Denby! It seems a shame to me

for I m ter let you and the baby go off alone like this, and I s'poke right out. I always speak right out—what I think."
Helen flushed angrily. However much she might find fault with her husband herself, she suddenly discovered a strong disinclination to allowing any one else to do so. Besides, now, when he and his father had been so kind and generous—! She had not meant to tell Mrs. Cobb of the ten-thousand-dollar check, lest it lead to unpleasant questioning as to why it was sent. But now, in the face of Mrs. Cobb's unjust criticism, she flung caution aside.
"You're very kind," she began, a bit haughtily; "but, you see, this time you have made a slight mistake. I don't think it's a shame at all for him to go away—with his father who needs him; and you won't when you know what they've sent me. They sent me a check this afternoon for ten thousand dollars."
"Ten—thousand—dollars!"
"Yes," bowed Helen, with a triumphant "I-told-you-so" air, as Mrs. Cobb's eyes seemed almost to pop out of her head. "They sent it this very afternoon."
"For the land's sake!" breathed Mrs. Cobb. Then, as her dazed wit began to collect themselves, a new look came to her eyes. "They sent it?" she cried.
"By special messenger—yes," bowed Helen, again importantly.
"But how funny to send it instead of bringing it himself—your husband, I mean."
"Too late Helen saw her mistake. In a panic, now, lest unpleasant truths be discovered, she assumed an especially light, cheerful manner.
"Oh, no, I don't think it was funny a bit. He—he wanted it, a surprise, I guess. And he wrote—a letter, you know. A lovely letter, all about what a good time Baby and I could have with the money."
The suspicion in Mrs. Cobb's eyes became swift conviction. An angry red stained her cheeks—but it was not anger at Helen. That was clearly to be seen. (To be continued.)

AGE-OLD DOOR-KNOCKERS.

The origin of door-knockers is almost lost in obscurity, and their development from mere articles of utility to objects of art has been a long, slow process of evolution covering centuries and antedating western civilization by many hundreds of years.
The first general use of knockers that is positively known was among the ancient Greeks, who probably adopted them from the Egyptians. We are told that the Greeks considered it a breach of good manners to enter a house without warning the inmates, and that the Spartans gave this notice by shouting their arrival, while the Athenians announced themselves by using the knocker. Its introduction doubtless came at the time when doors superseded hangings, for the purpose of insuring greater safety or privacy.
In the Greek houses of the better class a porter was in constant attendance at the door to admit visitors. Slaves were usually employed in this capacity, and were chained to the door posts to prevent their wandering and shirking the monotony of the task. They often went to sleep while on duty and in order to awaken them a short bar of iron was fastened to the door by a chain to be used as a rapper by those desiring entrance to the house.
It is said that this strictly utilitarian rapper, as it was first called, was often wrenched from the door to be used as a weapon of offense by visitors who were not friendly disposed toward the household. A later development was a direct consequence of this misuse, the next type being in the form of a heavy ring fastened by a strong clamp or plate to the door, thus serving the double purpose of knocker and handle.
From Greece the custom was transferred to the Romans, and with the western trend of early civilization to nearly every country of Europe. The introduction of knockers to England, where together with Italy and Germany they have attained the greatest artistic development, was no doubt due to the Roman conquest of western Europe and Britain.

Life's Garden.

In everybody's garden you'll find a red rose tree
With crimson blossoms on it and honey for the bee.
And in everybody's garden there's a little bunch of rue,
I find one in my garden and you will find one, too.
And on everybody's garden sometimes the rain must fall,
Or else the crimson roses will not blossom out at all;
And sometimes the sun is shining and the summer skies are blue;
But in everybody's garden there's the rosebush and the rue.

