

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ON LEARNING THE LAWS OF LIFE IN THE HOME.

The other day I heard some children begging to make candy on a rainy afternoon. Their mother objected. "Oh please," they begged. "I've just tidied up the kitchen and you will get everything messed up," she pointed out. "We won't," they said, and she tasted until she yielded. After two or three later, after the excitement of candy making had died down, she showed me the kitchen. It was full of dirty dishes, and the candy had been left out of the tin.

The ice chest—and the children had disappeared. "Do you wonder," she said, "that I hate to have them make candy?" I didn't wonder under those conditions, but I did wonder "that" she didn't make them clean up their mess themselves, and I said something to that effect.

Easier to do it herself. "I do try to," she said, "but they never want to and it's more work to make them than to do it myself. Whereupon she went gleefully about the business of cleaning up, saying as she did so "I simply can't let them make candy again."

How unfair both to the children and to herself. I could not help thinking of another home where the children being normal children, candy making is one of the favorite diversions. And this is the way that mother deals with the subject. In the first place they make candy once a week no oftener. That does away with constant teasing. In the second place, they cannot make it at all unless they clean up every dish and leave the kitchen just as they found it. If they fail to do this they forfeit the right to make candy the next week.

The Right Taken Away Once or Twice.

"I had to take away the right once or twice but after that they learned," said this mother. "It's perfectly simple and doesn't involve any strain on me. I like them to have a good time but I have to work pretty hard to keep four kiddies well fed and the house in order (although of course they all have their tasks) and the sewing done, and I don't feel that I should have any extra work that can be avoided."

Why doesn't every mother do it this way I wondered.

I suppose the answer is obvious—because it seems easier to forbid than to train. Or if you are of another type of mother, easier to do the extra work than to train.

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But it really isn't easier in the end. Children can understand.

Children are fully capable of appreciating any system of rewards and punishments which they know is just, and of being guided by it.

An army officer has an article in one of the magazines on the way he introduced a system of rewards and punishments like those of a military school into his home and what wonders it accomplished! A boy friend of mine is at a boy's camp and writes home enthusiastic letters about how he got nine and a half out of a possible ten points on care of his tent. The boy who would never be reached by nagging and scolding and reproaches could be reached by reward and deprivation.

And since that is just what life is going to do to the children—that is, reward them for obeying the laws and punish them for disobeying, why not let them learn the laws of life in the home?

C. H. E. Results.

CENTENARY HALL.

Preliminary—Honors Division (In order of merit)—John Badcock, Edith Gillingham, (\$30 scholarship); Mill-cent King, (\$30 scholarship); Allan Gillingham, (\$30 scholarship); Malcolm Loveridge, (\$30 scholarship); Chester Barrett.

Passes (In alphabetical order)—Myrtle Bromfield, Nellie Buckler, Hazel Butler, Maxwell Butler, Lily Butt, Jean Forbes, Clyde Hekin, Frank King, Augustus King, Fred Martin, Robert Puddister, Irene Rose, Agnes Tavenor, Fred Taylor, Reginald Taylor.—Total 21.

Primary—Passes (In Alphabetical order)—Donald Badcock, Doris Badcock, Hayward Blackler, Jennie Butler, Annie Campbell, Stanley Cook, Clarence Day, Walter Driscoll, Maud Evans, Jean Fowler, Chesley Fry, Roderick Harris, Gordon Howell, Mildred Hudson, Allan Hussey, Ethel King, Phyllis Mercer, Ethel Miller, Olive Pughie, Anita Fyhn, Arthur Sinclair, Gower Stone, Jack Taylor, Millie Thistle, Winnie Tucker, Gladys Whitten.—Total 26. Total Passes for school 47.

The Pin's History.

The modern pin-making machine completes the pin except in coloring and polishing, and then comes the pin-sticking machine which supplies us with our papers of pins. This machine is almost human in its workings. One workman feeds it with pins and another feeds it with papers. The packages come out at the other end.

Pins for the use of the soldier were first made in England during the fifteenth century. They were made of iron wire. Brass wire pins were introduced from France in 1540 by Catherine Howard, queen of Henry VIII. The foundation for the manufacture of the present-day pin commenced with the invention of the process of drawing wire. For many years all pin manufacturing was confined to France and Germany, where this process was invented. Brass wire pins were first made in England in 1826.

In the early days of pin making it was a most tedious process. They were made by filing a proper length of wire to a point and then twisting a fine piece of wire to the other end, thus forming a head. This required fourteen different operations by as many workmen, all of which was done by hand as machinery had not been invented. In 1776 the American congress, realizing the absolute necessity for pins in the development of the civilization of the country, offered a bonus of \$250 for the first twenty-five dozen domestic pins equal to those imported from England.

