

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



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Eats Dirt"



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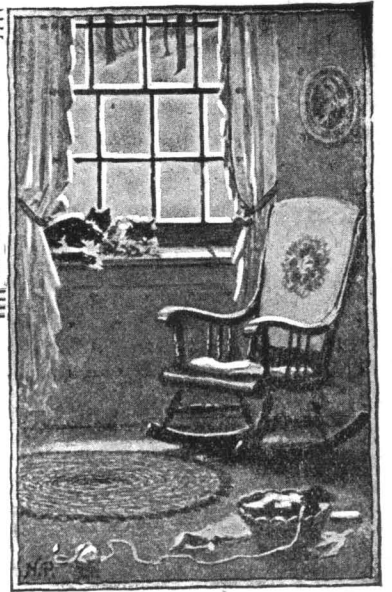
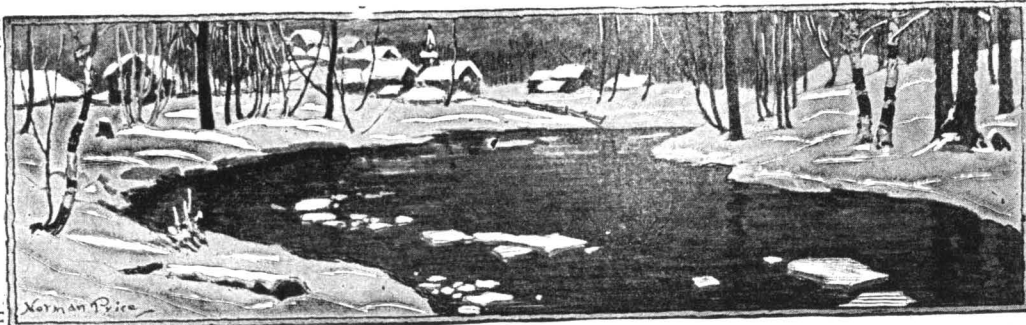
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How Does This Strike You?

What Does National Government Mean?

Who is behind this new move? Is it financial interests, or a party of well-known railway promoters who feel that they have squeezed both Liberals and Conservatives dry, and can think of no other way of obtaining more money?

The average Canadian is sick and tired of politics, and patronage. Yes, let us have a National Government if it will omit both and be a business man's administration.

Let us have labour represented, and why not by a woman such as Nellie McClung or Mrs. Arthur Murphy? Women have proven themselves equal to men in many ways; then why not a woman in the Cabinet to advise and protect the interests of Canadian women?

Let us forget the bungling of the past. It is a sign the Government has tried to do something to help win this war. Now the first and most important move to make is to place in Ottawa at the head of the affairs of our nation, responsible men, who have made their own businesses successful, and who will place Canada before party.

Let us weed out the weak ones, replace them with men of proven ability, and endeavor to obtain a greater degree of efficiency.

Free Instruction For Returned Soldiers

Every day soldiers are returning to Canada unfit for further military duty. Some of them are unable to work and must be taken care of by kind friends or go into some institution. Others seek positions, sometimes those they left, only to find someone else filling the places they expected to be open for them.

These men do not want charity. They want work. Every one will agree that these heroes should be treated as such, and every Canadian employer with British red blood in his veins should see to it that the "yellow males" in his employ be placed on the waiting list and the returned hero given a permanent position.

Free instruction should be provided in our schools for returned soldiers, to enable them taking their places in the ranks of skilled workers, and not compel them to turn away because of the sign "No Unskilled Men Wanted." We might as well start now and not wait until matters become worse.

They are Worse Than Spies

The present is not the time to mince matters when referring to an evil that is prevalent in England and is often referred to as one that is more dangerous and far-reaching than the bullets of the Hun. There are women in England who make it their business to prey

upon our soldiers. They are more dangerous than German snipers, going everywhere and in every class seeking their victims, often spreading disease that is visited unto the children of the third and fourth generation.

There should be only one penalty for a crime of this nature—they should be segregated exactly as lepers. Rid the country of such creatures. They are worse than spies. Their victims are numerous, but yet they for the most part go unpunished.

The women's organizations of Canada might well consider sending strong appeals to the authorities in England to ask their assistance in having our boys return to us as pure as when they left our shores. Fifty thousand letters from Canadian women to Lloyd George would help stamp out this evil.

Why Not Electrify Our Railroads?

Give Sir Adam Beck the money and power and inside of five years coal shortage and poor transportation will be matters of history.

The reason for the present deplorable state of affairs in Ontario is lack of engine power to move trains. The railways, through lack of foresight, have caused freight congestion and untold suffering amongst our people. The cure would be to electrify our railways within a zone, say from London to Peterboro, using electricity on all the main lines.

This would reduce the amount of coal used, give us better and more rapid service and cleaner cities, and we would be using the wonderful storehouse of power Nature has provided us with at Niagara Falls.

Why not heat our homes and cook our food with electricity? Let us start now and have the railways from Niagara to Toronto operated by electricity by next winter.

A Poor Kind Of Sentiment

Why is it that some women hesitate to ask their husbands about their life insurance?—some even going so far as to urge their

husbands not to buy life insurance.

A man does not die any sooner because he has sense enough to provide for the future of his family in the event of death. Sentiment is necessary in the home, but many homes would be better if there were less sentiment and more business shown in the management of them.

Every wife has a right, and should demand, that her husband buy as much life insurance as it is possible for him to carry. She should help him save and see to it that the premiums are paid promptly. After father has died, what a different feeling there is in the home where mother and family realize that their future comfort and education have been provided for, than in the one where wife and family are confronted with the fact that not a cent is left with which to face the world. Wives, talk the matter over with your husbands. You will be largely to blame if you do not see to it that this matter is attended to at once.

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Miss Theda Bara.



Theda Bara as Princess Zuroff, in "Her Greatest Love."

Theda Bara The VAMPIRE WOMAN NEW GROOM

Has Theda Bara vampired America? Figuratively, yes. Literally, no. What does the word vampire mean? Webster gives it: "a ghost superstitiously believed to suck the blood of a person at night. One who preys on others," etc. The word vampire certainly is a misnomer as applied to Miss Bara. She doesn't do anything to deserve this title. The nearest you can come to it, is that she gets the money out of the pockets of the people who like to see her particular kind of pictures. The word vampire does not describe the class of woman she portrays in her different plays. There are several words that might be used which are better than the word vampire, such as cunning, unprincipled, designing, unscrupulous, sensuous, passionate, any one of these is a better name for the type of woman Theda Bara correctly portrays.

The question is often asked: "Is Miss Bara the type of woman she represents so frequently?" Really from anything I saw when interviewing her, there was nothing to indicate that she was a woman of that nature. If not, then why does she select this class of plays? The only reason I can see is that after she made the first picture of this type there was such a strong demand for more of a similar nature that she simply gave way to the demand, and has since continued to give the public just what they want. There are people who would not go into a moving picture theatre showing one of Miss Bara's vampire pictures—however, there are always thousands of persons who like to peep into the lives of others, and are anxious to learn how the other half of the world lives.

People's tastes differ—some like art or music, others sport, some like looking at travel pictures, or simple love scenes, but there are others who prefer pictures showing the type of woman who is supposed to have the power to cause men to be untrue to their homes and families, or able to cast a spell over or influence the lives of those they love or hate.

The question may be asked: "Of what good or value are pictures of this kind?" I cannot attempt to answer the question, but as long as there is a public demand for anything, some person can always be found willing to cater to the demand.

Really I was half afraid to meet Miss Bara. I had heard so much of her wonderful powers, and had seen her so frequently in her vampire plays, that I thought she might attempt to vampire me into leaving my home, becoming enslaved to her charms, and cause me to follow her to Florida, I think, where she is making her next picture. But nothing of this nature happened. So it was with mixed feelings that I followed my guide into the studio where Miss Bara was busy filming her latest picture, "Her Greatest Love."

I watched Miss Bara for some time—the more I saw of her, the greater became my admiration for her ability to grasp in a moment the situations suggested in the story. Sometimes Miss Bara would differ in opinion from her director, Mr. Edwards, usually winning out, demonstrating that she, as far as is possible, lives the life of the woman she portrays.

It is not acting in the accepted meaning of the term; Miss Bara is natural in everything she does. Some have asked what is the secret of her success; there is no secret—she has the power of thought and mind to live as other women do.

No, I was not vampired, but I must confess that my opinion of Theda Bara underwent a great change. She is not the "dairy-maid" type of girl in real life that we are accustomed to seeing on the films being pursued by the city "bad man," nor is she the "painted lady" kind of woman who we are told smokes cigarettes, drinks cocktails and causes married men to say they are going to lodge when they go out at night.

Miss Bara is an exceptionally well-educated woman. She can converse most intelligently on any subject you may select: art, science, music or literature, and when the day's work is over, she enjoys the simple life in her own beautiful home, where she is quite a different woman than one might imagine after seeing her in some of her vampire pictures.

Miss Bara was pleased to know that I came from Canada, and impressed upon me that I must tell Canadians that she is strong for the Allies—Miss Bara being a French woman, she naturally has a great admiration for what Canadians have done to assist France in the war.

To be candid, I cannot tell you the color of Theda Bara's eyes, and I haven't met the person yet who can—and as to her age, please don't ask me, but this I shall say, that she is really younger in real life than she frequently appears on the screen. Married, certainly not! How can a woman whose life is filled so full of the ambition to do great things have the time to think of marriage? Very little is known of Miss Bara before she came to America three years ago—there

(Continued on page 49.)



A woman with magnetic eyes, mysterious and haunting beauty.



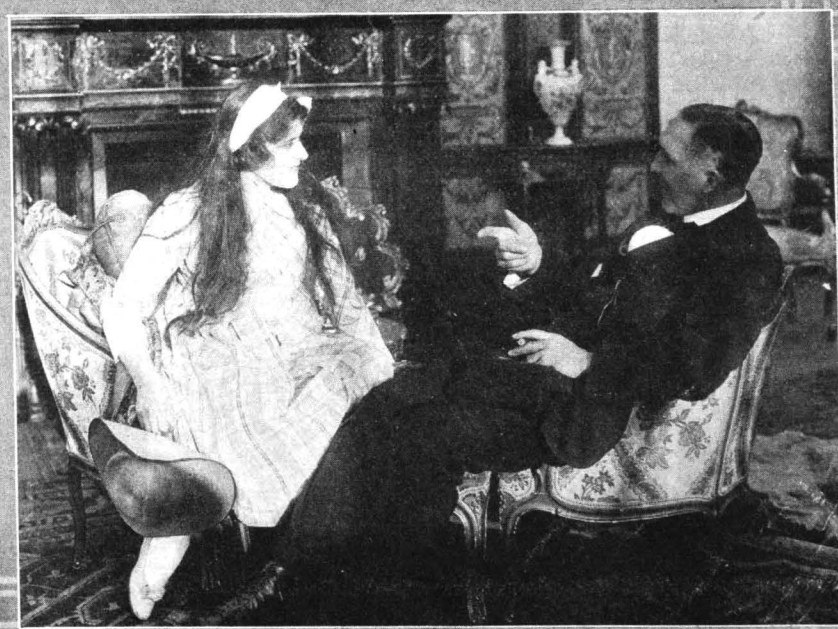
Miss Bara's love of the beautiful, as exemplified by her artistic home. On the right as Esmeralda playing with her pet goat.



Theda Bara as Princess Zuroff, listening to Lucien Correze's declaration of love in "Her Greatest Love." On the left as Vere Herbert, a fifteen-year-old girl. On the right in the character of Esmeralda in "The Darling of Paris."



Shocked at the thought that she must wear a one-piece bathing suit.



In consultation with Mr. Edwards, her successful Canadian director.

The Force of Inertia

By FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

Illustrated by E. C. REED

In Which the Class of Nineteen-Sixteen "Get the Measure" of the Little Swedish Professor and Find the "Man's a Man for a' That"

WHEN the 1916 Class of the S.P.S. (for the benefit of the uninitiated we resolve this geometrical formula into School of Practical Science) met for the first time in the dark and winding corridors of the Engineering School, preparatory to crowding in to its first "lecture" (in the Theory of Engineering Construction), it would have appeared, even to an untrained observer, a wild and motley aggregation of humanity.

You soft and pampered tribe, whose aristocratic backs, clothed in the modern equivalent of Solomon's proverbial glory, know not repose unless supported by a bulwark of silken cushions—whose pockets bulge with a plethora of coin, whose desires are born, but to be gratified—whose only *pays de connaissance* is Land o' Luxury,—turn not your eyes hitherward to the Scientific School of Old Toronto, in the North; your delicately organized nervous systems could never stand the shock.

These, students!

A howling, barbaric mob of rustlers, cow-punchers, rangers from the West—clothing a mere sop thrown to Society's Cerberian maw to keep it quiet,—rusty, down at heel; raw, raw as the crude, harsh land from which, like the dragon-harvest, they had sprung; faces as grim and hard as iron—not an ounce of the flesh which comes only from soft living—every line rough-hewn like granite—every angle pushed out as by some volcanic force; cold-eyed, aquiline-nosed, thin-lipped, square-jawed—hideous to all who can see beauty in rhythmic harmony alone,—such was the Freshman Class of the S.P.S. in old Toronto.

Some had been here before and left for various periods, one year, two years, three years, to earn, in the primitive wilds—surveying, cow-punching, broncho-busting, pole-inspecting, log-jamming—the wherewithal to cover their expenses for another "whirl" at the uncertain game of knowledge. Most were wholly new—they, if possible, were rustier and rawer than the rest. All of them had already played, in the stern drama of Life, a man's part; had known from earliest boyhood the grim and austere joy of self-support. They had lived hard, and scantily; bacon and beans their main staple, raw whisky their habitual beverage, cursing their hourly stimulus in a community where the only requirement was to curse "right." And they had fought—fought hard—both man and Nature—and the eyes of some of them had the tawny wildness of the gaunt timber wolves who run in the dark shadow of the Northern forest. Yet there was thought there, too—the thought that comes to men who have lain for months beneath chill stars—beside a smoldering fire—in the man-lost wild.

The class was loud, noisy, exhilarated; it is possible that some were drunk. For the class-fight between 1915 and 1916 had just come off. The Sophs had barricaded themselves behind a fortification of boards within the enclosure of the handball court; and waited grimly. Then had the Sixteens, collarless, hatless, coatless, dressed in their oldest and shabbiest, come down the narrow street, at a dog's trot, two by two (Grierson, their leader, in the van)—with bandages soaked in red paint tied around arm and forehead; a hard, resolute, trap-mouthed band, with a long, stout battering ram between them. A moment, and a moment only, they had halted in the open field. Then had their leader, tall and wiry, his cold eye gleaming with the gleam of polished steel, waved his long arm.

"Come on, now, boys!"

Then with a wild cheer, echoed faintly from the imprisoned Sophs, the Sixteens had charged.

Gentle students who come not from the sturdy North—imagine not ye know of warfare from the puny scuffles that have been yours.

This was war in earnest—it might be mutilation, life or death. The photographers ran wildly forward, holding their cameras high—the field on either side was black with spectators, the balcony of the women's dormitory high above the field to the left was crowded with fair and breathless spectators.

Daughters of ministers they might be—Scotch, God-fearing, prudent; but the old animal instinct, innate in female as in male, had brought them out *en masse* upon this balcony to watch the ferocious battlings of their men.

Crash! Crash! Crash! The barricade gave way. Splinters flew. The Sophs, braving all danger, poured down upon the Sixteens amid the ruins. Hand to hand encounters began. Brawny fist against face and body—wild and frantic struggles, oaths between set teeth—the ram crashing continuously. Groaning in agony, one student after another was carried away, his arms around the neck of a comrade supporting on either side; and laid gently down on the grassy field far out of reach of the struggling combatants, writhing and twisting, while friends held him down and others laid and bound his wounds.

And meanwhile the barricade had gone; the citadel had been stormed; ladders had been erected and overturned; then, from the high handball wall, a full

twenty feet in the air, an intrepid "Sixteen" had hung downward on a long rope, a pot of red paint gripped in his grimy hands—and amid the wild roars of encouragement of his struggling faction had painted out the effigy of the "Freshy" suspended ignobly by the neck from a gallows, haloed in large letters with the device and blazon, "Alas! Poor 1916!"—only to drop head first as a Soph reinforcement, climbing from behind and overcoming the "Sixteen" allies at the top, cut the rope. The Sixteens caught him underneath, as he fell, paint-pot and all—their faces, painted from the escaping pigment a rich vermillion, beamed; the fatidic whistle had blown; 1916 was triumphant.

Then, bearing their wounded to the infirmary, the intrepid "Sixteens" had withdrawn, *triumphators*, as grimly as they had come, and taken refuge in the dark subterranean windings of the Engineering School, to talk until the first lecture of the day (for them; they had "cut" all the rest), of what official action the President would probably take upon the battle. Forbidden? Certainly it had been forbidden! What cared they? They were not students; they were men!

Now the clanging bell had rung across the scurrying campus from the gray old towers, where waved the purple cross of St. George, symbolic of British Empire in all the ends of the earth. A new lecture period had begun.

It was a 12 to 1—a bad recitation hour. Sixteen had not yet met its Professor in Engineering Construction 2B.

The large lecture room was jammed. Loud talk, oaths, stentorian laughter reigned.

The Professor entered—instantly the room was silent. Two hundred pairs of cold and tawny eyes, accustomed to judge of men, were turned upon his face.

He was a new addition to the staff. He was a Swede—his name was Ligerstroom—that was all they knew about him.

The Professor was clean-shaven, hollow-cheeked, pale and nervous. He carried a portfolio beneath his arm. He wore his black robe awkwardly. These details they took in at a glance.

He walked slowly to the desk on the low platform—laid down his portfolio, opened it, lifted his head and faced his audience.

"Jantelman!" he began, in a mild, weak voice, "I tank—I mus' begun so—telling you I am Sweet—I know not English god—"

He stopped discomfited—a stentorian burst of laughter had run around the room. Vociferous cries arose on every side.

"Stop your swearin'!"

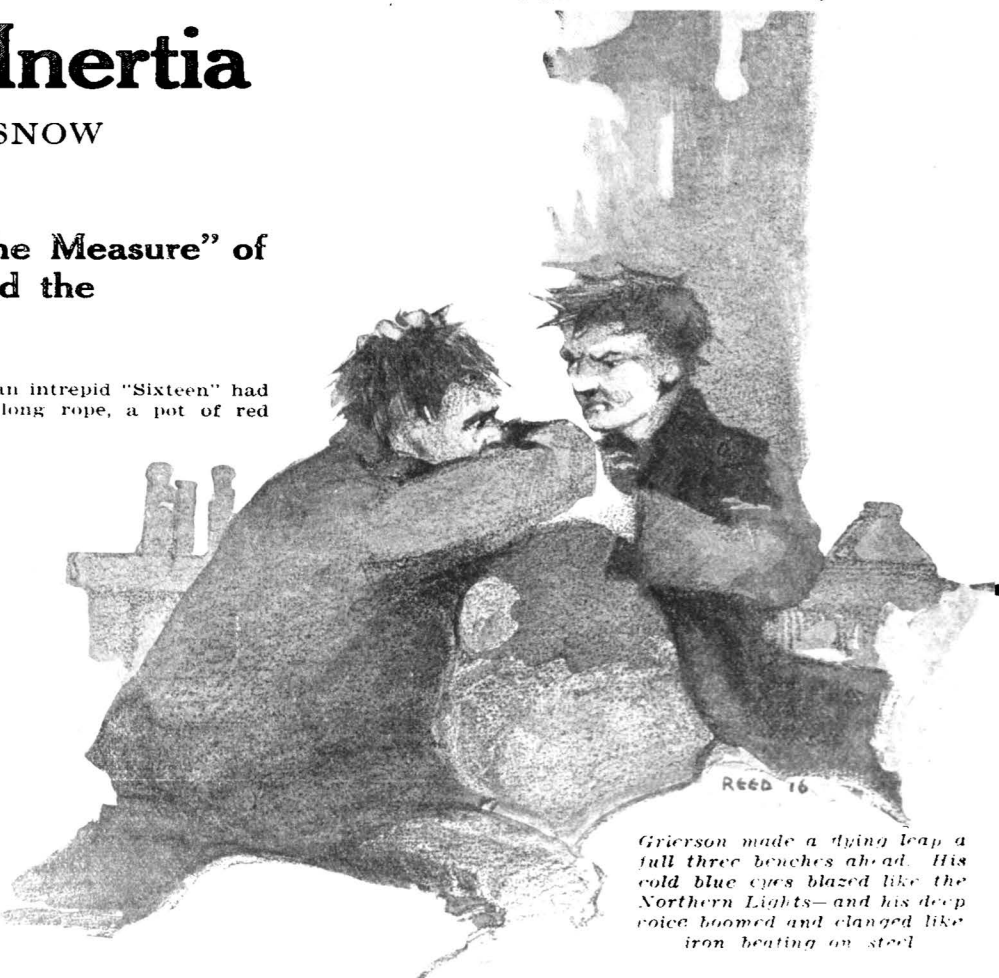
"Three cheers for the sweet Professor!"

"We'll teach you English!"

"O, you Swede!"

The Professor turned visibly paler, and the hand that rested on the portfolio trembled. With an effort he began his lecture. It was glossed and commented at every stage, punctuated by wild yells and catcalls, bursts of rough laughter, lumber camp irony. His English above all brought ridicule upon his head. It was the English of a foreigner who has learned the nomenclature of the books; who has spoken but little; to whom the resources, the logical developments of the language are still dark mysteries. His use of prepositions, particularly, was a weird and wonderful thing—a chaos of misapplications. It was bad enough to hear that "de peeston rode rotate on togadderhang against de crossing held"—but when the students were informed that "wen de straight line motionments is on top de same ratio wut de centrifugelous, de latitudinal motionments is de following afterwards," they just lay back and howled with glee, their heads on one another's shoulders, their faces congested, their mouths wide open, they alternately roared, and wiped the tears from their eyes, cheered, stamped, hooted and gibed.

As the Professor went on, it was clear to all that he was discouraged. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow. A trembling, which went through him from head to foot, cut his breath and made his illustrative blockings out on the blackboard strangely erratic, full of little curves and undulations, like a sound record



Grierson made a diving leap a full three benches ahead. His cold blue eyes blazed like the Northern Lights—and his deep voice boomed and clanged like iron beating on steel.

of the human voice on carbonized paper. It was clear from the designs that he knew his subject, it was equally clear that in an English-speaking country he had no adequate medium of expression.

At times his arms suddenly dropped; he gazed at the door. His relief at the reverberation of the gong was so obvious that the Sixteens choked with unfeigned happiness. With loud cries and catcalls they rose *en masse*, even before the last words had fallen from his lips, and hurled themselves in a wild, struggling confusion at the door, demonstrating (as a writhing red-headed little wag in the middle of the stream gravely explained for the immediate benefit of those who could hear him) that "de latitudinal motionments is de following afterwards!"

The glee of 1916 over the Class's Engineering Professor was unfeigned.

"Say, boys, that Swede's a cinch! We want to a thing to him this year!"

Which form of understatement contained for Dr. Ligerstroom, Sc.B., Ph.D., dark forebodings of far and evil.

These forebodings were amply fulfilled.

The course of Engineering Construction, Engineering 2B, was the best attended of the school, possibly of the University. This hour, above all other hours, was held sacred; other recitations might be cut; Engineering 2B never. Miss all that circus? (Indignantly.) Not on your cephemistic life! In simple language, never!

The "fun," indeed, waxed fast and furious, developing and ramifying from week to week. All the devices calculated to harass and embarrass came into play—pennies were pitched by scores upon the platform—a copper storm hailing upon the luckless Professor's head, a storm which every infelicitous or incorrect expression evoked. Dogs, surreptitiously introduced, ran wildly about, barking excitedly, whistled to from every direction—breaking up the lecture for at least ten minutes at a time. Once a cat was brought in in a basket and her indignant tail tested as a register of high feline emotion, to everyone's (except Ligerstroom, Sc.B.'s) unfeigned and unreserved delight.

One day sneezing powder was liberally distributed, apparently, judging from outward effects, from a point identical with the extreme end of the class. Sneeze after sneeze broke in upon the lecturer's weak and uncertain voice—at times a volley of six or seven together; a dozen near the front sneezed convulsively in rhythmic harmony—the noise and laughter over all the room was formidable.

Ligerstroom, Sc.B., Ph.D., paused. A slight flush, rapidly deepening, tinged his pale and hollow cheeks—he became crimson—made an obvious effort, ending disastrously in a loud and obviously sincere sneeze, followed by two—no, by three others in rapid succession.

The class roared out its appreciation and delight. Dr. Ligerstroom leaned a trembling hand upon the desk.

"Shall someone be as kind and to ope-pen de window?" he asked, mildly, almost apologetically.

A simultaneous rush on the part of at least thirty students, attended with much shoving and some pugilism, deepened the class's already breathless delight.

A cool fresh breeze blew across the heated classroom. It had been snowing since the night before; the snow was piled high along the University paths, and great ridges of it banked high upon the sills.

(Continued on page 41.)

The Story of Julia Page

THIRD
INSTALMENT

By
Kathleen Norris

Author of
"Mother"
"Saturday's Child"
etc.

Illustrations by
WILL FOSTER



"Well, I declare! I hadn't heard a word of it—lots of trouble, but you know all that! Yes, I love children myself, used to be the most devoted mother alive, putting 'em to bed and all that. Yes, indeed!"

SIX weeks—five weeks—three weeks—one week to the wedding, sang Julia's heart; the time ran away. She had dreaded having to meet Jim's friends, and had directed some possible embarrassment from an unexpected move on the part of her own family, but the days fled by, and the miracle of their happiness only expanded and grew sweeter, like a great opening rose. Their hours together, with so much to tell each other and so much to discuss, no matter how short the parting had been, were hours of exquisite delight. And as Julia's beauty and charm were praised on all sides, Jim beamed like a proud boy. As for Julia, every day brought to her notice something new to admire in this wonderful lover of hers; his scowl as he fixed his engine, the smile that always met hers, the instant soberness and attention with which he answered any question as to his work, from the older doctor,—all this was delightful to her. And when he took her to luncheon, his careless big fingers on the ready money and his easy nod to the waiter were not lost upon Julia. She had loved him for himself, but it was additionally endearing to learn that other people loved him, too, to be stopped by elderly women who smiled and praised him, to have young people affectionately interested in his plans.

"You know you are nothing but a small boy, Jim," Julia said one day, "just a sweet, happy kid! You were a spoiled and pitted little boy with your big eyes and your velvet suits and your patent leathers; you loved everyone—everyone loved you; you had your allowance, you were born to be a surgeon, and chance made your guardian a doctor—"

"You angel!" exclaimed Jim, and as she jumped up,—they had been sitting side by side in the hall of the "Alexander," he caught her around the waist, and Julia set a little kiss on the top of his hair.

"But you do love me, Ju?" Jim asked.

"But I do indeed!" she answered. "Why do you always ask me in that argumentative sort of way?"

"Ah, well, it's because I'm always afraid you'll stop!" Jim pleaded. "And I do so want you to begin to love me as much as I do you!"

"You must have had thousands of girls!" Julia remarked, idly rumpling his hair.

"I never was engaged before!" he assured her promptly. "Except to that Delaware girl, as I told you, and after five years she threw me over for a boy named Gregory Biddle, with several millions,—but no chin, Julia,—and had the gall to ask me to the wedding—!"

"Jim,—and you went?"

"Sure I went!" Jim declared.

"Oh, Jim!" and Julia gave him another kiss, through a gale of laughter, and ran off to change her gown and put on her hat.

It was a Saturday afternoon and they were going to Sausalito. But first they went down-town in the lazy, soft Spring afternoon, to buy gloves for Julia and a scarf-pin for Richie, who was to be Jim's best man, and to go into the big railroad office to get tickets for the use of Dr. and Mrs. James Studdiford, three days later.

"Where are we going?" Julia asked idly, her eyes moving about the bright pigeon-holed office and to the window, and the street beyond. Jim for answer put his thumb upon the magic word that stared up at her from the long ticket.

"New York!" she whispered, her radiant look flashed suddenly to him. "Oh, Jim!" And as they went out he heard a little sigh of utter content beside him. "It's too much!" said Julia. "To go to New York—with you!"

"Wherever you go, you go with me," he reminded

her, with a glance that brought the swift color to her face.

Then they went down to the boat. It was the first hot afternoon of the season; there was a general carrying of coats, and people were using the deck seats—there was even some grumbling at the heat. But Sausalito was at its loveliest, and Julia felt almost oppressed by the exquisite promise of Summer that came with the sudden sound of laughter and voices in lanes that had long been silent, and with the odor of dying grass and drooping buttercups beside the road. The Toland garden was full of roses, bright in level sunshine, windows and doors were all wide open, and the odors from bowls of flowers drifted about the house. Barbara, lovely in white, came to meet them.

"Come in, you poor things—you must be roasted! Jim, you're as red as a beet; go take a bath," said Barbara. "And Julia, Aunt Sanna is here, and she says that you're to lie down for not less than an hour. And there are some packages for you, so come up and lie down on my bed and we'll open them!"

"Barbara, I am so happy I think my heart will burst!" said Julia, ten minutes later, from Barbara's pillows.

"Well, you ought to be, my good woman! Jim Studdiford—when he's sober—is as good a husband as you're likely to get!" said Barbara laughing. "Now look, Julia, here's a jam-pot from the Fowlers, Frederick Fowlers,—I call that decent of them! Janey, come in here and put this jam-pot down on Julia's list! And this heavy thing from the Penroses—I hope to goodness it isn't more carvers!"

Two days later they were married, very quietly, in the little church of St. Charles Borromeo, where Julia's father and mother had been married a quarter of a century ago. They had "taken advantage," as Julia said, of her old grandfather's death, and announced that because the bride's family was in mourning the ceremony would be a very quiet one. Even the press was not notified; the Tolands filled two pews, and two more were filled by Julia's mother, her grandmother and cousins. Kennedy Scott Marbury and her husband were there, and sturdy two-year-old Scott Marbury, who was much interested in this extraordinary edifice and impressive proceeding. Julia wore a dark blue gown, and a wide black hat whose lacy brim cast a most becoming shadow over her lovely, serious face. She and Miss Toland drove from the settlement house, and stopped to pick up Mrs. Page, who was awed by Julia's dignity, and a little resentful of the way in which others had usurped her place with her daughter. However, Emeline had very wisely decided to make the best of the situation, and treated Miss Toland with stiff politeness. Julia was in a smiling dream, out of which she roused herself, at intervals, for only a gentle, absent-minded "Yes" or "No."

"I tried to persuade her to be married at the

Cathedral," said Miss Toland to Mrs. Page. "But she wanted it this way!"

"Well, I'm sure she feels you've done too much for her as it is," Emeline said mincingly. "Now she must turn around and return some of it!"

To this Miss Toland made no answer except an outraged snort, and a closer pressure, of her fine, bony hand upon Julia's warm little fingers. They presently reached the church, and Julia was in Barbara's hands.

"You look lovely, darling, and your hat is a dream!" said Barbara, who looked very handsome herself, in her brown suit and flower-trimmed hat. "We go up-stairs, I think. Jim's here, nervous as a fish. You're wonderful—as calm! I'd be simply in spasms. Sally was awful; you'd think she had been married every day, but Keith—his collar was wilted!"

They had reached the upper church now and Miss Toland and Mrs. Page followed the girls down the long aisle to the altar. Julia saw her little old grandmother, in an outrageous flowered bonnet, and Evelyn, who was a most successful modiste now, and Marguerite, looking flushed and excited, with her fat, apple-faced young husband, and three lumpy little children. Also her Aunt May was there, and some young people; Muriel, who was what Evelyn had been at fifteen, and a toothless nine-year-old Regina, in pink, and some boys. On the other side were the elegant Tolands, the dear old doctor in an aisle seat, with his hands, holding his eye-glasses and his handkerchief, fallen on either knee; Ted, lovely in blue; Constance and Jane, with Ned and Mrs. Ned, frankly staring.

As Julia came down the aisle, with a sudden nervous jump of her heart she saw Jim and Richie, who was limping badly, but without his crutch, come toward her. The old priest came down the altar steps at the same time. She and Jim listened respectfully to a short address without hearing a word of it, and found themselves saying the familiar words without in the least sensing them. Julia battled through the prayer with a vague idea that she was losing a valuable opportunity to invoke the blessing of God, but unable to think of anything but the fact that the bride usually walked out of church on the groom's arm, and that the aisle was long and rather dismal in the waning afternoon light—

"Here, darling, in the vestry!" Jim was whispering, smiling his dear, easy, reassuring smile as he guided her to the near-by door. And in a second they were all about her, her first kiss on the wet cheek of Aunt Sanna, the second to her mother—"Evelyn, you were a darling to come way across the city, and Marguerite, you were a darling to bring those precious angels!"—and then the old doctor's kiss, and Richie's kiss—and a pressure from his big bony fingers. Julia half knelt to embrace little Scott Marbury. "He's beautiful, Kennedy—no wonder you're proud!"—and she tore her beautiful

(Continued on following page.)

THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

(Continued from preceding page.)

bunch of roses apart, that each girl might have a few.

"I've got to get her to the train!" Jim protested presently, trying patiently to disengage his wife's hands, eyes and attention. "Julia! Julia Studdiford!"

"Yes, I know!" Julia laughed, and was snatched away half laughing and half in tears, and hurried down to the side street where a carriage was waiting. But it was an April face that she turned a second later to her husband.

"They're all so good to me, and it just breaks my heart!" she said.

"At last—it's all over, and you belong to me!" exulted Jim. "I have been longing and longing for this—just to be alone with you, and have you to myself! Are you tired, sweetheart?"

"No-o. Just a little—perhaps."

"But you do love me?"

"Oh, Jim,—you idiot!" Julia slipped her hand into his, as he put one arm about her, and rested against his shoulder. "When I think that I will often ride in carriages," she mused, half-smiling, "and that, besides being my Jim, you are a rich man, it makes me feel as if I were Cinderella!"

"You shall have your own carriage if you want it, Pussy!" he smiled.

"Oh, don't—don't give me anything more," begged Julia, "or a clock somewhere will strike twelve, and I'll wake up in the 'Alexander,' with the Girls' Club rehearsing a play!"

"You know, we could have our meals in here, Ju," Jim suggested, after Julia had examined every inch of her Pullman drawing-room. "Claude here"—all porters were "Claude" to Jim—"would take care of us, wouldn't you, Claude?"

