

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,
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"The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.
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The daughter was dressed like the mother, save that she wore pearls in place of diamonds. She talked but little, as usual, and sat smiling, the young image of the older woman. Hay also introduced Paul to a handsome young fellow of twenty-one, with rather a feeble face. This was Lord George Sandal, the pigeon Hay was plucking, and, although he had charming manners and an assumption of worldly wisdom, he was evidently one of those who had come into the world saddled and bridled for other folk's riding.

A third lady was also present, who called herself Aurora Qian, and Hay informed his friend in a whisper that she was an actress. Paul then remembered that he had seen her name in the papers as famous in light comedy. She was pretty and kittenish, with fluffy hair and an eternal smile. It was impossible to imagine a greater contrast to the massive firmness of Mrs. Krill than the lively, girlish demeanor of the little woman, yet Paul had an instinct that Miss Qian, in spite of her profession and odd name and childish giggle, was a more shrewd person than she looked. Every one was bright and merry and chatty, all save Maud Krill, who smiled and fanned herself in a stately way. Hay paid her great attention, and Paul knew very well that he intended to marry the silent woman for her money. It would be hardly earned, thought, with such a firm looking mother-in-law as Mrs. Krill would certainly prove to be.

The dinner was delightful, well cooked, daintily served and leisurely eaten. A red shaded lamp threw a rosy light on the white cloth, the glittering crystal and bright silver. The number of diners was less than the Muses and more than the Graces, and every one laid himself or herself out to make things bright. And again Maud Krill may be mentioned as an exception. She ate well and held her tongue, merely smiling heavily when addressed. Paul, glancing at her serene face across the rosy hued table, wondered if she really was as calm as she looked and if she really lacked the brain power her mother seemed to possess.

The dinner passed off pleasantly. Lord George began to talk of racing, and Hay responded. Mrs. Krill alone seemed shocked. "I don't believe in gambling," she said icily.

"I hope you are not very down on it," said Hay. "Lord George and I propose to play bridge with you ladies in the next room."

"Maud can play and Miss Qian," said the widow. "I'll talk to Mr. Becoot, unless he prefers the fascination of the green cloth."

"I would rather talk to you," replied Paul, bowing.

Mrs. Krill nodded and then went out of the room with the younger ladies.



"I want you to drink to the health of my future bride," he said.

The three gentlemen filled their glasses with port, and Hay passed around a box of cigars. Soon they were smoking and chatting in a most amicable fashion. Lord George talked a great deal about racing and cards and his bad luck with both. Hay said very little and every now and then cast a glance at Paul to see how he was taking the conversation. At length, when Sandal became a trifle vehement on the subject of his losses, Hay abruptly changed the subject by refilling his glass and those of his companions. "I want you to drink to the health of my future bride," he said.

"What?" cried Paul, staring. "Miss Krill?"

"The same," responded Hay coldly. "You see I have taken your advice and intend to settle. Paul presented me to the ladies when next they came to his office, and since then I have been almost constantly with them. Miss Krill's affections were disengaged, and she therefore, with her mother's consent, became my promised wife."

"I wish you joy," said Lord George,

draining his glass and filling another, "and, by Jove, for your sake, I hope she's got money."

"Oh, yes, she's well off," said Hay calmly. "And you, Paul?"

"I congratulate you, of course," stammered Becoot, dazed, "but it's so sudden. You haven't known her above a month."

"Five weeks or so," said Hay, smiling, and, sinking his voice lower, he added: "I can't afford to let grass grow under my feet. This young ass here might snap her up, and Mrs. Krill would only be too glad to secure a title for Maud."

He had no time to say more, as they entered the drawing room. Almost as soon as they did Mrs. Krill summoned Paul to her side.

"And now," she said, "let us talk of Miss Norman."



CHAPTER XV.
DON'T wish to talk of Miss Norman," said Paul bluntly. "Then you can be no true lover," retorted the widow.

"I disagree with you. A true lover does not talk to all and sundry concerning the most sacred feelings of his heart. Moreover, your remarks at our last meeting were not to my taste."

"I apologize," said Mrs. Krill promptly, "and will not offend in that way again. I did not know you then, but since Mr. Hay has spoken about you to me I know and appreciate you, Mr. Becoot."

