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BABY'S "COMFORTER"
Efforts Are Still Being Made to Abolish It.

The baby's "comforter" has been forbidden in Italy by Signor Mussolini's government on the ground that it is not hygienic. Whether, however, the Italian dictator will be able to enforce the new law remains to be seen.

Some years ago a great effort was made to do away with comforters in this country. Welfare associations and other similar organizations were organized, meetings were held, and a million posters were printed and displayed outside town halls and other public buildings up and down the land. The results, so far as could be judged, were negligible. Certainly there seem to be fully as many comforters in use to-day as there ever were, and this despite the fact that medical men are practically unanimous in condemning them.

The comforter, it is pointed out, has a way of rolling about the floor and collecting all manner of disease germs, which the baby runs the risk of importing into its delicate system. Another source of possible infection is when the comforter is placed in someone else's mouth and then into that of the baby.

Equally objectionable is the practice of dipping the comforter into condensed milk, or sugar and water, before giving it to the child. When baby lets it drop out of his mouth, flies are apt to settle on it and contaminate it, and when baby retrieves it and starts sucking it again, it is probably loaded more or less with harmful germs.

Of course, if the comforter is kept always scrupulously clean, and never used by any child other than its owner, little harm is ever likely to result.

Welfare workers generally discourage its use as a matter of fact, and in most children's hospitals it is barred whenever possible.

Even in these institutions, however, it has not been found possible to do away with it in every case. The comforter is a solace to the baby, much in the same way as the pipe is to the father and a cup of tea to the mother, and the habit, once cultivated, is difficult to discontinue.

As well try to deprive a baby of its comforter as to induce a life-long smoker to give up tobacco. For this reason, when all children who have been accustomed to the comforter are admitted to hospital, no attempt is made, as a general rule, to take it away from them. But to babies who know nothing of comforters they are never given.

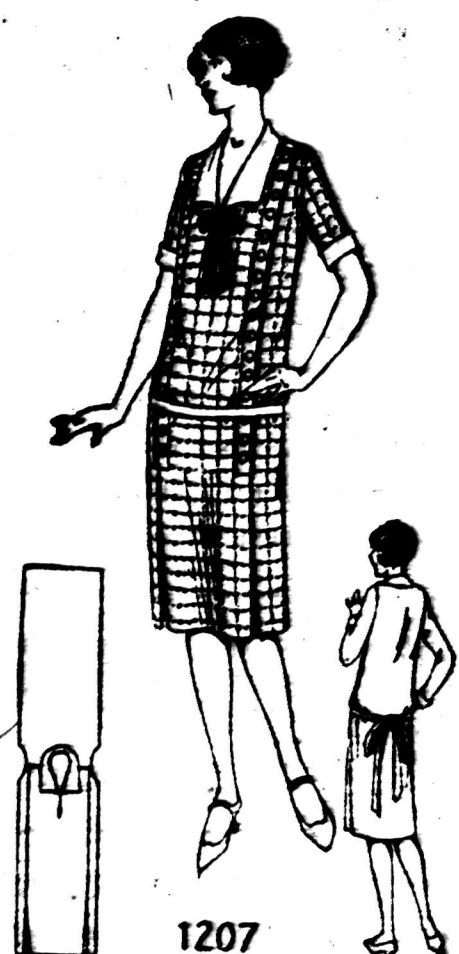
The mother's point of view is, of course, that the baby cannot cry while the comforter is in its mouth, and for this simple and sufficient reason comforters will in all probability continue in use, despite all that may be urged to the contrary.—C.E.M.S.

Cleaning Top of Car.
All the cleaning the top of a car is said to need is a brisk rubbing with a slightly oily rag. Never use a brush, since this chips the top and makes it porous. The oil treatment not only cleans but preserves and makes the top more efficient as a shielder of water. To prevent collection of dust, of course, the top should be rubbed with a clean, dry rag after being cleaned with oil.



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Good English.
Form the habit of using good English at all times, just as you do good manners. Choose words with a clear idea of their meaning. When in doubt, look in the dictionary.

The best way to get a large stock of useful words is to read aloud every day, for a few minutes, from a good author, such as Ruskin, Stevenson, De Quincey, Emerson, Hawthorne.

Read the Psalms aloud and you will form a taste for the music of speech. By thus fitting words to your lips you will learn to speak clearly and readily.

Keep a notebook marked "Words I Have Found." When you read a book note any sentence in which there is a word you would like to use. Write the sentence in your notebook. Make other sentences of your own, using the word you have noted.