VILLAGE INNS IN JAPAN

With the advent of the "modern hotel" in Japan the old inns, or rest-houses, have been to a large extent relegated to obscurity, but some still survive in parts where European travellers seldom penetrate. The kind of a home accorded to visitors in one of the village inns is very far removed from western ideas of hospitality. Here is the interesting experience of a traveler:
"As soon as I arrived I was conducted by the polite hostess into the chief guestroom, which looked out upon the cool orchard of a temple.
"Cushions were brought in, and bright kimonos. I took off my dusty English clothes, and put on first the lower kimono, made of cotton; and then a gaudy silk one, bright with the colors of the hotel, which its guests display during their stay as openly as an English cricketer his club blazer.
"The room, like all Japanese rooms, was bare except for one of the ornaments. There is always a special corner for the room's ornament, which is sometimes a vase of flowers, sometimes a piece of china, sometimes simply a painting upon silk or a woodcut. The subjects are not seldom such as to bring a blush to the European cheek, but they have no such effect on the Japanese, who seem more concerned with the arrangement than the subject of the ornaments. There are strict rules for decoration: it is laid down, for example, that flowers of different colors should not be mixed in one vase.
"At length, because I was famishing, a low table and a brazier were brought in and set in front of me and my cushions.
"Every time I thought I had finished, the hostess or one of the maids would trip in with another tray of dishes and put them before me on the table. Had I not been able to use chopsticks before, I should certainly have become expert by the end of that long meal.
"A little while after the meal—for it did end at last—I was told that the bath was ready. I was taken to the open courtyard and introduced to the arrangements there.
"Two huge barrels were sunk in the earth, one filled with hot, the other with cold water. There was a thin screen on two sides—not against prying eyes, but simply to keep off the wind. Indeed, as I began to take off my kimono an interested audience of both sexes turned to watch me. This was unpleasant, and I did my best to dodge their gaze behind the screen.
"I might have saved myself the trouble. A moment later, in reply to the calls of the innkeeper and his wife, their daughter came up hastily to bathe me, as her duty was. She was not in the least embarrassed—and I soon had other things to worry me, for when, at the young lady's direction, I let myself down into the hot tub I discovered that, in the usual Japanese fashion, the heat of the water in it was not less than 115 degrees Fahrenheit.
"Up to my neck in that hot bath I suffered exquisite torture, which turned to complete agony when I stepped on the still hotter kettle lying on the bottom of the tub. The innkeeper's daughter pulled me out, red as a lobster and very nearly boiled. She dropped me, more dead than alive, into the cold tub, pulled me out again, and dried me.
"Then she bowed politely, and left me to return to my room."
The War Office states that the Army Council have decided to maintain Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps as a part of the army organization.
Mrs. Creighton, widow of the former Bishop of London, says the French women show far greater capacity than English women in matters of finance.

Sailor Thoughts.

Some one will think of me
When I am far away
On the open sea;
When the great waves roll and play
Upon the beach,
And the sea-bird's screech
Sets all the breakers free.
Some one will watch and pray
For the unfurled sail to creep
To the sleepy bay;
And a loving heart will weep,
As sunset's sun,
Or morn begun,
Brings no returning day.
Some one will welcome home
This weather-beaten ship
From the salt sea foam;
And breathe with earnest lip
A hearty request—
Nay! Love's best—
"No more the waves to roam."

A Remarkable Case.

"Is this a healthful town?" inquired the home seaker, of a native.
"Yes, certainly," was the answer. "When I came here, I hadn't the strength to utter a word; I had scarcely a hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room, and I had to be lifted from my bed."
"You give me hope!" cried the home seaker with enthusiasm. "How long have you been here?"
"I was born here," replied the native.

That is one thing that our victory has given us. It has given us back that glad time by sea, or among the hills, or on the moor, or down the lane, that meant so much to us once. For this we are deeply thankful.—Thomas Cassels.

Woman's Interests

Preparing For Threshers.