But Paul was not to be cajoled in this manner. The more suave the woman was, the more he felt inclined to be on his guard, and he very wisely obeyed the prompting of his instinct.

"I fear you do not know me, Mrs. Krill," said he coldly as Hay could have spoken, "else you would hardly ask me to discuss with you, of all people, the lady whom I intend to make my wife."

"You are rather a difficult man to deal with," she replied, drawing her thick white eyebrows together. "But I like difficult men. That is not why I admire Mr. Hay. He is not a silly, useless butterfly like that young lord there."

"Silly he is not, but I doubt his being useful. So far as I can see, Hay looks after himself and nobody else."

"He proposes to look after my daughter."

"So I understand," replied Becoot politely, "but that is a matter entirely for your own consideration."

Mrs. Krill still continued to smile in her placid way, but she was rather nonplused all the same. From the appearance of Becoot, she had argued that he was one of those many men she could twist round her finger. But he seemed to be less easily guided than she expected, and for the moment she was silent, letting her hard eyes wander toward the card table, round which sat the four playing an eager and engrossing game of bridge.

"You don't approve of that, perhaps?"

"No," said Paul calmly; "I certainly do not."

"Are you a Puritan, may I ask?"

Becoot shook his head and laughed. "I am a simple man who tries to do his duty in this world," said he, "and who very often finds it difficult to do that same duty."

"How do you define duty, Mr. Becoot?"

"We are becoming ethical," said Paul, with a smile. "I don't know that I am prepared with an answer at present."

"Then the next time we meet, for I hope," said Mrs. Krill, smoothing her face to a smile—it had grown rather somber—"that we shall often meet again. You must come and see us. We have taken a house in Kensington."

"Chosen by Mr. Hay?"

"Yes. He is our mentor in London society. I don't think," added Mrs. Krill, studying his face, "that you like Mr. Hay."

"As I am Mr. Hay's guest," said Paul dryly, "that is rather an unkind question to ask."

"I asked no question. I simply make a statement."

Becoot found the conversation rather embarrassing. In place of his pumping Mrs. Krill, she was trying to pump him, which reversal of his design he by no means approved of. He changed the subject of conversation by drawing a powerfully attractive red herring across the table. "You wish to speak to me about Miss Norman," he remarked.

"I do," answered Mrs. Krill, who saw through his design. "But apparently that subject is as distasteful as a discussion about Mr. Hay."

"Both subjects are rather personal. I admit, Mrs. Krill. However, if you have anything to tell me which you would like Miss Norman to hear I am willing to listen."

"Ah! Now you are more reasonable," she answered in a pleased tone. "It is simply this, Mr. Becoot: I am very sorry for the girl. Through no fault of her own she is placed in a difficult position. I cannot give her a name, since her father sinned against her, but I can, through my daughter, who is guided by me, give her an income. It does not seem right that I should have all this money."

"That your daughter should have all this money," interpolated Becoot.

"My daughter and I are one," replied Mrs. Krill calmly. "When I speak for myself I speak for her. But, as I say, it doesn't seem right we should be in affluence and Miss Norman in poverty. So I propose to allow her five hundred a year on conditions. Will she accept, do you think, Mr. Becoot?"

"I should think her acceptance would depend upon the conditions."

"They are very simple," said Mrs. Krill in her deep tones and looking very straight at Paul. "She is to marry you and go to America."

Becoot's face did not change, since her hard eyes were on it. But he was puzzled under his mask of indifference. Why did this woman want Sylvia to

marry him and go into exile? He temporized. "With regard to your wish that Miss Norman should marry me," said he quietly, "it is of course very good of you to interest yourself in the matter. I fail to understand your reason, however."

"Yet the reason is patent," rejoined Mrs. Krill, just as quietly and quite as watchful as before. "Sylvia Norman is a young girl without much character."

"In that I disagree with you," "Well, let us admit she has character, but she certainly has no experience. In the world she is exposed to much trouble and perhaps may be tempted. Since her position is the fault of her father and she is entirely innocent I want her to have a happy life. For that reason I wish her to marry you."

Paul bowed, not believing a word of this philanthropic speech. "Again I say it is good of you," said he, with some irony, "but even were I out of the way her nurse, Deborah Tawsey, would look after her. As matters stand, however, she will certainly become my wife as soon as we can afford a home."