"Dat I would!" said Claude with husky fervor. But Julia's face fell.

"Oh, Jim! But it would be such fun to go out to the dining-car!" she pleaded.

Jim shouted. "All right, you baby!" he said. "You see, my wife's only a little girl," he explained. "She's—are you eight or nine, Julia?"

"She sho' don't look more'n dat," Claude gallantly assured them, as he departed.

"I'll be twenty-four on my next birthday," Julia said thoughtfully, a few moments later.

"Well, at that, you may live three or four years more!" Jim consoled her. "Do you know what time it is, Loveliness? It's twenty minutes past six. We've been married exactly two hours and twenty minutes. How do you like it?"

"I love it!" said Julia boldly. "Do I have to change my dress for dinner?"

"You do not."

"But I ought to fix my hair, it's all mashed!" Julia did wonders to it with one of the ivory-backed brushes that had come with the new travelling-case, fluffing the thick braids and tucking the loose golden strands about her temples trimly into place. Then she rubbed her face with a towel, and jumped up to straighten her belt, and run an investigating finger about the embroidered turn-down collar that finished her blue silk blouse. Finally she handed Jim her new whisk-broom, with a capable air, and presented straight little shoulders to be brushed.

Jim turned her round and round, whisking and straightening, and occasionally kissing the tip of a pink ear, or the straight white line where her hair parted.

"Here, you can't keep that up all night!" Julia suddenly protested, grabbing the brush. "I'll do you!" But Jim stopped the performance by suddenly imprisoning girl and whisk-broom in his arms.

"Do you know I think we are going to have great fun!" said he. "You're such a good little sport, Ju! No nerves and no nonsense about you! It's such fun to do things with a person who isn't eternally fussing about heat and cold, and whether she ought to wear her gloves into the dining-car, and whether any one will guess that she's just married!"

"Oh, I have my nervous moments," Julia confessed her eyes looking honestly up into his. "It seems awfully strange and queer, rushing farther and farther away from home, alone with you!" Her voice sank a little, she put up her arms and locked them about his neck. "I have to keep reminding myself that you are just you—Jim," she said, bravely, "who gave me my Browning, and took me to tea at the Pheasant—and then it all seems right again! And then—such lots of nice people have gotten married, and gone away on honeymoons—" she ended, argumentatively.

The laughter had gone from Jim's eyes; a look almost shy, almost ashamed had taken its place. He kept her as she was for a moment, then gave her a serious kiss, and they went laughing through the rocking cars to eat their first dinner together as man and wife. And Jim watched her as she radiantly settled herself at table, and watched the frown of childish gravity with which she studied her menu, with some new and tender emotion stirring at his heart. Life had greater joys in it than he had ever dreamed, and greater potentialities for sorrow, too. What was bright in life was altogether more gloriously bright, and what was dark seemed to touch him more closely; he felt the sorrow of age in the trembling old man at the table across the aisle, the pathos of youth in the two young traveling salesmen who chatted so self-confidently over the meal.

Several weeks later young Mrs. Studdiford wrote to Barbara that New York was "a captured dream." "I seem to belong to it," wrote Julia, "and it seems to belong to me! I can't tell you how it satisfies me; it is good just to look down from my window

at Fifth Avenue every morning, and say to myself, 'I'm still in New York!' For the first two weeks Jim and I did everything alone, like two children,—the new Hippodrome, and Coney Island, and the Liberty Statue and the Bronx Zoo,—I never had such a good time! We went to the theatres and the museums, and had breakfast at the Casino, and lived on top of the green busses! But now Jim has let some of his old college friends know we are here, and we are spinning like tops. One is an artist, and has the most fascinating studio I ever saw, down on Washington Square, and another is an editor, and gave us a tea in his rooms overlooking Stuyvesant Square, and Barbara, everybody there was a celebrity (except us) and all so sweet and friendly—it was a hot Spring day, and the trees in the square were all such a fresh, bright green.

"Tell Richie Jim is going to assist the great Dr.

THE STORY

JULIA PAGE is brought up in sordid surroundings. She and her mother, vulgar and shiftless, live in rooms over a saloon. Julia is very pretty but overdresses in tawdry finery. She has a devoted admirer, Mark Rosenthal, who continually begs her to marry him, but Julia refuses. Julia plays in a society amateur theatrical show and meets the wealthy Tolands. Over-hearing some disparaging remarks, she awakens to the sordidness of her life. Disgusted, she takes a ride and chances to get off near the "Alexander Toland Neighborhood House." Julia becomes Miss Toland's assistant, and later meets Dr. James Studdiford. He falls in love with Julia, who has greatly improved under several years of settlement work. When Mark realizes that Julia likes Dr. Studdiford, he commits suicide. Shortly after Julia and Dr. Studdiford become engaged, Julia confesses to him a youthful love affair, withholding the man's name. Dr. Studdiford, however, declares it does not matter, and they marry.

Cassell in some demonstrations of bone-transplanting, at Bellevue, next week—oh, and Barbara, did I write Aunt Sanna that we met the President? My dear, we did! We were at the theatre with the Cassells, and saw him in a box and Dr. Cassell, the old darling! knows him, and went to the President's box to ask if we might be brought in and presented and, my dear! he got up and came back with Dr. Cassell to our box, and was simply sweet and asked me if I wasn't from the South and I nearly said, "Yes, south of Market Street," but refrained in time. I had on the new apricot crepe, and a black hat, and felt very Lily-like-a-princess, as Jane says—

"But we're both getting homesick; it will seem good to see the old ferry building again—and Sausalito, and all of you —"

Early in July they did start homeward, but by so circuitous a route, and with such prolonged stops at the famous hotels that it was on a September afternoon that they found themselves taking the Toland household by storm. And Julia thought no experience in her travels so sweet as this one; to be received into the heart of the family and to settle down to a review of the past five months. Richie was so brotherly and kind, the girls so admiring of her gowns and her diamonds, so full of gay chatter, the old doctor so gallant and so affectionate! Mrs. Toland chirped and twittered like the happy mother of a cageful of canaries; and Julia, when they gathered about the fire after dinner, took a low stool next to Miss Toland's chair and rested a shoulder, little-girl fashion, against the older woman's knee.

"It was simply a tour of triumph for Ju," said Dr. Jim, packing his pipe at the fireplace, with satisfied eyes on his wife. "She has friends in the Ghetto and friends in the White house. We went down to the Duponts, on Long Island, and Dupont said she—"

"Oh, please, Jim!" Julia said seriously.

"Dupont said she was one of the most interesting women he ever talked to," Jim continued inexorably, "and Dubney wanted to paint her!"

"Tell me the news!" begged Julia. "How's the 'Alexander'?" Aunt Sanna—how is Miss Striker turning out?"

"She's turned out," said Miss Toland grimly, her knitting needles flashing steadily. "She came to me with her charts and rules and oh, she couldn't lie in bed after half-past six in the morning and she couldn't put off the sewing-class, and she would like to ask me not to eat my breakfast after nine o'clock! Finally she asked me if I wouldn't please keep the expenditures of the house and my own expenditures separate, and that was the end!"

"What on earth did you say?"

"Say!—I asked her if she knew I built the 'Alexander,' and sent her packing! And now," Miss Toland rubbed her nose with the gesture Julia knew so well. "Now Miss Pierce is temporarily in charge, but she won't stay there nights, so the clubs are given up," she observed discontentedly.

"And what's the news from Sally?" Julia interrupted.

"Just the loveliest in the world!" Mrs. Toland said. "Keith is working like a little Trojan—and

Sally sent us a perfectly charming description of the pension, and their walks—"

"Yes, and how she couldn't go out because she hadn't shoes!" Jane added, half in malice, half in fun. "Don't look so shocked, Mother dear! you know it's true. And the landlady cheating them out of a whole week's board."

"Gracious me!" said Mrs. Toland in a low undertone full of annoyance. "Did any one ever hear such nonsense! All that is past history now, Janey," she reminded her young daughter, in her usual hopeful voice. "Dad sent a check, like the dear, helpful Daddy he is, and now everything's lovely again!"

The Studdifords were house-hunting in all of Jim's free hours; confining their efforts almost entirely to the city, although a trip to San Mateo or Ross Valley made a welcome change now and then. It was not until late in October that the right house was found, on Pacific Avenue, almost at the end of the cable-car line.

"Perfect!" said Jim radiantly on the afternoon when they first inspected the house. "It's just exactly right and I'm strong for it!" He came over to Julia, who was thoughtfully staring out of a drawing-room window. Her exquisite beauty was to-day set off by a loose long sealskin coat,—for the Winter was early,—and a picturesque little motor bonnet also of seal,—with a velvet rose against her soft hair. "Little bit sad to-day, sweetheart?" Jim asked, kissing the tip of her ear.

"No-o. I was just thinking what a lovely, sheltered back yard," Julia said sensibly, raising her blue eyes. But she had brightened perceptibly at his tenderness. "I love you, Jim," she said, very simply.

"And I adore you!" Jim answered, his arms about her. "I've been thinking all day how rotten that sounded this morning!" he added in a lower tone. "I'm so sorry!"

"As if it was your fault!" Julia protested generously. And a moment later she charmed him by declaring herself to be entirely satisfied with his enchanting house, and by entering vigorously upon the question of furnishings.

The little episode to which Dr. Studdiford had made a somewhat embarrassed allusion had taken place in their rooms at the hotel that morning, while they were breakfasting. Plans for a little dinner-party were progressing pleasantly, over the omelet and toast, when Jim chanced to suggest that a certain Mrs. Pope be included among the guests.

"Oh, Jim, not Mrs. Jerry Pope?" Julia questioned, wide-eyed.

"Yes, but she calls herself Mrs. Elsie Carroll Pope, now. Why not?"

"Oh, Jim—but she's divorced!"

"Well, so are lots of other people!"

"Yes, I know. But it was such a horrid divorce, Jim!"

"Horrid how?"

"Oh, some other man, and letters in the papers and Mr. Pope kept both the children! It was awful!"

"Oh, come, Ju, she's a nice little thing, awfully witty and clever. Why go out of your way to knock her?"

"I'm not going out of my way," Julia answered with dignity. "But she was a great friend of Mary Chetwynde's, who used to teach at the 'Alexander,' and she came out there two or three times, and she's a noisy, yelling sort of woman and her hair is dyed,—yes, it is, Jim!"

"Lord, you women do love to rip each other up the back!" Jim smiled lazily, as he wheeled his chair about and lighted a cigarette.

"I'm not ripping her up the back at all," Julia protested with spirit. "But she's not a lady and I hate the particular set she goes with—"

"Not a lady—ha!" Jim ejaculated. "She was a Cowdry."

Julia leaned back in her chair, and opened a fat letter from Sally Burroughs in Europe, that had come in her morning's mail.

"Ask her by all means to dinner," she said calmly. "Only don't expect me to admire her and approve of her, Jim, for I won't do it; I know too much about her!"

"It's just possible Mrs. Pope isn't waiting for your admiration and approval, my dear," Jim said nettled. "But I doubt, whatever she knew of you, if she would speak so unkindly about you!"

Julia turned as scarlet as if a whip had fallen across her face. She stared at him for a moment with fixed, horrified eyes, then crushed her letter together with a spasmodic gesture of the hands and let it fall as she went blindly toward the bedroom door. Jim sat staring after her, puzzled at first, then with the red blood surging into his face. He dropped his cigarette and his newspaper, and for perhaps three minutes there was no sound in the apartment but the coffee bubbling in the percolator and the occasional clank of the radiator.

Then Jim jumped up suddenly and flung open the door of the bedroom. Julia was sitting at her dressing-table, one elbow resting upon it and her head dropped on her hand. She raised heavy eyes and looked at him.

"Don't be a fool, Ju," Jim said, solicitous and impatient. "You know I didn't mean anything by that. I wouldn't be such a cad. You know I wouldn't say a thing like that—I couldn't. Come on back and finish your coffee."

But he did not kiss her; he did not put his arms about her; and Julia felt curiously weary and cold

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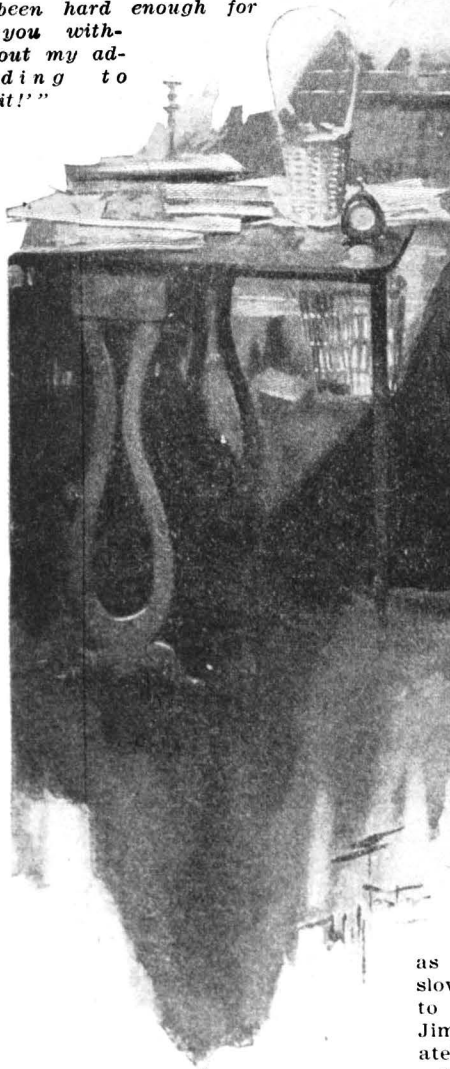


THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

(Continued from preceding page.)



"You little angel," Jim said. "What a beast I am! As if life hadn't been hard enough for you without my adding to it!"



as she came slowly back to her place. Jim immediately lighted a fresh cigarette, and began

to rattle away somewhat nervously of his plans for the day. He was going over to the Oakland Hospital to look at his man with the spine—better not try to meet for lunch. But how about the Pacific Avenue house? If Julia took the motor and stopped at the agent's for the key, he would meet her there at four—how about it?

Julia cried for a long time. Then she stopped resolutely, and spent a long half-hour in serious thought, her fingers absently tracing the threads of the table-cloth with a fork, her thoughts flying.

Presently she roused herself, telephoned Jim's chauffeur and the agent of the Pacific Avenue house, bathed her reddened eyes, and inspected her new furs, just home from the shop. Now and then her breast rose with a long sigh—but she did not cry again.

"I'll wear my new furs," she decided soberly. "Jim loves me to look pretty. And I must cheer up—he hates me to be blue! Who can I lunch with, to cheer up?—Aunt Sanna! I'll get a cold chicken and some cake, and go out to the 'Alexander!'"

So the outward signs of the storm were obliterated, and no one knew of the scar that Julia carried from that day in her heart. Only a tiny, tiny scar, but enough to remind her now and then with cold terror that even into her Paradise the serpent could thrust his head, enough to prove to her bitter satisfaction that there was already something that Jim's money could not buy.

The furnishing of the Pacific Avenue house proceeded apace—it was an eminently gratifying house to furnish, and Jim and Julia almost wished their labors not so light. All rugs looked well on those beautiful floors; all pictures were at their best against the dull rich tones of the walls.

Did Mrs. Studdiford like the soft blue curtains in the library, or the dull gold, or the coffee-colored tapestry? Mrs. Studdiford, an exquisite little figure of indecision, in the great Elizabethan chair of carved black oak, didn't really know; they were all so beautiful! She wondered why the blue wouldn't be lovely in the breakfast room if they used the gold here? Then she wouldn't use the English cretonne in the breakfast room? Oh, yes, of course, she had forgotten the English cretonne!

At last it was all done, from the two stained little Roman marble benches outside the front door, to the monogrammed sheets in the attic cedar-closet. The drawing-room had its grand piano, its great mahogany davenport facing the fire, its rich dark rugs, its subdued gleam of copper and crystal, dull blue china and bright enamel. The little reception-room was gay with yellow-gold silk and teak-wood; Jim's library was severely handsome with its dark leather chairs and rows of dark leather bindings. A dozen guests could sit about the long oak table in the dining-room; the great sideboard with its shining oak cupids and satyrs, and its enormous claw feet, struck perhaps the only pretentious note in the house. A wide-lipped bowl, in clear yellow glass, held rosy pippins or sprawling purple grapes on the table in the window, the sideboard carried old jugs and flagons, in blackened silver and dull pottery.



Presently Foo Ting was established supreme in the kitchen, Lizzie secured as waitress and Ellie, Lizzie's sister, engaged to

do up-stairs work. Chadwick, Jim's chauffeur, was accustomed occasionally to enact also the part of valet, so that it was with a real luxury of service that the young Studdifords settled down for the Winter.

Julia's beautiful earnest face came to have a somewhat strained and wistful look, as the weeks fled past without bringing the quiet, empty time for which she longed. All about her now stretched the glittering spokes of the city's great social wheel, every mall brought her a flood of notes, every quarter-hour summoned her to the telephone, every fraction of the day had its appointed pleasure. Julia must swiftly eliminate from her life much of the rich feminine tradition of housewifery; it was not for her to darn her husband's hose, to set exquisite patches in thinning table linen, to gather flowers for jars and vases. Julia never saw Jim's clothing except when he was wearing it, the table linen was Ellie's affair, and Lizzie had the entire lower floor bright and fragrant with fresh flowers before Jim and Julia came down to breakfast. Young Mrs. Studdiford found herself readily assuming the society woman's dry, brief mannerisms. Jim used to grin sometimes when he heard her at the telephone:

"Oh, that would be charming, Mrs. Babcock," Julia would say, "if you'll let me run away at three, for I must positively keep an appointment with Carroll at three, if I'm to have my gown for dear Mrs. Morton's *bal masque* Friday night. And if I'm just a tiny bit late you won't be cross? . . . for we all do German at twelve now, you know, and it will run over the hour! Oh, you're very sweet! . . . Oh, no, Mrs. Tolcott spoke to me about it, but we can't—we're both so sorry, but this week seems to be just full—no, she said that, but I told her that next week was just as bad, so she's to let me know about the week after. . . . Oh, I know she is. And I did want to give her a little tea, but there doesn't seem to be a moment! I think perhaps I'll ask Mrs. Castle to let us dine with her some other time, and give Betty a little dinner Monday—"

And so on and on, in the quick harassed voice of one who must meet obligations.

"You're a great social success, Ju," Jim said smiling, one morning.

Julia made a little grimace, over her letters.

"Oh, come off, now!" her husband railed good-naturedly. "You know you love it. You know you like to dress up and trot about with me and be admired!"

"I like to trot about with you," Julia conceded, sighing in spite of her smile. "But I get very tired of dinners. Some other woman gets you, and some other woman's husband gets me, and we say such flat things, about motor-cars, or the theatre—nothing friendly or intimate or interesting!"

Lent had only begun when the Studdifords made a flying trip to Honolulu, where Jim had a patient. The great liner was fascinating to Julia, and as usual, her beauty and charm and the famous young surgeon's unostentatious bigness made them friends on all sides. Julia could not spend the empty days staring dreamily out at the rolling green Pacific; every man on board was anxious to improve her acquaintance, from the Captain to the seventeen-year-old little English lad who was going out to his father in India, and to not one of them did it ever occur that lovely little Mrs. Studdiford might prefer to be left alone.

On the boat, coming home, however, there occurred a little incident that darkened Julia's sky for a long time to come. On the very day of starting she and Jim, with some others, were standing, a laughing group, on the deck when a dark, handsome young woman came forward from a near-by cabin doorway, and held out her hand.

"Do you remember me, Julia?" said she, smiling. Julia, whose white frock was draped with a dozen ropes of brilliant flowers and who looked like a May Queen in her radiant bloom, looked at the newcomer for a few moments, and then said, with a clearing face:

"Hannah! Of course I know you. Mrs. Palmer, may I present Dr. Studdiford?"

Jim smilingly shook hands, and as the rest of the group melted away, Mrs. Palmer explained that her husband's business was in Manila, and she was bringing up her two little children to visit her parents, in Oakland.

"She's extremely pretty," Jim said, when he and Julia were alone in their luxurious stateroom. "Who is she?"

"I don't know why I supposed you knew that she is one of Mark's sisters," Julia said, coloring. "I saw something of them all, after—afterward, you know."

"Oh!" Jim's face, which he chanced to be washing, also grew red; he scowled as he plunged it again into the towel. Julia proceeded with her own lunch toilet in silence, humming a little now and then, but the brightness was gone from the day for her; the swift-flying green water outside the window had turned to lead, the immaculate little apartment was bleak and bare. Jim did not speak, as they went down to lunch, nor was he himself when they met again after a game of auction, at dinner. In fact, this marked Julia's first acquaintance with a new side of his character. When she came back to her stateroom at six o'clock, he was already there, flung across the bed, his arms locked under his head, his sombre eyes on the ceiling.

"Jim, don't you feel well, dear?"

"Perfectly well, thank you!"

Slightly angered by his tone, Julia fell silent, busied herself with her brushes, hooked on a gown of demure cherry color and gray, and caught up a silky scarf.

"Anything I can do for you, Jim?" she said then, politely.

"Just—let me alone!" Jim answered, without stirring.

Hurt to the quick, and sudden color in her face, Julia left the room. She held her head high, but she felt almost a little sick with the shock. Five minutes later she was the centre of a chattering group on the deck. A milky twilight held the sea, the skyline was no longer to be discerned in the opal spaces all about them, the ship moved over a vast plain of pearl-colored smooth waters. Where staterooms were lighted, long fingers of rosy brightness fell across the deck; here and there in the shelter of a bit of wall were the dark blots that were passengers, wrapped and reclining and unrecognizable in the gloom.

Julia and a young man named Manners began to pace the deck. Mr. Manners was a poet and absorbed in the fascinating study of his own personality, but he served Julia's need just now and never noticed her abstraction and indifference. He described to Julia the birth of his own soul, when he was what the world considered only a clumsy, unthinking lad of seventeen, and Julia listened as a pain-racked fever patient might listen with vague distress to the noise of distant hammers.

Presently they were all at dinner; soup, but no Jim; fish, but no Jim,—here was Jim at last, pale, freshly shaven, slipping into his place with a muttered apology and averted eyes. With a sense of impending calamity upon her, Julia struggled through her dinner; after a while she found herself holding cards, under a bright light; after a while reached her stateroom.

Julia turned up the light. The room was close and empty, littered with the evidences of Jim's hasty toilet. She opened a window, and the sweet salt air filtered in, infinitely soothing and refreshing. She began to go about the room, picking up Jim's clothes and putting the place in order. Once or twice her face twitched with pain, and once she stopped and pressed Jim's coat to her heart with both hands, as if to stop a wound, but she did not cry, and presently began her usual preparations for bed, in her usual careful fashion. The cherry-colored gown had been put away, and Julia, in an embroidered white kimono almost stiff enough to stand alone, was putting her rings into their little cases, when Jim came in.

"Where have you been, Jim?" she asked quietly, noticing his white face, his tumbled hair and a certain disorder in his appearance. Jim did not answer, and after a moment Julia repeated her question.

"Up on deck," Jim said, a bitter burst of words breaking through his ugly silence. He dropped into a chair, and put his head in his hands. Suddenly he sat up, dropped his hands, and stared at her haggardly.

"Julia," said he hoarsely, "I've been up there thinking—I'm going mad, I guess—"

He stopped, and there was silence. Julia stood still, looking at him.

"Tell me," Jim said, "was it Mark?"

The hideous suddenness of Jim's question, "Was it Mark?" struck Julia like a bodily blow; she stood as if she had been turned to ice. A great weight seemed to seize her limbs, a sickening vertigo attacked her. She had a suffocating sense that time was passing, that ages were going by in that bright, glaring room with the sea air coming in a shuttered window, and the two beds, with their smooth white pillows, so neatly turned down. Still she could not speak, not yet—

"Yes, it was Mark," she said tonelessly and gently, after a long silence. "I thought you knew."

He flung his hands madly in the air and got on his feet. Then as if ashamed through all the boiling surge of his emotions, at this loss of control, he rammed his hands into the pockets of his light overcoat and began to pace the room. "You—you—you!" he said, in a sort of wail, and in another moment, muttering some incoherency about air, he had snatched up his cap and was gone again.

Julia slowly crossed the room and sat down on her bed. She felt as a person who had swallowed

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THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

(Continued from preceding page.)

a dose of poison might feel; agonies were soon to begin that would drive the life from her body, but she could not feel them yet. Instead she felt tired, —tired beyond all bearing, and the lights hurt her eyes. She slipped her kimono from her, stepped out of her slippers, and plunged the room into utter darkness. Like a tired child she crept into bed, and with a great sigh dropped her head on the pillow.

She had thought the old dim horror over and done with. Now she knew it never would be that; now she knew there was no escape. The happy little castle she had built for herself fell about her like a house of cards; she was dishonored, she was abased, she was powerless. In telling Jim her whole history, on that terrible night at the settlement house, she had flung down her arms; there was no new extenuating fact to add to the story, it was all stale and unchangeable, it must stand before their eyes forever, a hideous fact. And it seemed to Julia, tossing restlessly in the dark, that a thousand sleeping menaces rose now to terrify her. Perhaps Hannah Palmer knew! Julia's breath stopped, her whole body shook with terror. And if Hannah, why not others? A letter of Mark's to someone—to anyone—might be in existence now, waiting its hour to appear and to disgrace her, and Jim, and all who loved them!

And was it for this, she asked herself bitterly, that she had so risen from the past, so studied and struggled and aspired? Had she been mad all these years to forget the danger in which she stood, to imagine that she had buried her tragedy too deep for discovery? Had she been mad to marry Jim, her dear, sweet, protecting old Jim, who was always so good to her—

But at the thought of him and of her bitter need of him in this desolate hour, Julia fell to violent crying, and after her tears she drifted into a deep sleep, her lashes wet, and her breast occasionally rising with a sharp sigh as a child's might.

When she awakened, dawn was breaking, the level waste of the sea was pearl color and rose under a slowly rising mist. Julia bathed and dressed and went out to the deck, where, with a great plaid wrapper about her, she might watch the miracle of the birth of day. And as the warming rays of the sun enveloped her and the newly-washed decks dried under its touch, and as signs of life began to be heard all about, slamming doors and gay greetings, laughter and the crisp echoes of feet, hope and self-confidence crept again into her heart. She was young, after all, and pretty, and Jim's very agony of jealousy only proved that he loved her. She had never deceived him, he could not accuse her of one second's weakness there. He had only had a sudden, terrible revelation of the truth he had known so long; it could not affect him permanently—

"Going down?" said a voice gaily.

Julia turned to smile upon a group of cheerful acquaintances.

"Thinking about it," she smiled.

"Where's Himself?" somebody asked.

"Still asleep—the lazybones!" Julia answered calmly. They all went down-stairs together, and Julia was perhaps a little ashamed to find the odors of coffee and bacon delightful, and to thoroughly enjoy her early breakfast.

Afterward she went straight to her room; not at all surprised to find Jim there, flung, dressed as he was, across his bed and breathing heavily. Julia studied him for a moment in silence. Then she set about the somewhat difficult task of rousing him, quite her capable wifely little self when there was something she could do for him.

"Jim! You'll have to get these damp things off, dear! Come, Jim, you can't sleep this way—wake up, Jim!"

Drowsily, heavily, he consented to be partially undressed, and covered with a warm rug. Julia grew quite breathless over her exertion; she tucked him in carefully.

"I'm going to tell the chambermaid not to come in until I ring, Jim. But shall I send you in a cup of coffee?"

"Huh!" Jim said, already asleep.

"Do you want some coffee, Jim?"

"No—no coffee!"

Julia tiptoed about the room a moment more, took her little sewing-basket and a new magazine, and giving a departing look at her husband, found his eyes wide open and watching her. Instantly, a rush of tears pressed behind her eyelids and she felt herself grow weak and confused.

"Thank you for fixing me up so nicely, darling," Jim said meekly.

"Oh, you're welcome!" Julia answered, with a desperate effort to appear calm.

"Will you kiss me, Julie?" Jim pursued, and a second later she was on her knees beside him, their arms were locked together, and their lips met as if they had never kissed each other before.

"You little angel," Jim said, "what a beast I am! As if life hadn't been hard enough for you without my adding to it! Oh, but what a night I've had! And you'll forgive me, won't you, sweetheart, for I love you so!"

Julia put her face down and cried stormily, her wet face pressed against his, his arms holding her close. After a while, when the sobs lessened, they began to talk together and then laugh together in the exquisite relief of being reconciled. Then Jim

went to sleep and Julia sat beside him, his hand in hers, her eyes idly following the play of broken bright lights that quivered on the wall.

"And life isn't easy and gay, say what you will," thought Julia, philosophically. "There is no use grumbling and groaning, and saying to yourself, 'Oh, if only it wasn't just this or that thing worrying me!' for there is always this or that. Kennedy and Bab think I am the most fortunate girl in the world, and yet, to be able to go back ten years, and live a few weeks over again, I'd give up everything I have—even Jim. Just to start square! Just to feel that wretched thing wasn't there like a layer of mud under everything I do, making it a farce for me to talk of uplifting girls by settlement work, as people are eternally making me talk! Or if only everyone knew it, it would be easier, for then I would feel at least that I stood on my own feet!"

The Dream Garden

Bessie Bellman

Dear old garden of long ago—

Part of my childhood's memories,—

Hollyhocks nod in your farthest row

Under the linden trees.

Box bordered pathways with mignonette

Crowding right over the edges,—

Methinks I can whiff the fragrance yet

Of your lavender and sedges.

But dearest of all in that garden old,

Was the spicy clove-pink cluster,

Bursting its sweetness—too much to hold—

Over the pale leaves' lustre.

Sunshine, and shade from the linden trees,

A book to read, and a dream to dream;—

Youth in the heart and youth in the breeze,—

And a precious old romance the theme.

We have all loitered there;—you and I,

The trees, the book, the dream and the sky!

"Pictures of Memory."

But now of course that's impossible on Jim's account. What a horrible scandal it would be, what a horrible thing it is, that any girl can cloud her own life in this way!

"Well, society is very queer, civilization hasn't gotten very far,—sometimes I think virtue is a good deal of an accident, and that people take themselves pretty seriously!"

And so musing, Julia dozed and awakened, and dozed again. But in her heart had been sowed the seed that was never to be uprooted—the little seed of doubt. Doubt of the social structure, doubt of its grave authorities, its awe-inspired interpreters. What were the mummies all so busy about and how little their mummery mattered! This shall be permitted, this shall not be permitted; what is in your heart and brain concerns us not at all; where your soul spends its solitudes is not our affair—so that you keep a certain surface smoothness, so that you dress and talk and spend as we bid you, you, for such time as we please, shall be one of us!

Nevertheless, the young Studdifords, shortly after their return to San Francisco, entered heartily upon the social joys of the hour. Barbara had been waiting only their arrival to demurely announce her engagement, and Julia's delight immediately took the form of dinners and theatre parties for the handsome Miss Toland and her fiancé. A new and softened sweetness marked Barbara in these days; she was more gentle, and more charming than she had ever been before. Captain Edward Francis Humphry Gunther Fox was an officer in the English army, a blonde, silent man of forty, with kind eyes and a delightfully modulated voice. He had a comfortable private income, a "place" in Oxfordshire, and an older sister who had married a lord, so that his credentials were unexceptionable, and Mrs. Toland was nearly as happy as her daughter was.

"It's curious," said Barbara to Julia, in one of their first hours alone, "but there is a distinction and an excitement about getting engaged, and you enjoy it just as much at thirty as at twenty—perhaps more. People—or persons, as Francis says—who have never paid me any attention before, are flocking to the front now with presents and good wishes, and some who never have seen Captain Fox congratulate me—it amounts to congratulation—as if any marriage were better than none!"

"Well, there is a something about marriage," Julia admitted, "you may not have any reason for feeling so, but you do feel superior, way down in your secret heart! And yet, Babbie," and a little shadow darkened her bright face, "and yet, once you are married, you see a sort of—well, a sort of uncompromising brightness about girlhood, too! When I go out to the 'Alexander' now, and remember my old busy days there, and walking to chapel with

Aunt Sanna in the fresh, early mornings—I don't know—it makes me almost a little sad!"

"Don't speak of it," said Barbara. "When I think of leaving Dad and home, and going off to England, and having to make friends of women with high cheekbones and mats of crimps coming down to their eyebrows, it scares me to death!"

And both girls laughed gaily. They were having tea in Julia's drawing-room, on a cold bright afternoon in May.

After Barbara's wedding, the Studdifords went to San Mateo, and Julia, who had taken herself seriously in hand, entered upon the social life of the Summer with a perfectly simulated zest. She rode and drove, played golf and tennis and polo, gossiped and spent hours at bridge; she went tirelessly from luncheon to tea, from dinner to supper party, and when Jim was detained in town, she went without him; a little piece of self-reliance that pleased him very much. If Society was not extremely popular with Julia, Julia was very popular with Society; her demure beauty made her conspicuous wherever she went.

San Mateo, frankly, bored her, although she could not but admire the beautiful old place, the lovely homes set in enchanting old gardens, the lawns and drives stretching under an endless vista of superb oaks. There, alone with Jim, in a little cottage—ah, there would have been nothing boring about that!

"Happy?" Jim said to his wife one day, when Julia, looking the picture of happiness, had come down-stairs to join him for some expedition.

"Happy 'nuff," Julia said, with her grave smile. She took the deep wicker chair next him, on the porch, and sat looking down the curve of the drive to the roadway beyond a screen of trees. "Heavenly afternoon," she said. "Just what are we doing?"

"Well, as near as I got it from Greg," Jim informed her a little uncertainly, "we go first to his place and then split up into about three cars there; Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Billings will take the eats, Peter will have a whole hamper of things, and we go up to the ridge for a sort of English Nursery Tea, I think—"

"Doing it all ourselves," Julia suggested, brightening.

"Well, practically. Although Greg's cook is going along, and a couple of maids in the Peters's car. They're going to broil trout or something; anyway I know Greg has been having fits about seeing that enough plates go, and so on. I know Paula Billings is taking something frozen—"

"Oh, what a fuss and what a mess!" Julia said, ungratefully.

"Well, you know how the Peters always do things. And then, after tea, if this glorious weather holds, we'll send the maids and the hampers home, and all go down to Fernand's—"

"Fernand's! Forty miles, Jim?"

