SALADA has the finest flavour in the world and it costs only one-quarter of a cent a cup

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

Play Is Life

"Mollie won't keep her doll buggy off my train 'track,' shouted Dave from the back-yard.

"Dave ran his train over the nice castle I built in the sand pile," defended Mollie.

Mother was baking cookies and trying to wash up a lot of dishes, and the disturbance in the yard was annoying, of course. First she called out, "Stop your noise, and play nicely."

Then Mollie came clear into the kitchen and complained, "Dave stepped on my mud pies." and Dave shouted in anger, "Well, I didn't mean to."

"Stop your fussing about little things like that," said Mother impatiently. But when a few minutes later Dave reported that Mollie had stood on his red bridge and smashed it, Mother met the crisis by sending Dave to the basement for an hour and Mollie to the sleeping porch.

"You two ought to be ashamed to quarrel about nothing," was Mother's final reproof, as she rescued a pan of cookies from the oven just about one minute too late.

Probably there is no mother of a small son and daughter who has not struggled with the same problem in terms of different playthings or the some ones. But the truth is that these back-yard incidents are of supreme importance in the eyes of the children. They are not something to be swept aside and settled by a wave of the hand. What Mother calls quarreling children regard as a settlement of affairs in their world.

If the activities and complications of the playground are not the practicing of life principles, then neither are our relations with the grocer or dressmaker.

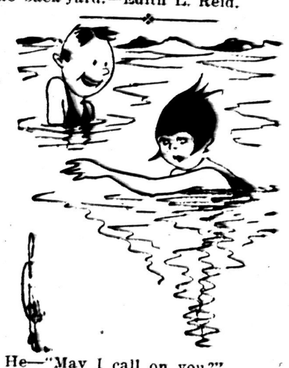
Mollie and Dave would have been fortunate if Mother had stopped to talk with them about some simple rules of play and some ideals of conduct. They might have remembered the day with greater happiness had they lunched on graham crackers instead of home-made cookies, because Mother believed play contacts were important enough to be discussed seriously.

Play is the child's life. There is no dividing line over which he steps from the experiences of play into the field of living. Play is living. Play affairs are world affairs.

Sometimes what seem like quarrels and fight may be only a healthy exercise of moral principles. It may be that mothers would witness less physical combat if they took more time to help even small children settle things with reason and intelligence.

Children do not necessarily have to slap and push and shriek in making their adjustments to life. In truth, it is likely that there has been a serious fault in training if the normal child feels that he must tattle or kick things over or grab in order to hold his own.

Many a parent has never taken time to consider that there is a reason behind every scrap on the playground, and many a child has never been taught that there is a law to govern such incidents and a sane way to react. The sooner all children are taught this at home and in kindergarten the sooner will poise and self-control begin to dominate play affairs in the back-yard.—Edith L. Reid.



He—"May I call on you?"
She—"I should say not!"
He—"I don't mean to-night. I mean some chilly, rainy night when I wouldn't want to go anywhere else."

Kill that corn with Minard's Liniment

Why are tall people the laziest?—Because they are longest in bed.

Your Own!

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DIXIE RELISH

Soak 1 pint of chopped sweet red pepper and 1 pint of chopped sweet green pepper in brine for 24 hours. Freshen in cold water for 1 hour. Drain well, remove seeds and coarse white sections. Chopseparately and measure 1 quart of chopped cabbage, 1 pint of chopped onions and the peppers. Mix them. Add 1 quart of cider vinegar, 4 tablespoonfuls of salt, 4 tablespoonfuls of Keen's Mustard, 1 tablespoonful of celeryseed(crushed) and ½ cupful of sugar. Let stand over night in a covered enamel pan. Pack in sterilized jars pressing the relish down well and getting bubbles out. Process for 15 minutes in water bath 180 degrees Fahrenheit.