"You can afford it tomorrow," said Mrs. Krill eagerly, "if you will accept my offer."

"A home in America?" said Paul.

"And why?"

"I should think both of you would like to be away from a place where you have seen such a tragedy."

"Indeed," Paul committed himself to no opinion. "And supposing we accept your offer, which I admit is a generous one, you suggest we should go to the States?"

"Or to Canada or Australia or, in fact, you can go anywhere so long as you leave England. I tell you, Mr. Becoot, even at the risk of hurting your feelings, that I want that girl away from London. My husband treated me very badly—he was a brute always—and I hate to have that girl before my eyes."

"Yet she is innocent."

"Have I not said that a dozen times?" rejoined Mrs. Krill impatiently. "What is the use of further discussion? Do you accept my offer?"

"I will convey it to Miss Norman. It is for her to decide."

"But you have the right since you are to be her husband."

"Pardon me, no. I would never take such a responsibility on me. I shall tell Miss Norman what you say and convey her answer to you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Krill graciously. But she was annoyed that her golden bait had not been taken immediately, and in spite of her sniveling Paul could see that she was annoyed, the more so when she began to explain. "Of course you understand my feelings."

"I confess I don't quite. Naturally the fact that you are connected with the murder in the public eyes."

"Pardon me," said the woman swiftly, "but I am not. The name of Krill has hardly been noticed. The public know that Aaron Norman was murdered. No one talks of Lemuel Krill or thinks that I am the widow of the murdered man. Possibly I may come across some people who will connect the two names and look askance at me, but the majority of people—such as Lord George there—she pointed with her fan—"do not think of me in the way you say. As he did, they will think they remember the name."

"Did Lord George say that to you?" said Paul swiftly.

"No. But he did to Mr. Hay, who told me," rejoined Mrs. Krill quite as swiftly.

"To-night?" asked Becoot, remembering that Hay had not spoken privately to Mrs. Krill since they came in from the dining room.

"Oh, no—on another occasion. Lord George has several times said that he has a faint recollection of my name. Possibly the connection between me and the murder may occur to his mind, but he is really so very stupid that I hope he will forget all about the matter."

"I wonder you don't change your name," said Paul, looking at her.

"Certainly not, unless public opinion forces me to change it," she said defiantly. "My life has always been perfectly open and aboveboard, not like that of my husband."

"Why did he change his name?" asked Becoot eagerly—too eagerly, in fact, for she drew back.

"Why do you ask?" she inquired coldly.

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "An idle question, Mrs. Krill. I have no wish to force your confidence."

"There is no forcing in the matter," responded the woman. "I have taken quite a fancy to you, Mr. Becoot, and you shall know what I do."

"Pray do not tell me if you would rather not."

"But I would rather," said Mrs. Krill bluntly. "It will prevent your misconception of anything you may hear about us. My husband's real name was Lemuel Krill, and he married me thirty years ago. I will be frank with you and admit that neither of us were genteels. We kept a public house on the outskirts of Christchurch, in Hants, called the Red Pig. She looked anxiously at him as she spoke.

"A strange name."

"Have you never heard of it before?"

"No. Had I heard the name it would have remained in my memory from its oddity."

Paul might have been mistaken, but Mrs. Krill certainly seemed relieved, yet if she had anything to conceal in connection with the Red Pig why should she have mentioned the name?

"It is not a first class hotel," she went on smoothly and again with her false smile. "We had only farm laborers and such like as customers, but the custom was good, and we did very well. Then my husband took to drink."

"In that respect he must have changed," said Paul quickly, "for all the time

I knew him—six months it was—I never saw him the worse for drink, and I certainly never heard from those who would be likely to know that he indulged in alcohol to excess. All the same," added Paul, with an afterthought in his conversation with Sylvia in the Embankment garden, "I fancied from his pale face and shaking hands and a tightness of the skin that he might drink."

"Exactly. He did. He drank brandy in large quantities, and, strange to say, he never got drunk."

"What do you mean exactly?" asked Becoot curiously.

"Well," said Mrs. Krill, biting the top of her fan and looking over it. "Lemuel—I'll call him by the old name—never grew red in the face, and, even after years of drinking, he never showed any signs of intemperance. Certainly his hands would shake at times, but I never noticed particularly the tightness of the skin you talk of."