"Oh, why not? If we're having a good time!"

"Well, I hope Peter Vane and Alan Gregory keep sober, that's all!" Julia said. "The ride will be lovely, and it's a wonderful day. But Minna Vane always bores me so!"

"Why, you little cat!" Jim laughed, catching her hand as it hung loose over the arm of her chair.

"They've no brains," complained Julia seriously. "They were born doing this sort of thing; they think they like it!—buying—buying—buying—eating—dancing—rushing—rushing—rushing—it's no life at all! I'd rather pack a heavy basket, and lug it over a hot hill and carry the water half a mile, when I picnic, instead of rolling a few miles in a motor-car, and then sitting on a nice camp-chair, and having a maid pass me salads and ices and toast and broiled trout!"

"Well, if you would, I wouldn't!" Jim said good-naturedly.

"I wasn't born to this," Julia added, thoughtfully. "My life has always been full of real things, perhaps that's the trouble. I think of all the things that aren't going right in the world, and I can't just turn my back on them, like a child—I get thinking of poor little clerks whose wives have consumption—"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" Jim protested frowningly, biting the end from his cigar with a clip of firm white teeth.

"It isn't as if I had never been poor," Julia pursued, uncertainly. "I know that there are times when a new gown or a paid bill actually would affect a girl's whole life! I think of those poor little girls at St. Anne's—"

"I would like to suggest," Jim said, incisively, "that the less you let your mind run on those little girls from St. Anne's, the better for you! If you have no consideration for my feelings in this matter, Julie, for your own I should think you would consider such topics absolutely—well, absolutely in poor taste!"

Silence. Jim puffed on his cigar. Julia sat without stirring, feeling that every drop of blood in her body had rushed to her head.

"It is all very well to criticize these people," pursued Jim, sententiously, after a long silence, "although they have all been kindness and graciousness itself to you! They may be shallow, they may be silly, I don't hold any brief for Minna Vane and Paula Billings. But I know that Minna is on the Hospital Board and Paula a mighty kind-hearted, good little woman, and they don't sit around pulling

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THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

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long faces, and wishing they were living south of Market Street!"

Julia sat perfectly still. She could not have battled with the lump in her throat if life had depended upon her speaking. She felt her chest strain with a terrible rush of sobbing, but she held herself stiffly, and only prayed that her tears might be kept back until she was alone.

She felt a hypocrite when they joined the others a little later. And through the jolly afternoon and noisy evening she found herself watching her husband, when she could do so unobserved, with gravely analytical eyes. No barbed sentence of his could long affect her, for Julia had pondered and prayed too long over this matter to find any fresh distress in a reminder of it. Her natural simple honesty very soon adjusted the outraged sensibilities. But Jim could hurt himself with his wife, and this afternoon he had done so. Unconsciously Julia said to herself, over and over, "Oh, he should not have said that! That was not kind!"

And so the Summer drifted by, filled with idle teas and busy dances. And bit by bit some of the aching left Julia's soul and some of the wistfulness left her face—bit by bit some of her ideals of married life were forgotten. Because Julia now had Ellie to dress and undress her and because Jim was usually dressed and gone before she was up in the morning, Julia had a room to herself, now. She would have much preferred to breakfast with her lord and master, but Jim himself forbade it.

Then Winter came, and with the opening of her second season in the most exclusive social set, Julia had attempted to analyze the whole situation, honestly putting her prejudices on one side, and attempting to get her husband's point of view. It was the harder because she had hoped to be to Jim just what Kennedy Marbury was to Anthony, united by a thousand needs little and big, by the memory of a thousand little comedies and tragedies. Kennedy, who worried about bills and who dreaded the coming of the new baby, could stop making a pie to administer punishment and a lecture to her oldest son, stop again to answer the telephone, stop again to kiss her daughter's little bumped nose, and yet find in her tired soul and body enough love and energy to put a pastry "A. M." on the top of her pie, to amuse the head of the house when he should cut into it that night.

But this mixture of the ridiculous and the sublime was not for Julia. And just as Kennedy had adjusted herself to the life of a poor man's wife, so Julia must adjust herself to her own so different destiny.

And adjust herself she did. Nobody dreamed of the thoughts that went on behind the beautiful blue eyes, nobody found little Mrs. Studdiford anything but charming. With that steadfast, serious resolution that had marked her all her life, Julia set herself to the study of gowns, of dinners, of small talk. She kept a slim little brown Social Register on her dressing-table, and pored over it at odd moments; she listened attentively to the chatter that went on all about her. She drew infinitely less satisfaction from the physical evidences of her success—her beauty, her wealth, her handsome husband, and her popularity—than any one of the women who envied her might have done, yet she did draw some satisfaction, loved her pretty gowns, the freedom of bared white neck and shoulders, the atmosphere of perfumed drawing-rooms and glittering dinner-tables.

She wrote long letters to Barbara, was a devoted godmother to Theodora Carleton's tiny son, loved to have Miss Toland with her for an occasional visit, and perhaps once a month went over to Sausalito, to spoil the old doctor with her affectionate attentions, hold long conferences with the girls' mother on the subject of their love-affairs, and fall into deep talks with Richie. These were perhaps the happiest talks in her life—for Richie, whose mind and body had undergone for long years the exquisite discipline of pain, was delightfully unexpected in his views, and his whole lean, ungainly frame vibrated with the eager joy of expressing them.

Perhaps once a month, too, Julia went to see her own mother; calls which always left her definitely depressed. Emeline was becoming more and more crippled with rheumatism, the old grandmother was now the more brisk of the two. May's two younger girls, Muriel and Geraldine, were living there now, as Marguerite and Evelyn had done; awkward, dark, heavy-faced girls who attended the high school. Julia's astonishing rise in life had necessarily affected her relatives, but much less, she realized in utter sickness of spirit, than might have been imagined. She and Jim were paying for the schooling of May's two boys, and a substantial

cheque, sent to her mother monthly, supposedly covered the main expenses of the entire household.

Julia's mother, Emeline, still lived with her old mother and was more comfortable hugging the dirty kitchen stove than she would have been in Julia's palatial home on Pacific Avenue. Julia came to realize that her own presence in that home and her efforts to pull the family above the dirt and grime were of no avail. So she continued to pay the bills and keep away.

Of all the family, Evelyn alone was the one who had managed to rise above the squalid surroundings. She had made great success of her dress-making and was now head fitter in the most fashionable shop on the coast.

"They all give me a great big pain!" Evelyn said one day frankly, when Julia was at Madame Carroll's for a fitting, and the cousins—one standing in her French hat and exquisite underlinen, and the

"Oh, Jim!" she panted, coming in, one hand pressed against her breast, "I thought something—I got frightened!"



other kneeling, her gown severely black, big scissors in hand and a pincushion dangling at her breast—were discussing the family. "Gran'ma isn't so bad, because she's old, but Aunt Emeline and Mama had a fit because I wouldn't take a flat over here, and have her and Regina with me. Well, I could do it perfectly well, it isn't the money!" Evelyn stood up; took seven pins separately and rapidly from her mouth, and inserted them in the flimsy lining that dangled about Julia's arm. "You want this tight, but not too tight, don't you, Julie?" said she. "That can come in a little still. No—" she resumed aggrievedly, "but I board at a nice place, the Lancasters, the people that keep it are just lovely—Mrs. Lancaster is so motherly and the girls are so jolly; my wash costs me a dollar a week, I belong to the library, I've got a lovely room, I go to the theatre when I want to, I buy the clothes I like, and why should I worry? I know the way Mama keeps house, and I've had enough of it!" "It's awfully hard," Julia mused. "Marguerite's just doing the same thing over again. It's just discouraging!"

"Well, you got out of it, and I got out of it," Evelyn said briskly, "and they call it our luck! Luck—there ain't any such thing," she went on indignantly. "I'm going to New York for Madame next year,—me, to New York, if you please, and stay at a good hotel and put more than twenty thousand dollars into materials and imported wraps and scarfs and so on—is there any luck to that? There's ten years' slavery, that's what there is! How do you suppose you'd have married Jim Studdiford if you hadn't kept yourself a little above the crowd, and worked away at the settlement house for years and years?" she demanded.

"Well, it's true," Julia said sighing. She looked with real admiration at Evelyn. "I must be going. Good night."

Julia always left Evelyn with a certain warmth in her heart. It was good to come in contact now and then with such self-confidence, such capability, such well-earned prosperity. "I could almost envy Evelyn," thought Julia, spinning home in the twilight.

The Studdifords, with some four hundred other society folk, regarded the Browning dances as quite the most important of the Winter's social affairs, and Julia, who thoroughly liked the host and the brilliant assembly, really enjoyed them more than the smaller and more select affairs. The Brownings were a beloved and revered institution, very few new faces appeared there from year to year, except the very choice of the annual crop of debutantes. Little Mrs. Studdiford had made a sensation when she first came, at her handsome husband's side a year ago, her dazzling prettiness set off by the simplest of milk-white Paris gowns, her wonderful crown of hair wound about with pearls. Now she was a real favorite, and at the January ball, in her second Winter in society, a score of admirers assured her that her gown was the prettiest in the room.

"That pleases you, doesn't it, Jim?" she smiled, as he put her into a red velvet armchair, at the end of the long ballroom, and dropped into a chair beside her.

"Well, it's true," Jim assured her, "and what's more, you're the most beautiful woman in the room, too!"

"Oh, Jeemy—what a story! But go get your dances, dear, if we're not going to stay for supper. Here's Mrs. Thayer to amuse me," said Julia, as a magnificent old woman came toward her with a smile.

"Not dancing, dear?" said the dowager, as she sank heavily into the seat Jim left. "Why'n't you dancing with the other girls? I—" she panted and fanned, idly scanning the room. "I tell Browning I don't know how he gets the men!" she added. "Lots of 'em—supper brings 'em, probably! Why'n't you dancing, dear?"

"She's implying that her ankle was sprained," Jim grinned, departing. Julia dimpled. The dowager brought an approving eye to bear upon her.

"Well—well, you don't say so! Now that's very nice, indeed," she said comfortably. "Well, I declare! I hadn't heard a word of it—and you're glad, of course?"

"Oh, very glad!" Julia assured her, coloring.

"That's nice, too!" Mrs. Thayer rambled on, her eyes beginning again to rove the room. "Fuss, of course, and lots of trouble, but you know all that! Yes, I love children myself, used to be the most devoted mother alive, puttin' 'em to bed, and all that. Yes, indeed!"

"Have you heard about Mason Gerald and Paula Billings—oh, haven't you?" a Miss Saunders,

who had strolled up to them, asked. "Not about the car breaking down, haven't you? Well, my dear—"

Julia lost the story, and sat watching the room, a vague little smile curving her lips, her blue eyes moving idly to and fro. She saw Mrs. Toland come in, with her two lovely daughters. Julia had had tea with them that afternoon at the hotel where they would spend the night. The orchestra was silent just now, and the dancers were drifting about the room, a great brilliant circle. Some of the men were clapping their hands, all of them were laughing as they bent their sleek heads toward their partners, and all the girls were laughing too, and talking animatedly as they raised wide-open eyes.

"I wonder if I will be doing this twenty years from now," thought Julia. "I wonder if my daughter will come to the Brownings, then?"

"... which I call disgraceful, don't you, Mrs. Studdiford?" asked Miss Saunders suddenly.

"I beg your pardon!" Julia said, startled into attention. "I didn't hear you!"

"I know you didn't," the other said laughing. "Nevertheless it was a low trick," she added, to Mrs. Thayer, "and Lelia Orvis can wait a long time before she makes peace with me! Charity's all very well, but when it comes to palming off girls like that upon your friends, it's just a little too much!"

"How's it happen ye didn't ask the girl for any references, me dear?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"Because Lelia told me she knew all about her!" snapped Miss Saunders.

"What was she, a waitress?" Julia asked, amused.

"No, she was nothing!" Miss Saunders said in high scorn. "She'd had no training whatever—not that I mind that. She was simply supposed to help with the pantry work and make herself generally useful. Well, one day Carrie, a maid mother's had for years, told mother that from something this Ada had said she fancied Ada had been in some sort of reform school—imagine! Of course poor mother collapsed, and Emily telephoned for me—the kid always rises to an emergency, I will say that. So I rushed home and got the whole story of Ada in five minutes. At first she cried a good deal and pretended it was an orphans' home; orphans'

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For Love of The Hills

By SUSAN KEATING GLASPELL

Author of "Fidelity," Etc.

Illustrated by J. HUBERT BEYNON

The Biggest Stories are About Things Which Draw Human Beings Closer Together

"SURE you're done with it?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl, the suggestion of a smile on her face, and in her voice the suggestion of a tear. "Yes; I was just going."

But she did not go. She turned instead to the end of the alcove and sat down before a table placed by the window. Leaning her elbows upon it, she looked about her through a blur of tears.

It was quiet that afternoon in the big reading-room; few were coming and going, and outside it was raining—raining as in that city alone it knows how to rain.

Seen through her own eyes of longing it seemed to the girl that almost all of the people whom she could see standing before the files of the daily papers were enlisted in Winnipeg's great army of the homesick. The reading-room had been a strange study to her during those three weeks spent in fruitless search for the work she wanted to do, and it had likewise proved a strange comfort. When tired and disconsolate and utterly sick at heart there was always one thing she could do—she could go down to the library and look at the paper from home. It was not that she wanted the actual news of Denver. She did not care in any vital way what the city officials were doing, what buildings were going up, or who was leaving town. She was only indifferently interested in the fires and the murders. She wanted only the comforting companionship of that paper from home.

It seemed there were many to whom the papers offered that same sympathy, companionship, whatever it might be. More than anything else it perhaps gave to them—the searchers, the drifters—a sense of anchorage. She would not soon forget the first day she herself had stumbled in there and found the home paper. The city had given her nothing but rebuffs that day, and in a sort of desperation, just because she must go somewhere, and did not want to go back to her boarding-place, she had hunted out the city library. It was when walking listlessly about in the big reading-room that there had come to her the illumining thought that perhaps she could find the paper from home; she did find it. And after that when things were their very worst, when her throat grew tight and her eyes dim, she could always comfort herself by saying: "After a while I'll run down and look at the paper from home."

But to-night it had failed her. It was not the paper from home to-night. It was just a newspaper. It did not inspire the belief that things would be better to-morrow, that it would all come right soon. It left her as she had come—heavy with the consciousness that in her purse was eleven dollars, and that that was every cent she had in all the world.

It was hard to hold back the tears as she dwelt upon the fact that it was very little she had asked of Winnipeg. She had asked only a chance to do the work for which she was trained, in order that she might go to the art classes at night. She had read in the papers of that mighty young city of the Great West, of its brawn and its brain and its grit. She had supposed that Winnipeg, of all places, would appreciate what she wanted to do. The day she drew her hard-earned one hundred dollars from the bank at home—how the sun had shone that day, how clear the sky had been, and how bracing the air!—she had quite taken it for granted that her future was assured. And now, after tasting for three weeks the cruelty of indifference, she looked back to those visions with a hard little smile.

She rose to go, and in so doing her eye fell upon the queer little woman to whom she had yielded her place before the western paper. Submerged as she had been in her own heartache, she had given no heed to the small figure which came slipping along beside her, beyond the bare thought that she was queer-looking. But as her eyes rested upon her now there was something about the woman which held her.

She was a strange little figure. An old-fashioned shawl was pinned tightly about her shoulders, and she was wearing a queer, rusty little bonnet. Her hair was rolled up in a small knot at the back of her head. She did not look as though she belonged in Winnipeg. And then, as the girl stood there looking at her, she saw the thin shoulders quiver, and after a minute the head that was wearing the rusty bonnet went down into the folds of the paper, and the woman was sobbing with a quiet tragicallness.

The girl's own eyes filled, and she turned to go. It seemed she could scarcely bear her own heartache that day, without coming close to the heartache of another. But when she reached the end of the alcove she glanced backward, and the sight of that shabby, bent figure, all alone before the paper, was not to be withstood.

"I am from the West, too," she said, softly, putting a hand upon the bent shoulders.

The woman looked up at that, and took the girl's hand in both of her thin, trembling ones. The girl saw that there was a hopelessness upon the wan face, and that in those eyes there was a dimness—a misty, blurred look—which did not seem to have been left there by the tears alone.

"And do you have a pining for the mountains?" she whispered, with a kind of timid eagerness. "Do you have a feeling that you want to see the sun go down behind them to-night, and that you want to see the darkness come slippin' down from the tops?"

The girl half turned away her head, but she pressed the woman's hand tightly in hers. "I know what you mean," she said, tremulously.

"I wanted to see it so bad," continued the woman, with the passionateness of the defeated, "that something just drove me here to this paper. I knowed it was here because my nephew's wife brought me here one day and we came across it. We took this paper at home for more 'an twenty years. That's why I come. 'T was the closest I could get."

"I know what you mean," said the girl again, her voice thick with tears now.

"And it's the closest I will ever get!" sobbed the woman.

"Oh, don't say that," said the girl, brushing away her own tears, and trying to smile; "you'll go back home some day."

The woman shook her head. "And if I should," she said, "even if I should 't will be too late."

"But it couldn't be too late," insisted the girl. "The mountains, you know, will be there forever."

"The mountains will be there forever," repeated the woman, musingly; "yes, but not for me to see. You see," she said it with a quivering dignity, "I'm going blind."

"Oh!"—the girl took a quick, backward step, and then stretched out two impulsive hands—"oh, no, no, you're not! The doctors, you know; they do everything now."

The woman shook her head. "That's what I thought when I came here. That's why I came. But I saw the biggest doctor of them all to-day,—

they all say he's the biggest of them all,—and he said right out and out 'twas no use to do anything. He said 'twas—hopeless."

The last word came with a dry sob. "You see," she hurried on, the words wet with tears now. "I wouldn't care so much, seems like I wouldn't care 'tall, if I could get there first! If I could see the sun go down behind 'em just one night! If I could see the black shadows come slippin' over 'em just once! And then, if just one morning—just once!—I could get up and see the sunlight some a-streamin'—oh, you know how it looks! You know what 't is I want to see!"

"Yes; but why can't you? Why not? You won't go—your eyesight will last until you get back home, won't it?"

"But I can't go back home, not now."

"Why not?" demanded the girl. "Why can't you go home?"

"Why, there ain't no money, my dear," she explained, patiently. "It's a long way off, and there ain't no money. Now, George—George is my brother-in-law—he got me the money to come; but you see it took it all to come here, and to pay them doctors with. And George—he ain't rich, and it pinched him hard for me to come—he says I'll have to wait until he gets money laid up again, and—well, he can't tell just when 't will be. He'll send it soon as he gets it," she hastened to add. "He's willin', George is; but he can't send what he ain't got."

"But what are you going to do in the meantime? It would cost less to get you home than to keep you here."

"No; I stay with my nephew here. He's willin' I should stay with him till I get my money to go home."

"Yes; but this nephew, can't he get you the money? Doesn't he know?"—the girl's voice broke—"what it means to you?"

"He's got five children, and not much laid up. And then, he never seen the mountains. He don't know what I mean when I try to tell him about gettin' there in time. Why, he says there's many a one living back in the mountains would like to be livin' here. He don't understand—my nephew don't,"—she added, apologetically.

"Well, some one ought to understand!" broke from the girl. "I understand! But—why, eleven dollars is every cent I've got in the world!"—and the girl who had sturdily held out against her own sorrows leaned her head over on the shelf upon which the paper rested, and cried as if the tears were coming from the very depth of her heart.

"Don't!" implored the woman, putting a hand upon the bowed head. "Now, don't you be botherin'. I didn't mean to make you feel so bad. My nephew says I ain't reasonable, and maybe I ain't."

"But you are reasonable! It's awful for you not to go! It's—hideous!"

"Maybe I ought to be going back," said the woman, uncertainly. "I'm just making you feel bad, and it won't do no good. And then they may come back and be stirred up about me. Emma—Emma's my nephew's wife—left me at the doctor's office 'cause she had some trading to do, and she was to come back there for me. And then, as I was sittin' there, the pinin' came over me so strong it seemed I just must get up and start! And"—she smiled a little—"this was far as I got."

"Come over and sit down by this table," said the girl, impulsively, "and tell me a little about your home back in the mountains. Wouldn't you like to?"

The woman nodded, gratefully. "Seems most like getting back to them to find some one that knows about them," she said, after they had drawn their chairs up to the table and were sitting there side by side.

The girl put her rounded hand over on the thin, withered one. "Tell me about it," she said again.

"Maybe it wouldn't be much interesting to you, my dear. 'Tain't much like a story. It's just a common life—

(Continued on page 52.)



"And in writing it just remember, Raymond, that the biggest stories are not written about politics, murders, or even wars."

Department of Child Hygiene

By DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON

Prevention Better Than Cure

There is a whole section of medical study classed under the head of "preventative medicine." Some physicians are devoting all their time to it. Its scope is a very wide one, for it includes research work into the great realm of the cause of disease, as well as finding a method to remove the cause. Science in almost every case is made to yield its wealth, as well as history and geography, yes and religion, in the all-embracing search.

And the labor expended has not been in vain. It is only by reading some ancient (and not so very ancient, after all) treatise in medicine that one realizes the strides that have been made in the knowledge of everyday things.

That every person, young and old, does not definitely and wittingly benefit by this labor of scholars, is not due to any selfishness on the part of the scholars, for I think I may truthfully state that there is no class of people more broadly and grandly unselfish than these same scientists. No sooner has a discovery been satisfactorily proved by them than they are only too eager to give it to the world. And just here arrives, to combat them, that old heathen, Prejudice, ably supported by his boon companions, Ignorance and Selfishness, these three making a trio that Science, together with Christianity itself, finds it hard to overcome.

Nowhere do the three work with more energy and success than in this matter of the prevention of injury to the human body, which always includes to a greater or less extent injury to the soul also.

Possibly it is because the human body is the most beautiful thing created and the soul partakes of the Divine, that the father of the trio above mentioned has set some of his most powerful, albeit his most suave, servants the task of its injury. Be that as it may, it is well for us to recognize things as they are and know with whom we are working.

So Science and Experience bring to us their gifts of knowledge. It is for us to take them, not with nervous fear and dread, which centres everything on one's own personal well-being, but simply, and as a trust to be used for the good of all mankind, beginning right where we are in our own homes, and among our own kin.

Perhaps nowhere have Prejudice, Ignorance and Selfishness worked with more effect and direr results than in the matter of the care of little children. Since the days when, in the persons of the disciples, they stood between the Christ and the mothers who would fain bring their babies to Him, have they stood between the child and the child's rights, all down through the ages. And how often do they garb themselves as angels of light! We are told on the occasion referred to that the Lord was angry with the disciples, and bade them let the mothers and children come to Him, and gathered the children in His arms and blessed them. And one can imagine Him all through these generations saying: "Let the children live—physically, spiritually. Let them come, and they will come to Me. Let them teach you, oh, fools, and blind, to get close to the heart of Nature, and so find yourselves close to My heart through the

simplicity and eager seeking for truth of a little child."

In last month's paper I tried to show how the child's mind might develop, if it were uninterrupted. Now I am fain to point out how the average child's body would be healthy if it were given a chance.

At the risk of being tiresome, let me repeat what I have so often said, that the greater number of babies are born with a fair share of health, and a large proportion of these are spoiled before they are two years old.

They are spoiled because for one reason man has wandered so far from the ways of Nature that he cannot claim Nature's protection and immunity from many diseases, such as is granted to the wild things in the woods. Nor, since now he

does almost nothing else by instinct, has he a right to claim that the parents of the children of men should know how to care for their offspring "by instinct."

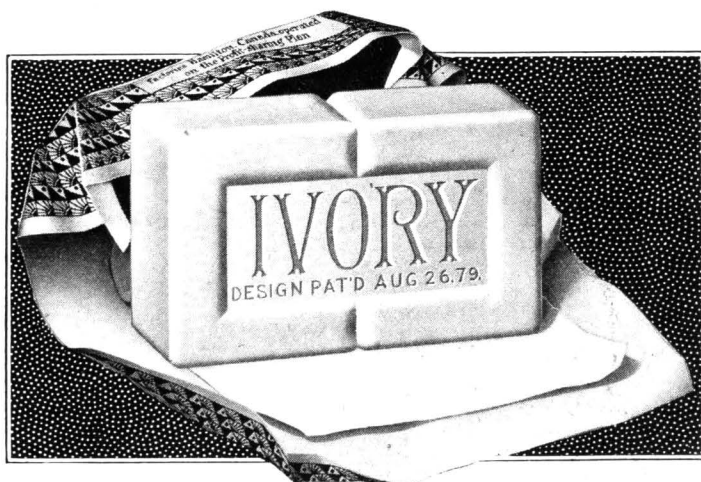
If then, since these things are so, he refuse the help which Science offers, this being almost the only instance in which he does refuse it, he is thus left worse off than any other animal that exists. For only by the free use of the knowledge which modern research has given us are we able to avoid the pitfalls of modern abnormal methods of living.

Formerly medical knowledge endeavored to cure existing ills. To-day a greater knowledge endeavors to prevent the existence of the ills. Formerly physicians accepted certain remedies for certain diseases, being satisfied to give merit to the remedy by the result they saw or thought they saw. To-day all such remedies are treated with more or less suspicion, and if employed at all, with probably a feeling of vexed reluctance on the part of the doctor using them. For every reputable remedy to-day is tested and tried out. Its mode of action is thoroughly known and understood. Its effect likewise is known in all the various cases in which it may be used. Its strength is standardized. Moreover, remedies, such as are in common use, are growing fewer and fewer, as the nature of disease is more completely understood. More and more the endeavor of medical science is to help Nature, to give her a chance, and she will provide her own remedy. And yet still more are the energies of thoughtful people bent on preventing the onset of disease at all, especially in the young.

It has been discovered that the majority of diseases are "germ diseases." This, of course, does not include illness resulting from fracture or accident. Though when such, not being severe enough to kill outright, "go bad" (to use a common expression among doctors), the going bad is the result of a germ infection.

Now a germ is a seed, a living seed. Like any other seed, it will grow if planted in proper soil and provided with the nourishment it requires. In order to plant a seed it is necessary to transport it from its parent plant to the new soil. This may be done either by a carrier or by contact. In the case of the seed germ there are many kinds of

(Continued on page 50.)



Your Bedtime Bath

WHILE it is the water, of course, that soothes the nerves and makes the bath before retiring conducive to sound, refreshing sleep, still the water can do its best only when Ivory Soap absorbs the skin's excretions. Then the pores are opened and cleaned and the tiny bubbles of Ivory lather carry the water into closest contact with the blood vessels under the skin.

Ivory Soap is especially good for warm water bathing because of its extreme mildness and purity. No matter how tender a skin may be nor how sensitive it may become from the heat of the water, Ivory never causes the slightest irritation. Its freedom from alkali permits its unrestricted use under the most trying conditions.

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Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

The Home Ideal

By ETHEL M. PORTER

Interior Decorations



*A rush of live steam
—a flood of boiling water—and
the varnish wasn't harmed!*

THIS is one of those astonishing Valspar stories that come in our mail almost every day.

Essexville, Mich., March 6, 1915.

Messrs. Valentine & Company,
New York City.

Dear Sirs:—Last summer I built a new residence for myself. The floors and woodwork are all oak, and after having such good success with Valspar on my boats, I thought it would be just the thing for our floors and all the inside finish.

I gave the floors two coats of Valspar. Some little time after we moved in this Fall, when letting the air out of one of the radiators (we have a hot-water heating system) I broke the valve off and the result was that a stream of almost boiling water came out and ran all over the floors and covered them with two inches of very hot water. This water was so hot and made so much steam in the rooms, that it caused the wall-paper to come off in some places.

This water stood on the floors until we could get it mopped up, so hot you could not touch the cloths, towels, etc., which we used in soaking up the water. I thought sure our floors were ruined, but it never hurt them a particle. I would not have believed that any varnish could stand anything like that without turning white.

I saw this myself, so there is no chance for a dispute.

Taking into consideration the slight extra cost, I would advise anyone to use Valspar if they want a finish that will stand almost anything.

Yours truly,

(Signed) JOHN R. COTTER.

**VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR**
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Read the letter opposite about the Valspar that was drenched with *live steam*, drowned in *scalding water*—and was none the worse for the experience!

Tell your architect to specify Valspar, the absolutely washable varnish, all through your house, inside and out.

Be sure you get Valspar. If your paint or hardware dealer does not carry Valspar, write us direct and we will give you name of nearest dealer.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 109 George St., Toronto

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

New York Chicago Paris London
Boston TRADE **VALENTINE'S** MARK Amsterdam
ESTABLISHED 1832.

Out on the prairie in Saskatchewan there may be found to-day a little deserted village, half lost among the bluffs and surrounding hills. Only the birds, bees and scurrying mice inhabit the silent houses—their doors now standing hospitably open to all the world, with none to interfere.

There is one little house, smaller and less pretentious than its neighbors—long ago some one had planted lilacs beside the window, and now they hang protectingly over the old roof as if trying to hide it away from the curious passerby. The house is similar to all the others in its gray and weather-beaten appearance from without, but once inside, the echoing rooms seem to whisper that here contentment and happiness have been and there still clings to the old place a quiet dignity—it still retains the marks of having been cared for and kept by gentle hands.

Just who it was, and when, does not matter. Someone must have loved the little home and because of it, the sunshine seems brighter as it flickers on the old bare walls, and one almost expects to see a mischievous little face peeking from around a corner.

There it stands—a tiny, empty old house, only one among several, yet it is different; it is distinctive. Even to-day it bears the traces of thought, love and care—the things which count more in the making of the home ideal than the size or grandeur of rooms, or the amount of money expended.

Mr. Frank Alvah Parsons, of the New York Art School, recently said that one of the fundamental things in interior decoration was the proper emphasis of the purpose of each room—for example, the living room is the place for comfort, and the fire-place, and the big comfortable chairs should be the prominent things. In the dining-room, the important thing is the table; this is the room in which to dine, therefore, make the table the most conspicuous object. In the bedroom, make the bed the important thing. This is a place to sleep, so arrange the room to emphasize this. In each room choose the one important thing, and keep the other objects in the room in harmony, yet of less prominence. This requires careful study, but if accomplished, adds greatly to the appearance of the house.

Last month we spoke of the walls and their decoration and the wood-work; now we come to something to place on the floor, and let us take good care that what we select does lie on the floor. How often when one enters an otherwise beautiful room, the rug is not content to be something to be walked on unobserved, merely adding its share to the general beauty of the room as a whole—oh no, it is so gorgeous that it is one of the first things seen. It does not lie on the floor by any means, it comes up at once for immediate attention. The selection of rugs is perhaps one of the most difficult matters of all in home decoration, but there is always a safe rule to follow—"If in doubt, choose the plainest." If the room is small, this is all the more important, and if there is any pattern in it, it should be small. Some of the colors on the walls should be repeated in the rug or rugs on the floor, as well as elsewhere in the room. Another important point is to keep the rugs parallel with the walls. If you have been in the habit of placing your rugs here and there and allowing them to lie in any position, straighten them so that they are parallel with the lines of the base, and you will at once notice how much quieter your room feels, and how much more sensible, for are not rugs placed on the floor to be walked on?

Old rugs are not of necessity beautiful, neither are new. Therefore select without prejudice for either, choosing that which seems to best go with the walls and window hangings in the room. If the design in these is square and there are straight lines, do not select a circular design in your rugs. Keep the patterns similar if possible, but not alike. Too much sameness is a fault, but one seldom encountered in the ordinary home, and it can so easily be corrected that there is little danger of its existing.

The treatment of window hangings is a subject always open for discussion. There can scarcely be considered a right way and a wrong way, each room requiring its own treatment. The primary use of windows is to let in light, therefore if we cover up the window with so many curtains that the light is kept out, we are defeating our main object. Curtains are to soften the light, and to take away the bareness of the window—this can usually be accomplished with four curtains and a valance, if desired. The latter, however, is not as popular as it has been; the greater number of windows now have the opening left plain between the curtains. If the paper on the walls and rug are plain, it is better to have the side hangings at the window with a pattern, but if the paper is figured, have plain hangings.

Whether the side hangings are tied in or not depends upon the shape of the room and the furniture. Usually they are better hanging straight, but if the furniture is curved, the curtains may be held back slightly, forming a graceful curve.

Shades have come into such universal use in Canada that they are almost a necessity, but we have been a little too careless in their selection in the past. Here again consider the room before purchasing the shades, and get the color which will best suit the rest of the hangings and furnishings, unless white is desired. A deep ivory is usually better than a pure white, except for the very daintiest of rooms where there is a great deal of white or light colors. A pure white curtain is seldom suitable except in bedrooms, kitchens and bathrooms.

Two adjoining rooms may be decorated alike, but the finished effect is usually disappointing. The smaller room should be kept lighter than the larger room, under ordinary conditions, to get the best results. There should be a repetition of certain dominating colors which appear in the larger room, in the decoration of the smaller, but there is apt to be a dead appearance if both are exactly alike.

In the decoration of interiors use color carefully; violent contrasts are very seldom good. To quote again from Mr. Parsons, who is perhaps the best known authority on this subject: "Every color in its full strength screams in the loudest voice it possesses, and nothing louder can be achieved."

When an artist paints a picture he uses very little pure color that is, pure red, pure yellow and pure blue. The yellow has a little red and a little blue in it, which softens and grays it to the desired color; the blue, a little red and a little yellow, and it also becomes grayed. Red has a little blue and a little yellow in it. These colors are then all softened and may be used together in harmony with a splash of pure color boldly introduced.

The same idea is carried out in furnishing a room. Let a vase, a flower, a lamp shade, a cushion or some one brilliant article provide the color for each room, put it in the right place, and do not spoil it and the whole room by introducing anything else equally brilliant, says B. Russell Harris. Be content to let this one beautiful thing dominate. This authority even suggests the selection of this one article which will give the color to the room, and using it as a basis, select the furnishings for the rooms around it. Beautiful books are very lovely as decoration, apart from the fact that they should be one of the essentials in every home for what they contain rather than their beauty. Nevertheless, a brilliant book or two on a table may be the very thing to tone up a dull room.

The silk candle shade may be made at home easily, and very often it is much prettier than those of glass purchased in the stores. You can get the exact shade of silk desired more easily than the glass, and with the wire foundations, which can always be purchased, it is not a difficult matter to fashion a very beautiful shade.

Next month we shall talk about the furniture itself, the different periods and how they may be combined.