"Much of the burden of preparing meals for threshers could be eliminated if the housekeepers would choose foods with care and apply their skill to the preparation of simpler meals," writes an experienced housekeeper. "The menu should include a tissue-building food, such as meat or a meat substitute; a starchy vegetable like potatoes; one or two green vegetables such as onions, cabbage, string beans, tomatoe or corn; bread and butter; a simple dessert of fruit, pudding, plain cake or pie, with tea or coffee."
"The following dinners were served on three successive days by a young woman who has learned the secret of simplicity and careful planning:
"First day: Roast beef, gravy, browned potatoes, green beans, sliced tomatoe, bread and butter, honey, cream pie, coffee, iced tea.
"Second day: Beef loaf, mashed potatoes, rice and tomatoe, cabbage salad, apple sauce, pumpkin pie, cheese, iced tea, coffee.
"Third day: Baked chicken, mashed potatoes, baked beans, beet pickles, sliced tomatoe, corn bread, apple butter, fresh blackberries and cream, iced tea, coffee.
"The woman who planned these meals, writes: 'I begin my threshing period by getting as much ready as possible of such foods as would not be wasted should rain or a breakdown occur. Two or three days beforehand I make a large batch of spiced cookies, a quart of salad dressing, and a gallon of beet pickles. The day before the threshers arrive I make pie shells, bake bread for two days, and supplement my supply with corn bread or oatmeal bread.
"On the first day I have pie filling to make, potatoes and tomatoe to prepare. I cook the meat in a large roaster and it is cooked in time to remove from the pan and give room for the potatoes.
"The second day I use any left-overs for meat and gravy in the meat loaf, and left-over tomatoe with the rice. The meat loaf does not take so long to cook as the roast, so I get the pies out of the way early. By planning the meals and getting things I mentioned ready beforehand I can manage with the help of one person. I could have more help, but I much prefer having fewer people about."
The following menus may be helpful in planning the meals for the harvest season:
"Dinner: Baked ham, boiled potatoes, creamed peas, stewed apples, radishes, bread, lemon pie, iced tea, milk.
"Supper: Cold sliced ham, mustard, potato salad, buttered beets, pickles, bread, preserves, baked custard, cocoa, iced tea and milk.
"Dinner: Boiled dinner, horseradish, lettuce salad, bread, jelly, tapioca pudding, coffee, milk.
"Supper: Corned beef hash, poached eggs, greens, sliced tomatoe, bread, fruit, cake, tea, milk.
"Dinner: Meat loaf, tomato sauce, cottage cheese, French fried potatoes, turnips, radishes, bread, apple dumplings, iced tea, milk.
"Supper—Sliced meat loaf, spaghetti with tomato sauce, creamed peas, fresh onions, bread, jelly, sponge cake with whipped cream, tea, milk."

Choosing Breakfast Foods.

With such a bewildering number of foods to choose from, how is the housekeeper to know which one to choose? In the majority of cases the question is settled by selecting the one everybody in the family likes best. Or if no two like the same one, the average Canadian mother keeps everybody's preference on hand and increases her work fourfold by catering to father, Susie and little John. A smaller number, imbued with a sense of thrift, select the breakfast food which they think the cheapest, but are often led into buying the most expensive sort because its price per package is the lowest, making it seemingly the cheapest.
Cereals should be served in every home, and as their place is so important the housekeeper should know how

	Total Calories.	Protein Calories.	Price Per Package.
Flaked wheat	2,495	368	15c
Rolls	2,475	456	10c
Cracked wheat	2,325	491	10c
Stuffed wheat	2,551	205	13c
Cornflakes	1,080	66	10c
Puffed rice	702	64	10c
Puffed wheat	690	102	12c

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boiling water and you will be able to cut the thinnest slice of bread from a fresh loaf.
A teaspoonful of peanut butter in home-made candy gives a delicious flavor. A little in salad dressing gives the nutty flavor one enjoys in a salad.
To remove the dust from velvet or plush sprinkle salt over it and brush off with a stiff brush.
If a cake or loaf of bread is thoroughly baked there will be cracking and ticking noise when held close to the ear.
To have fudge of a creamy texture place the pan in cold water immediately on taking it from the fire and stir—don't beat—the candy with a silver spoon.
Bread for sandwiches should be cut in even slices a quarter of an inch thick and always cream the butter to be used so as not to crumble the bread when spreading.
To remove iron rust from linen wet the spots and stretch over a basin full of hot water, put a little salt of lemon on the spots; as soon as they disappear wash out in several clear waters.
Wooden skewers which come in joints when cleaning paint they are extremely useful if wrapped in the flannel for removing dirt from niches and corners.