"A certain shiny look," explained Paul.

"Quite so. I never noticed it. But he never got drunk so as to lose his head or his balance," went on Mrs. Krill, "but he became a demon."

"A demon?"

"Yes," said the woman emphatically, "as a rule he was a timid, nervous little man, like a frightened rabbit, and would not harm a fly. But drink, as you know, changes a nature to the contrary of what it actually is."

"I have heard that."

"You would have seen an example in Lemuel," she retorted. "When he drank brandy, he became a king, a sultan. From being timid he became bold; from not harming any one he was capable of murder. Often in his fits did he lay violent hands on me. But I managed to escape. When sober he would mean and apologize in a provokingly tearful manner. I hated and despised him," she went on, with flashing eyes, but careful to keep her voice from reaching the gamblers. "I was a fool to marry him. My father was a farmer, and I had a good education. I was attracted by the good looks of Lemuel and ran away with him from my father's farm in Buckinghamshire."

"That's where Stowley is," murmured Paul.

"Stowley?" echoed Mrs. Krill, whose ears were very sharp. "Yes, I know that town. Why do you mention it?"

"The opal serpent brooch with which your husband's lips were fastened was pawned there."

"I remember," said Mrs. Krill calmly. "Mr. Pash told me. It has never been found out how the brooch came to fasten the lips—so horrible it was!" She shuddered.

"No. My father bought the brooch from the Stowley pawnbroker and



"Stowley?" echoed Mrs. Krill.

gave it to my mother, who sent it to me. When I had an accident I lost it, but who picked it up I can't say."

"The assassin must have picked it up," declared Mrs. Krill decisively, "else it would not have been used in that cruel way, though why such a brooch should have been used at all I can't understand. I suppose my husband did not tell you why he wanted to buy the brooch?"

"Who told you that he did?" asked Paul quickly.

"Mr. Pash. He told me all about the matter, but not the reason why my husband wanted the brooch."

"Pash doesn't know," said Becoot, "nor do I. Your husband fainted when I first showed him the brooch, but I don't know why. He said nothing."

Again Mrs. Krill's face, in spite of her care, showed a sense of relief at his ignorance. "But I must get back to my story," she said in a hard tone. "We have to leave soon. I ran away with Lemuel, who was then traveling with jewelry. He knew a good deal about jewelry, you know, which he turned to account in his pawnbroking."

"Yes, and amassed a fortune thereby."

"I should never have credited him with so much sense," said Mrs. Krill contemptuously. "While at Christchurch he was nothing but a drunkard, whining when sober and a furious beast when drunk. I managed all the house and looked after my little daughter. Lemuel led me a dog's life, and we quarreled incessantly. At length, when Maud was old enough to be my companion, Lemuel ran away. I kept on the Red Pig and waited for him to return. But he never came back, and for over twenty years I heard nothing of him till I saw the handbills and his portrait and heard of his death. Then I came to see Mr. Pash, and the rest you know."

"In that respect he must have changed," said Paul quickly, "for all the time

FOR MADAM AND MADEMOISELLE

By SUSIE SMITHERS.

IN THE KITCHEN

Sweet potatoes, usually served simply boiled or baked, possess wide possibilities as the following recipes show: In many dishes where chestnuts are the prime ingredient sweet potatoes can be used with equally satisfactory results; of course, for such dishes they must be the best of their kind, fine, the grain dry, and sweet. The moist sweet potato that many southerners prefer, is not suitable as a chestnut substitute.

A delicious way to bake sweet potatoes is in the pan with a roast, preferably that of pork. Boil them until nearly done, skin them and cut in two lengthwise, arrange them around the meat, and let them become brown and crisp in the pan gravy. If they are baked as is commonly done, like white potatoes, a delicious finishing touch is to squeeze each one until it cracks open from sheer softness, tuck a generous piece of butter inside.

Sweet potato souffles and sweet potato souffle are two very different dishes. The former are delicious to serve with broiled or fried chops, steaks or chicken. Peel the potatoes and cut them in even slices not exceeding one-fourth inch in thickness. Drop them into ice water for a short space. Have beating on the stove two kettles of sweet, fresh milk. Put the potatoes dry in a towel and drop them into the first kettle, the fat in which should be heated to about the "doughnut" degree. Let the slices cook for five or six minutes, then take them out, cool them for a moment or two, and drop them into the second kettle which should be smoking hot; after a minute they will swell and puff up.