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DON'T waste your efforts and time on seeds of questionable quality. Buy Bruce's. For 66 years we have sold seeds and each year made satisfied customers. Insure the success of your garden by selecting from the list below—

Bruce's Nosegay Collection Sweet Peas—6 separate colors—25c. postpaid. Bruce's Tall or Dwarf Collection Nasturtium—6 separate colors—25c. postpaid. Bruce's Empire Collection Asters—6 separate colors—25c. postpaid.

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Beans—Refugee Wax	1/4 lb. 15c.	1 lb. 50c. postpaid
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Write to-day for handsomely illustrated catalogue of Vegetables, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants and Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, etc., FREE.

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Canada

What the New

GOSSARD CORSETS

Will do for YOU



Ideal Tall Slender Figure.

From the thousands of slight women we have corseted, we know that the tall, slender woman has a distinct corset problem. Until special Gossard Corsets were designed for slender figures, these women had no choice. They were fitted to heavily boned corsets. The only redeeming feature of these corsets was that they came in 18, 19 and 20 sizes—small enough, but that was all. Now, there are many Gossard Corsets especially designed for this type, light in weight, skillfully fashioned to round the figure, conceal the hip bones and accent the long, graceful body lines.



Ideal Short Slender Figure.

The short, slight woman will find in the many Gossards designed for her figure a priceless comfort in the free modeling of the hips and the light, pliable materials with only enough boning to gently round the figure to that graceful side silhouette so difficult for the slight woman to attain. The waist line is perfected and the bust line given the appearance of more fullness. In a Gossard you are never conscious of your corset; it supports without restriction and gives you that delightful no corset feeling.



Ideal Short Waisted Figure.

Figures that would otherwise be flawless are often marred by a too short waist. And it is more the pity because the incomparable designing that has characterized all Gossard products makes it possible to obtain a special Gossard Corset, with long bust gores and cleverly cut sections, that will lower the waist line and give to the figure the correctly proportioned silhouette. Every time you put on your Gossard, you are not only improving your figure, but insuring your health.

STYLE

That fascinating, intangible, indefinable style, as it is interpreted in the world's fashion centers, is skillfully emphasized in Gossard Corsets. Over Gossards are created the model gowns that are copied the world over.

COMFORT

A Gossard Corset will give you a priceless comfort, with that "no corset" feeling that allows the perfect freedom of movement so essential to feminine grace.

HEALTH

The beautiful woman is the healthy woman, and a properly fitted Gossard Corset will give a scientific body support, poise the body correctly, induce correct breathing, and bring with it the glory of real health. Famous physicians the world over are advocates of Gossard Corsets.

WEARING SERVICE

Because of their superior materials and faultless workmanship, Gossard Corsets give a wearing service that cannot be equalled at any price. This means an actual saving of many dollars in a year's time.

A CORSET FOR EVERY WOMAN

For you there are many Gossard Corsets, especially designed to meet your individual requirements, giving you the fashionable silhouette, correct in its most minute details, with absolute bodily ease. Select your type from the nine ideal figures shown in this advertisement.



Ideal Curved Back Figure.

Curved back figures should use the utmost care in their corseting, for improper corseting is generally the cause of this type. The corset must be corrective, reducing the lower back perceptibly, yet must accomplish this without any undue pressure and restraint. Gossard Corsets have always been famed for the beautiful back line they give the wearer. Models to correct the arched back have been designed, and these will achieve that flat, distinctive back that has been the delight of the leading couturiers of both continents.



Ideal Average Figure.

To the woman of average figure is offered a wondrous choice of Gossard models—corsets that accent the natural beauty and bring to the wearer style, as it is interpreted in the world's fashion centers, together with comfort, health, and the incomparable grace of youthful outline. Each corset delicately reflects the mode, yet each varies in outline and detail to successfully interpret the individuality of the wearer.



Ideal Large Below Waist Figure.

Before the special Gossard Corsets were designed for this type of figure, the woman with her weight largely below the waist had no choice but a made-to-order corset. These special Gossards are made of firm, beautiful materials, with close, scientific boning that confines and reduces the thighs, distributing the flesh to better proportion, lengthening the waist, and giving the appearance of a fuller bust. Deep elastic sections are skillfully placed in the long skirt so it will give comfortably with the slightest movement of the body.



Ideal Tall Heavy Figure.

Nowhere in the famous Gossard line does the unequalled skill and experience of the designers show to better advantage than in the remarkable corset designed for the tall, heavy woman. The weight of this type of figure is seldom equally distributed, much of it being at the shoulders, lower back, thighs, diaphragm and abdomen. Skillfully the special Gossards distribute this flesh, supporting the bust and full abdomen, reducing the hip line, and gently molding the whole figure to slimmer lines, giving the appearance of greatly reduced weight. And all this is scientifically done without the slightest sacrifice of comfort.



Ideal Short Heavy Figure.
Ideal Short Heavy Figure.

The smaller-waist silhouette, with its perfectly flat back and snugly confined hips, can be readily attained in the special Gossards designed for the short, heavy woman. These models lengthen the short waist and support the flesh at the back so it always rests in the corset. The well developed bust adjusts itself in the corset so it is never raised, and the figure retains its symmetry of line whether standing or sitting. And added to this figure improvement is the joy of complete comfort.



Ideal Large Above Waist Figure.
Ideal Large Above Waist Figure.

This figure is typically French, and the Gossards designed for its needs cleverly accent its charm. These corsets have soft clasps at the top front and long front gores to support and curve the bust. There is ample fullness at the back to confine the full shoulder blades, and a smartly defined waist line curves into a snugly fitted skirt, boned short enough to give the proper comfort when seated.

MADE IN CANADA

The Canadian H.W. Gossard Co. LIMITED

284-286 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from page 11.)

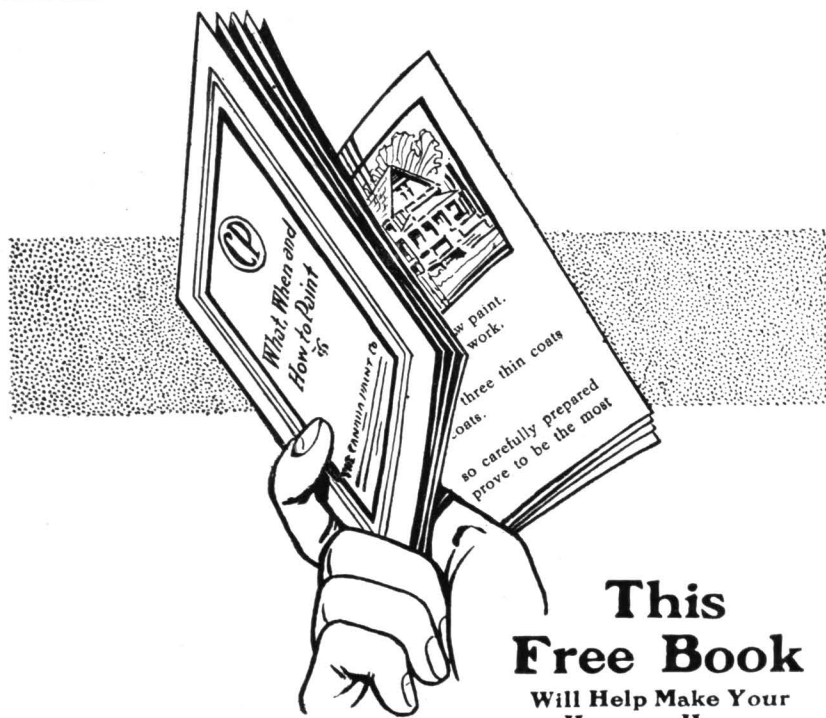


Williams Piano

New Scale

THINK of the blessing of good music, enriching the lives of your household! Big daughter has dreams of worthy accomplishment. The little one, too, will soon be a grown-up. What better than to guide their growing, and their desires, with the refining influence of good music—the music of the Williams? Its full, rich, wondrous tone has called forth the endorsement of the world's great artists and music-loving thousands. It is the difference between merely owning a piano and possessing an instrument your children will grow to cherish and love. But each day your privilege is losing much of its helpfulness. Terms are made convenient. Let us send you the book of beautiful Williams designs. Write to-day, Department H.J.

The WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited,
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This Free Book

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It is brimful of suggestions to paint users from paint makers. It will show you how to secure perfect results and avoid failures. It has special chapters on

What is Paint, When to Paint,	Caring for the Interior and
How to Apply Paint,	Exterior of the Home,
How to Prepare Surfaces,	Brushes—How to Use Them
How to get Best Results,	Wall Decorations,
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Contains Eight Complete Color Schemes for Outside and Inside Painting.

The Right Paint applied right ensures beauty, permanence and economy. Canada Paint Products are Right and this book shows you how to apply them for satisfactory results.—We make a complete line of Home Finishes—a Paint, Stain, Enamel, or Varnish for every surface in and around the house and farm.—Send for your copy of free book today.



The Canada Paint Co., Limited
595 William Street, Montreal
'Homestead Red' is made especially for Outbuildings

home—ha! Finally I scared her into admitting that it was a place just for girls of her sort—"

"Fancy!" said Mrs. Thayer, fanning. Julia had grown a little pale.

"What did you do, Miss Saunders?" said she.

"Do—I sent her packing, of course!" said that lady, smiling as she bowed to an acquaintance across the large room.

"I wonder where she did go?" pursued Julia.

"I really have no idea!" Miss Saunders said.

"You may be sure she knew just where to go, a creature like that!" old Mrs. Thayer said wisely. "How de do, Peter; Auntie here?" she called to a smiling man who went by.

"Oh, she wouldn't go utterly bad," Julia protested. "You can't tell, she may have been decent for years. It may have been years ago—"

"Still, my dear," old Mrs. Thayer said comfortably, "a person doesn't like the idea—you can't overlook that—"

"Of course it's too bad," Miss Saunders added briskly, "and it's a great pity, and things ought to be different from what they are, and all that—but at the same time you couldn't have a girl like that in the house, now could you?"

"Oh, yes, I could!" said Julia, scarlet-cheeked. "I was just thinking how glad I would be to give her a trial!"

She stopped because Jim, very handsome in evening dress, and with his pretty partner beside him, had come up to them.

"Tired, dear?" Jim said, smiling approval of the little figure in white lace, and the earnest eyes under loosened bright hair.

"Just about time you came up, Jim!" Ella Saunders said cheerfully. "Here's your wife championing the cause of unfortunate girls—she wouldn't care what they'd done, she'd take them right into her home!"

"And very sweet and nice of her," Mrs. Thayer observed, with a consolatory pat on Julia's arm, "only it isn't quite practical, me dear—is it, Jim?"

"Julia'd like to take in every cat and dog and beggar and newsboy she sees," said Jim, with his bright smile. But Julia knew he was not pleased.

"Do you want to come speak to Mother and the girls, dear, before I take you home?" he added, offering his arm. Julia stood up and said her good nights, and crossed the room, a slender and most captivating little figure, at his side. It was not until she was bundled into furs and in the motor-car that she could say, with an appealing hand on his arm:

"Don't blame me, Jimmy. I didn't start that topic. Miss Saunders happened to tell of a poor girl who—"

"I don't care to discuss it," Jim said, removing her hand by the faintest gesture of withdrawing.

Julia sighed and was silent. The limousine ran smoothly past one lighted corner after another; turned into Van Ness Avenue. After a while she said, a little indignation burning through her quiet tone:

"I've said I was not responsible for the conversation, Jim. And it seems to me merely childish in you to let a casual remark affect you in this way!"

"All right then, I'm childish!" Jim said grimly, folding his arms as he leaned back in his seat.

Julia sighed again. Presently Jim burst out:

"I'm affected by a casual remark, yes—I admit it. But doesn't it mean anything to you that I have my pride, that when I think of my wife I want to feel that she is more perfect in every way—in every way—than all the other women in the world?" He stopped, breathing hard, and resumed a little less violently, "All I ask is, Julia, that you let such subjects alone. You're not called upon to defend such girls! Surely that's not too much to ask!"

Julia did not answer; she sat silent and sick. And as Jim did not speak again, they reached the house in silence, and separated with a brief "Good night." Ellie was waiting for Julia, eager to hear what Miss Jane wore and Miss Constance wore and how "Miss Teddy" looked.

"I am absolutely done, Ellie," said the mistress, when the filmy lace gown was back in its box, and she was comfortably settled on her pillows, "so don't come in until I ring."

"And I hope you'll get a long sleep," Ellie said approvingly. "You've got to take care of yourself, now!"

Julia's little daughter was born on a June day, in the lovely Rose Valley house the Studdifords had taken for the Summer. They had moved into the house in April, because Julia's hopes made a later move unwise, and, delighted to get into the sweet green country so early in the year, and to have the best of excuses for leading the quiet life she loved, she bloomed like a rose. She was in splendid health, and in continual good spirits; her exultant confidence indeed lasted until the very day of the baby's birth.

The day was late and the pretty nurse, Miss Wheaton, had been in the house for nearly two weeks before Julia herself came to her door, in the first pearl dawning, to say, still laughingly, that the hour had come. A swift, well-ordered period of excitement ensued; the maids were silent, awed, efficient; Miss Wheaton authoritative, crisp, ready with technical terms, and Jim as nervous and upset as if he were absolutely ignorant of all things physiological, utterly dependent upon the skill and knowledge of the nurse, humbly obedient to her will. The telephone rang and rang. Julia, the centre of this whole thrilling drama, wandered about in her great plum-colored silk dressing-gown, commenting cheerfully enough upon the various rapid changes that were being made in her room.

She picked up the little pink blanket that had been hung upon a white-enamelled clothes-horse by the fire, and pressed it to her cheek. But now and then she stopped walking and put her hand out toward the back of a chair as if she needed support, and then an expression crossed her face that made Jim's soul sicken within him; an expression of fear and wonderment and childish surprise.

A little later, Julia opened her eyes, looked up into the nurse's face. And with returning consciousness came self-pity.

"I couldn't do it, Miss Wheaton," she whispered pitifully, with trembling lips.

"Hello, little girlie, you're beginning to feel better, aren't you?" Miss Wheaton said. "Here she is, doctor, as fine as silk."

Julia's languid eyes found the doctor's kindly face.

"But the baby?" she faltered, with a rush of tears.

"The baby is a very noisy young woman," said Dr. Lippincott, cheerfully. "I wrapped her in her pink thingumajig, and she's right here in Jim's room, getting her first bath from her granny."

"Really?" Julia whispered. "You wouldn't—fool me?"

"Listen to her!" Miss Wheaton said. "Now, my dear, don't you be nervous. You've got a perfectly lovely little girl, and you've come through splendidly, and everything's fine. If you want to go look at that baby, doctor," she added, "ask Dr. Studdiford to send Ellie in here to me and we'll straighten this all out. Then we can let him in here to see this young lady!"

Presently Jim came in to kneel beside Julia's bed, and gather her little limp hands to his lips, and murmur incoherent praise of his brave girl, his darling little mother, his little old sweetheart, dearer than a thousand babies. Julia heard him dreamily, raised languid eyes, and after a little while stroked his hair. She was spent, exhausted, hammered by the agony of a few short hours into this pale ghost of herself, and he was strong and well, the red blood running confident and audacious in his veins. Their spirits could not meet to-night. But she loved his praise, loved to feel his cheek wet against her hand, began to be glad it was all over, that peace at last had found the big pleasant room where firelight and the last soft brightness of the June day mingled so pleasantly on rosy wall-paper and rosy curtains.

"She's a little darling," said Jim. "Mother says she's the prettiest tiny baby she ever saw. Poor Aunt Sanna and Mother had a great old cry together!"

"Ah!" said Julia hungrily. For Miss Toland had come stepping carefully in, the precious pink blanket in her arms.

"I'm to bring her to say 'Good night' to her mother!" said Miss Toland. "How are you, dear? All forgotten now?"

The tiny pink miracle was gently laid beside her, she shifted just a trifle to make room and spread weak fingers to raise the blanket from the baby's face.

(Continued on following page.)

The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from preceding page.)

A little crumpled rose-leaf of a face, a shock of soft black hair, and two tiny hands that curved warmly against Julia's investigating finger. All the rest was delicate lawn and soft wool.

As the baby wrinkled her little countenance, her tiny mouth opened, and Julia heard for the first time her daughter's rasping, bitter little cry. A passion of ecstasy flooded her heart, she drooped her soft pale cheek close to the little creased one.

"Oh, my darling—my darling!" she breathed. "Oh, you little perfect, helpless, innocent thing! Oh, Jim, she's crying, the angel! Oh, I do thank God for her!" she ended softly.

"I thank God you're so well," said Miss Toland. "Here, you can't keep her!"

"Anna, go with Aunt Sanna," Julia said weakly.

"Anna, eh?" Miss Toland said, wrapping up the pink blanket.

"Anna Toland Studdiford," Jim answered. "Julia had that all fixed up weeks ago!"

"Well, now—you children!" Miss Toland said, looking from one to the other, with her half-veiled and half-approving laugh. "What do you want to name her that for?"

"I know what for," Julia smiled, as she watched the pink blanket out of sight.

A little later Mrs. Toland crept in, just for a kiss, and whispered, "And now you must forget all the pain, dear, and just be happy!"

Then Julia was left to her own thoughts.

After a while outside interests began to claim Julia again, dressmakers and manicures, shopping and the essential letter-writing filled the mornings, luncheons kept her late into the afternoons, there were calls and card-playing and teas. Julia would have only a few minutes in the nursery before it was time to dress for dinner; sometimes Jim came in to feast his eyes on the beautiful serene little Anna, in her beautiful mother's arms; more often he was late, and Julia, trailing her evening gown behind her, would fly for studs, and pull the boot-trees from Jim's shining pumps.

In September they went to Burlingame for the polo tournament, and here, on an unseasonably hot day, Jim had an ugly little touch of the sun and for two or three days was very ill. They were terrible days to Julia. Richie came to her at once, and they took possession of the house of a friend, where Jim had chanced to be carried, and sent to San Rafael for Julia's servants; but two splendid nurses kept her out of the sick room, and the baby was in San Rafael, so that Julia wandered about utterly at a loss to occupy heart or hands.

On the third day the fever dropped, and Julia crept in to laugh and cry over her big boy. Jim got well very quickly, and just a week from the day of the accident she and Jim went home to the enchanting Anna, and began to plan for a speedy removal to the Pacific Avenue house, so that the little episode was apparently quite forgotten by the time they were back in the city, and the season opened.

But looking back, months later, Julia knew that she could date a definite change in their lives from that time. Whether the slight sunstroke had really given Jim's mind a little twist, or whether the shock left him unable to throw off oppressing thoughts with his old buoyancy, his wife did not know. But she knew that a certain sullen, unresponsive mood possessed him. He brooded, he looked upon her with a heavy eye, he sighed deeply when she drew his attention to the lovely little Anna.

Julia knew by this time that marriage was not all happiness, all irresponsible joy. She had often wondered why the women she knew did not settle themselves seriously to a study of its phases, when the cloudless days inevitably gave place to something incomprehensible and disturbing. Even lovers like Kennedy and her husband had their times of being wholly out of sympathy with each other, she knew, and she and Jim were not angels, they must only try to be patient and forbearing until the dark hour went by.

How had it all come about, she wondered. Her thoughts went back to the honeymoon, and she had an aching memory of Central Park in its fresh green, of Jim laughing at her when she tried to be very matronly in her

kimono, over their breakfast tray. Oh, the exquisite happy days—the cloudless, wonderful time!

She left the thought of it for the Winter that followed. That had been happy, too. Not like the New York months, not without its grave misgivings, not without its hours of bitter pain, yet happy on the whole. Then Honolulu, all so bright a memory until that hour on the ship—that first horrible premonition of so much misery that was to follow. The San Mateo Summer had somehow widened the wordless, mysterious gap between them, and the Winter! Julia shuddered as she thought of the Winter. Where was her soul while her body danced and dressed and dined and slept through those hot hours? Where was anyone's soul in that desperate whirl of amusement?

But she had found her soul again, on the June day of Anna's coming. And with Anna had come to her what new hopes and fears, what new potentialities and new sensibilities! She had always been silent, reserved, stoical by nature, accepting what life brought her uncomprehendingly, only instinctively and steadily fighting toward that ideal that had so long ago inspired her girlhood. Now she was awake, quivering with exquisite emotions, trembling with eagerness to adjust her life and taste its full delicious savor. Now she wanted to laugh and to talk, to sit singing to her baby in the firelight, to run to meet her husband and fling herself into his arms for pure joy in life and joy that she was beautiful and young and mother of the dearest baby in the world, and wife of the wisest and best of men.

The past was blotted out for Julia now; her place in society was undisputed not only as the wife of the rich young consulting surgeon, but for herself as well, and she could make as little or as much as she pleased of society's claim. From her sickness she felt as if she had learned that there is suffering and sorrow enough in the world without the need of deliberately sustaining the old and long-atoned wrongs. More than that, she had come to regard her own fine sense of right as a safer guide than any other, and by this she was absolved of the shadowy sin of her girlhood, the years, the hours she had prayed, the long interval, absolved her. Julia felt as if she had been born again.

In this mood Jim did not join her. As the weeks went by his aspect grew darker and more dark, and life in the Pacific Avenue house became a thing of long silences and rare and stilted phrases, and for the brief time daily that they were alone together, husband and wife were wretchedly unhappy; Jim watching his wife gloomily, Julia feeling that his look could chill her happiest mood. She had sometimes suspected that this state of affairs existed between other husbands and wives and marveled that life went smoothly on; there were dinners and dances, there were laughter and light speech. Jim might merely answer her half-timid, half-confident "Good morning" with only a jerk of his head; he might eat his breakfast in silence, and accord to Julia's brief outline of dinner or evening engagements only a scowling monosyllable. Yet the day proceeded, there was Baby to visit, a dressmaker's appointment to keep, luncheon and the afternoon's plans to be gotten through, and then there was the evening again and Jim and herself dressing in adjoining rooms in utter silence, silently descending to welcome their guests, or silently whirling off in the limousine.

Sometimes she fancied that when she resolutely assumed a cheerful tone and determined to fight this unwholesome atmosphere with honest bravery, she merely succeeded in making Jim's mood uglier than ever. Often she tried a shy tenderness, but with no success.

One day when Miss Toland was lunching with her, Julia made some allusion to the subject, in answer to the older woman's comment that she did not look very well.

"I'm not very well, Aunt Sanna," said Julia, pushing her plate away and resting both slim elbows on the table. "I'm worried."

"Not about Anna?" Miss Toland asked quickly.

"No—o! Anna, God bless her, is simply six-months-old perfection!" Julia said, with a brief smile. "No—about myself and Jim."

(Continued on following page.)



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Market-Maker Golden Globe Onion (big cropper). Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, lb. \$2.10.
Yellow Onion Setts (select Canadian). Lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70.
XXX Earliest Table Marrow Peas. 4 ozs. 15c, lb. 40c, 5 lbs. \$1.90.
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The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from preceding page.)

Miss Toland gave her a shrewd glance.

"Quarrelled, eh?" she said simply.

"Oh, no!" Julia felt her eyes watering. "No—I almost wish we had. Because then I could go to him, and say 'I'm sorry!'" she stammered.

"Sorry for what?" demanded Miss Toland.

"For whatever I'd done!" elucidated Julia, with her April smile.

"Yes, but suppose he'd done it, what then?" Miss Toland asked.

"Ah, well," Julia hesitated. "Jim doesn't do things!" she said, vaguely.

"Jim's in one of his awful moods, I suppose?" his adopted aunt asked, after a pause.

"Oh, in a dreadful one!" Julia confessed.

"How long—days?"

"Weeks, Aunt Sanna!"

"Weeks? That's awful!" Miss Toland frowned and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "What gets into the boy?" she said impatiently. "You don't know what it's about I suppose?"

Julia hesitated. "I think it's that he gets thinking of my old life when I was a little nobody, south of Market Street," she hazarded with as much truth as she could.

"Oh, really!" Miss Toland said, in a tone of cold satire. But her look fell with infinite tenderness and pity upon the drooping little figure opposite. "Yet there's nothing of the snob about Jim," she mused unhappily.

"Oh, no!" Julia breathed earnestly.

"There isn't, eh?" Miss Toland said. "I'm not so sure. I'm not at all sure. He isn't working too hard, is he?"

"He isn't working hard at all," Julia said.

"H'm!" Miss Toland said, absently. "But his father was just another such moody fellow—queer as Dick's hat-band!" she added, suddenly, after a pause.

"Jim's father? I didn't know you knew him!"

"Knew him—indeed I did! We all lived in Honolulu in those days. Charming, charming fellow, George Studdiford, but queer. He was very musical, you know—he'd look daggers at you if you happened to sneeze in the middle of one of his Beethoven sonatas. Jim's mother was very sweet, beautiful, too, but spoiled, Julia, spoiled!"

"Too much money!" Julia said, shaking her head.

"Exactly—there you have it!" Miss Toland assented triumphantly. "I've seen too much of it not to know it. There's a sort of dry rot about it, even a fine fellow like Jim can't escape. But, my dear," and her tone became reassuring, "don't let it worry you. He'll get over it. Just bide your time, Julia. I know Jim Studdiford!"

"Well, that's just what I am doing," Julia said with a rueful laugh. "But it's like being in a bad dream. There is sorrow that you have to bear, don't you know, Aunt Sanna, like crippled children, or somebody's death, or being poor; and then there are these other unnatural trials, that you just rebel against! I say to myself that I'll just be patient and sweet and go on filling my time with Anna and calls and dinner parties, until Jim comes to his senses and tells me what an angel I am, but it's awfully hard to do it! Sometimes the house seems like a vault to me, in the mornings, even the sunshine—" Julia's eyes watered, but she went steadily on, "even the sunshine doesn't seem right and I feel as if I were eating ashes and cotton! I go about looking at other houses, and thinking, 'I wonder what men and women are being wretchedly unhappy behind your plate-glass windows!' I watch other men and their wives together," pursued Julia, smiling through tears, "and when women say those casual things they are always saying, about not loving your husband after the first few months and being disillusioned, and meaning less and less to each other, I feel as if it would break my heart!"

"Well," Miss Toland said, somewhat distressed, "of course I'd rather walk into a bull fight than advise—"

"I know you would," Julia hastened to assure her. "That's why I've been talking," she added, "and it's been a real relief! Don't think I'm complaining, Aunt Sanna—"

"No, my dear," Miss Toland said. "I'll never think anything that isn't good of you, Julie," she went on. "If Jim Studdiford is so selfish as to—make his wife unhappy for those very facts that made him first love her and choose her,

well, I think the less of Jim, that's all! Now give me a kiss, and we'll go and pick out something for Barbara's boy!"

Either the confidential chat with Miss Toland had favorably affected Julia's point of view, or the state of affairs between Jim and herself actually brightened from that day. Julia noticed in his manner that night a certain awkward hinge of reconciliation, and with it a flood of tenderness and generosity rose in her own heart, and she knew that deeply as he had hurt her, she was ready to forgive him and to be friends again.

So a not unhappy week passed, and Julia, with more zest than she had shown in some months, began to plan a real family reunion for Thanksgiving, now only some ten days off. She wrote to the Doctor and Mrs. Toland, to the Carletons and Aunt Sanna and to Richie, who had established himself in a little cottage on Mount Tamalpais, and who was somewhat philanthropically practising his profession there. She very carefully ordered special favors for the occasion and selected two eligible and homeless young men from her list of acquaintances to fill out the table and to amuse Constance and Jane.

On the Saturday before Thanksgiving Jim had to go away for an important operation, but would be home again by Tuesday or Wednesday to take the head of his own table on the holiday.

Julia offered, when the Friday night before his departure came, to help him with his packing. They had dined very quietly with friends that night, and found themselves at home again not very long after ten o'clock. But Jim, sinking into a chair beside the library fire, with an assortment of new magazines at his elbow, politely declined.

"Oh, no, thank you! Plenty of time for that in the morning. I don't go until nine."

"Let Chadwick do it, anyway, Jim. Shall I tell Ellie to send him up at eight?"

"If you will. Thank you! Good night!"

"Good night!" And Julia trailed her satins and laces slowly up-stairs, unfastening her jewels as she went. A little sense of discouragement was fighting for possession; she fought it consciously, as she fought such waves of despondency a hundred times before. She propped herself comfortably in pillows, turned on a light and began to read.

Ellie fussed about the room for a few minutes and then was gone. The big house was very still. Eleven o'clock struck from the little mahogany clock on her mantel—midnight struck, and still Jim's footstep did not come up the stairs, and there was no welcome sound of occupancy in the room adjoining her own.

Suddenly terror smote Julia; she flung her book aside and sat up erect in bed. Her heart was thundering with fear; the silence of the house was like that which follows an explosion.

For a few dreadful seconds she sat motionless; then she thrust her bare feet in the slippers of warm white fox that Ellie had put out, and caught up a frilly negligee. Fastening it with trembling fingers she slipped out into the hall, dimly lighted and very still. Then she ran quickly downstairs.

What sight of horror she expected to find in the library she did not know, but the shock of revulsion when the opened door showed her nothing more terrible than Jim, musing in the firelight, was almost as bad as a fright could have been.

"Oh, Jim!" she panted, coming in, one hand pressed against her breast. "I thought something—I got frightened!"

Jim looked up with his old tender, whimsical smile—the smile for which she had hungered so long—and held out a reassuring hand.

"Why, no, you poor kid!" he said. "I've been sitting right here!"

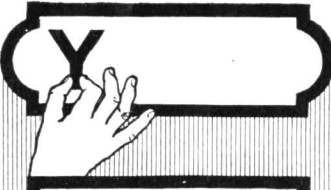
"I thought—and it was so still—and you didn't come up!" Julia said, beginning to sob. And in a moment she was in his arms, clinging to him in an ecstasy of love and relief. For a long blissful time they remained so, the soft curve of Julia's cheek against Jim's face, her heart beating quick above his own, her warm little figure gathered closely to him.

"Feeling better now, old lady?"

"Oh, fine!" But Julia's face quivered with tears again at the tone.


"Well, then, what's this for!" He

(Continued on page 39.)




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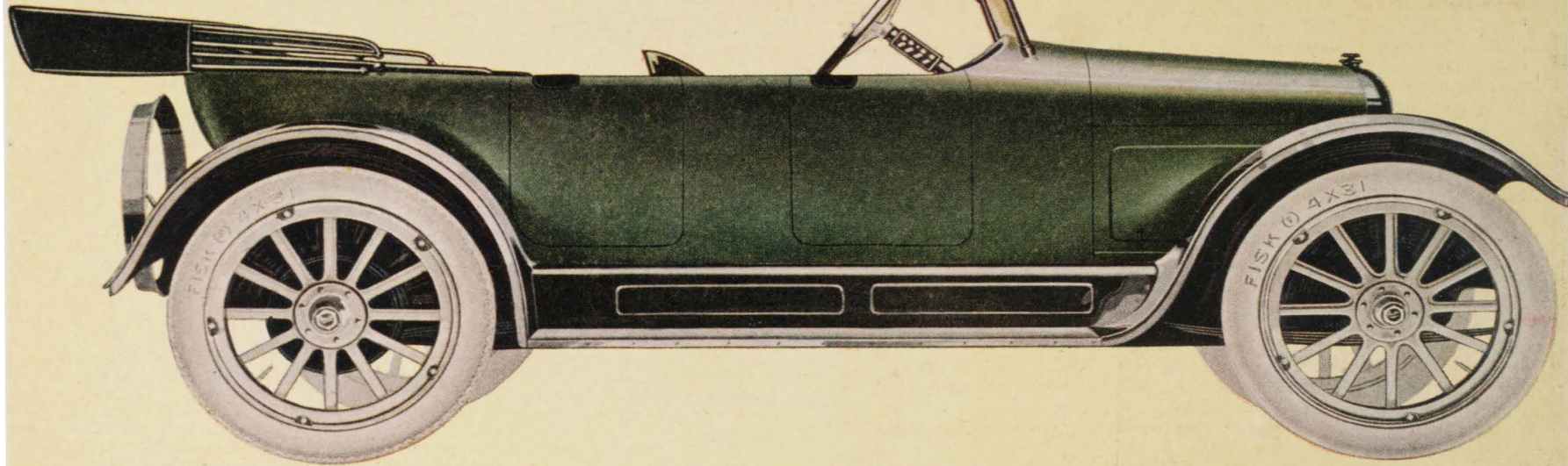
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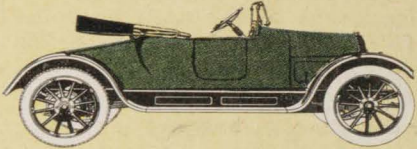
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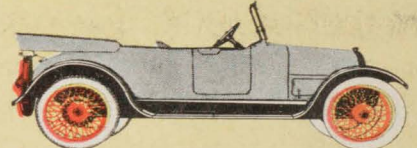
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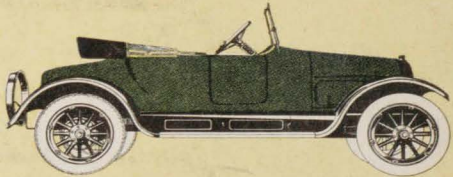
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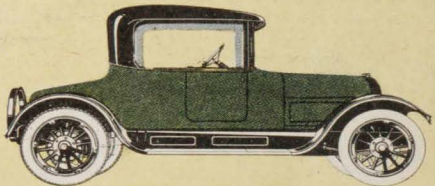


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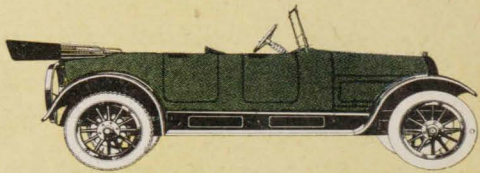
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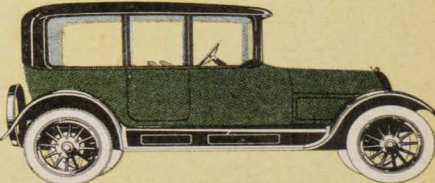
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Begin the following Woodbury treatment tonight and this new skin will become so healthy and active that you will see a marked improvement in a week or ten days.