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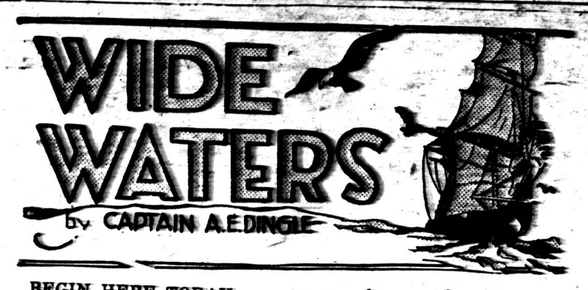

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Alden Drake, formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, overhears Captain Stevens of the Orontes denounce him as a "dude." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew, but is recognized by Stevens and soundly trounced on two different occasions. Drake is put down on the ship's articles as "boy," thereby shaming him before Mary Manning, daughter of the owner, who is a passenger. When Stevens assaults Mary, Drake springs to her defence and is put in irons by the enraged captain. Now, at Capetown, there comes aboard the Orontes Mr. Fielding, a lawyer, with the astounding news that Drake has become owner of the Orontes and that Captain Stevens must surrender command of the ship to him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"No need for loud talking," Drake cut in, sharply. "First let us go to the Custom House and settle the matter. Then—"

"Then I only want five minutes talk with you on neutral ground behind the sheds before I pack my dunnage for home!" snarled Stevens.

Drake nodded grimly as the irons fell from him, then brushed his clothes and hair with his hands and went smilingly to Mary.

"Miss Mary, if you have read the letter Captain Manning tells me he sent you, you know that your father has sold the ship to me. It will make no difference to your voyage, except that I shall be your captain for the rest of the passage. Captain Stevens and I are now going to negotiate the change of masters. When I return on board, may I hope to have your company at dinner ashore tonight?"

"Miss Manning is going to dinner with me!" snapped Stevens. "I'll call for you at five, Mary."

Drake glanced at her face, waiting for her to speak. There was a gleam in her dark blue eyes, a tiny pucker between them. He had never seen that expression before in her. Had he not believed Mary Manning to be as full of courage as she was of health, he would have suspected that look meant fear. Yet there was nothing for her to be afraid of. He met her eye, and looked his question.

"I promised Captain Stevens," she said.

"But I'm not sure that Mr. Stevens will be free," said Drake.

"You can bet I'll be the free-est man in this port as soon as I leave the Custom House," Stevens grinned. "Barrin', of course, that five minutes of your time I have bespoke, Captain Drake." Stevens in his turn emphasized the Captain unduly.

"Of course, if Mr. Stevens is free, you must keep your promise, Mary." Drake laughed easily, meeting the black glare of Stevens calmly enough. "But I scarcely think he will be. I shall come for you at five-thirty. No gentleman expects a lady to wait more than half an hour for him. Shall we go ashore now, Fielding. You ready, Stevens?"

Mr. Fielding was very glad to go. There was too much dynamite in the surcharged atmosphere of the Orontes' cabin. He knew little of the men of the wide waters. He trembled with the dread that these two stalwart, bronzed men would back menacing words with murderous blows. Particularly he feared Stevens. Like most folk whose lives fall in placid grooves, he believed largely in appearances. A grim visaged, knotty, tough looking man was more to be feared than a man of the pale, smooth, smiling type. And Jake Stevens did little to mend that idea as he followed on deck with his papers and certificate, grinding his powerful teeth savagely until a tiny trickle of blood appeared at the corners of his mouth.

On the wharf he walked behind the others as they sought a cab to take them up Adderley Street to the Custom oHuse. They waited for him. He came upto Drake, his glittering eyes full of sinister meaning. He made no move towards entering the vehicle.

"What was that funny crack you made about me maybe not being at liberty tonight?" he demanded "This here's about as good a place as any to settle the private matters between you and me."

Mr. Fielding again lost the air of security that he had regained upon stepping ashore. Stevens looked to him now like nothing so much as a forbidding brute contemplating murder.

"Only that you will have to ask for leave, and you may not get it, Mr. Stevens," replied Drake, composedly.

"Ask—for—leave? Little Cherubs! Who from? You?"

"Exactly. And I believe in my chief officer staying on board while cargo is working out. Come, step in. Time flies."

Stevens seemed to choke. He hurled down his papers on the road, and laid a nervous hand on Drake's arm through the cab door.