Sweet potato souffle is a toothsome way in which to utilize cold baked or boiled potatoes. Peel the potatoes and if they were boiled mash them; it is well also to run them through a vegetable sieve to insure an absolutely lumpless consistency. To each cupful of the pulp add the beaten yolk of an egg, one tablespoonful of thick, sweet cream, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper. Beat until very smooth and light, add the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth, turn into a greased baking dish and run into a hot oven until well puffed and browned.

Stuffed sweet potatoes make a fine luncheon dish. Select short thick potatoes, boil for fifteen minutes. Peel them, cut a slice from the top and with an apple corer or a sharp knife remove a portion of the center. Prepare a filling by moistening slightly a pint of soft bread crumbs with sweet cream; add half a teaspoonful of salt, a "pinch" each of powdered cloves, nutmeg and paprika, two finely chopped hard-boiled eggs, two raw egg yolks and four tablespoonfuls of chopped ham. Fill the potatoes (the proportions given of dressing will fill six potatoes), replace the cut off portions (fastening them on with thin skewers) and simmer in a thin white or cream sauce for half an hour.

Sweet Potato Pone—To make this dish a success the sweet potatoes that in some northern markets are called yams should be used—they are very sweet, moist and a deep yellow in color. Peel and grate raw potatoes, and to three and one-half cups add one cupful of best West India molasses, one-half cupful of dark brown sugar, one cupful of creamed butter, half a cupful each of preserved ginger, candied orange peel cut fine; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg and allspice, half a teaspoonful of cloves, a scant teaspoonful of salt and two beaten eggs. Beat well together, turn into a deep buttered pudding dish and place in a moderate oven to bake until a knife thrust into the center will come out clean. Set the dish in another containing water to prevent the foundation of a heavy under crust.

Sweet Potato Cups—Peel, wash, dry and grade sweet potatoes to the amount of two cupfuls. Stir in one quart of hot milk, put over the fire and boil for five minutes; add one heaping tablespoonful of butter and set aside until partially cooled, then season with one teaspoonful of salt, quarter teaspoonful of white pepper, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley; add four well beaten eggs, turn into small buttered cups, place them in hot water to fill two-thirds of the cups and bake until mixture is firm in the center.

THE CHAFING DISH.

The chafing-dish grows in favor if such a thing is possible, with every season. Its convenience and its "homeyness" appeals to every one and there is a certain charm in the after-theatre supper prepared with the chafing-dish which is quite lacking in that supplied by a restaurant. Never does a girl look prettier than when she is presiding over a chafing-dish in which one is cooking some appetizing compound. She seems the base incarnation of the man's ideal of domesticity and there is something rather "fetching" about the condition of circumstances.

The number of delicious things which may be cooked in a chafing-dish is almost unlimited. If it is desired to brown any thing that has been prepared, all that is necessary is to heat a shovel very hot in the blaze of the lamp and then hold it over the stove until the article to be browned. One trial will prove how simple it is to do.

All dishes a la creme lend themselves readily to chafing-dish preparation. For the creme, put in the blazer one tablespoonful of butter; when it is melted add a tablespoonful of flour and stir until it forms a smooth paste; then add a half pint of milk or cream, and when this has become hot turn into it whatever is the base of your dish, which may be oysters, clams, halibut, eggs, cold potatoes, peas or beans. If sweetbreads are to be cooked they should have been blanched earlier in the day. This is done by letting them come to a boil after being put on in cold water. Simmer for ten minutes and then plunge in cold water for ten minutes more. All that is necessary when the article is added to the sauce is to have it well heated through. The sauce burns easily.

Sardines and Eggs.

Another delectable dish for the sup-

per menu is made from five eggs, a small box of sardines, one tablespoonful of butter, the juice of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of salt and a little Cayenne. Bone and skin the sardines and flake with a fork. Melt the butter, add the sardines, and when they are hot turn in the well-beaten eggs, and as soon as these are firm, the seasoning. Salmon prepared in this manner is equally good.