Dip a cloth in warm water and hold it to the face until the skin is softened and damp. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and go over your face with the cake itself just as a man does with a shaving stick. Then dip your hands in warm water and with the tips of your fingers work up a lather from the soap left on your face. Rub this cleansing, antiseptic lather thoroughly but gently into the pores of your skin, always with an outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

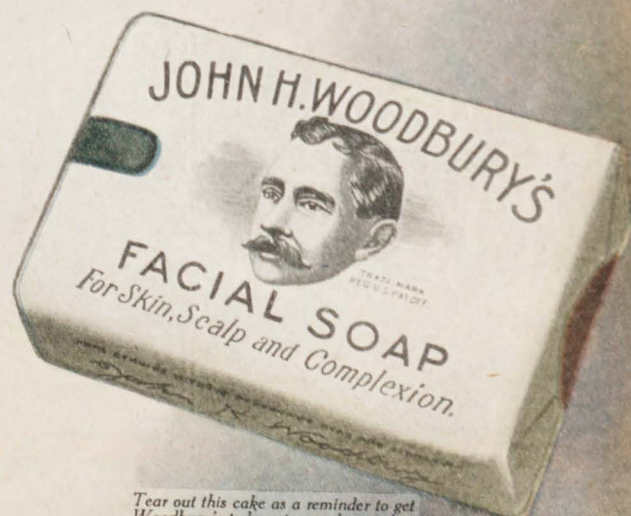
If your skin is thin, or rather sensitive, substitute a dash of *ice water* for the application of the ice itself.

Take five minutes for this treatment every day at your most convenient time. Use it *persistently*, and your skin will take on, gradually but surely, the clearness, freshness and charm of "a skin you love to touch." A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this "skin you love to touch" treatment. Get a cake today and begin tonight to get its benefits for *your* skin.

Send 10c for the beautiful picture above

This painting in exquisite soft colorings is a most beautiful conception of "a skin you love to touch." The artist is Z. P. Nikolaki, the popular illustrator. We have been extremely successful in reproducing this painting so perfectly that it is difficult to tell the reproduction from the original. Send your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin and we will mail you a copy, 15 x 19 inches, in full colors; also a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week's treatment. Write today!

Address **The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., 574 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario, Canada.**



Tear out this cake as a reminder to get Woodbury's today at your druggist's

For sale by Canadian Druggists from coast to coast, including Newfoundland

Around the Hearth

BY JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

BELIEVE ME!

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms,

Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow and
fleet from my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be adored as this
moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish
of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still."

—Thomas Moore.

The tender sentiment of that old song has thrilled many a heart. The young man leaning over the piano to turn the music, adding his rich bass voice to the soprano tones of the fair girl who skilfully plays the notes of this old melody, believes what he is singing. He feels that a time could never come when his adoration would lessen for this maiden of his choice, that her charm could never depart, let her beauty fade as it may, and that every wish of his heart will be forever entwined around this object of his ardor.

And she believes that she will always love him with the faith and fervor that she bestows upon him now. Even though his erect manly figure should become bowed with labor and with years, his hair turn thin and grey, his face become wrinkled and worn, her affection will remain unchanged. She believes that "The heart that has truly loved never forgets, but as truly loves on to the close," and she cherishes this fond dream even as he hugs the fancy to his heart. It mellowed their visions of future years spent together, and their young hearts vibrate with tender emotions, which leave no room for doubt, believe me!

What a pity that the beautiful dream often proves to be an illusion, that hearts grow cold and even callous, while others live on yearning for what seems buried in the past! We seem so blind and stupid in this matter, but, after all, we are not really dead, but only sleeping. Let a severe illness come, let an accident happen, and the white, drawn face as the doctor is questioned reveals that the love is all there still. Somehow, in a great crisis, we receive in abundance what we would crave in small portions, for that is how we choose to dispense the blessing of "loving and cherishing until death do us part."

While travelling this summer I became acquainted with a couple who were taking a thirtieth anniversary wedding-trip. They were going from coast to coast, returning by a circuitous route. They had attracted the attention of several persons who noticed the lover-like attentions and the benign countenances of both husband and wife.

During our intercourse they informed me that there had never been a discord between them. He laughingly said, "I put all the blame on her because we have never had a tiff," and she retorted happily that the fault was just as much his.

I found it easy to accept their assertion as truth, but it is certainly an exceptional as well as an enviable case, believe me!

...

I have seen women go all through life cowed down and afraid of a great bully of a being in the shape of a man. The bank account was in his name, all the money was in his pocket, the authority was his right, the orders came from him, and no one ever questioned his rule. I might add that he held a monopoly on the tempers, the selfishness and vindictiveness of the entire family. And they suffered it. He lived for himself, and when he passed out everyone drew a long sigh of relief. He was not mourned for, believe me!

And I have seen a large, blue-bodied man go all through life cowering under the lash of a small woman's tongue, who hardly dare express an opinion lest it be scoffed at, whose spirit was subdued by sneers and cutting retort, yet he never protested against her control. I might say also that she held an exclusive right to scold, to dictate, to inconvenience, and upset the arrangements of an entire family. And they permitted it. She lived for herself, and when she passed

out, everyone felt there was a chance for liberty. She was not grieved for, believe me!

It is easy to say, "Were I the wife of such a man I would train him differently," or *vice versa*. Yes; perhaps with your acquired experience you would undertake the task of teaching a few lessons out of that book; but, as a rule, people are long-suffering in the first years of married life. They are anxious for the children's sake that peace shall reign in the home, so they quietly submit to many indignities which give tyranny time to grow. If their spirit could rise to meet the occasion when oppression is first practised, and confront the case with equal imperiousness, the trouble might meet its solution in its earliest stages.

Humility is a grand virtue in a woman, but when it leads her into the mistake of tamely submitting to cruel neglect and shameful despotism from an overbearing husband, it ceases to be a virtue, but becomes an abasement. Most men admire a suitable retaliatory spirit in woman, and unless the demands are perfectly unreasonable, will give due consideration to her views, and so stand a chance of being won over.

Women, too, admire a man who will not submit to being hen-pecked, but who can assert his rights. A man who quails before an arbitrary wife deserves to suffer, because there is a way to prevent being mortified by unjust criticism. There is no reason why he should say mean things to defend himself, but when words are necessary, let them have no uncertain ring. An impressive silence is also an effectual treatment.

Tears and complaining, scolding and grumbling, are not successful in winning out in this game of husband and wife. It may appear to work, but the results are too often apparent in the growing indifference and lack of interest in the affairs of life that should be mutual. There should be a way of solving the ugly, cross husband, and the snappy, sharp-tempered wife question, and if my life were rendered unendurable by one or the other, I'd find a way to settle it, believe me!

...

Motoring through the country recently, we stopped to call upon an old couple we had known "a many years ago." He was eighty-two, and she seventy-eight years of age. Their home was on the outskirts of a town, and I judge it was possessed of no up-to-date equipments.

"I thought you had retired from country life," I remarked to the veteran farmer with his "cow-bite" hat, who stood by the automobile.

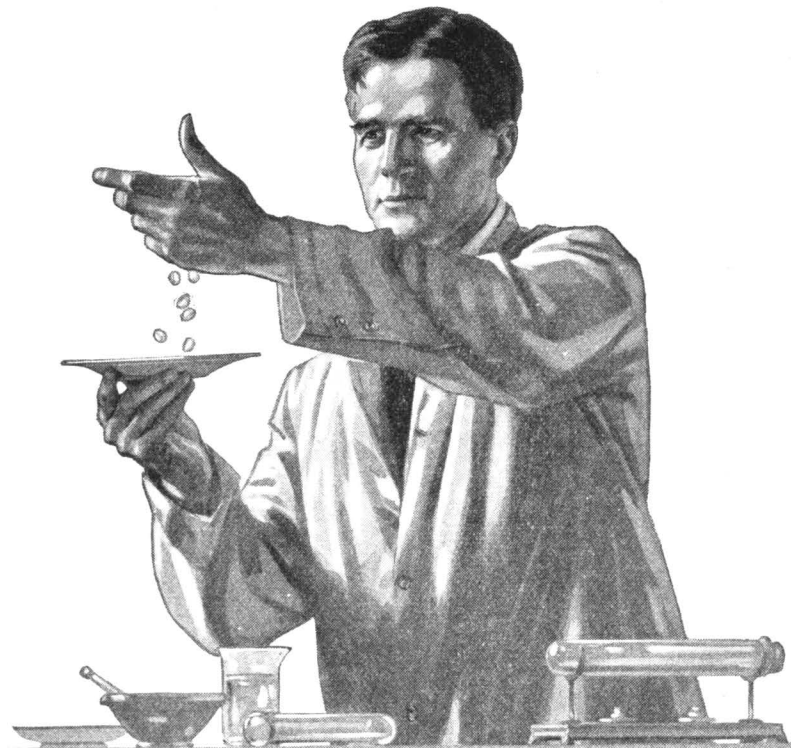
"Well, you know," he said, "we just keep a cow, and pig, and a few hens to keep us from getting lazy. The wife wouldn't be contented without a few of the usual chores."

I looked at the tired, wrinkled faces, and toil-worn hands, and somehow, as we sped on our way, I felt saddened. I had expected something different, and was disappointed. Then I became indignant in my mind, and argued that if I had worked—or slaved—on a farm until I was well on in my fifties, as some men and women have done, and then decided there was sufficient money to retire from such active and persistent labor, and could move into a town to take things easy for my declining years, there are some things I *would*, and some I *wouldn't* do.

I wouldn't buy ten acres just outside the town or city limits, and keep a horse and a cow, and raise poultry for sale, and till that ten acres for all it was worth, and sell fruit, and vegetables, and eggs, and make my own butter, and peg away just as diligently—though on a smaller scale—as I had been doing all my life.

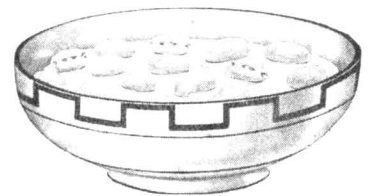
I wouldn't have a home that could not boast of more conveniences than the old farm-house I had just left, with its low ceilings, small rooms, and no clothes closets; with its two steps down to the kitchen, and three into the pump-house, and a whole flight to the lower regions of the half-floored woodshed—itsself a dangerous trap. (Ah, those steps! those knee-cracking, body-shaking, up-and-down killers, let me blot them from my

(Continued on page 50.)



The Discovery of Puffed Grains Brought Ideal Foods to Millions

Prof. A. P. Anderson, when he found a way to puff wheat, gave children a better wheat food than they ever had before.



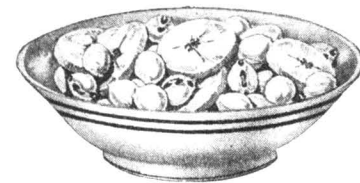
Puffed Grains in Milk or Cream.

Every expert knew that whole wheat was desirable. It is rich in elements lacking in flour. And rarely a child got enough of them.

But whole wheat, for its purpose, must be wholly digestible. That is the problem Prof. Anderson solved when he discovered this way to explode it.

He Bubbled the Grains

He sealed up the kernels in guns, and applied a fearful heat. Then he shot the guns, and out came the kernels puffed to eight times normal size.



Puffed Grains Mixed With Fruit.

What happened was this: Inside each food cell a trifle of moisture was changed to steam. When the guns were shot, a hundred million explosions occurred inside each kernel.

Every food cell was blasted, so digestion could act. Thus every element was made available, and every atom fed.

And the grains were made into food confections, flaky, toasted, airy, crisp. So these hygienic foods became the most delightful foods you know.

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

Each 15c Except in Far West

Don't let your children lose the benefits of this great food invention. Don't confine Puffed Grains to breakfast. Serve them for supper in bowls of milk. Douse them with melted butter when children get hungry between meals.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole-grain foods. They taste like nut meats, bubbled and toasted. But they are in fact the best foods wheat or rice can make.



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If You Were Born in March

By LADY VAN

*March, the third finger on New Year's hand,
 Is expected to have contrary weather;
 But the lion and lamb it oft takes in hand,
 And just knocks their heads together.*

And 'twas in March you were born, was it? Well, then, there's the seventeenth of Old Ireland to be thankful for on the spot. This, too, in spite of the fact that the name of the month is a gift from the ancient Romans, who named it after Mars, the god of war.

Once upon a time—before 713 B.C., to be accurate, March led the months of the year—started the race as it were. Then Emperor Numa, having a fad for collecting months, squeezed in January and February, and had to put them ahead of March or not get them in at all, so March has had third place ever since.

When our Anglo-Saxon forefathers expressed their minds about this month, they properly called it "Lenc-ten Monath," meaning length month, since round about the month of March, the days do seem to have stretched out splendidly.

Aries, the ram, is the zodiacal sign for March. This denotes an increase in the power of the sun's rays. The planet is Mars, and rules from the twentieth of March to the nineteenth of April.

If born between these dates, you will dislike manual labor, but will be willing to become an ornament at any time. As a matter of fact, will be better fitted to lead than to follow. You love power, and will sometimes use questionable means to obtain it.

Your most pronounced failing is a desire to direct everybody and everything—just plain "bossy," between you and me.

Ambition is strong, so is a temper that is as quick as a flash. While you are generous and highly intuitive, you have a nasty habit of becoming irritable, which might well be brushed off your personality book. One has to rise early and be there ahead of time in order to deceive you, and even then it is ten to one that you would see through any deception put up.

Are whimsical and capricious, and while you are not exactly malicious or revengeful, you find it most difficult to forgive—in fact you seldom do, and a nice pile you will have banked up against you some day if you do not turn about, let the past bury its dead—and be a forgiver.

A poetic temperament is said to go with this sign. My word! Side by side with this is accredited thoughtfulness, and a studious nature. Are conscientious, faithful to duty, kind though economical in all things, and you stick to your own opinions like a crab to a small boy's wet toe. Opposition is something you do not take to kindly.

Should be executive and extremely musical. Your thinking apparatus should be of an excellent quality, and ever active. Are interested in the things that mean refinement and culture, and you take to the good and luxurious things of life like butter on one of mother's hot biscuits.

The women of this sign are always full of life and activity, and fond of entertainment and dancing. They are also extravagant.

The men crave what eludes them, and it is impossible for them to experience the more exalted phases of love; they waste no time in worrying over unrequited affection. Politics seem to attract these men, and they have a great desire to see and know everything.

Some authorities give the violet to March, others the nasturtium. If you accept the former, remember that the white variety means candor and wisdom, while the blue stands for faithfulness in love.

The third, fifth, twelfth, twentieth and twenty-third of March are lucky wedding days. It will be wise to avoid the sixteenth or seventeenth, as they are regarded as specially unlucky. One authority gives this little verse:

*Married when March winds shrill and roar,
 Your home will lie on a foreign shore.*

There is just a line for the weather:

"So many frosts in March, so many in May."

This might be interesting to watch. An old, old proverb says:

"March in Janiveer, Janiveer in March I fear."

The bloodstone is given to March for its gem, and is supposed to signify wisdom and courage. In fact, March seems to be a wise old month all around. The verse runs thus:

*Who in this world of ours their eyes,
 In March first open, shall be wise;
 In days of peril firm and brave,
 And wear a bloodstone to their grave.*

Chopin, the great musician, was born on the first day of March, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning on the sixth.

Our own Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, lovingly known as Lady Aberdeen, has a birthday on the fourteenth. Rosa Bonheur, of artistic fame, claimed the sixteenth.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was born on the eighteenth, and the Duke of Westminster on the nineteenth.

Ibsen commenced his remarkable career on the twentieth, and Sir Charles Wyndham claimed the twenty-third as his natal day. Silas K. Hocking owned up to the twenty-fourth.

Olive Schreiner first saw the light of day on the twenty-eighth, and a sister writer, Amelia Edith Barr, had the twenty-ninth given to her.

But we could not leave March without a word about Saint Patrick, could we? Especially as he, like many of our brave lads of to-day, was at one time a prisoner of war.

When a lad about fifteen, he was carried off with a number of others, during one of the incursions of the Scots and Picts, and was sold as a slave on the opposite coast of Ireland. He remained in hard slavery for six years, tending cattle, and eventually escaped to Britain.

A western editor, Mr. P. W. Luce, and one of his reporters, Mr. Harold Turner, put their heads together with the following result:

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

There are Irishmen in England
 And Irishmen in Spain,
 With half a dozen in Japan
 And five or six in Maine.
 There's a bunch in Philadelphia,
 Some more in Montreal,
 And half a score in Singapore
 And fourteen in Bengal.
 In France, in Madagascar,
 In Chili, in Peru,
 In every standing army,
 In every steamship crew,
 There's a faithful son of Erin,
 Maybe dirty, maybe clean,
 But all the same an Irishman, a
 wearer o' the green.
 And where you find an Irishman,
 There's sure to be a fray
 On the seventeenth of Ireland, St.
 Patrick's Day.

There are Irishmen in Scotland,
 And Irishmen in Cork,
 And one or two in Saskatoon
 And millions in New York;
 In Edmonton, in Calgary, in Mission
 and in Wales,
 In packing plants, in drygoods stores,
 asylums or in jails,
 On sea, on land, in mines, in air, in
 Skagway or in Nome,
 You'll always find an Irishman, who's
 more or less at home.
 There were Irishmen with Peary, an
 Irishman was Cook,
 And one is high adviser to the Rajah
 of Gazook,
 And wherever there's an Irishman
 there be the deuce to pay
 On the seventeenth of Ireland, St.
 Patrick's Day.

There are Irishmen in heaven,
 Who grieve and mourn to-day,
 For they find no four-leaved clover
 Where happy angels play.
 You'll find him here and there and
 everywhere,
 The Irishman from County Clare,
 You'll know him by the verdant tie
 he'll wear,
 The Paddy boy who knows no fear.
 He's the lad the lassies love, with his
 blarney and his fun,
 He's a happy-lucky devil with a
 happy-lucky way,
 And where there's a bit of green, an
 Irishman is to be seen
 On the seventeenth of Ireland, St.
 Patrick's Day.

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 For Patterns That Fit—
 For Easier House-Keeping—
 For a Guide in Buying—
 For Dainty Needlework—
 For Wholesome Stories—

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In 1917, raw paper, of the high grade we use, (one of the biggest items of expense in publishing a magazine of large circulation) will cost nearly twice as much as we paid last year. Besides ink, type metal, engravings, labor—in fact, everything that goes into making McCALL'S—has nearly doubled in cost.

A FASHION AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS

How often you hear, "She hasn't a bit of style." You know women possessing extravagant wardrobes, yet who are never stylishly dressed. You also know women who spend a very modest sum on their clothes and you wonder how they manage to dress so charmingly. Our Fashion Editor says, "STYLE is a matter of TASTE rather than money."

Taste, you will agree, however excellent, must have a reliable guide. THE McCALL COMPANY of New York, founded 1870, makers of McCALL patterns (so favorably

known for their style, fit, simplicity, and economy) and publishers of McCALL'S MAGAZINE (monthly), THE McCALL BOOK OF FASHIONS (quarterly), McCALL'S EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK, etc., enjoy a prestige of nearly fifty years' success as Fashion Publishers and offer just such a guide in the monthly style news (recognized as authority), richly illustrated in black and white and in colors, by the choicest new, approved designs, and patterns that faithfully reproduce those designs.

CORNELL'S DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Classes use McCALL'S. To them it is a text book. Many home-loving women look upon McCALL'S as a "household necessity" because of these practical departments:

Correct Social Usage—What Priscilla Learned at Boarding-School, Mary Marshall Duffee; Words—How to Use Them, Emma M. Bolenius; Text-book Author; Home Millinery, Evelyn Toby; Millinery Director Columbia University; Common-sense Beauty Talks, Annette Beacon; Paris Fashion Letter, Paris Correspondent; Home Dressmaking, Margaret Whitney; Embroidery, Genevieve Sterling and Helen Thomas; Children's Page, Frederick White; Baby Welfare, Mary L. Read, Director School of Mothercraft; Foods and Food Values, Isobel Brands; Gardens, F. F. Rockwell; Household Decoration, Mary H. Northend; Parties and Entertainments, Martha Grossman; Housekeeping Exchange, Helen Hopkins.

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The March Puzzle

By TOM WOOD

Can You Guess This Puzzle

The upper half of each square represents some "School" or "Corps" related to the Militia Department of Canada.

The lower part of each square illustrates the name of some mineral product to be found in Canada. Number 1 is "Artillery" and "Gold." Now solve the rest and send us your answer.



Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete.

Answers must be received before March 31st to be included.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF JANUARY PUZZLE.

1. Tents, Mildred.
2. Bungalow, Mabel.
3. Apartments, Beatrice.
4. Barracks, Fanny.
5. Igloos, Ernest.
6. Tepees, Jacob.
7. Tenements, Duncan.
8. Cabin, Samuel.

The prize winners are: First, Mrs. A. Ogilvy, South Tilley, N.B., and second, Mrs. John Astbury, 2331 Manse street, Montreal, Que.

Address the Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond street west, Toronto, Ontario.

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Dominion Express Money Orders and Foreign Cheques

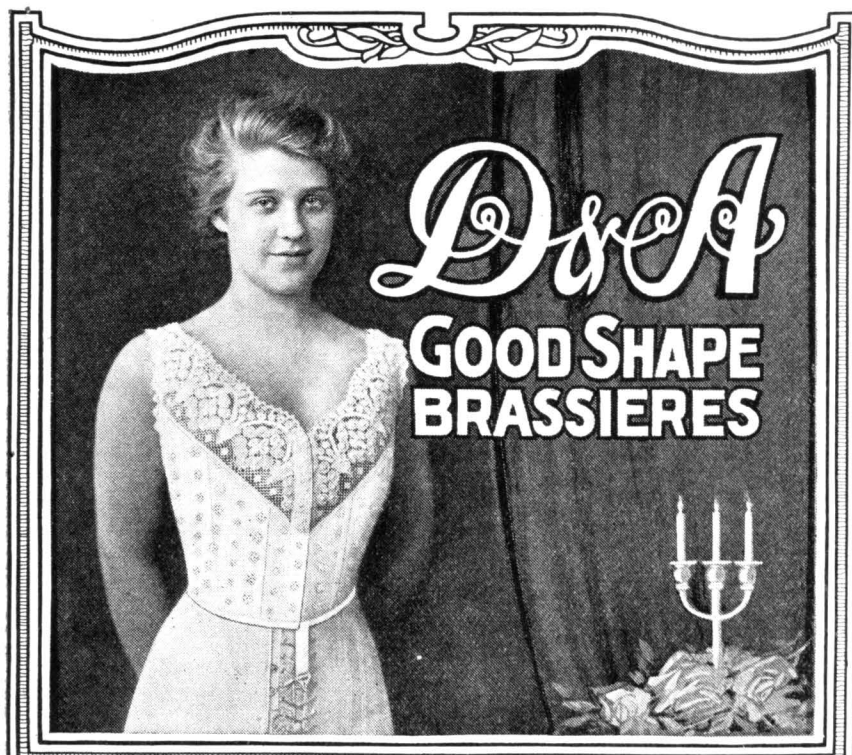
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The Tale of Tommy Fox

By HOUSTON G. CURRIER

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Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

TOMMY GROWS TOO CARELESS.

By the time summer was nearly over, Tommy Fox was much bigger than he had been in the spring. So many things had happened, and he had learned so much, that he began to be quite bold. And he had grown so saucy that his mother often had to scold him. Tommy had fallen into the bad habit of going about calling all the forest people names; and in that way he had gained for himself the ill-will of all the creatures who lived near the foot of Blue Mountain. It interfered with his hunting, because whenever he started out to get something to eat, as soon as they saw him the forest people told one another that he was coming. Old Mr. Crow especially was the worst of all. He was forever calling "Stop, thief!" after Tommy Fox; and then he would haw-haw in a manner that was frightfully annoying. In fact, he made matters so unpleasant that after a time Tommy began to roam far down the valley, along Swift River, where he tried to catch fish. The fish, at least, couldn't call him names, and there was some satisfaction in that fact, even if he hadn't much luck as a fisherman.

And just for excitement Tommy began to worry Farmer Green's Spot. He delighted in barking at Spot. And Spot would always stop what he was doing and rush pell-mell after Tommy Fox.

Then Tommy would skip away with a laugh. First he always ran for the river, and jumped from one stone to another, and waded where the water was shallow. Then he would dash off through the meadows leaving so crooked a trail behind him that when Spot at last found the place where Tommy had left the river he never could follow him very far.

But one day Tommy stumbled upon Spot quite by accident. There was no wind at all that day, to bring any scent to Tommy's sharp nose. And he suddenly found that Spot was right in front of him, between him and the river.

Tommy Fox turned and ran. He laughed, too; because he felt quite sure that he could outwit old Spot. And he leaped and twisted and turned about, and made so many circles, that he felt sure Spot couldn't follow him.

Yes—Tommy felt so safe that he stopped running and was trotting slowly along through the field in which he lived. He was almost home, when he heard a noise behind him. He looked around and to his great surprise there was Spot almost upon him.

There was no time to lose. There was only one thing Tommy could do. The door of his mother's house was only a short distance off and Tommy made for it. Luckily, he managed to reach it. Once inside, he could hear the dog Spot barking in the opening. But he knew that Spot was too big to follow him.

Although Tommy was very glad to be safe at home, he was worried. For now Spot knew where he and his mother lived; and they would have to move. Tommy was afraid his mother would be very angry with him for being so stupid as to let Spot follow him. But he couldn't help it now.

Meanwhile, old Spot continued to bark, and scratch at the door of Tommy's home. But at last he stopped. And all was still. Tommy wondered where his mother was. She was not at home. And he wanted to see her, even if he was afraid that she would punish him. For Tommy did not know exactly what to do. He did not dare go out for fear Spot might be lying in wait for him. So Tommy stayed there. And still his mother did not come home. He wondered where she could be.

OLD MR. CROW IS PLEASED.

There was a very good reason why Mrs. Fox did not come home that day when the dog Spot chased Tommy Fox into his house. She had heard old Spot barking in the field and she had hurried toward home as fast as she could, to see what was the matter.

To her great dismay, when she leaped up on the stone-wall not far from her house Mrs. Fox could see Spot scratching at her door. And she guessed at once that he had driven Tommy inside.

The poor old lady hardly knew what to do. But she hid in the grass, hoping that Spot would grow tired of his task

and go home. But old dog Spot kept up a great barking. He howled so loudly that they heard him 'way off at the farm-house; and Mrs. Fox nearly wept when she saw Farmer Green and his boy Johnnie come hurrying across the fields.

Pretty soon Johnnie Green returned to the farm-house; and when he came back Mrs. Fox could see that he carried a steel trap. For a short time Johnnie and his father busied themselves at her doorway. And then they went away, calling old dog Spot after them.

After they had gone, Mrs. Fox stole sadly across the field to the home she had liked so well. She knew that she could live there no longer in peace and quiet. Yes—she would have to move. And now the first thing to be done was to get Tommy safely out of the house.

Mrs. Fox reached her door-yard. And there she paused. There was no trap to be seen, anywhere. But the path leading to her door was sprinkled thick with fresh earth; and wise old Mrs. Fox knew that hidden underneath it, somewhere, lay that cruel trap, with its jaws wide open, waiting to catch her if she stepped between them.

She crept as close to her door as she dared, and called softly to Tommy. I don't need to say that her son was delighted to hear his mother's voice. He poked his nose out of the hole at once. And he would have jumped out and fallen right into the trap if his mother had not warned him.

"Don't come out!" she cried sharply. "There's a trap here, beneath this dirt. Now, do just as I tell you, or you'll be caught!"

Tommy Fox was frightened. For once, at least, he believed that his mother knew more than he did. And he didn't dare move, except when she ordered. He didn't dare put a foot down except where she told him to.

Tommy had taken several careful steps, and his mother had begun to think that he was almost safely past the trap, when a very unfortunate thing happened. Tommy was just about to set one of his front feet down upon a spot that his mother had pointed out to him, when somebody suddenly called, "Stop, thief!"

Tommy Fox was so startled that he gave a quick jump. *Snap!* went the trap. And though Tommy sprang up into the air, he was just too late. The trap closed tightly across the tips of his toes. It was only one foot that was caught; but that was enough. He could not get away—no matter how hard he pulled.

It was old Mr. Crow who had called "Stop, thief!" He was laughing now. His "Haw-haw! haw-haw!" could be heard plainly enough, as he flapped away in great glee, to tell all the forest-people that Tommy Fox would trouble them no more.

JOHNNIE GREEN AND HIS NEW PET.

Tommy Fox was in a terrible fix. He was caught fast by the foot in a trap; and if that isn't being in a fix, I should like to know what is.

All night long he whimpered and cried. All night long he tugged and pulled, trying to get free. But the more he tugged the more the trap hurt his foot. And the harder he cried.

Mrs. Fox couldn't help Tommy at all. She stayed with him throughout the night, and tried to comfort him. And she only left when morning came and she smelled men coming across the fields. Then, with one last sorrowful look at Tommy, she crept sadly away.

In a few minutes more Farmer Green and his boy Johnnie reached Mrs. Fox's door. And they were both greatly pleased when they saw that the trap had done its work so well.

"It's a young cub," Farmer Green said, as soon as he spied Tommy Fox. "May I have him, Father?" Johnnie asked quickly. "I'd like him for a pet."

Tommy Fox was terribly frightened when he heard that. You see, he didn't know what a "pet" was. He thought that probably it was something like a stew, for he had been told that people ate things like that; and he could see himself, in his mind's eye, being cut up and tossed into a pot.

"A pet, eh?" said Farmer Green. "Well, I suppose so. He's hardly worth

(Continued on following page.)

Keeping Help in the Home

By MARY EADY MOORE

How the Problem Was Solved by One Woman

If you are like the woman who always kept two servants—one coming and the other going—it is possible that my experience may interest you, for the keeping of help has never been a hard matter in our home, in spite of the urgent calls for girls in factories, and during the last few months, the tempting wages paid in munition works.

In the first place, I am very careful in my selection, for much of the peace of the home is in their keeping. I have found it better to wait longer to secure the right kind of girl, than to take the first one offering her services and trust to "luck" that she will turn out well.

In my opinion, the solution of the whole problem after the right girl is found lies in the mental attitude of the mistress. If the new maid is considered as a subordinate, paid to do certain work which the mistress considers beneath her, before long the maid will come to regard her work in the same way, and if she has any ambition, she will soon be looking for a position where there is the more congenial relationship of employer and employee, and where the future promises brighter prospects than drudgery without just consideration.

Men seldom take this attitude toward their help; experience has taught them how unwise and ineffectual it is. This was very forcibly brought to my notice while visiting a large factory recently. While there I learned that they were short of help and a certain new piece of machinery had to be installed. Word reached the General Manager, and very soon he appeared in the works, donned overalls, rolled up his sleeves, and went to work in all the grease and dirt. This man, although he usually worked in a luxurious office, knew the work of his employees thoroughly, and he never asked them to do what he himself would not do if occasion demanded. Now he is a big man in the business world, and he realizes that all work, if well done, is dignified and honorable. How many women in the home have learned this?

I have always made it a rule to allow my assistant (isn't this a much nicer word than servant?) to have fixed hours for work, and the remainder of the time is her own to use as she pleases without asking permission to come or go. By this I do not mean that I am not interested in her doings. I always try to meet her more intimate friends and keep in touch with their amusements. I want her to know that I am interested and care a great deal for her welfare and desire her social life to be as helpful as possible.

I always make it a rule to take a new maid to the church of her preference, if she is a stranger in the city. I introduce her to the minister and make arrangements for her to attend the church regularly and meet some of the young people in their mid-week meetings. The girl in the kitchen leads a very lonely life unless she has interests of the right kind outside of the home. In one instance my new maid lived in the same city, and then I occasionally visited her home, got acquainted with her people, and interested myself in them. When she saw that I was sincere in my desire to help, it made a great difference in her loyalty to me and to her work. In addition to this, I always plan to take my maid shopping with me about once a month, and try to teach her how to choose the different kinds of cottons, linens, silks, etc., and the best vegetables, meats and fruits on the market. She appreciates this interest very much, and it is time well spent.

Ever since the night schools started in our city I have encouraged my maid to take advantage of them and all other means of education open to girls. Good courses in Domestic Science make her a much more efficient worker, and the whole family derives benefit from her study and practice. I always plan the housework carefully and thoroughly. We work by schedule, not in a hit-and-miss fashion, one way to-day and another to-morrow. In my husband's office the most important thing is system—why not in the home? By careful study I have found the best way to do my work in the shortest time, but my helper knows that suggestions from her as to improvements are always welcomed, tried, and if found good, adopted. This is the kind of "team-work" which makes a girl feel that she is of some

account. Get her to use her brains, but do not forget that just as she becomes more valuable to you, she should receive the important stimulus of advanced wages. She should be made to feel that it is to her own advantage, as well as her employer's, to work well and rapidly.

The shrewd business man gives a salary and a commission to get the best possible results from his workpeople. How many women have ever tried this in the home? By this I mean, to tell your assistant that when she is able to do certain work well, she will receive additional money, just as any employer in business would do. This is an important point, and one which the average girl appreciates and returns many times over in faithful service.

I always insist upon the housework being well done, and upon the strict observance of hours. They are from 6.30 a.m. to 2 p.m. and from 4 to 7.30 p.m., and are carefully kept by us both. If for any reason I ask my maid to work overtime, she receives payment either in money or in some other way. The sooner all women start running their homes on some such sound business-like basis, the sooner the day of no "servant problems" will dawn, and we shall have better help and more of it.

I have not touched upon the matter of the room in which my maid sleeps. This is comfortable, well-heated and airy, and nicely furnished, simply putting into practice the good old Golden Rule, which I have found will stand pretty nearly any test and still come out "golden."

I try to suggest suitable books for off-time reading, and find that now and then a good book, simply written, on Household Science will give much food for thought, and suggest many new ideas which all help in making the kitchen interesting.

These are my little secrets of success, and because I am sure of what I write, I pass them on to all who are finding the problem a difficult one. My present maid has been with us for over four years, and only leaves to go into a home of her own. It is a source of pleasure and pride that I have been able to train and fit her to take the important step which is before her.

The Tale of Tommy Fox

(Continued from preceding page.)

skinning. You may have him, I guess. But look out that he doesn't bite you."

Johnnie Green was delighted. He helped his father put Tommy into an old sack, and taking the trap too, they started toward the farm-house. When they reached Farmer Green's home, Johnnie and his father fitted a stout collar about Tommy's neck. And they fastened one end of a chain to it; and the other end they tied to a long stake, which they drove into the ground in Farmer Green's door-yard. Then Johnnie Green set a big wooden box close beside the stake. He tipped the box over on its side, and threw some straw into it. And that was Tommy Fox's new home.