Nations will respect each other more by the mutual study of their literature than by any other way.—Professor Gilbert Murray.

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CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE PIGMIES

SCATTERED OVER MANY PARTS OF THE EARTH.

African Pigmies Are Fierce and Warlike, While Those of Madagascar Are Very Timid.

A most interesting puzzle to anthropologists are the pigmies. Apparently of a single racial stock, they are scattered over many parts of the world, and nobody can give a plausible guess as to how their distribution was accomplished.
Wherever found they seem to be the earliest people—veritable aborigines—and all of them are much alike physically, though different somewhat in complexion. They are supposed to be more ancient than any other race now surviving on the globe.
To this race belong the so-called "monkey men" of the mountainous interior of India. Likewise the pot-bellied natives of the Andaman Islands, in the Bengal gulf, who are said to "look like babies all their lives."
These latter wear their hair in frizzy tufts and adorn themselves with necklaces made from the bones and teeth of defunct relatives.
In Madagascar are the Behos, black dwarfs, who when pursued jump from tree to tree like monkeys. They are so timid that sometimes they die of fright when captured.
Once a Numerous People.
In Ceylon are found the Veddas, of whom not more than 2,000 are now left alive. Few of them are able to count up to three. They are of the same pigmy race, and unquestionably they were very anciently a numerous people, inhabiting that island when visited by the earliest of prehistoric explorers.
The bones of pigmy people are plentifully found on the island of Formosa, where doubtless the last of them were wiped out by the Malays some centuries ago.
But if you will look at the map, you will see that Formosa is really a northern member of that great archipelago which we call the Philippines, though separated from the latter politically. Hence it is not surprising to find dwarfs of the same race to-day inhabiting Luzon and Mindanao, where they are called Actas.
Like all of the great apes and minor monkey tribes, the pigmies everywhere are tropical residents. The stature of the men is about six inches over four feet, and the women are four or five inches shorter. They go all but naked, have, as a rule, no permanent dwellings, sow no seed and grow no crops.
Barnum's famous "wild man of Borneo" was a pigmy from the Philippines. No wonder that he excited popular interest, for nobody had seen his like before—at all events not in this country. But the historian Herodotus, 2,500 years ago, described the African pigmies which he located near the source of the Nile.
Described by Stanley.
Herodotus, for once, told the truth, for it is in that region that modern explorers have found them. Stanley described them as having huge stomachs and short legs, and as "leaping about like grasshoppers." One specimen he saw was a full grown young warrior, three inches short of three feet in height, but "perfectly formed and of a glistening sleekness of body, with absurdly large eyes."
The African pigmies are fierce and warlike, and each little fighting man carries at his belt a bottle of poison (for arrows) so deadly that the slightest wound from a weapon envenomed with it will kill a man. Colonel Roosevelt, while on his famous hunting trip, sent some of these arrows to the Smithsonian Institution, with a tag attached suggesting carefulness in handling them.
These dwarfs build dome-shaped houses in a circle, the chief's residence in the center, and at a distance of 100 yards from the village a sentry box big enough to hold two little men is placed on every path, with a doorway looking up the trail.

BREAK CAKE OVER BRIDE

Some Curious Wedding Customs in English Counties.
It is an old belief that a marriage should take place when the moon is waxing and not waning, if it is to be a lucky match, and in many north country districts in England a strict enquiry is made as to the state of the moon before the wedding day is fixed. In the north, too, no wise bride will ask an odd number of guests to her wedding feast, or an odd superstitious idea that if it is done, one of the guests will die before the year is out.
In the Highlands it is taken as a terribly unlucky sign if a dog should run between the bride and groom on their wedding day; while in Derbyshire prospective brides still tell the bees of their wedding, and decorate the hives for the occasion. In parts of England and Scotland there exists an ancient custom for which reason is hard to find, by which part of the wedding cake is broken over the head of the bride and the guests scramble for pieces.
Where a man's heart is rooted there is his home.—Boen.

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