In 1797 Timothy Harris of England devised the first solid headed pin. American inventive genius continued on the job until the best idea was hit upon, and in 1824 a machine was invented which made solid heads to the pins by a process similar to the making of nails.

Seven years later, in 1831, John Ireland Howe, a doctor in Bellevue Hospital, New York, invented a machine for making perfect solid headed pins. A company was organized and a factory started at Derby, Conn.

One of the smartest furs for the coming winter will be mole skin. A flock of white crepe has its bodice staped in black dragons.

MY COLUMN

By the CUB-EDITOR.
THE STOLEN BRIDE.

Author's Note.—Owing to the jealousy of the editor who probably realizes that his editorials (that's what he calls them) are being neglected by readers when instalments of this serial appear, I have been compelled to curtail it considerably. For this I crave my readers' apologies but can assure them that it is not my fault. (No, merely an excuse for either laziness or a inability to think out any more melodramatic situations.)—Editor.

Characters in this story—Sairy Gunchew, nee Sairy Snubbs, has been abducted by the desperate desperado. Bad Bill Blood who has vowed vengeance on Sairy's husband.

Jan Gunchew, a prominent citizen of Deadshot Gulch. The outlaw cuts a rope stretched across a chasm which Jan is endeavouring to cross in his quest for his stolen bride. Now go on with the story.

CHAPTER III. A NARROW ESCAPE.

For an instant, Jan stood suspended in mid air. Then, with a horrid lurch, he tottered and plunged head first into theinky blackness below. The outlaw on the brink of the precipice waited only until he heard the faint splash which told him that Jan had taken his first and last bath. Then, with a throaty chuckle, he snatched up the half-unconscious Sairy, and hurried off to whinge the woman of his unruly hand awaited him.

Three weeks have passed. Within a roughly fitted room in an equally rough looking log cabin, a woman sat weeping bitterly into a pan which she held on her lap. Nor were the tears caused by the onions which she was busily engaged in preparing for an onion stew. No, it was not the onions, for the woman was Sairy Gunchew, and the tears which rapidly filled the huge pan, were for her lost husband. Even now she did not believe that he had died. But to-morrow, she was to wed Bad Bill Blood. The latter's gang had already captured a wandering monk from the old Spanish monastery hard by and had threatened to cut his ears off if he refused to perform the wedding ceremony. As the tears fell, the door opened and Bad Bill Blood appeared in the doorway. He had just been eating blueberry pudding and the purple stains on his face made him look more repulsive than ever. "Jest look in Sairy, to tell yew as how me byes has taken yure own brifful dress from yure house in Deadshot Gulch and yew has to be spliced in it tomorrow," chuckled this dreadful example of refined cruelty.—As Sairy burst into another paroxysm of weeping, Bad Bill left the room and slammed the door behind him.

CHAPTER IV. IN THE NICK OF TIME.

It was shortly after sunrise. The sun shone like a brilliant ball of crimson flame in the western sky. Within the outlaw settlement everyone seemed busy. In an open green square stood Bad Bill Blood surrounded by his followers, whilst a frightened monk stood near.

Suddenly, the outlaws' own Jazz Band struck up that beautiful air "Here comes the bride" and, to the strains of the awful discordant noise, Sairy Snubbs advanced slowly with head bowed and took up her stand by Bad Bill. As the monk moved his lips in the opening words of the marriage service, a wild looking, heavily bearded, rugged man rushed wildly between him and those whom he had been about to unite.

(To be concluded)

RIMES OF THE TIMES. (66)

THE LOBELIA.

Of battleships in action we have read and heard a lot. And now I shall relate the tale of one that's left to rot. Her name is the Lobelia and she lies in St. John's stream. And whilst she looks impressive, she is not all she may seem. Despite her guns and smokestacks two she is a useless craft. And was sent out here from Whitehall where they must have all gone daft. 'Tis some years since she arrived here but from then until this day She's been anchored where the harbor's murky waters round her play. And the only thing she's used for by our brainy Government is as an excuse for spending when on equandering their bent. Riding in the stream at anchor in her coat of warship grey With her wicked guns a-gleaming and her sides all wet with spray Is the gallant ship Lobelia, of White St. John's the water. With which a single country in the globe has been accused.

Fads and Fashions.

Fashion predicts long earrings will be worn.

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The new hats have broader brims and higher crowns. Sashes of metal brocade are seen on duvetya dresses. Long sleeves and high necks return with fall blouses. The hem of a satin cape is lifted in cascades at the sides.

A jet toque has a lace veil floating from its broad wings. A cape wrap has its sides slightly bloused over by hip straps. Most of the fall models show at least a touch of handwork. Fuchsia, purple and prune are favoured colors in millinery.

Fall blouses show filmy sleeves of contrasting fabric and color. Many coats and evening wraps are cut on wider, fuller lines. Suit coats vary in length but the majority of them are long. A silver slipper buckle has its design cut out over colored leather.

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