At the end of a month you will be surprised and delighted to see what this simple plan has done to give you a large stock of useful words and to improve your everyday use of English.

The Meadow.
Leafy with little clouds, the sky is shining clear and bright. How the grass shines—it stains the air Green over its own height! And I could almost kneel for joy. To see this lovely meadow now. Go on my knees for half a day. To kiss a handful here and there. While babbling nonsense on the way. —W. H. Davies.

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The world's wool crop is only five times what it was a hundred years ago, while cotton production has increased twenty times.

Minard's Liniment for Sore Feet.

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. HEVIE.

CHAPTER VIII
SHANGHAIED!

THE STORY OF THE STORY SO FAR.
To solve the mystery of the million-dollar jewel robbery at the Radio Dance given by the Germans, Ken Adams, Boy Scout, calls in his partner, Craig Kennedy, scientific detective. A strange craft, the "Scooter," has been anchored in the harbor and Ken has been watching it as well as another scout, Hank Hawkins, not a good scout. Ken's pal, Dick Gerard, has taken up shadowing Hank while Ken has been off on another crew with Kennedy and the rest. Now they are on the way to rejoin Dick at the Scout camp, Eagles' Nest.

After his encounter with Ken, Hank had slunk away by back roads until he came in the rear of his own house. He did not care so much, once he had gained this haven of refuge, for his mother and father were away on a little cruise on the Sound, having left him behind. The fact of the matter was that a good deal of the trouble with Hank had been the neglect of his parents.

Hank got into his own room, washed up, stopped the flow of blood from his nose, changed his coat which was torn, and then happened to glance at a clock which was on the mantle shelf. It started. It was time to tune in on the fine radio set on the table near his window. In fact part of the promise he had made for money he had received from the people on the "Scooter" had been that he would tune in on a certain wave length twice a day at a certain hour.

He twirled the handles. Sure enough, he was just in time. Someone was trying to get him.

Out on the Sound, not many miles off shore, on the "Scooter" the captain and the wireless operator were talking.

"See if you can get that boy, Hank, now. That Ken Adams is a dangerous kid to have loose, just as they wirelessed us from the shore in the new hiding place of the car. You have him?"

With his fine new set, Hank was signalling back that he was in touch. A moment later the message came in to Hank: "Get that kid, Ken Adams, alone over at his camp. We want him and will be standing by."

Hank shot back a signal indicating he had had good reception. He did it too with a certain amount of satisfaction. No message that he could think of at that moment could have come through that would have been more to his liking. Here was a chance to get square with Ken for that drubbing.

Hank lost no time in setting out to execute these orders. He had no idea where Ken was, but he would find him, and on one pretext or another get him to Eagles' Nest alone. Perhaps he was already there. He would try that as a starter.

He did not think to look any too closely as he went out, so intent was he on wreaking his vengeance on Ken. But down the line of shrubbery Dick Gerard had been waiting, as arranged with Ken, if Ken should miss Hank to pick Hank up at his house. No message that he returned for some purpose twice a day, at least.

Dick started on the trail of Hank. Dick was pretty good at tracking and trailing. But Hank was naturally a cagey boy. He was suspicious of everybody, even himself. It was this natural suspicion on his part that betrayed his essential dishonesty of character. But now and again it stood him in good returns. This was one of these times.

Shifty-eyed, Hank had a habit of looking back of him now and then and it was on one of these glances back that he discovered that Dick was following him.

Hank was too wise to betray his discovery. He kept right on as though he had seen nothing. But in the meantime his mind was busy on what advantage he could take of this situation. Here he was trailing Ken and being trailed himself by Dick. Ken and Dick were like two brothers. Where there was one, the other would not long be far off. Suppose he could not readily locate Ken. He might locate him through Dick. Dick was afraid he might lose Hank. But in reality Hank was now afraid Dick might lose him. Through Dick he might realize it, their positions were exactly the reverse of what they seemed.

So they proceeded. Instead of Dick being the active one, Hank was really luring Dick to the camp, in the hope of picking up Ken and so carrying out his orders given from the Chief by way of the "Scooter." As for Dick he was just as well pleased at the direction Hank was taking. For he had agreed with Ken to meet him at the camp about noon, other things permitting.

It was while Dick was peering along the trail, keeping as he thought out of sight of Hank, that far away in Deer Park in the centre of the Island Ruth Adams was pleading with a benevolent looking gentleman in his study.

In the study was an extraordinary

fine radio set. For Mr. Chittenden, former partner of Ruth's father, was an enthusiastic radio bug, and he it was who was known as K903.