"M'son," rasped he, "you've pulled something over on me that I don't believe any ship master ever had pulled over on him before. But one thing you can't do. You can't give Jake Stevens orders on the ship he's sailed master of. Tonight I take Miss Manning to dinner. Tomorrow I book passage home. Between now and then me and you are going to—"

"Do get in and let's go," Drake said impatiently. "Do you want to start brawling out here in daylight for all the world and Cape Town to see, then expect to take a lady to dinner like a gentleman? I'll give you that five minutes, presently. I wouldn't miss it for the world. And you won't quit the Orontes either. You'll go on as mate, and if you're decent about it you'll lose nothing in wages, nor will Adams or Twining. You'll—"

"I'll go mate under you? Oh, yes!" Drake pulled Stevens inside the cab.

"You'll be a deserter if you quit," Drake said as they started off.

"I'm not quitting. I'm superseded!" snarled Stevens, knowing he had the right of that.

"Perhaps you're right," Drake rejoined carelessly. "Perhaps you had better quit. I don't want a first mate who's scared of me. I never had much use for a coward. If you're that kind of a quitter, you had better—"

"Stop!" choked Stevens, gripping Drake's arm fiercely, his face working and writhing as if he were in imminent peril of a stroke. "Don't say another word! Come on in and get this thing over. Then give me that five minutes! two minutes! only just one minute'll do. Coward? Quitter? Oh, sweet little Cherubs! Here you are, Mister! Come on in!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A COSY LITTLE PARTY.

The business of transferring ownership and command of the Orontes was not a lengthy matter. The wheels had been greased very effectively through cable negotiations while the ship was on her way out to the Cape. When signatures were affixed to documents

"I promised Captain Stevens," she said.

there was nothing else to do prior to the clearing of the ship when ready to proceed.

Mr. Fielding looked vastly relieved. He could indulge his courteous nature to the limit in extending good wishes and congratulations to his new client without being momentarily in fear of some outburst from glowering Jake Stevens.

"Really, sir, it would be better if you let the man go!" he said. "A horrid fellow! A perfect brute, I imagine."

Drake laughed pleasantly as he bade Fielding good day.

"I like Stevens," he said. "I have a feeling that we shall yet wind up the voyage good friends."

When the lawyer departed, Drake spent an hour looking for Stevens. In the first saloon bar he visited they said Jake had just left with another man after taking two hurried drinks. In the next place, stumbled upon by chance after several blanks had been drawn, Stevens had been alone, had bought rum, and gone on. Drake tried one more place, nearer the docks, and then went aboard, for the clock pointed close to five. He was pleased, rather, that Jake had chosen to load up with Cape Smoke before taking that five minutes' interview. He knew there was a chance that, when a man started out to drown his grievances in liquor, other things were likely to get drowned, too. He hoped Jake would fail to show up, so that he and Mary could enjoy an evening together. A drunken man would be easier to handle than a cold sober one; but in any condition Jake Stevens was going to be a handful, and Drake for once felt vain enough to want to present a good appearance before Mary. There were clothes in that sea-chest and sea bag that had come to him by steamer; clothes fit for genteel wear.

"Mister Stevens aboard yet?" he asked Twining at the gangway.

"No, no, sir," replied the mate with a queer smirk. As he answered he regarded Drake whimsically, as if conjecturing whether anything that had happened on the passage out as between first mate and ship's boy could be brought against himself now. Drake almost grinned back. "He was aboard," added Twining. "He came off half an hour ago in that white barque's boat. I think Miss Manning saw him. He went away in the same boat."

"How did he seem?"

(To be continued.)

The Man Who Heard Again

By Michael Shorne

"Can you hear me talking?" asked the surgeon.

It began like a whisper to the pale-faced man before him, but ended in a crescendo. John Wonnacott struggled out of the chair and paced excitedly across the consulting-room to the large window.

"Yes, I can, doctor. I can." Involuntarily, his hands went to his ears. "But something terrible is happening. This noise. What is the matter?"

He drew the curtain aside and gazed into the street below with eyes that anticipated a tragedy. A bus rumbled past, a hooter sounded, and a boy shrilled his newspapers. Nothing else was happening.

The surgeon smiled.

The pale face of the patient was a study. He turned again form the window, from that gulf out of which came a roaring ataract of noise. It frightened him, and he gave a little shudder.