Shrimp, lobsters, oysters and clams are all excellent cooked a la Newburg. Those who object to the use of wine in cooking can have dishes a la Newburg, but the result is not bad even if the sherry that gives the dish its name should be omitted. For the sauce, melt a tablespoonful of butter, add a teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of Cayenne and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Set the shrimp aside, and make a teaspoonful of butter, add to this half a teaspoonful of butter, half a cupful of cream, stirred into the yolks of two eggs. Return the shrimp for a moment to the sauce, and flavor with two tablespoonfuls of sherry and a sprinkling of nutmeg if this is liked. Serve with toast points or with pieces of pastry.

A Welsh Rabbit. For a mild Welsh rabbit melt half a tablespoonful of butter, mix with half a teaspoonful of cornstarch and half a cupful of thin cream. Cook two minutes and then turn into the sauce half a pound of mild cheese broken in bits. When all this is smooth, season with salt, pepper and mustard and serve on slices of toast. This rabbit is not in the least indigestible.

Tomatoes, Eggs and Omelet. For buttered eggs with tomatoes cut the vegetables in thin slices a third of an inch thick, dredge with flour and season with salt and pepper. Cook until heated through in enough butter to prevent burning. Serve on each slice an egg which has been cooked in butter until the white is firm. The tomatoes are very good if served without the egg and with a white sauce poured over them. White sauce is but another name for a la creme.

Any omelet may be made by substituting in this recipe for salmon omelet any other ingredient. Beat stiff the yolks of two eggs and add to them two tablespoonfuls of milk, the same amount of minced salmon, salt and pepper to taste. Beat stiff the whites of the eggs and cut them into the mixture. Cook in a generous allowance of butter, and when brown underneath, fold and serve at once.

Birds. Small birds may be well cooked in the chafing-dish after they have been drawn, washed, wiped dry, and rubbed with salt. Into the pan put a large spoonful of butter for a dozen birds. Unless turned often the birds will burn. Serve each on toast, putting over them a sauce made from half a cupful of stock and a little lemon juice. Add this to the pan to get the flavor of the birds from the butter in which they were cooked. As soon as it is hot pour a little over each bird, and serve with slices of lemon.

Devilled Clams. A pretty and an appetizing dish is called devilled clams. To prepare it pour a cup of cold water over twenty-five clams and drain free from the liquor. Chop very fine. Scald one cup of milk and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour, saving a little of the cold milk to wet this before turning it into the hot. Season with a tablespoonful of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of fine and dry bread crumbs, the beaten yolk of two eggs and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the clams and such seasoning as necessary. Let it come to a boil, then fill shells with the mixture and brown with hot shovel. Serve on bed of watercresses or young lettuce leaves. Decorate with fanciful cut lemon.

Anything With Cheese.

Cheese fondue will be found one of the best of cheese combinations. For it, melt a tablespoonful of butter in the pan, add to it quickly one cup of grated cheese, a half cupful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste. Stir constantly, and when all is smooth add two eggs which have been beaten very light. Serve instantly, as it falls apart.

CARE OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.

At no season of the year do the children require closer watching than when they first return to school in the Autumn. Fresh from a long Summer vacation, free from restraint and overcharged with vitality, they are brought back to the city at the latest possible minute—often after school has commenced, and plunge right into hard work and regular hours.

Many people seem to consider that the entire responsibility of the child's health during the school term rests with the teachers. But this is a mistaken idea. It is the teacher's business to look after the intellectual and moral training of her charges, and to see that they have hygienic surroundings while they are under her care, but it is obviously impossible for her to influence their home life or to know the exact state of each child's health when she has many under her control.

One of the most important matters for the mother to attend to is the child's lunching. This must be sensible and satisfying. If, as at public school there are recesses, the children can come home for a hot meal, but if the recess is not long enough to allow time for the walk, the lunch basket should contain plenty of good bread and butter and some fruit, as well as cake and sweets of which children's lunches are only too apt to consist. Sometimes an arrangement is made at the school by which the children are supplied with training of hot charges and the school building for a certain weekly amount. Even though children are only at school until the usual lunch hour it is too long for them to go without some light refreshment at recess, if they have had an early breakfast. Application to study and a romp at recess stimulate young appetites.

The parents should also insist upon plenty of outdoor exercise outside of school during the pleasant autumn