"But don't you think that's a lot of money for a young girl like you to want, Ruth?" Mr. Chittenden objected.

"You wouldn't think so, if you knew, sir. But I cannot tell. You can take my word for it, though, that it is necessary. And I will give you a note; I will agree to pay it back to you within thirty days."

Mr. Chittenden looked earnestly at the young face. Surely there could not be anything wrong about a girl with a face like that. And he knew his former partner. He was a hard man. That was why he had become a rich one.

"So—you need money, eh? Well, all right, Ruth. I'll let you have it," he blundered over. "But you will have to let me see to quit this sporty crowd of young people. Ruth, there is no percentage in it—only disgrace, and worry."

"But I am not a sport—and besides, some of them are not as sporty as they seem. Still, I'll promise, Mr. Chittenden. I know what you mean. The appearance of evil is just over so much. I can assure you, sir, you will not regret letting me have the money. And I can go further. It is not for myself. But I can be sure it will be paid back to me and then to you, in a month."

At Eagles' Nest on the Sound, Hank shaded his eyes and looked off. "Gerard" was far off shore watching and waiting for a signal from him. Hank made himself at home.

From a vantage point where he was watching Hank, Dick now could see Hank making himself at home, making free with whatever it was that took his fancy at Eagles' Nest.

It was too much for Dick when he caught a glimpse of Hank twisting at the home-made radio set that he and Ken had been assembling. As sure as the sun was shining, Hank would have that thing on the bum with his contemptuous frowning.

Dick stepped out. "I'd thank you to leave that alone, Hank."

"Who says so?" Hank had not been cured by the drubbing Ken had given him. Besides, Dick was sighter and Hank was bold enough to believe he could lick the sighter boy.

"I do!"

"Come and do it!" He gave another vicious twist which ripped out the inductance.

Another moment and Dick with righteous wrath was on Hank.

"Come on down on the shore," called Hank, avoiding him. "This is no place up here on a cliff!"

He scrambled down, and as he did so, he forgot that glasses were trained on the shore from the "Scooter." A small boat put out from the cruiser, pulling toward the shore, and in it were a young man and a girl.

On the shore the boys lined up for the milk. Dick was blazing with righteous wrath. Hank was more insulting than ever. Was he not the proud possessor of a new radio and of a flivver? He had more brains than both Dick and Ken together, and he did not hesitate to say so. Dick's answer drew the first anger from Hank. Dick had told him the truth about himself—the opinion of the other boys in the troop, to say nothing of Evans the scoutmaster. Hank saw red.

It was just as "Battling Bohunkus," as Ken had named him, was getting into action and showing a prospect of getting the worst of it that a diversion which he himself had forgotten occurred.

The tender from the "Scooter" had beached.

Suddenly up the beach ran a young man and a girl, as a sailor kept the tender in readiness to shove off immediately into the light sea that was running on the Sound.

Before even Hank could say a word, they had come up to him. The boy wrapped his arms around the girl while she gripped a silk bag over her head, stifling her screams. Together they hustled him struggling down the beach and into the boat.

Just then came a loud barking from up in a clump of beach plums. It was Laddie, Ken's dog, who, seeing the struggle, was barking out. But Laddie was too late. Dick was already landed in the tender, and the sailing was pushing it off. But Dick had had presence of mind enough as he struggled down the wet sand to dig in his feet and cause the others to do so in holding him. More than that he had managed roughly to scrape the form of an arrow in the sand so that there could be no mistake about the direction in which he was being carried.

Fear the moment Hank had been stunned. Evidently when they had seen the two boys scrapping on the sand they had jumped to the conclusion that it was Ken and himself. It had happened so quickly that even he could not interfere. Besides it had saved him another bickering. He had not, in a way, wanted to interfere. Getting Dick was all right as far as Hank was concerned. Ken might come later.

"Here! Go home!" Hank tried to bluff Laddie.

Laddie knew him, had seen him, but did not like him. Still the dog in his doggy mind obeyed. He started off the beach. But he did not go far. Hank was not his boss. He turned and sat down looking wistfully off over the blue expanse of the Sound.

Hank hesitated a moment, then realized that soap it would be discovered that Dick was missing. He had not better be seen in that neighborhood or he would be in for a quizzing. He

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CHAPTER IX
POSTSCRIPT.
Kennedy, Ken, Easton and I hurried down the path from the Gerard house to the Boy Scouts' Camp, Eagles' Nest. We did not see Hank who had slunk back of some bushes and was watching us closely, congratulating himself on his promptness in making his getaway.