You might think that it was a much nicer home than he had before. But Tommy did not like it at all. All the people on the farm came and looked at him, inside the box; and Johnnie Green never left him for more than ten minutes all the rest of that day.

Tommy made up his mind that he would make a house of his own. And that very night he dug a hole in Farmer Green's dooryard, where he could crawl out of sight of everyone. Tommy liked that much better. No matter how hard Johnnie Green pulled on the chain, he couldn't drag Tommy out unless he wanted to come.

But after a few days Tommy began to get used to being a pet. He found that it was not such a terrible thing, after all. He did miss the fine runs he used to have; and the hunts; and he missed his mother, too. He could hear her often, at night, calling to him from the fields. And then Tommy would answer, and tug at his chain. But he couldn't get away. And after a while he would go to sleep and dream pleasant dreams, about catching crickets in the long grass.

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NOTE—If desired, add fresh or canned fruit or chopped nuts when making. Serve with or without whipped cream.

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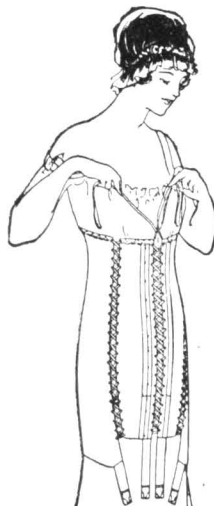
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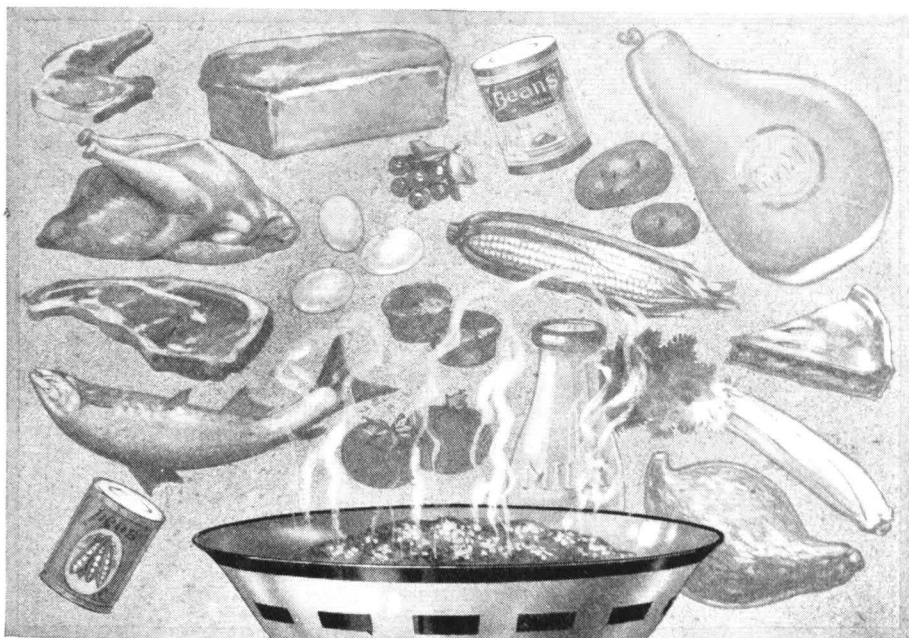
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Rhubarb at its Best

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes"

Of all Garden Gifts, None is More Welcome to the Housewife or Cook Than is the Good Old Friend, Rhubarb, Oldest of All Our Various Culinary Aids.

When the round, brown rhubarb knobs first peep up in the corner of the garden, visions come of the manifold methods in which the juicy stalks will presently be cooked. The pies, puddings, shapes, fools, and other delicacies, too numerous to reel off at hazard, that begin to image themselves in mind, will make delicious dishes when the next few weeks bring the useful stalks into more concrete prominence.

Valuable salts of many kinds reside in the rhubarb roots, and many of the splendid mineral matters find lodgment in the cellular tissues of the thick stalks also, hence it is well to know a little of the physic-power of root and leaf alike. Never can it be too much emphasized that housewife and cook alike should be well versed in the properties of the materials they have to deal with, and the probable effect upon the human system.

Why is the leaf-stalk so bitter? This is one of the medicinal attributes of the root that has ascended through the stalk to the leaf. It is because the substance of the stalk contains a small amount of tannin partly. This tannin is the reason of the tonic action of the root, and it comes again in the stalk, making rhubarb one of the best spring foods.

The small amount of tannin is, however, not all the reason of the bitterness. Some of it springs from the oxalic acid in the juice. This is the acid obtained from the sour sorrel, a near relative of rhubarb, which gives us a crystal oxalic acid, the deadly poison, in some abundance. It is one of the causes of the excessive sourness of rhubarb. The oxalic acid is not present in such amount as in oxalis, the sorrel, but it makes its presence known by the unusual tartness it bestows on the stalk. In mixture with this very sour acid is another most healthful acid, the famous malic found in *Pyrus Malus*, otherwise the useful apple. Malic and oxalic mixed as acids give us a formidable combination which is the source of sourness in rhubarb.

Though oxalic acid when extracted pure in crystals is a deadly poison, it is in the minute amount found in rhubarb not a poison but a medicine, a blood vitaliser. This is why rhubarb is also a blood tonic, with power to chase roughness and pimples from skins of fair dames.

There is potash, the most useful vegetable form of alkali, present in rhubarb. Its combination with the two powerful acids forms a very fine variety of blood salts. By blood salts is meant such unions of acids and alkalies as will make fruit salts easily received into the blood current, readily absorbable, workers of good in the vital fluid. These salts cool the system, eliminate ill-working acids, and, in short, as old wives say, they "purify the blood" after vegetable dearth in winter seasons.

The winter dearth is not so pronounced as it used to be, by-the-way. One can get oranges cheaply and abundantly all through the winter, with apples, bananas, and lemons, hence the system is not wholly dependent upon the garden as in our grandmothers' days.

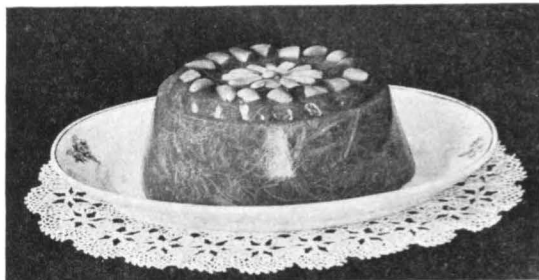
The juice is ninety per cent. water, but the water is a very rich liquid on account of the two per cent. of wonder working sugar and the three per cent. of splendid and powerful salts it holds, that give it so tart a taste when an attempt is made to eat it raw. It sets the teeth on edge, but at once strongly stimulates the action of the mouth glands.

Cooked, it is delicious, but never when it stands alone. The culinary skill of all cooks, works upon it marvellously, because rhubarb, having no flavoring oil whatever, accommodates itself excel-

lently to all substances that contain flavor bodies. It takes any volatile oil beautifully, making the flavor its own. This is one of many reasons why rhubarb is the cook's great garden friend. Harshness, the result of no natural oil, is overcome by cream, butter, milk; tartness by additional sugar; lack of flavor by combining with lemon, almond, ginger, vanilla, or any extract.

STEWED RHUBARB.

— Into a large stone jar put the rhubarb cut into half-inch pieces. To every pound add a good half pound of lump sugar and half a cupful of water. Cover and let stand on the top



Rhubarb Mold.

of stove. When the stalks are soft the rhubarb is ready. Put into glass jar and seal down.

RHUBARB PIE.—Wipe the stalks, cut into pieces half an inch long; lay in a pie plate; sprinkle over with plenty of sugar and a little lemon juice and a very little water. Cover with short crust and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. Serve hot, sprinkled over with fine sugar.

RHUBARB MERINGUES.—Cut six large oranges in halves and remove the centres with a sharp knife and squeeze the juice into a basin. Put into a saucepan one gill of water, with half a gill of sugar, allow them to boil. Wash, slice thinly one pound of rhubarb and add to the syrup. Cook all gently for half an hour and strain the juice into a basin. Place the rhubarb in the orange skins and pour the juice of the oranges and rhubarb into a clean saucepan. Mix in a basin two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold water, stir into boiling juice and cook for five minutes, stirring all the time, and pour over the rhubarb in the orange skins in equal quantities. Beat up stiffly three whites of eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and beat again for five minutes. Put the mixture into a forcing bag and tube and force it out in equal quantities over the rhubarb. Place in a quick oven for ten minutes. Serve very cold in a glass dish.

RHUBARB FOOL.—Cook half a pound of rhubarb with six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two slices of lemon and nearly one cupful of water, till tender. Into a pitcher put one pint of milk, three well beaten eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. Stand the pitcher in a saucepan of boiling water and stir till it thickens; do not allow it to boil. Then very gradually add the cooked rhubarb, stirring all the time, and giving an occasional stir till cold. Then put it into a glass bowl, stand it on a glass dish and fill in the space between with slices of sponge cake.

RHUBARB MOLD.—Wash and cut into small pieces enough young rhubarb to fill a quart measure. Put it into an enameled saucepan with one and one-fourth pounds of sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon and twelve blanched chopped almonds. Boil quickly until the mixture looks like rich marmalade, then add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of gelatine dissolved in one-fourth cupful of boiling water. Decorate wet mold with blanched almonds, pour in the mixture, and set in a cool place until firm. Turn out and serve with cream or milk.

RHUBARB JAM.—Choose six pounds of nice red stalked rhubarb. Wipe it and, unless young and tender, take off the peel. Cut it into small pieces and put it into a large jar or bowl in layers with six pounds of sugar, and the grated rinds and strained juice of three lemons. Allow to stand for twenty-four hours, then pour as much of the melted sugar as possible into a preserving pan and boil for ten minutes. Put in the rhubarb and boil from thirty to forty minutes, or until the jam will set. It must be stirred frequently and skimmed when necessary.

Of Interest to the Cook

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

Reliable Recipes Which Can be Easily Followed

BUTTER BEANS WITH APPLE SAUCE.—Wash one-half pound of butter beans and soak them over night in cold water. Next day pour away the water and put the beans into a saucepan with plenty of boiling water, a bunch of herbs, and a small onion. Allow them to cook for three hours, or until quite tender. Then drain, reserving the liquid. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings in a saucepan, stir in four tablespoonfuls of flour, pour in the liquid and stir until boiling. Add the beans, season to taste, and simmer for five minutes. Serve the beans on pieces of hot buttered toast with apple sauce.

BEAN SAVORY.—Have ready one cupful of cooked beans. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings in a saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of cream, the beans, two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Toss over the fire until hot, then add the yolk of an egg beaten with two tablespoonfuls of water, make very hot and serve at once in a little china dish. Garnish with small pieces of fried bread.

BAKED BEANS.—Wash and soak four cupfuls of beans over night in cold water, drain, cover with cold water and let simmer until tender. Drain, put one-half of the beans into a bean pot; add one tablespoonful of salt, one-half tablespoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Place one-half pound of salt pork which has been scored, on top of the beans, cover with the remaining beans and cover the whole with boiling water. Cover the bean pot and bake in a slow oven for eight hours. Uncover the last hour of cooking.

To score pork cut the pork rind into small squares.

BEAN MOLD WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Rub one-half pound of cooked beans through a sieve and put them into a bowl. Season to taste with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings melted, and an egg well beaten. Butter a plain mold, coat it inside with bread-crumbs, pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Turn out and serve with hot tomato sauce poured round.

CODFISH A LA MODE.—Pick up very fine and freshen one teacupful of salt codfish; mix with two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, two cupfuls of cream or milk, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of butter, and a little salt and pepper. Bake in a fireproof dish from twenty to twenty-five minutes.

BOILED SALT SALMON.—Soak the salmon in tepid water about twenty-four hours, changing the water three times. Then drain and place in a kettle with boiling water and cook slowly for half an hour, then drain, place on a hot platter and pour over a drawn butter gravy. Garnish with sliced hard-cooked eggs.

STEWED CODFISH.—One-half pound of salt codfish, one tablespoonful of butter, four cupfuls of milk, two potatoes, two crackers, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one saltspoonful of pepper. Soak the codfish over night in cold water. When ready to make the stew, cut the fish into small pieces and put it into the stewing-pan with the potatoes, which have been cut into blocks. Cover with boiling water, and boil for ten minutes; then drain, and add the milk. When the milk has become scalding hot, add the crackers, which should be crushed fine. Season with the salt, pepper and butter.

FINNAN HADDIE EN CASSEROLE.—One medium-sized finnan haddie, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper. Select a well-cured medium-sized fish. If not well cured it will probably be tasteless and flabby. Wash it well, trim off the fins, the tail, and the two bones at the head. Lay it in a buttered casserole, sprinkle with a little salt and pepper, pour in enough boiling water to cover it, and allow it to simmer for ten minutes. Drain it from the water, return it to the casserole with the butter, and cook it for ten minutes in the oven. See that it is thoroughly cooked, but not hardened.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Into a large bowl put one and one-half pounds of bread-crumbs, add three cupfuls of flour, two pounds of seeded raisins, one pound of Sultana raisins, one pound of currants, one cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls

of finely chopped suet, one cupful of shredded candied citron peel, four well beaten eggs, two chopped apples, one-half cupful of chopped nut meats, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, and allspice, and as much milk as is necessary to make the mixture moist. Turn into two well greased molds, cover with greased paper, and steam steadily for eight hours.

EXCELLENT DATE LOAF.—Cream two-thirds cupful of butter with one cupful of sugar, add two beaten egg yolks, one teaspoonful of baking soda, dissolved in four tablespoonfuls of hot water, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful each of powdered cloves, ginger and allspice, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, one-half cupful of chopped candied citron peel, one cupful of chopped nut meats, and one pound of stoned and chopped dates.

Turn into a greased and floured cake tin and bake in a slow oven for three hours.

Dates may be stuffed with chopped preserved ginger, chopped candied fruits, seeded raisins or marshmallows, nut meats and preserved cherries chopped together, or chopped figs and prunes. A toasted almond may be pressed into the marshmallows before they are put into the dates. Pack the dates in layers, in a basket or tin box, covering each layer with waxed paper.

Prunes, figs, raisins and preserved cherries may be stuffed in the same way.

FRUIT CAKE.—Cream one-half cupful of butter and three-fourths cupful of lard, with one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar, add three well beaten eggs, four cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of cocoa, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, ginger, and nutmeg, three-fourths pound of seeded raisins, one-half cupful of chopped preserved cherries, one cupful of currants, one-half cupful each of shredded candied citron peel, and blanched almonds, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one cupful of milk. Mix and turn into a greased and papered tin and bake in moderate oven for three hours.

MARSHMALLOW DAINY CANDY.—Pour one-half cupful of milk into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of light brown sugar, boil slowly, but do not stir. Continue to boil until the syrup forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Take from the fire and add one teaspoonful of rose extract, one-half pound of marshmallows and one cupful of chopped nut meats. Beat until thick and spread in a buttered tin.

MAPLE AND NUT CANDIES.—Break one pound of maple sugar into small pieces and put it into a saucepan, add one-half cupful of boiling water and boil until it forms a soft ball, remove from the fire and beat until creamy, then add one teaspoonful of almond extract. Drop onto a buttered plate and finish by pressing half of a walnut meat upon the top of each.

PENUCHI CANDY.—Into a saucepan put one cupful of white sugar, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of cream, and one tablespoonful of corn syrup and boil to the soft ball; cool, add three-fourths of a cupful of chopped walnut meats, and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of vanilla extract, and beat until creamy. Pour into a buttered tin and cool.

HONEY PUFFS.—Boil one cupful of cream with three cupfuls of sugar until it almost threads, then add one-fourth cupful of honey and boil to the soft ball. Take from the fire and pour into a stiffly beaten white of egg beating all the time. Beat for one minute, and add one-half cupful of chopped candied pineapple and one-half cupful of chopped glace cherries. Beat until creamy, and shape into balls between the fingers covered with a wet napkin. Cool and use.

DATE AND COCOANUT BALLS.—Stone and chop three cupfuls of dates, add one cupful of chopped walnut meats, one tablespoonful of chopped preserved ginger and one tablespoonful of the ginger syrup. Make into balls, roll in chopped cocoanut and serve in paper cases.



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Faultlessly Corseted and perfectly at ease

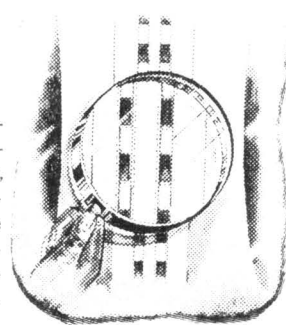
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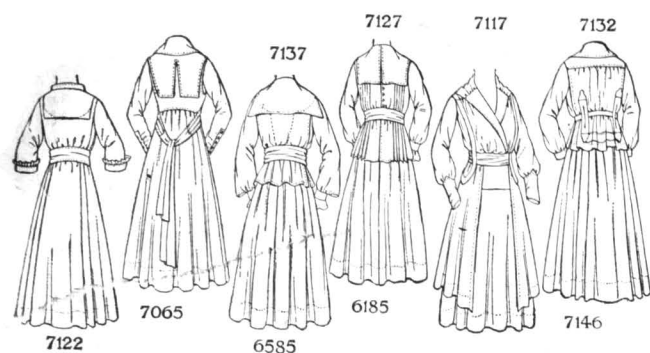
THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG

International Corset Company
138 Union Street, Aurora, Illinois, U.S.A.

Charming Afternoon Frocks for Satin, Serge, and Georgette Crêpe

7122—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch serge or gabardine, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard Georgette crêpe for gathered vest and frills, 4 yards embroidered banding, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Despite its simplicity this frock is amazingly smart. The blouse is cut down in a deep U in front to disclose a gathered vest of white Georgette, and the belt disappears in slashes at the side-front. The closing is arranged at the left shoulder and underarm, and the waist is worn over a front-closing underbody. Allowance is made for full-length sleeves, perforated for the length pictured. At each side of the front and back gore the four-piece skirt is arranged in plaits, and it is gathered a little all around.

7065—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin, or $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch serge, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 4-inch embroidered batiste for vest, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch satin for collar, 1 yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Braiding No. 11451, yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. In the popular jumper effect is this charming frock, that may be fashioned of satin, serge, or gabardine. The jumper is cut with large armholes, and is draped slightly toward the underarm, with long sash ends crossing at the back. The closing is arranged at the left shoulder and underarm. The underbody may have high neck and standing collar, or open V neck with double collar. To this lining is attached a two-piece circular gathered skirt, closing at the left side. The jumper and pockets are braided in soutache.



Costume
7122

7137—Ladies' Peplum Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 6585—Ladies' Gathered Skirt (15 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge 3 yards. The costume in medium size requires $5\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch charmeuse for blouse and skirt, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for bretelle sections, front peplum, and sleeves, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards banding. Braiding No. 11809, yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. The fashionable peplum effect is given to the blouse of this costume of chartreuse satin and Georgette crêpe by bretelle sections that extend down below the girdle at each side. The neck may be round or square, with sailor or round collar, and bishop sleeves may replace the flowing sleeves illustrated. The gathered skirt has straight lower edge.

Costume
7065

7127—Ladies' Plaited Peplum Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards Georgette crêpe, 5 yards lace banding. No. 6185—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt (15 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. Width at lower edge, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

(Continued on page 45.)

Peplum Blouse 7137
Skirt 6585

Peplum Blouse 7127
Skirt 6185

Costume
7117

Peplum
Blouse 7132
Skirt 7146

The New Spring Silhouette Emphasizes Straight Slim Lines

7135—Ladies' Chemise Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Braiding border No. 11455, yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. No. 6185—Ladies' Gathered Skirt (15 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The costume in medium size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch material for blouse and skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar and trimming-bands. Among the most popular of the new Spring fashions is the chemise blouse, to be fastened at the back or slipped on over the head. This model is illustrated in its shortest form and the pattern provides other lengths. Several smart collars are given, and bishop sleeves may replace the sleeves shown. A band of satin finishes the bottom of the one-piece gathered skirt matching the band on the blouse. If desired this skirt may be shortened to form a tunic and worn over a two-piece foundation.

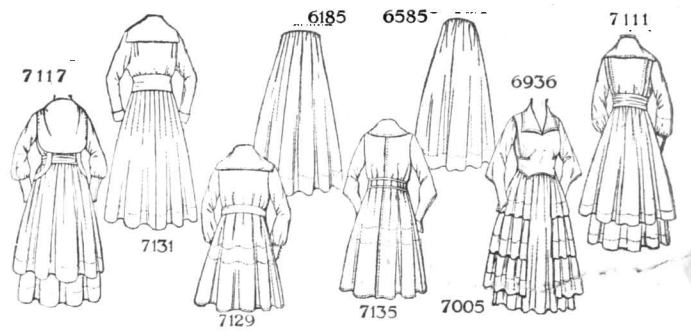


Chemise Blouse 7135
Skirt 6185

7117—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch printed silk, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard white satin for collar and girdle, 14 yards ribbon velvet. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. The vogue of tunics increases as the season advances, and this model is particularly well adapted to the new soft silks and satins. The surplice waist is gathered on the shoulders in front, and at each side there is a trimming-band of velvet that extends down below the girdle to simulate a pocket. The collar extends almost to the waist-line at the back and is gathered at each side where it joins revers that are formed by turning back the fronts of the waist. Flowing sleeves with close-fitting undercuffs may replace the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs pictured. In soft fulness the two-piece, open-front tunic falls over the two-piece circular gathered skirt.

6936—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Braiding No. 11653, yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. No. 7005—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 36-inch satin for skirt and jumper, $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe for tunic, sleeves, and collar. There is nothing prettier for afternoon gowns than Georgette crêpe in white, pearl-gray, or flesh-color. This model combines satin and Georgette crêpe in palest gray, with a touch of silver braiding on the back of the jumper. The underbody closes in front and may have high, round, or V neck, and long plain or fancy sleeves. The satin jumper is cut with large armholes, and V-shaped neck, finished with a large collar that is perforated for round outline. The jumper closes at left shoulder and underarm. In soft, straight fulness falls the tucked tunic of Georgette crêpe, open in front to disclose a three-piece shirred skirt of satin, closing at back.

(Continued on page 45.)



Blouse 6936
Tunic Skirt 7005

Costume 7131

Costume 7111

Blouse 7129
Skirt 6585

Advance Spring Styles that May Serve As Summer Models

7111—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires for waist $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch all-over embroidery, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch flouncing for tunic, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch chiffon voile for skirt, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard Georgette crepe for collar and cuffs, 1 yard ribbon for girdle. For Palm Beach and Southern resort wear, or for the woman who likes to get her Summer sewing done early in the season, this dress is admirable. The waist is tucked front and back with the tucks extending to the waist-line, and the closing is arranged at the left side-front under a tuck. The neck may be high, or it may be in square or V outline, and several attractive collars are provided. There are one-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs, with perforations for shortening. Over a two-piece gathered circular skirt is dropped a one-piece gathered tunic with straight lower edge. Width of skirt at lower edge about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

7141—Ladies' Jacket (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch Shantung, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch serge, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin for lining, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18-inch velvet for collar. Length at center-back, 34 inches. No. 6967—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 4 yards 36-inch Shantung or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Here is an attractive suit for early Spring wear, that may be of white serge or of oyster-white or jade-green Shantung. The jacket shows the new straight lines, and soft fulness is confined loosely at the waist-line by a sash belt that crosses at center-back and is looped carelessly in front. The collar is convertible and may be rolled lower if desired, and large slipper pockets may replace the slash pockets pictured. The four-piece skirt is quite simple in line, with lap in front. A belt with a narrow frill above finishes the gathered back gore. This suit is typical of the newest and smartest fashions for Spring, and shows what will be worn by the best-dressed women. It is adapted to the use of serge, gabardine, and homespun, as well as the new soft faille, satin, and tussah in heavy crepe weaves.

with smart crushed collar, round or square neck with flaring collar may be worn. At the sides the four-piece skirt is plaited, but it is gathered front and back. The closing is arranged at the left side-front. Serge and satin would also combine well in this frock, as well as plain and block-printed Shantung. For Summer wear it could be fashioned of linen or voile.



Costume 7111



Costume 7133

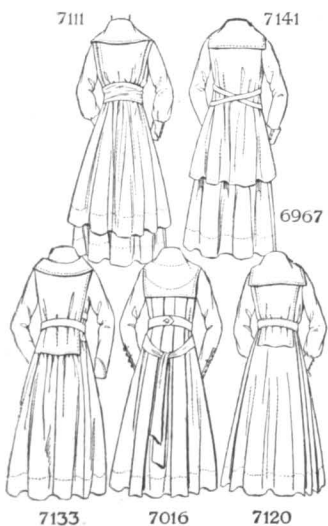
Jacket 7141
Skirt 6967One-piece Dress
7016

Costume 7120

7016—Ladies' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch satin or velvet, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard Georgette crepe for collar. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Straight lines that insure a slim silhouette are featured for Spring, and are admirably exemplified in this one-piece frock that may be of taupe or beige satin or velvet, lightened about the face by a collar of white Georgette crepe. Below a square yoke the dress is box plaited front and back, and a large double collar forming points on the shoulders, may replace the collar illustrated. Allowance is made for two styles of long, one-piece sleeves, and an adjustable chemisette is provided with standing collar. Some women prefer high neck, in which case the chemisette may be worn, fashioned of fine net or Georgette crepe.

7120—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch check material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard Georgette crepe for collar and surplice vest. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Simplicity is a dominant feature of this early Spring frock of blue and beige check. Over the surplice waist is adjusted a panel-like jumper, extending a little below the belt to give the fashionable peplum effect. A surplice vest and sailor collar of Georgette crepe make an attractive neck finish, and long plain sleeves may replace the gathered sleeves with deep cuffs shown here. The two-piece skirt, which closes at the left side, may be plaited or gathered as preferred. Later on in the season, this frock would be admirable in white, pink, or gray linen, and the jumper could be of all-over embroidery. The plain sleeves are perforated for shorter length, so that for Summer wear, a degree of comfort is assured. With short sleeves, and omitting the jumper, the dress is suitable for simple home wear. As shown here, the jumper section is buttoned to the blouse at one side; but if preferred, the jumper may be loose at both sides.

7133—Ladies' Costume with Long Waist-line (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch charmeuse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch flowered silk for sleeves and underarm section, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. The new lengthened waist-line is attractively shown in this frock of charmeuse and flowered silk. The front and back of the waist are in panel style, buttoning onto the kimono sleeves, to which the short underarm sections are also attached. Instead of the V-shaped neck



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Here Are Some Practical Designs for the Housewife

House-dress
6960

6960—Ladies' House-dress (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch check gingham, 1 yard 27-inch plain linen or chambray for trimming. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. For the housewife nothing could be simpler or more practical than this house-dress of blue and white check gingham, with pockets extending up to the belt, cuffs, and large collar, of blue chambray or linen. The waist closes in surplice style, the closing outlined by revers that are cut in one with the square collar. The fronts are gathered slightly below a yoke effect formed by extending the back over the shoulders, and the pattern provides long sleeves, perforated for the length illustrated. Under a belt that may be of self-material or patent leather, the four-piece skirt is joined, and the fulness of the back gore is arranged in soft plaits.

7098—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch linen, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrasting for collar, cuffs, and trimming. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. A neat dress for home wear is displayed in this model that may be fashioned of linen, percale, or chambray. The closing is arranged at the left side-front, but perforations permit of arranging the closing at center-front. Allowance is made for high neck with standing collar, as well as for square and V-shaped outline, to be finished with a round or square collar. There are two styles of one-piece sleeves, and the back gore of the four-piece circular skirt is gathered a little.

Dress
7098

7071—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch chambray, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard white piqué for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Here is another practical house-dress, to be fashioned of blue chambray or striped gingham, with sailor collar and turn-back cuffs of white piqué or linen. The fronts of the waist may be turned back to form revers if desired, and in this case the neck is finished with a notched collar. There are one-piece sleeves gathered to deep cuffs, and perforated for the length pictured. A removable shield with standing collar is provided, and there are two styles of pockets. The fulness at the top of the four-piece circular skirt is arranged in gathers at the sides and back.

7109—Maids' Apron Set (15 cents). Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch cambric for apron, 8 yards edging. No. 4967—Ladies' Blouse (15 cents). Seven sizes, 32 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material. No. 7048—Ladies' Three-piece Circular Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 3 yards. The apron forms part of a set that includes collar, cuffs, and cap.

One-piece Work
Apron 7079House-dress
7139

(Continued on page 45.)

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Notably Fetching Fashions for Early Spring Street Wear

7133—Ladies' Dress with Long Waist-line (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch flowered silk for skirt, and front and back of waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch satin for sleeves, collar, and underarm sections. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The long-waisted or Moyen Age effect that

is so smart is attractively presented in this charming afternoon dress, that may combine flowered silk and plain satin. The sleeves are in kimono style, and these are stitched to the front and back panels of the waist, as well as the short underarm sections. The neck may be in round, square, or V outline, finished with a flare collar, or a soft draped collar. The skirt is gathered and plaited.

7141—Ladies' Jacket (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch serge. Length at center-back 34 inches. No. 7041—Ladies' Five-gored Skirt (20 cents). Eight sizes, 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch satin, or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. Straight, slim lines characterize the new Spring suits, and jackets even when belted or semibelted as in this model, show little curve at the waist-line. The collar is convertible, and the fronts of the jacket may be rolled back to form revers as illustrated, or closed over. A smart double belt crosses the sides, onto which the slipper pockets fasten. Completing the suit is a five-gored skirt, with waist-line raised three inches and finished with a deep belt of self-material. The front is arranged in a plaited panel, and the closing is at the left side-front.

7147—Ladies' Coat (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch material. Length at center-back, 47 inches. An attractive feature of this coat is the large collar, that may be rolled low with the coat fronts turned back to form small revers, or for the cool days that early Spring often brings, the collar may be closed high to the neck. Two styles of collars, belts, and pockets are provided.

Coat 7147

Moyen Age Dress 7133

Jacket 7141 Skirt 7041

Jacket 6973 Skirt 6967

Jacket 7142 Gathered Skirt 7146

Chemise Blouse 7135 Skirt 7130

7135—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch satin, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch faille for collar and cuffs. Braiding border No. 11451, yellow transfer pattern, providing two yards of border in three different widths, 15 cents. No. 7130—Ladies' Two-piece Circular Skirt (20 cents). Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$

yards 36-inch satin. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. In this swagger gown of beige satin is shown the new blouse, which may be in chemise, Russian, or peplum style, as the pattern provides for three lengths. It may be cut with the new back-closing, or it may be slashed in front and slipped on over the head. The neck may be in round, V, or square outline, and a number of different collars are given. Flowing or bishop sleeves may replace the sleeves illustrated. The accompanying skirt is a two-piece circular model, plain in front but gathered at the back, and closing at left side.

6973—Ladies' Single-breasted Jacket (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18-inch satin for collar, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 24-inch velvet for trimming. Length at center-back, 36 inches. No. 6967—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material. Width at lower edge about $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The simplicity that is a dominant note in the Spring fashions is featured in this suit, that may be of velours in a large block check.

7142—Ladies' Jacket (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch gabardine, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18-inch velvet for collar. Length at center-back, 36 inches, perforated for 31 inches. No. 7146—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. The jacket fronts may be open to the waist-line, or closed over as illustrated. There are two styles of pockets.

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All the Latest Novelties in Lingerie, Negligées, and Collars

6327—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps (10 cents). Three sizes, small, medium, and large. Medium size requires for cap illustrated, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch material. No. 6895—Ladies' Envelop Chemise (10 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch batiste. Embroidery No. 11730, blue transfer, 15 cents. This envelop chemise slips on over the head.

Boudoir Cap 6327
Nightgown 7118

Nightgown 6930

Camisole 6662

6662—Ladies' and Misses' Camisoles (10 cents). Four sizes, 32, 36, 40, and 44 bust. Size 36 requires for camisole illustrated, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine or washable satin. Embroidery No. 11741, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

6962—Ladies' Negligée (20 cents). Four sizes, 36, 40, 44, and 48 bust. Size 36 requires $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon. No. 6327—Boudoir Caps (10 cents). Sizes, small, medium, and large. Medium size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch.

Boudoir Cap 6327

Boudoir Jacket and Cap 7095

7118—Ladies' Nightgown (20 cents). Four sizes, 36, 40, 44 and 48 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch nainsook or crêpe de Chine. Embroidery No. 12206, blue transfer pattern of 64 sprays, 15 cents. No. 6327—Ladies' and Misses' Boudoir Caps (10 cents). Three sizes, small, medium, and large. Medium size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch material.

6930—Ladies' Nightgown (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch batiste or crêpe de Chine. Embroidery No. 12081, blue transfer pattern of sprays and motifs, 15 cents. A drop-shoulder yoke in 1830 style gives a quaint effect to this nightgown. Short sleeves are gathered to the yoke.

7095—Ladies' Boudoir Jacket and Cap (20 cents). Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch silk for jacket, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for cap.

Boudoir Cap 6327
Envelop Chemise 6895

Negligée 6962

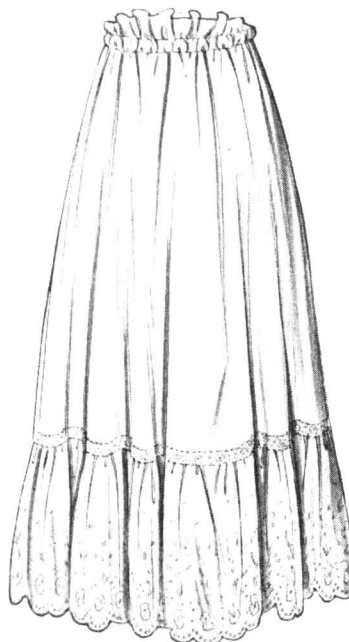
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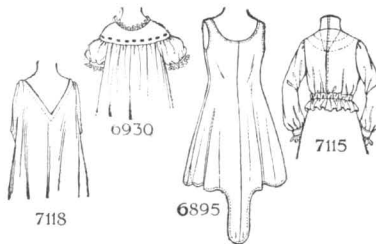
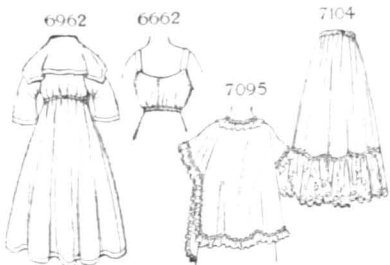
Misses' Guimpe 7115



Collars and Cuffs 7102



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Coat
7112

Boys'
Blouse and
Trousers
7103

Dress
for Girls and
Juniors
7148

7143—Coat for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards 44-inch serge. A practical coat for school and general wear is shown in this model of dark blue serge, with large pockets, buttoning onto the belt. The collar may be rolled high or low as preferred.