"I suppose I shall be all right?" he whispered.

The surgeon took his arm in friendly fashion.

"Of course you will. I know it must seem strange to you after twenty years, but you'll get used to it. It is rather a noisy city, but one learns to forget it."

But John Wonnacott still hesitated.

"My—wife——" he stammered. "She doesn't know. She's been away on a holiday and only returns this evening. She hasn't heard anything about the —the operation. I didn't want to raise false hopes."

The surgeon smiled and ushered him towards the door.

"It will be a very happy surprise for her, then. Go along home and tell her the great news. Good afternoon."

Into that world of devasaating din walked the man with the pale face. Bells clanged loudly, tramcars roared past, while overhead the drone of an aeroplane sounded like the approach of doom. He tried to steel his nerves against it all. There were moments when he clutched at railings, doorways, anything to stop himself flying terror-stricken down the road to escape the overwhelming noise.

But the strangest thing of all was to hear voices again. It excited him, and ased his heart to beat furiously. He allowed himself to be jostled by the crowd, just to hear the friendly sound of conversation. He could enter their world again now, take his proper place with other people, and work.

A thrill came to him at the thought of his wife returning home in less than an hour. It was fine of Lilian to have married him, a deaf, useless thing, even though he had an income sufficient to keep them both in comfort. Now he would be able to whisper his love to her and hear her words of love in reply. Ecstatic, he waited.

She rushed in, impetuously. He was embraced before he had a chance to speak. Colin Brown, his friend, was managing her suit-cases. He must have met her at the station.

And as the warm sensuousness of her being stole over him he heard her voice whispering over his shoulder.

"Remember, Colin, dear, you spent your holiday in France, and not in Cornwall. I don't want him to suspect."

And then she kissed her husband again.

The next morning the surgeon was surprised to see the pale-faced man sitting waiting for him as he arrived. "Hello, I didn't expect you to come back so soon. What is it?"

A pair of eyes, heavy with sorrow and suggesting dark depths of misery, stared up at him.

"I want you to make me deaf," said the quaint voice of the man who heard again.

Minard's Liniment—The King of Pain.

Gladness

No stream from its source flows seaward, however lonely its course, but that some land is gladdened. No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere. No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife and all life not purer and stronger thereby.—Owen Meredith.

Our Fellow Men

Surely, the only true knowledge of our fellow-men is that which enables us to feel with him—which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstances and opinion.

George Eliot.

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Fleas May Reveal Heredity Secrets

Investigators Make Progress in Controlling Sex of Offspring

Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.—A flea is just another worry in a dog's life, but to geneticists of the Carnegie Institution of Washington it is a valuable creature that may reveal secrets of heredity.

Strictly speaking the animals—for such they are—never bothered a canine because they are water fleas, found in ponds and puddles the world over, and derive their name from their jerky swimming movements.

To Dr. Arthur M. Banta, who has reared 867 laboratory generations from a single mother flea, their importance lies in the fact that descendants resemble the mother as closely as "identical twins" are alike in man.

Occasionally, however, there are sudden departures from the common mold in offspring, known to breeders as a "sport" and to biologists as a "mutant."

The variations, upon further breeding, have proved to be permaent and give to Dr. Banta the effect of the very process which may be responsible for the genessis of the countless forms in which life on earth reveals itself.

One kind of mutant had an "excavated" head, which was inherited by offspring even when the abnormal creatures were crossed with ordinary individuals. Another kind, born during hot weather, was found to need very warm water in which to survive, water of such high temperature that normal fleas died.

The influence of environment has been shown in experiments where females were crowded in bottles. Where offspring of solitary females were daughters the young produced under crowded conditions were males.

While the experiments have suggested that sex of offspring can be changed by alterig external conditions, Dr. Banta feels that scientists still are a long way from the point where this can be accomplished in the higher animals and in man.

"It seems desirable," he said, "to offer a word of warning lest the very moderate accomplishment in the direction of control of sex in the water fleas might be interpreted as providing a solution of sex control in general. No such claim is made; the control of sex in the higher animals and in man would seem to be far distant, indeed."

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