We soon reached the camp, for Craig was anxious.

"Someone's been here!" cried Ken. "Look at our radio that we were assembling—smashed. I'll bet it was that good-for-nothing Hank. But how are you ever going to hang it on him?"

"It looks to me, rather," considered Craig, "as if there had been a fight or at least the beginning of one. That camp stool is overturned. Come—let's look around a bit."

We began a hurried search, Ken lamenting the ruthless tearing out of the inductance in the radio. I felt that Hank would pay for this in some way before he was through.

"Well, there's nothing up here," decided Craig after his hasty search. "Let's go down the trail to the shore."

We climbed down the precipitous side of the sand cliff on the height of which they had located Eagles' Nest overlooking the Sound. From it one could get a wide sweep of this arm of the Sound between the headlands that made what was called a bay but was rather a miniature gulf, with a little shelter. Far off on the hazy water one could see boats plying up and down the Sound. Around one headland to the west we might, if we had strained our eyes, have seen a converted scout cruiser disappearing.

"That had we only known it, carried with it a mystery—Dick."

"Hello!" exclaimed Craig almost as soon as we had reached the sandy shore. "What's this?"

"Footprints!" cried Ken, bending down. "By Jingo, those are the boy scout shoes of Dick, I'll be sure! I don't recognize the others. They're not scout shoes."

Craig was down on his hands and knees examining them almost like a hound.

"All mixed up!" he muttered. "You can't make much out of these."

"Hello, Laddie boy!" It was Ken, overjoyed, as at the sound of our voices his colie came brisily running up the beach.

(To be continued.)

Handel's Successful Scheme.
Before Handel went to England he held the appointment of Kapellmeister to the elector of Hanover. But he became dissatisfied and quitted the service of his royal patron without leave or ceremony.

Not long after Handel had become well entrenched in the good graces of the English court and aristocracy, the elector of Hanover became King George I., of England, and the late Queen Anne's music master began to fear for his royal pension. Handel dare not appear personally at the court and ask that he be continued in the good graces of his former patron whom he had so discourteously deserted, for fear of the King's displeasure. But he had a friend at court who told him that on a certain day the King was to take a ride on the River Thames; so Handel set about to compose a series of pieces, and had them played by the hand of musicians on the boat which followed the royal barge.

Pleased at this attention, the King inquired who the author of the plan was; and, learning that Handel was the composer of the music, he received the repentant musician at court. Handel was soon appointed the instructor of the princesses in the royal household and was granted a pension of a thousand dollars a year.

This was a piece of good fortune quite unexpected by the composer. The possession of the royal favor was of inestimable value to him, for as went the King; so went the court and all the aristocracy, and the time came when Handel was in need of the support of all his aristocratic friends.



Prof. Vilhelm Bjerknes
Who has been awarded by the National Academy of Science the Agassiz Medal, one of the highest honors in the gift of American science. His father was a famous investigator of the physical properties of water and other liquids, and when he died he passed his problem to his son, who has continued in the same field and made notable contributions, which have had important results in the development of modern oceanography and meteorology, as well as in the more purely theoretical physics of the laboratory.

My Horse and I.
We took a trip the other day, My horse and I. Over the hills and far away, Under the sky. We traveled through the woods of May, Where wild birds fly.

We left the city far behind, My horse and I. We wandered where the wood paths wind, And green pines sigh. The wind of spring was soft and kind, The warm sun high.

We crossed a brook that rushed along Where shiners lie, And paused to hear the cardinal's song Under the sky. For friends are we the whole day long, My horse and I.

—Helen E. Crum.

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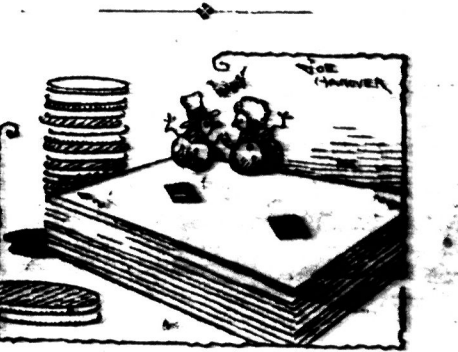
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On Deck.
Bug Lover—"Isn't it nice and romantic up here on deck, my dear?"



The Waist that wouldn't wear out
It was an extra fine piece of crepe— It was never laundered with anything but Lux and lukewarm water— It wore and wore until it went out of style—

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