7112—Child's Coat (15 cents). Five sizes, 2 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch satin or 2 1/4 yards 54-inch serge, 1/2 yard 27-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Below a square yoke the front and back of this smart coat may be plaited or gathered. A panel is formed at the center-front, that extends up to the neck edge, and a large sailor collar is provided, perforated to form the round collar pictured. The sleeves may be plain or gathered, and for the patch pockets large trimming sections applied to the bottom of the coat at each side and left loose at the top in pocket effect may be substituted.

Child's
Dress
7099

Dress
for Girls and
Juniors
6920

Child's One-piece
Romper 7113

Child's Dress
7107

Boys' Suit
7068

Girls
Dress 6854

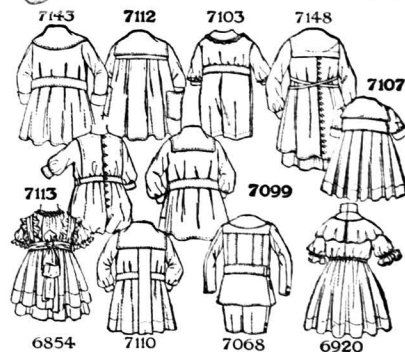
Boys'
Dress and
Bloomers
7110

7103—Boys' Blouse and Side-closing Trousers (15 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 5 years. Size 5 requires 1 3/8 yard 27-inch lawn for blouse, 1 yard 36-inch linen for trousers. Very cunning is this little suit, that combines a tucked front-closing blouse with plain side-closing trousers. The pocketed belt is new and smart.

7148—Dress for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Six sizes, 6 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 44-inch check material, 8 1/2 yards braid, 1/2 yard white broadcloth for collar, cuffs, and shield.

The new chemise blouse is presented in this model, to be buttoned at center-back, or slipped on over the head. The sailor collar illustrated is perforated for two different outlines and the long sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Attached to a sleeveless underwaist with high, round, square, or V-shaped neck is a one-piece skirt with straight lower edge and to be gathered or plaited at the top. The blouse is perforated for shorter length. Check worsted or blue serge would work out well for the Spring, with white cloth or satin collar.

(Continued on page 45.)

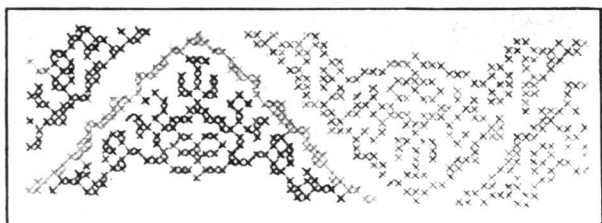


If your local dealer cannot supply these, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263-267 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Can.

Easily-worked Embroideries for the Up-to-date Needlewoman

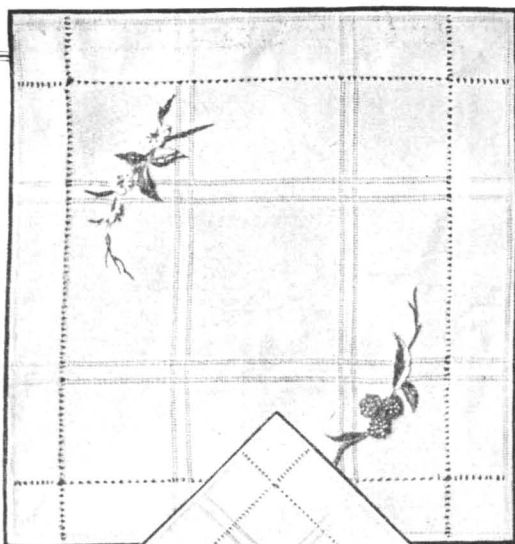
No. 12317—Triangular cross-stitch border in two widths. This pattern contains $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of each of the two borders, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches and $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents.

No. 12318—Cross-stitch border in two widths. This pattern contains $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of each of the two borders, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches and $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. Blue or yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents.

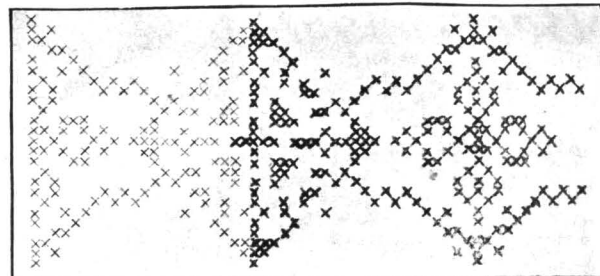


No. 12317

For Cross-stitch, Cut-work, French Knots, and Beads

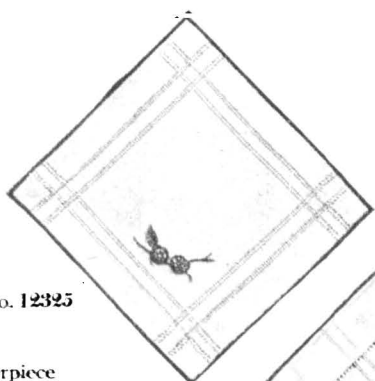


No. 12323—Fruit Design for Center-piece 27 inches in diameter. With cut-work growing more popular, this design and that for the buffet scarf, No. 12324, both illustrated below, will probably be developed in this form of embroidery by the needleworker who has discovered that the narrow, closely made buttonhole stitch is as easily done as eyelet work. On écu linen these designs may also be



No. 12318

Either raspberries or blackberries may be embroidered on the table-cloth and napkins, and the raspberries are particularly effective worked in transparent red glass beads, with the stems and leaves in green silk floss. This design is new and is sure to appeal to women who are looking for novelties in household embroideries. The set may be used as a cloth and napkins, or as a center-piece and glass doilies. If preferred, the berries may be padded, and worked with red silk instead of beads, but the beads are more novel and distinctive. Yellow or blue transfer pattern, consisting of a sheet 22 by 22 inches, containing 33 sprays, price 15 cents.



No. 12325

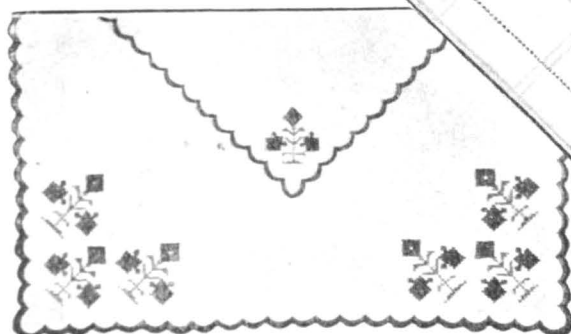
developed in Kensington stitch, employing silks in the natural tints. To obtain good results with this more difficult treatment it is advisable to procure a colored study of fruit as a guide for the shading. Together with the scarf, the center-piece will make a handsome set for the dining-room. Transfer pattern, blue, 45 cents.

No. 12124

No. 12323—Design stamped on white linen, \$1.30. Embroidery cotton, 50 cents.

No. 12324—Design stamped on white linen, 17 by 54 inches, \$1.35. Embroidery cotton, 40 cents.

Embroidery Catalog No. 16, page 10, contains smart designs for dress-embroidery.



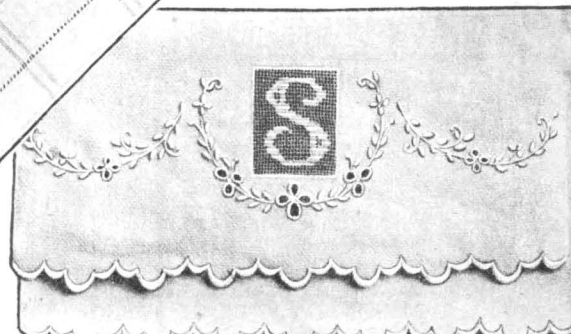
No. 12132—Transfer pattern of tea-cloth and four napkins, 15 cents.

No. 12132—Design for tea-cloth 24 inches square, stamped on white linen, 75 cents; blue and green cotton, 35 cents.

No. 12326—Fancy Bag. A graceful basket is applied to a fancy bag of ribbon embroidered in French knots, outline, and lazy daisy stitches. The pattern includes 7 different basket designs, with six transfers of each design, 15 cents.



No. 12326—Fancy Bag. Pattern does not include the shape of the bag.

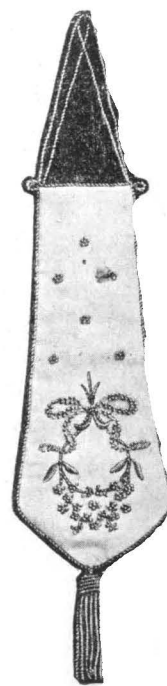


No. 12131—Transfer pattern, contains one each of three different towel designs, 15 cents.

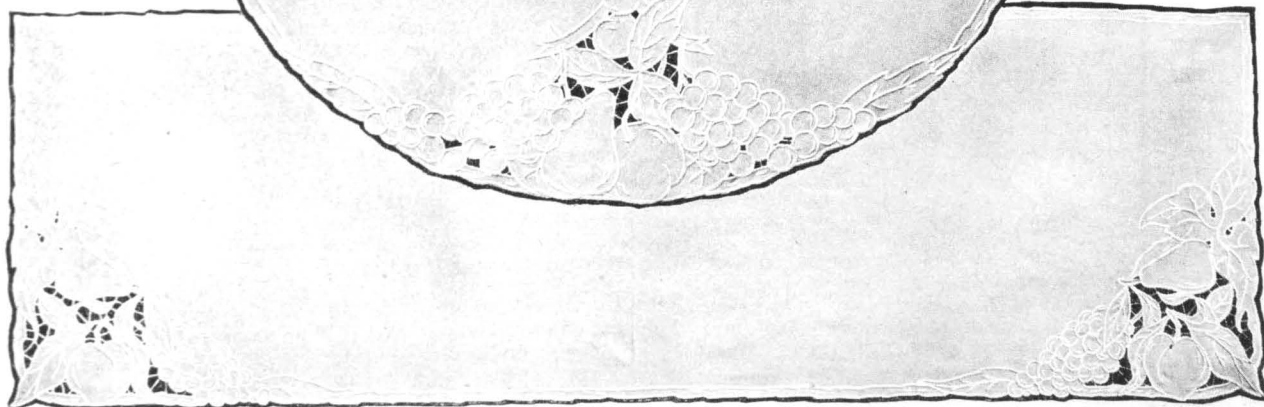
No. 12131—Any one design stamped on linen huckaback, 15 by 26 inches, 70 cents, embroidery cotton, 20 cents. Initial not included.

No. 12124—Transfer pattern, contains two cross-stitch designs, four duplicates of each, 10 cents.

No. 12113—Design for a fan bag, stamped on white silk, 40 cents; beads and silk, 30 cents.



No. 12113—Fan Bag. Transfer pattern of four designs, 15 cents.



No. 12324—Fruit Design for Buffet Scarf, 17 by 54 inches. Transfer pattern, 20 cents. No. 12323—Center-piece.



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One-piece Dress 7119

Costume 7138

One-piece Dress 7097

One-piece Dress 7121

Middy Dress 7125

Jacket 7140
Skirt 7145

7138

7121

7145

7140

7125

7119

pongee or satin may be combined with polka-dotted satin to form this charming frock, the gathered waist of which is mounted on an underbody of net, with high or low neck. A rolling collar finishes the neck, and long flowing sleeves, or short sleeves with turn-back cuffs may be selected. A deep band of polka-dotted satin or silk trims the gathered skirt which is cut with straight lower edge. If preferred, tho, two narrow bands may be substituted.

7119—Misses' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch serge or gabardine, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 24-inch satin for collar. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Plaits are formed at center-front and back on this chic frock of blue serge, which may be made with or without the square yoke, or the coatee effect that is illustrated. A large collar of white satin or broadcloth finishes the open neck, and plain sleeves may replace the gathered sleeves shown. A crossed belt of self-material holds the waist-line fullness loosely, and for trimming there are rows of machine-stitching.

7125—Misses' Middy Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen or galatea, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs, and trimming-band. Emblem No. 12269, yellow transfer pattern, 10 cents. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This smart costume is just the thing for sports and outing wear in linen, galatea, or serge.

(Continued on page 45.)

The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from page 18.)

showed her a drop on the back of his hand.

"Be—because I love you so, Jim!"

"Well, you needn't cry over it!" said Jim gently. "I'm the one that ought to do the crying, Judy," he added, with a significant glance at her lovely flushed face, and tear-bright blue eyes.

Julia leaned against him with a long, happy sigh.

"Oh, I'm so glad I came down!" she breathed contentedly.

"Glad?" Jim echoed soberly. "Pshaw! You don't know what it meant to me to look up and see you coming in. I was going crazy, I think!"

"Ah, Jimmy, why do you?" she coaxed, one slender arm about his neck.

"I don't know," he said, thoughtfully. "Made that way, I guess!"

For a while they were silent again, then Julia said softly: "After all, nothing matters as long as we love each other!"

"No, no! You're right, Julie," he agreed seriously. "That's the only thing that counts. And you do love me, don't you?"

"Love you!" Julia said, with a shaky laugh. "Unhappy? I've been just sick about it." I can't believe that we're talking about it and it's all over!" She sighed luxuriously. "There's no use of my doing anything when you're this way, Jim—I can't even remember that you love me," she went on after a silence. "Everything seems changed and queer—sometimes I think you hate me—sometimes you give me such cold looks—oh, you do, Jimmy, they just make me feel sick and queer all over, if you know what I mean! And oh," she sank back again with her head on his shoulder, "oh, if only then I could dare just come down to you here like this, and make you take me in your arms, and talk to me this way!"

"Don't," Jim said briefly, kissing the top of her hair.

"It just seems to smolder in my heart!" Julia said. "I can't bear it!"

"Don't," he said again.

And with swift force he got to his feet and put her in his chair. A second later came to kneel penitently before her. "I'm sorry, Sweetheart," he said, pleadingly. "You're a little angel of forgiveness to me—I don't deserve it! I know how I make you suffer!"

"Jim," she said, feeling old and tired and cold to her heart's core, "do you think you do?"

"I know how I suffer!" he answered, bitterly.

"Jim—suppose it was something you had done long ago that I couldn't forgive?"

"It isn't a question of forgiveness," he answered quickly. "Forgiveness—when you are the sweetest and best wife a man ever had! No, darling," he caught both her hands in his own, "you must never think that, it's never that! It's only my mad, crazy jealousy—I tell you I'm ashamed of it, and I am! Just be patient with me, Julia!"

"But think how wonderfully happy we are, Jim," she persisted wistfully. "Suppose there is one per cent. of trouble, one per cent. of your life that you don't like—why can't you be happy because ninety-nine per cent. is perfect?"

"I don't know; talking with you here I can't understand it," he said. "But I get thinking—I get thinking, and my heart begins to hammer—and I lie awake nights—and I'd like to get up and strangle some one—"

His vehemence died into abashed silence before her grave eyes.

"I ought to be the one to stamp and rave over this," Julia said. "I ought to remind you that you knew my history when you married me; and you knew life, too—you were ten years older than I, and how much more experienced! All I knew was learned at the settlement house, or from books. And the reason I don't rave and stamp, Jim," she went on, "is because I am different from you. I realize that that doesn't help matters. We must make the best of it now, we must help each other! You see I have no pride about it. I know I am better than many—than most—of these society women all about us, but I don't force you to admit that. They break every other Commandment of God, yes, and that one,

(Continued on following page.)



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The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from preceding page.)

too, and they commit every one of the deadly sins! It seems to me sometimes as if 'gluttony, envy and sloth' were the very foundation on which the lives of some of these people rest and as for pride and anger and lust, why, we take them for granted! Yet who ever thinks seriously of saying so?"

"You make me ashamed, Julia," Jim said, after a pause, during which his eyes had not moved from her face. "I can only say I'm sorry—I'm very sorry! Sometimes I think you're a good deal bigger man than I am; but I can't help it. However, I'm going to try. From to-night on I'm going to try."

"We'll both try," Julia said, and they kissed each other.

Miss Toland, who had accepted Julia and Jim's invitation for Thanksgiving Day, arrived unexpectedly on the afternoon before the holiday, to spend the night with the Studdifords. It was a wild, wet day, settling down to heavy rain as the early darkness closed in, and the Pacific Avenue house presented a gloomy if magnificent aspect to the guest, as she came in. But Ellie beamingly directed her to the nursery, and here she found enough brightness to flood the house.

Caroline, the nurse, it appeared, had gone to her own family for the afternoon and Julia, looking like a child in her short white dress and buckled slippers, was sitting in a low chair with little Anna in her arms. The room was bright with firelight and the soft light from the subdued nursery lamps, and warm russet curtains shut out the dull and dying afternoon. Dolls and blocks were scattered on the hearth rug, and Julia sat her daughter down among them and jumped up to greet Miss Toland.

"Aunt Sanna—you darling! And you're going to spend the night?" Julia cried out joyfully, with her first kisses. "What a dear thing for you to do! But you're wet?"

"No, I dropped everything in my room," Miss Toland said. "Things were very quiet at the 'Alexander'—that new woman isn't going to do at all, by the way, too fussy!—so I suddenly thought of coming into town!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you did!" Julia exclaimed. Miss Toland rested firm hands on her shoulders, and looked at her keenly.

"How goes it?"

"Oh, splendidly!" The younger woman's bright eyes shone.

"No more blues, eh?"

"Oh, no!"

"Ah, well, that's a good thing!" Miss Toland sat down by the fire, and stretched sturdy shoes to the blaze. "Hel-lo, Beautiful!" she said to the baby.

Julia dropped to the rug and smothered the soft whiteness and fragrance of little Anna in a wild hug.

"She has her good days and her bad days," said Julia, biting ecstatic little kisses from the top of the downy little head, "and to-day she has simply been an angel! Wait—see if she'll do it! See, Bunny," Julia caught up a white, woolly doll. "Oh, see poor dolly—mother's going to put her in the fire!"

"Da!" said Anna, agitatedly, and Julia tumbled her in another mad embrace.

"Isn't that darling, not seven months old yet?" demanded the mother. "Here, take her, Aunt Sanna, and see if you ever got hold of anything nicer than that! Come, Baby, give Aunt Sanna a little butterfly kiss!" And Julia swept the soft little face and unresponsive mouth across the older woman's face before she deposited the baby in her lap.

"She's like you, Julia," Miss Toland said, extending a ringed finger for her namesake's amusement.

"Yes, I think she is, every one says so. You see her hair's gotten to be the same ashy yellow as mine. And see the fat, sweet little knees, and don't miss our new slippers with rosettes on 'em!"

"She's really exquisite," Miss Toland said, kissing the tawny little crown as Julia had done, and watching the deep-lashed blue eyes that were so much absorbed by the rings. "Watching her, Ju, we'll see just what sort of a little girl you were."

"Where is Jim, by the way?" asked Aunt Sanna.

"Sacramento. But the operation was on Sunday, so he should have been here

(Continued on following page.)



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The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from preceding page.)

yesterday, at latest," Julia said. "However, he'll rush in to-night or to-morrow; he knows you're all going to be here. Give her to me, Aunt Sanna, she's getting hungry, bless her little old heart! Ah, here's Ellie with something for mother's girl!"

"And tea for you in the library," Ellie said in an aside, receiving the baby into her arms with a rapturous look.

"Tea! Doesn't tea sound good?" Julia caught Miss Toland by the hand. "Come and have some tea Aunt Sanna!" said she. "I'm starving!"

They were loitering over their tea-cups half an hour later when Lizzie came into the library with a special delivery letter.

"For me?" Julia smiled, reaching for it. "It's Jimmy!" she added ruefully, for Miss Toland's benefit, as she took it. "This means he can't get here!"

"Drat the lad!" his aunt said mildly. "What has he got to say?"

Julia pulled out a hairpin to open the letter, her face a little puzzled. She unfolded three pages of large paper, closely written.

"Why—I don't understand this," said she. "Jimmy writes such short letters!"

And immediately Fear, like cold iron, entered her heart and she felt a chill of distaste for the letter; she did not want to read it, she wished she might fling it on the fire and rid her hands of the horrible thing.

"It is Jim, isn't it?" Miss Toland said, with a sharp look. "Is he coming?"

"I don't know," Julia said, hardly above a whisper.

"Anything wrong?" Miss Toland asked, instantly alert.

"No—I don't suppose so!" Julia said, trying to laugh. "But—but I hate him just to send a letter when I expected him!" she added childishly.

She picked it up and began slowly to read it. Miss Toland, watching her, saw the muscles of her face harden and her eyes turn to steel. The blood rushed to her face and then receded quickly. She read to the last word, and looked up to meet the other woman's eyes.

"What is it?" Miss Toland demanded, aghast at Julia's look.

"It's Jim," said Julia. Her face was blazing again, and she seemed to be choking. "He's going to Europe," she went on, in a bewildered tone, "he's not coming back."

(To be continued.)

The Force of Inertia

(Continued from page 6.)

Dr. Ligerstroom patiently began again his explanation; his bent back turned to his rough and noisy audience, he blocked in on the board a rough outline of the boiler of a locomotive.

"Now jantleman!" he began—(the irony of that term as applied to this audience, he had never analysed) "you will see dis boiler—"

At that moment a hard-packed snow-ball whistled by his head and squashed directly upon the design, blotting it out completely. Dr. Ligerstroom's face was splashed stingingly with flying snow.

"We don't see it! We don't see it!" howled the Sixteens gleefully.

Dr. Ligerstroom took out a wide square handkerchief and wiped his face; then with his hand he scooped away the snow from the board, and wiped his wet hand on the handkerchief.

With a trembling hand he sketched in again the obliterated sections of his drawing and in his uncertain, colorless voice went on again with the lecture.

But as soon as this particular demonstration was over, he dismissed unexpectedly the class in Engineering Construction 2B. After they had trooped out, with some surprise but no display of feeling,—he sat for a long time motionless at his desk, staring with unseeing eyes through the open windows at the white veil of snow which fell, as light and soft as down, over tower and field, obliterating angles, turning the Gothic pinions and gables of the 'Varsity Towers, visible from where he sat, into white conical formations, blending vaguely and undeterminately with the neutral gray of

(Continued on following page.)

Would you own a house fit to live in only in the Summer? Would you keep a horse that went lame every Winter? Would you retain an employee who annually insisted on a several months' vacation? Why, then, be satisfied with roads that every year go off duty for months at a stretch? That is exactly what the old-style road does. The first big Winter storm turns it from a comparatively useful, smiling road into a sullen, rebellious one. It remains "on strike" until the sun is strong enough to dry up its muddy quagmires. How different with

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SEEDS

The Force of Inertia

(Continued from preceding page.)

the surrounding sky. The Library too, over at the right, was shrouded like a ghost of learning, and Convocation Hall, pillared and porticoed—stood guard obliquely over the deserted Campus like a wise old giant, upholding the hoary traditions of academic worlds.

The Swede's face was as drear and gray as the wintry scene before him as he sat there, staring out through the upraised window, oblivious to the chill and biting air that blew across the room.

The hilarity of the Sixteens in Engineering Construction 2B now deepened into absolute contempt. Certain of the rougher elements banded together and plotted to run Ligerstroom out of the University. No pity stirred these bleak young Northern hearts which a hard life in the wild had made as hard as itself. The man was a weakling, a coward, unmanly; the S. P. S. wanted none of him; the University had no right to appoint such a man to instruct them. *Them!* It wasn't his weird, ridiculous English—that would have been only a source of diversion:—besides, his diagrams, always, they knew mathematically exact, were eloquent

where he linguistically was weak; no, his *efficiency* was all right—the ground of hostility was higher than that—it was *moral*, not intellectual:—the S.P.S. wanted and had a right to expect that its training should be administered not by trembling weaklings but by *men*. Such lectures might do for the Arts—still warm from the sheltered nest of their fledgling period; they, the S. P. S. hardened in the rough matrix of the virgin West, were made of sterner, and from certain elemental points of view, more exacting stuff.

At the next meeting of Engineering 2B there was a definite mood of expectation in the air. Exactly what was to happen only the few knew, that it was to be something new and unprecedented was an open secret shared by all except by the pariah, Ligerstroom, Sc.B., Ph.D.

Trouble began from the very beginning of the lecture. Loud and insolent laughter greeted the Swede's every syntactical and vocabularial mistake. At regular intervals of three minute periods, relays of deliberately tardy students came in (always carefully slamming the door behind them) and walked slowly to their seats, broadly

grinning, their scuffling footsteps rhythmically echoed by the thunderous stamping of two hundred pairs of feet, in the reverberation of which the Swede's weak voice was drowned and lost for minutes at a time.

When this diversion palled, a concealed phonograph at the back of the room was set off; a cynical, squeaky voice told metrically, if not melodiously, *temps synope*, of the joys of ragtime *saltatores*.

The class howled with its usual full quorum of appreciation.

Dr. Ligerstroom paused, irresolute; grew red, then pale—went on with his lecture, raising his voice to overcome the disturbing melody which went on accompanied now by the rhythmical pitilessly, *ad infinitum ad nauseam*, stampings of the full complement of feet. (Not a man of Engineering 2B was absent).

Suddenly, from some mechanical construction unexplained, Dr. Ligerstroom's desk creaked, groaned, moved and fell off the platform, toppling ignominiously over on its back, its four legs sticking up straight and lifeless in the air, like a strange wooden quadruped struck by lightning and come to swift demise.

The roar of joy that went up upon all sides was Homeric. Sixteen was laughing its sides sore.

Dr. Ligerstroom, pale and trembling stood on the denuded platform ex-

posed, dishonored, powerless. It was as if his insignia of office had been taken from him; as if a soldier had been stripped of stripes and buttons; his sword confiscated and broken, he was stricken at last to the very heart of his vocational dignity. He was broken. In the warfare with the Sixteens he had lost, as all weaklings must lose in the battle with real men. Let him wrap his black academic mantle about his wounded pride and humiliation and depart and make way for better men.

Such was the psychology of Engineering Construction 2B as they howled and gaped.

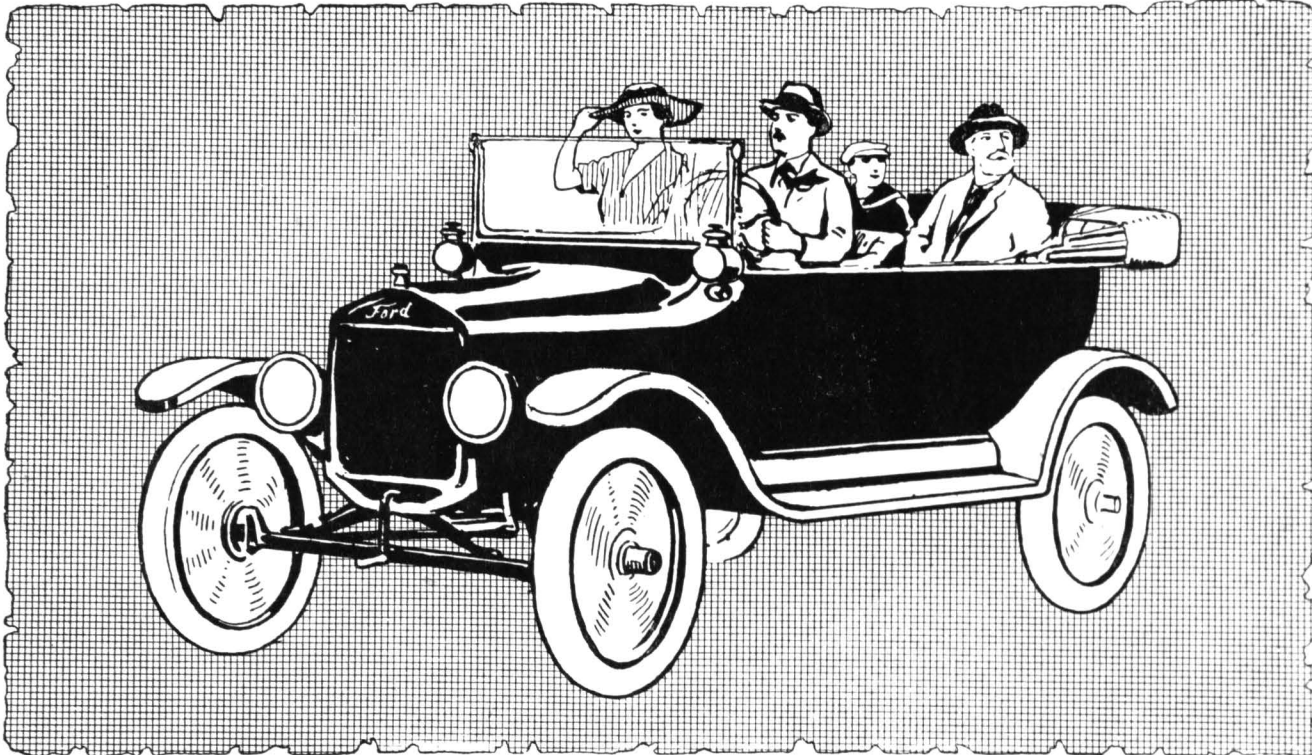
Suddenly they became aware that Ligerstroom had advanced to the edge of the platform—that he was speaking.

Little by little silence fell—it became deeper—it broadened and ramified into amazement—stupefaction—

"Jantleman!" said the Swede—"dat I call you manny tam. Eet woss meestak. I mak excuse. You iss no jantlemans. You iss de scum—you iss kanalla. You iss de lowes', dirties', tramps. All of you. I mak no exception. You are a tam lot off chip West cowmen. You iss god for associate mid cows. You iss out off place mid jantleman. Tak my advices an' go back vere you belongs. Mid cows. Mid mud. Een chip wiskie barrooms. Mid pigs!!"

Unmoved he fronted the wild cry of

(Continued on following page.)



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The Force of Inertia

(Continued from preceding page.)

rage and fury that rose from the brazen throats of Sixteen's hardest. "Mid pigs!" he reiterated. "Mid de lowes' pigs! Dat iss vere you belongs. Go back!"

Engineering 2B arose *en masse*, grim mouthed and dangerous.

A man in the middle of the class leaped up upon a desk. It was Grierson, the leader of the class. His deep set eyes were cold and gaunt, like those of a hungry wolf.

"You miserable little Swede!" he began in a harsh metallic voice. "Listen to me, now. I speak for the class. Take that back—every word of it—eat every word—like the white livered, knock-kneed coward you've shown yourself to be from the beginning. If you don't, we'll run you out of the school and out of the college here and now. That's our last word!"

A wild and ringing shout of approval greeted the conclusion of his words. Then a tense silence fell as they awaited Ligerstroom's reply.

Ligerstroom stood as before. He had not moved a muscle.

"I tak back noding!" he said unflinchingly, in a clear calm voice. "You iss pigs an' worst!"

Grierson made a flying leap a full three benches ahead. His cold blue eyes blazed like the Northern lights which he had seen from childhood in the great Northwest plains, and his deep voice boomed and clanged like iron beating on steel.

"Come on, boys! At him! Run him off the grounds!"

With a wild yell the class of 1916 made a mass rush at Ligerstroom.

As the surging crest of the human wave struck him, he struck out viciously right and left—went down before a brawny fist, was dragged here and there by those who clutched him, staggered to his feet, and struck again. The mob closed in upon him, dragged him to the door. He fought every inch of the way—his strength, all thin drawn wire, was surprising. At the door he made a desperate stand—striking two of those who held him heavy blows; then he went down again, beneath the impact of another brawny fist, and lay senseless across the threshold.

The class poured out into the dark and winding corridor in the highest excitement. The actual fighting had been done by hardly half a dozen. Bowles, who had studied medicine, bent over the senseless man.

"He's all right!" he said laconically as he straightened up. "He's coming to. Better clear out before any one else butts in. I'll stay with him."

The Sixteens poured out of the Engineering School and tramped in groups of six and seven across the south football field. They were excited, exhilarated, somewhat serious. What would be the outcome of their action? In the case of the class fight, it was different. In that case they had been let off easily. Here they had assailed the University itself. Not that they had regret. What had happened had been an elemental necessity. It simply had to be.

In the announcement column of next day's "Varsity" there was a laconic notice, pregnant with meaning only to the Sixteen Scientific.

"Engineering Construction 2B meets as usual in Engineering School, Room 9, Mon., Thurs. at 12 M."

A new Professor—of course. Ligerstroom was out. He would never come back, after that!

With curiosity and expectation they took their seats on the following Thursday, in Room 9 of the Engineering Building. All eyes were turned on the door as the Professor entered. A murmur of astonishment ran through the class like wildfire.

"By ——— it's the Swede again!" went round the winged word.

The Swede, indeed it was, as pale and gaunt as usual. A tenseness in his bearing did not escape the keen, cold eyes of the class.

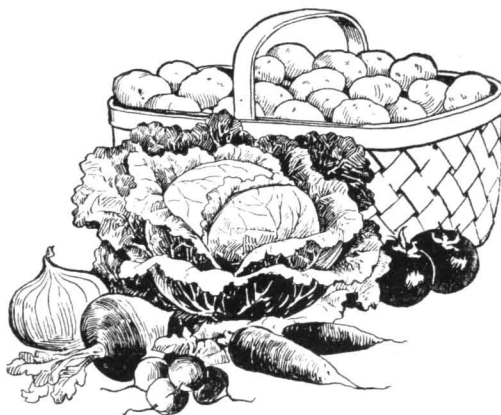
He laid down his portfolio on the desk, restored to its old position on the platform, and faced his audience, wrapped in a deep and somewhat uneasy silence.

His eye swept bleak and cold over the upturned faces. Not a muscle moved upon his own. All expected that he would make some allusion to what had been. But he merely began his lecture without preliminary—

(Continued on following page.)

To City, Town and Village
Dwellers in Ontario

A Vegetable Garden For Every Home



IN this year of supreme effort, Britain and her armies must have ample supplies of food, and Canada is the great source upon which they rely. Everyone with a few square feet of ground can contribute to victory by growing vegetables.

Four Patriotic Reasons For Growing Vegetables

1. It saves money that you would otherwise spend for vegetables.
2. It helps to lower the "High cost of living."
3. It helps to enlarge the urgently needed surplus of produce for export.
4. Growing your own vegetables saves labor of others whose effort is needed for other vital war work.

The Department of Agriculture Will Help You

The Ontario Department of Agriculture appeals to Horticultural Societies to devote at least one evening meeting to the subject of vegetable growing; manufacturers, labor unions, lodges, school boards, etc., are invited to actively encourage home gardening. Let the slogan for 1917 be, "A vegetable garden for every home."

Organizations are requested to arrange for instructive talks by local practical gardeners on the subject of vegetable growing. In cases where it is impossible to secure suitable local speakers, the Department of Agriculture will, on request, endeavor to send a suitable man.

The demand for speakers will be great. The number of available experts being limited, the Department urgently requests that arrangements for meetings be made at once; if local speakers cannot be secured, send applications promptly.

The Department suggests the formation of local organizations to stimulate the work by offering prizes for best vegetable gardens. It is prepared to assist in any possible way any organization that may be conducting a campaign for vegetable production on vacant lots. It will do so by sending speakers, or by supplying expert advice in the field.

Send For Literature

To any one interested, the Department of Agriculture will send literature giving instructions about implements necessary and methods of preparing the ground and cultivating the crop. A plan of a vegetable garden indicating suitable crop to grow, best varieties and their arrangements in the garden, will be sent free of charge to any address.

Write for Poultry Bulletin. Hens are inexpensive to keep, and you will be highly repaid in fresh eggs. Write for free bulletin which tells how to keep hens.

Address letters to "Vegetable Campaign," Department of Agriculture, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Ontario Department of Agriculture

W. H. Hearst, Minister of Agriculture

Parliament Buildings

Toronto

The Force of Inertia

(Continued from preceding page.)

"De rotary motionments off de escape-ment, ass ay sad las' tam—"

Suddenly he grew rigid and stopped short.

A student had leaped upon a bench. It was not Grierson this time. It was Grant, a student from Winnipeg. He was very dark-skinned, like a half-breed, with coal black eyes and a mass of tangled hair falling over a low and iron brow.

"Wait!" he cried in a menacing voice. "You can't lecture here, you Swede, without you make apologies for what you said Monday. Am I right, boys?"

An answering shout gave him assurance of his rightness. Crouching like a black panther about to spring, his glowing eyes fixed on Ligerstroom's tense face, he began to speak again.

"We don't want you, Swede. You can't do nothing with us. You ain't our size. We need men to teach us. We're grown. But we'll hear you to-day quiet

and peaceable if you apologise for them words you said last time. After that it's understood you don't come back no more. Them is our terms. Do you agree?"

Ligerstroom did not move a muscle. There was something deadly in his calm.

"You"—he answered with icy chill, "Iss noding but a black haf-brid. I don' haff no dealings mid you. I haff come here to lecture. No dirty haf-brids and no chip cowboy Kanalia can kip me from lecturing. Not to-day. Not to-morrow. Not dis week or dis month. Not nefer. An' I mak no apologies. You haff plait me mean—effer vun off you. An' I haff been patient—too patient. Now you can all go to hal! Iss dat English god? Iss it clear? Now you understand me, an' I understand you. I go on mid my lecture, see?"

And go on with his lecture he did or

tried to—for Grant, with an oath and a furious bound, was on him, his black Indian eyes blazing in his head.

And with a shout as furious as his, the Swede rushed forward and closed with him, while the whole class came to its feet like one man and sprang to join the battle.

But a bulwark interposed between them and the Swede, already fighting furiously. It was Grierson.

"Keep back!" he howled, above the storm of voices. "Don't lay a finger on him! The little Swede's a man! Let him alone. Fair play! Keep back, I say, or I'll fight with him. Get me?"

And they fell back, for Grierson's prowess in battle was already known and the white flash in his eye spelled danger.

The fight between the half-breed and the Swede was of short duration. A powerful blow from the Indian's brawny fist laid the Professor low.

He lay there, crumpled together, half on his side, half on his back, breathing in great convulsive gasps. Darkly flushed, with tigerish eyes, triumphant, Grant stood over him, his massive fists still clenched.

The crowd made a wild surge forward.

"Keep back!" growled Grant between clenched teeth. "Let him come to!"

In tense silence the Sixteens waited. Grant had been grievously insulted individually, in a way no man of his antecedents could forgive. In the Western code it was his "hunt." No one could interfere.

The deep gaspings grew slower and less painful. The Professor stirred, rolled over on his back and opened his eyes.

"Have y' got enough?" cried Grant ferociously, every muscle suddenly tense, looking down challengingly into his pale face. "Have y' got enough?"

Consciousness and realization flashed back into the blue, uncertain gaze. He rose to a sitting position—made an attempt to rise. It was Grierson who helped him to his feet. He stood, swaying slightly—breathing heavily.

"Have y' got enough?" challenged Grant again, in a voice as hard and as pitiless as steel—squaring off at him with clenched fists.

The Swede gazed at him palely.

"Ay gat enough?" he said in a voice in which there was not a tremor. "I nefer gat enough you haf-brid! I fight you an' I fight de whole class, foreffer. You iss de lowes' scum off de eart', all off you! I nefer tak back noding! Come on!"

And with a formidable oath Grant went at him again, his two big arms and fists plunging back and forth like the piston rods of which the Swede lectured—striking back Ligerstroom's weak and uncertain guard, crashing into his pale, tense face like sledgehammers—right and left, left and right together.

The Swede fell upon one knee, and staggered up again. He was clearly no match, physically, for either Grant or any other members of this class.

"Have y' got enough?" growled Grant, glaring at him like some half human monster from the wild. "Do y' take back what y' said to me and to this class?"

"Ay?" said the Swede, and he actually smiled. "I nefer tak back noding. An' I nefer gat enough! Come on!"

"By heaven!" commented almost with admiration, one big pole-inspector to a brawny fellow who had been a lumber jack. "That Swede doesn't know when he's got enough!"

But as Grant squared off at him again, a tall, wiry student intervened. It was Grierson.

"Boys!" he cried, in a ringing voice. "This Swede's got sand! We ain't a-goin' to let him be smashed any more. It ain't a fair deal! His grit's bigger than his body. Ain't that right? Say, ain't that right?"

His words seemed winged with flame—so swift and spontaneous was the hearty cheer which they evoked from the crowded mass of the Sixteens.

But a faction still hung out and a violent dispute arose. "He wants it! Let him take what's comin' to 'im! Let him apologize or stand the racket. He wants it himself!"

And Grant growled to Grierson—"You keep out o' this, Grierson. This is my funeral! He insulted me and I'm going to smash him till he caves, see?"

Then Grierson rose to his full height; his cold eyes flashed like tempered steel.

With a bound he sprang in front of Ligerstroom.

"Then, you've got to fight me! You know me, Grant! I licked you in Alberta and I licked you in Winnipeg, and you was laid up some time for repairs. If you want the worst lickin' you ever had, you hit that Swede again. He ain't yours to smash no more. He belongs to the class. He's the sandiest, grittiest little Swede that ever came out of Sweden. He's a bigger man than you, Grant, bigger than the whole bunch of us! He ain't got no knuckle in his whole little body! He'd fight you to the death and then fight you! He don't know how to cave. You let him alone, now, or I'll spoil your face worse 'n it was ever spoiled in Winnipeg. Get me?"

A wild roar of approbation greeted Grierson's fiery words. He was, indeed, the leader of the S.P.S. Sixteens. A flame of exaltation and enthusiasm lighted up all the cold, hard, northern hearts. The little red-headed chap jumped on a bench.

"Three cheers for the Swede!" he cried in a high, shrill voice. "Three cheers for the Swede, boys, and a tiger! Hip—hip—!!!"

When the wild cheers died away the half-breed was gone.

(Continued on following page.)



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better bread" arrived the day
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The Newest Ideas in Fashions

(Continued from page 28.)

7117—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 8½ yards 36-inch warp print silk, ¾ yard Georgette crepe for collar and cuffs, 1½ yard satin for girdle and trimming. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Equally charming for Southern resorts or for early Spring wear in the North is this costume of warp print silk.

7132—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Braiding No. 11514, yellow transfer pattern, 15 cents. No. 7146—Ladies' Four-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 3 yards. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 54-inch dark blue gabardine, 1 yard pale gray broadcloth. Front and back of this blouse are in panel style, extending below the narrow girdle to form a peplum.

(Continued from page 29.)

7131—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch charmeuse, 1½ yards 40-inch Georgette crepe for sleeves and collar, 1½ yards Paisley silk for cuffs, girdle, and trimming-band. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards.

7111—Ladies' Costume (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 40-inch sports silk or Shantung for blouse and tunic, and 3¾ yards 40-inch plain Shantung for collar, cuffs, trimming-band, and skirt. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The tucked waist of this frock closes at left side-front under one of the tucks.

7129—Ladies' Chemise Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch satin or pongee, ¾ yard 36-inch white satin for collar, cuffs, pockets, and sash. No. 6585—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt (15 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 5½ yards 36-inch satin or pongee. Width at lower edge 3 yards. For informal afternoon or sports wear there is nothing more popular than the frock with chemise blouse. This model is slipped on over the head, although, if preferred, it may close at the back.

(Continued from page 31.)

7079—Ladies' One-piece Work Apron (20 cents). Three sizes, small, medium and large, corresponding with 36, 40 and 44 bust. Medium size requires 7¼ yards 27-inch striped percale, ¾ yard contrasting for collar, cuffs, belt and pockets. A novel feature of this smart apron which is practically a coverall, is the convertible collar.

7139—Ladies' House-dress with Reversible Closing (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch gingham, 1½ yards contrasting for collar, cuffs, belt and pockets. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The closing of this attractive house-dress may be arranged at the right or left side-front.

(Continued from page 33.)

7115—Misses' Guimpe (15 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 27-inch batiste or lawn.

7102—Ladies' and Misses' Collars and Cuffs (20 cents). Three sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires for No. 1 or No. 2, ¾ yard 36-inch material, for No. 3, ½ yard 36-inch material, and for No. 4, ¾ yard 36-inch material.

7104—Five-gored Maternity Petticoat (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material, 3¾ yards 15-inch flouncing. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Extra length is allowed at the top.

(Continued from page 34.)

7099—Child's One-piece Side-closing Dress in Kimono Style (15 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch material, ¾ yard contrasting.

6920—Empire Dress for Girls and Juniors (15 cents). Five sizes, 8 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 4½ yards 36-inch flowered voile.

7113—Child's One-piece Rompers (15 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch percale.

7107—Child's Plaited Empire Dress (15 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 4¼ yards 27-inch material, ¾ yard dotted percale for trimming.

7068—Boys' Suit (15 cents). Four sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch check serge.

6854—Girls' Dress (15 cents). Five sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 24-inch flouncing for tunic, 3 yards 36-inch voile or batiste, 1¾ yards 7-inch banding, and ¾ yard 27-inch lining.

7110—Boys' Dress and Bloomers (15 cents). Five sizes, 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 4¼ yards 27-inch percale, ½ yard 36-inch white linen for collar and cuffs. Scallop No. 11979, blue transfer, 15 cents.

(Continued from page 36.)

7097—Misses' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Braiding No. 11818, yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7121—Misses' One-piece Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires, if made as illustrated, without the coatee, 4 yards 54-inch serge, ½ yard broadcloth for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Braiding No. 11514, yellow transfer, 15 cents.

7140—Misses' Jacket (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tweed, ¼ yard 20-inch satin for collar, 4 yards

36-inch satin for lining. No. 7145—Misses' Two-piece Circular Skirt (20 cents). Four sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch tweed. Width at lower edge 2½ yards.

The Force of Inertia

(Continued from preceding page.)

Then a dozen made a rush for Ligerstroom and hoisted him on their shoulders and bore him in a triumphal procession around the room—amidst the frantic cheering of the Sixteens. Finally, at his own request, they bore him to the platform and deposited him solemnly in the chair before the desk. Then they all trooped back to their benches and each man took his seat. Only Grierson stood in the middle of the room.

"Dr. Ligerstroom," he said, in a deep and vibrant voice: "In the name of all this class, I apologize to you. We didn't get your measure. We're young and we made a mistake. We thought you was white-livered when you was only nervous. Now we want to say formally that you're man's size. And we're proud to have you for our

teacher. Now you go on lecturing to us—and if any student in this class interrupts your lectures, he'll be the sickest individual in the S.P.S. '16. Do you get me?"

The Swede sat in his chair leaning over his desk. He still breathed heavily. His white face was bruised and battered. Tears were in his calm blue eyes.

He rose slowly and faced the Sixteens.

"Boys," he began. His voice trembled slightly. "Ay am not your teacher now, but you' frand. You are man. I too mak mistak. I tak back all I sad. I too apologise. Een dis liffe vun man often not onderstan' anodder man. De soul—eet iss strange ting. Eet iss hitten. But we iss all brudders. All dat man neet is de comprehension. Now I onderstan' you, an' I say,—I am prout to teach you!"

After the wild yell had subsided, Dr. Ligerstroom, ScB., Ph.D., began his long delayed lecture. Only a few moments remained before the gong rang.

His subject was the Force of Inertia. A death-like silence reigned in the big classroom.

Ligerstroom blocked out the boiler of a locomotive; piston rods, crossbolt, connectors—

"Now, jantleman!" he began, with a

(Continued on page 53.)

What St. Louis thinks of The NEW EDISON

ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

PROBLEM OF MUSIC IN HOME SETTLED BY DIAMOND DISC

Edison Machine 'Re-Creates' Voice Beside It at Victoria Theatre Concert.

BY HOMER MOORE.

When Mark Silverstone announces an Edison Diamond Disc concert in the Victoria Theater it is a foregone conclusion that the "Standing Room Only" sign will be displayed. From orchestra pit to roof the multitude filled every nook and corner, and the enthusiasm was commensurate with the attendance. It is a wonderful thing—even in this age of scientific wonders—to see and hear an instrument "re-creating"—as Mr. Silverstone calls it—a human voice that is right there beside it, now singing with it and now listening to it, thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality—almost a dual personality. The problem "to hear ourselves as others hear us" has been solved even if we can't as yet "see ourselves as others see us."

The vocal soloist last evening was the beautiful Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Her voice was richer than ever before. Her style has broadened and matured and become more musicianly. There is a heart in it that goes to the heart and self-poise and sensitiveness that prophesies a brilliant musical future for this young artist. Miss Case sang the well-known air from Charpentier's

"Louise," "A Song of India," by Rimsky-Korsakow, and a number of folk songs, "The Old Folks at Home" being among the number.

Arthur Walsh, the violinist, played the Schubert "Ave Maria" with the Diamond Disc, and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. Besides these selections, he accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "Recreator" blending into one beautiful tonal picture.

The voice of Thomas Chalmers displayed the merits of that good old tune, "Answers," by Alfred G. Robyn, who used to so completely belong to St. Louis that St. Louis nearly, if not quite, belonged to him.

Mr. Silverstone is, by these concerts, contributing very largely to the advancement of musical taste and interest in this city. Doubtless many went to the performance last night out of curiosity, but that element soon gave place to genuine enjoyment of the program. The problem of music in the home is solved when the singing of the greatest artists is made possible by an instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artist herself.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

2500 Endeavor to Distinguish Natural Voice From Phonograph.

A musical event of unique interest was that at the Victoria Theater Saturday evening, when Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, appeared before 2500 music lovers in a tone test

of Thomas A. Edison's wonderful phonographic invention.

After an opening address by Mr. Mark Silverstone, who arranged the test, Miss Case stood beside the new Edison phonograph and sang several numbers with the instrument, records of which had previously been made from her voice.

So perfectly did the instrument blend with her voice that the audience could not distinguish except by her lips when Miss Case ceased singing. During rendition of the Song of India, the house was darkened and until the lights were turned on no one knew Miss Case had left the stage.

Besides a rare musical treat, the test convinced many skeptics of the triumph of Mr. Edison's genius in re-creating the human voice in all its naturalness.

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

SILVERSTONE TONE TEST SHOWS EDISON SUCCESS

Again Mark Silverstone's tone test has come and gone and thousands of St. Louis music lovers have voted him their thanks, for indeed he has done much for the "plift of music."

That Thomas A. Edison successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict of a big audience, Saturday night. The vocal soloist Saturday evening was Miss Anna Case of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New

York. Her voice was at its best, and as she progressed it became richer and broader. Miss Case sang the well-known aria from Charpentier's "Louise." A song of India by Rimsky-Korsakow and a number of folk songs.

Arthur Walsh, violinist, played Schubert's "Ave Maria" with the diamond disc and also the famous "Meditation" from "Thais," by Massenet. He also accompanied Miss Case, voice, violin and the "recreator" blending into one beautiful tone.

Silverstone has given these tone tests for several years and with each performance hundreds of the skeptical listeners go away convinced that the new Edison does recreate and that one can now have the greatest artists in their home. Records played by an instrument that does not betray itself in the presence of the artists.

Daily Globe-Democrat.

2500 HEAR NATURAL VOICE TONES IN PHONOGRAPH

That Thomas A. Edison has successfully accomplished the marvelous task of recreating the natural tone and timbre of the human voice in the production of phonographic records was the verdict last night of 2500 music lovers who gathered at the Victoria Theater to witness this demonstration of the triumph of inventive genius. Of the numerous persons who attended the demonstration skeptical of the claims made for the records, all came away convinced that it had proved equal to the severe test.

Miss Anna Case, the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, was chosen for the test. Edison considers her soprano voice one of the finest of the many great voices he now re-creates. She stood beside the new Edison as it began to play. She sang a few bars, and the instrument blended perfectly with her all-very voice. She ceased, and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality as when the star accompanied it. None in the audience was able to distinguish when Miss Case ceased singing, except by observing that her lips did not move. The union between the tones of her voice and the reproduction on the instrument was so remarkable that trained ears could not detect the slightest difference.



Anna Case, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, photographed on the stage of the Victoria Theatre in St. Louis on Oct. 21, 1916, while singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of her voice.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 7603 ORANGE, N. J.

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All Branches Report Splendid Work Done for Red Cross and Patriotic Fund

Maynard Holds a Poverty Social.

The Maynard Women's Institute have just held a Poverty Social, which proved such a success that perhaps some other Institute might profit by a similar entertainment. The event was well advertised in the local papers, emphasizing the fact that everyone was to dress in old clothes, or else be fined. A fine of ten cents was imposed on those appearing in good clothes. The enclosed rhyme was also printed in the papers:—

Poverty won't keep you
 From paying your fine
 At the poverty social;
 It is only a dime.

Curled hair and fine suits
 With poverty don't
 mingle,
 So into the treasury
 The ten cents will
 jingle.

Each girl who wants
 supper
 A small box will pack
 With plenty for two;
 She a partner won't
 lack.

To sit by a girl
 In cheap tie and collar
 The young man will pay
 Only half a dollar.

The orchestra, choir
 And stars, great and
 small,
 Of Maynard will try to
 please
 One and all.

Judges were appointed, and the most ragged people had to parade. Two prizes were then awarded to the most poverty-stricken man and woman present. Garments rescued from the rag bag were very much in evidence, which provided plenty of sport, besides a splendid programme which followed.

Each lady brought a box of "eats," which was numbered at the door. Each gentleman paid fifty cents, and drew a number to find his lady for supper.

Home Gardening Campaign for Ontario.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture during the late Spring of 1916, offered to provide vegetable seed to the members of a limited number of Women's Institutes on condition that each member plant the seeds according to a plan submitted, and follow the written instructions sent out from the Department. Owing to the lateness of the season when the offer was made to the Institutes, only a limited number could be granted seeds, but such interest was taken in the competition and the growing of vegetables was stimulated to such an extent that the Department decided to make a somewhat similar offer to all Institutes which comply with the conditions outlined.

The Department has a three-fold purpose in making this offer—first, to stimulate a larger production of a greater variety of vegetables during war time; second, to inform Canadians as to the dietetic value of vegetables; third, to instruct in methods of cooking, canning and preserving of vegetables and fruit.

The Institutes Branch, Department of Agriculture, will supply not fewer than five nor more than ten lots of seeds, to as many members of any Women's Institute, on condition that each contestant that enters, will comply with the following rules governing the competition.

(1) Gardens measuring 30 x 40 feet must be put in according to the plan furnished by the Department, except in cases where a plot of different dimensions is more desirable.

(2) Each person receiving seed will be required to make a report to the Institutes Branch, Department of Agriculture, through the secretary of her local branch, this report to have the date of sowing of each vegetable, date of maturity, quantity produced, quantity canned, disposal of canned vegetables, etc.

(3) Canned vegetables should be exhibited at a regular Institute meeting, or at such time and place as the members of the Institute decide. It is suggested that the local branch arrange to have an exhibit of vegetables, both raw and canned, at a local Fall or School Fair or at some public gathering. In case a portion of the vegetables grown are to be disposed of for Red Cross or Patriotic purposes, it is doubly advisable that such an exhibit be prepared.

poses, it is doubly advisable that such an exhibit be prepared.

(4) In those cases where a branch or group of branches wish to give small cash prizes based upon the record of the garden throughout the season, the exhibit of canned goods, together with the ability of the competitor to explain methods followed in canning, the Department will endeavor to furnish a judge.

(5) Peas, tomatoes, corn and rhubarb used for canning need not be grown upon regular plots.

All those applying for seeds by March 1st will be supplied with a suitable plan of a farm garden, as well as full instructions as to the best methods of sowing and cultivating the fifteen varieties of vegetables contained in each free package supplied to the competitor.



The Household Science Short Courses being held by the Unionville Institute are proving very successful. Over ninety are registered for the classes, and the attendance at both sessions is exceedingly encouraging to those who made it possible for the ladies to receive this instruction. There are being held Farming Classes for young men in the village at the same time, which permits of a little social life in addition to work, providing what is so sorely needed in our country districts. If we would keep the young people on the farm, the farm must be made sufficiently attractive and interesting to hold them, and there must be a goodly supply of fun as well as work.

Demonstration Lecture Courses.

Keen interest has been taken in this feature of work during the present season. Early in January fourteen instructors met at Guelph for a two-day conference in preparation for the work in hand. A couple of general sessions were held, at which Miss Watson and Dr. Creelman gave advice and information of much value, then the Sewing instructors had special sessions with Miss A. V. Dickey, an instructor in Domestic Art. The lecturers in First Aid and Home Nursing had a very profitable conference with Dr. Ross, and the specialists in Food Values and Cooking got much valued information from different members of the staff.

The number of courses held or arranged for during the season is as follows:

Course	Courses held
Food Values and Cooking	24
Home Nursing and First Aid	24
Sewing	25

Those courses held at the same time and place as Short Courses in Agriculture under the direction of the District Representatives, were specially successful.

Institutes which wish to secure the services of instructors during the spring months should make application at once.

A New Tennis Court.

The "Maple Leaf" Institute near Sarnia has been doing its share in patriotic work and in addition bought a tennis court for the use of the neighborhood. A year or so ago the Institute took up the work of fixing the cemetery in the neighborhood. They had it cleaned off—all brush and long grass burnt. Have put up new fences, kept the grass cut and walks laid down. Was once an eyesore in the neighborhood, but is now one of the neatest country cemeteries to be found.

On Friday, January 12th, the members of the Clarkson-Lorne Park Institute and their friends visited the Art Museum, on Grange avenue, Toronto. Mr. Greig, the curator, will be pleased to have the Women's Institute visit the museum at any time. It would be well to make arrangements direct with Mr. Greig, as to the date of the visit. Tea will be served to members of the Institute and their friends when notification is received by the curator.

Evidence of the keen interest which the men of Ontario take in the Women's Institutes is shown by the applications received at the Department for copies of the 1915 Report, to be sent to the soldiers in the trenches.

Report of Parkhill Branch of the North Middlesex Women's Institutes.

An Emergency Committee had charge of sending Christmas Home Comforts to the Parkhill boys who were in England and France.

The Parkhill Women's Institute has not charge of the Red Cross work here, as have the Institutes in many places.

A co-operative committee has been formed in which is represented the Women's Institute, the W.C.T.U., each missionary society of each church, in fact every Woman's organization in the town.

Instead of raising money by concerts, entertainments, etc., a plan of systematic giving has been arranged. In this way the Red Cross Circle has about \$130.00 a month with which to buy Red Cross supplies. Last year over \$1,300.00 was spent by the Committee in this way.

In connection with the Institute is a local Improvement Committee. This committee has done much towards improving the town. The park, the property of the Women's Institute, was handed over by them to the town in excellent condition this past year.

The Local Improvement Committee took up the Garden and Canning Contest offered by the Department. Ten girls competed in this, and a most successful contest was carried on. Prizes were given to the value of \$5.00. Prizes were also given for the best canned vegetables.

A story hour for children in charge of a committee of the girls of the Institute has been arranged for. This story hour is held every Saturday afternoon in the Rest Room of the Public Library. The children are all delighted and attend most regularly.

Bowmanville.

The members have had splendid success with their home-made cooking sale, which was conducted each week at our summer resort at Port Bowmanville. Two members were responsible for each Saturday. The flowers and cooking were donated by the members and others, and from the sale \$150.00 was realized. A kind-hearted lady who gave us \$20 last year to help on the good work repeated her donation this year, which helped swell the treasury.

In January, Dr. Fotheringham, of Toronto, gave an address and provided a real treat for the members and their friends. As an introduction she spoke on medical inspection in schools, giving special emphasis to the necessity of husbanding our Empire's greatest asset, "the children," backed up by statistics comparing loss from preventable disease in Canada alone to wastage on our battle front. The comparison was a startling revelation to all. Dr. Fotheringham has just enough humor to make even statistics interesting, and gave much valuable information as to what the Institutes could do to further this important work of "Child Welfare." The speaker then took up the subject chosen for her address, "The Power of Thought," and held the undivided attention of her hearers while she pressed home many important truths. She spoke of the ascendancy of "mind" over "matter" as regards our physical, mental and moral well-being, the importance of the fact that clean, true, pure thinking was conducive to similar ways of living; that a well-ordered, well-balanced manner of living was a good preventative for many so-called nervous diseases. The inspiration which comes from contact with such earnest, inspiring workers as our speaker cannot be estimated in words.

Teeswater is Busy.

The Teeswater Branch of the South Bruce Women's Institute reports a membership of forty-two, with an average attendance of fifty at the monthly meetings. These meetings are held the first Saturday of each month in the town hall, as our membership was too great to meet in the homes.

At each monthly meeting we have two splendid papers prepared by the various members, also a roll call or a discussion, which affords each woman an opportunity to take part. Frequently we have interesting numbers by the children—perhaps a drill, chorus or dialogue. The programme convenor makes provision for two special musical numbers for each meeting.

(Continued on following page.)

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

At present we are undertaking some work along the line of civic improvements. We raise funds for these purposes by collections at each meeting, also by baking sales, flower shows, etc. This winter our aim is to furnish a kitchen in the town hall.

Our Institute held a most successful demonstration-lecture course. A girls' class of thirty-five members held a morning session, while a joint session for women and girls was held each afternoon. Our course consisted of ten demonstrations on food values and cooking. Our demonstrator was Miss Black, of McDonald's Hall. We would urge other Institutes to take advantage of these courses, as we found them truly helpful.

STRATTON.—A most successful concert was held in Stratton on December 15, 1916, under the auspices of the Women's Institute, at the school. The proceeds, \$72.00, will go to Patriotic Fund.

A Good Record.

Caledonia Institute bought \$1,100.00 worth of wool. When it was known that wool was likely to advance in price, the Local Committee, of Caledonia, purchased wool to the amount stated above. There were no funds whatever in the Institute treasury, but by donations from concerts, etc., the wool was soon paid for. The churches, lodges, etc., have entertainments and the proceeds are given to the Institute. Besides meeting each Saturday afternoon to sew for the Red Cross purposes, 350 pairs of socks are made each month. This is a good record for a branch with a membership of about one hundred.

Department Delegates for Summer Meetings.

Each Institute would do well to consider at once the advisability of having a delegate from the Department at their summer series of meetings. If one is wished, application should reach the Department by April 1st, 1917.

POSSIBILITIES OF WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.

BY MRS. N. W. EVELEIGH, SUSSEX, N.B.
(Continued from February Number.)

Not only by the stopping of waste can our Institutes help in this hour of the Empire's crisis, but is it not possible also for them to lead the van in increased production? Our men have joined the colors and farm help has become a serious problem. Many farms are producing less than before the war. Here is a chance for the Women's Institutes to enlist the help of women and children in keeping up the food supply. Vegetable and fruit gardening are not harder than growing flowers and ornamental shrubs, and the keeping of poultry is not more taxing to the strength and nerves than is fancy work. Could we not make it fashionable to have a pet Jersey or Ayrshire instead of a poodle or terrier?

If the women would enter heartily into this kind of work, they could enlist the assistance of thousands of school children who are receiving instruction in Agriculture. These could be encouraged to cultivate home plots, the produce to be sold and given wholly or in part for patriotic purposes. By offering prizes under careful restrictions children may be incited to greater efforts in the cultivation of their particular plots.

This particular work on the part of children will have a two-fold effect, a direct help in keeping up the bone and sinews of war and a helpful effect upon the children, giving a useful and pleasant employment for hands that must be busy, at the same time strengthening and applying their education.

The Women's Institute by their zeal in various patriotic enterprises have during the last two years demonstrated their loyalty beyond question, while thus engaged we must not forget the patriotic call to aid the young in our communities in every way possible. An eminent statesman of France, at the outbreak of the war said: "Whatever happens, France's first duty is the education of her children." He was a man of large vision and saw that the young men of France must give themselves to repel the foe. Thousands would never return. Thousands would return partially or wholly incapacitated for labor, and consequently upon the children now in school must devolve heavier duties when they become active citizens. Therefore they must have the fullest equipment for their work. He grasped

the great truth that future efficiency depends on present preparation. It is possible for Women's Institutes to be largely helpful in educational matters. By visiting the schools, not to interrupt the exercises, but to endorse and support teachers by their presence, they can throw their influence on the side of advance. Many Institute members have been teachers and know how important is a sympathetic co-operation between parent and teacher. The Institute in a community might furnish a nucleus for a Parent-Teacher Association, such as has been for three years in successful operation in the city of Calais, Me. It was formed with the purpose of bringing about a closer union between home and school, that parent and teacher might co-operate intelligently in the education of the child.

Now the New Brunswick Elementary Agricultural Education Division of the Department of Agriculture is giving its entire time to plans for country life betterment, to problems that affect the education, health and general welfare of children and they have a right to expect from us women, banded together for practically the same purpose, willing and enthusiastic support.

If our school houses could be made a kind of social centre where parents, teachers and pupils could meet upon occasions of mutual interest, such as school fairs, patriotic concerts or community picnics, more pride would soon be taken in the appearance of the building and grounds. And there would be fewer school properties that stand as a blot on the landscape.

I might continue at some length to discuss possibilities of Women's Insti-

tutes, but the thoughts of many women are more profitable than many thoughts from one woman, and this subject should be freely discussed by all who wish to do their very best for home and country.

Women's Institutes of New Brunswick.

CENTRE NAPAN.—The subject at the December meeting, "Should Children be Taught to Believe in Santa Claus," aroused much interest and many gave their views.

CORN HILL.—Christmas gifts made by the members were exhibited at the December meeting and prizes awarded for the most inexpensive and useful gifts. A duster made of twine, after the fashion of an "O-Cedar mop," captured first prize, a broom holder second, and a dust-cap third. For January the roll-call was answered by each member naming some subject she would like to have discussed at a future meeting. Prizes are to be given in the three schools for perfect attendance.

FLORENCEVILLE.—Miss Muriel McCain, secretary, tells of a Purify social, the last method adopted by the Institute to raise funds. It is so similar to the one held at Maynard that the details are not repeated.

FREDERICTON.—On New Year's Day the Military Hospital was generously remembered by the Institute. From the "Scotch Concert," on Burns Night, we hope to clear at least \$125.00 for patriotic work. Every seat in the Opera House was taken and the girls in the Institute acted as ushers and sold Scotch cakes during intermission. Following out a suggestion given by Dr. Hagerman, at the Convention, this branch held a public meeting in the Assembly Hall of the High School, when Dr. McMurray delivered a most instructive lecture on "Dental Education," and illustrated it with lantern slides. Special invitations were sent to members of the School Board, all teach-

ers in the city, and pupils in grades VII. and VIII. and the High School. On January 30th this branch entertained the soldiers of the 236th Kilties Battalion in the Y.M.C.A. buildings.

ST. MARY'S AND GIBSON.—"Physical Culture for Children" was the subject for the January meeting. Miss Winter, at a public meeting, held in the hall, the evening of January 29th, gave an account of her trip last summer to Western Canada, Alaska, and some of the Western States. She illustrated her lecture with many beautifully colored slides.

GRAND HARBOUR.—Congratulations to this branch! The membership contest resulted in 126 new members, making a total of 146, the largest membership in the province. The losing side is keeping the entertainment planned for the winning side a secret, and much curiosity has been aroused. The Clam Stew and Blind Auction netted \$44.00 for relief work. The Blind Auction caused much merriment. A variety of useful articles all the way from eats to something ornamental were done up in packages and all sold for either 10 cents or 25 cents, the auctioneer allowing prospective buyers to bid one cent at a time only.

HAVELOCK.—A splendid attendance for January. Each member brought a gentleman friend and much interest was evidenced in Mrs. A. W. Keith's instructive paper, "Should a Wife Understand her Husband's Business?"

JEFFRIES CORNER AND POODIAC.—A sale of aprons and various articles at the January meeting netted a neat sum for patriotic work. Following out a suggestion given in one of the Convention papers, a bride was presented at this meeting with a membership fee for the year.

LOWER MILLSTREAM.—Meetings always well attended and papers well selected

(Continued on following page.)

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Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

and exceptionally interesting, some recent ones including: "How to Add Cheer and Comfort to Our Homes in Winter," "Cleaning and Sterilizing Cooking Utensils," and "The Home Emergency Chest." At the December meeting the committee in charge of collecting waste paper, etc., reported 2100 lbs. ready for shipment.

NEWCASTLE.—The people of this town greatly appreciate the work this branch has done for the school, and the sanitary drinking fountains the children think are "quite the thing."

NEW DENMARK.—Always faithfully working for the good of the cause. In November roll-call was answered with war news and each month a few chapters from Marion Washburne's "Study of Child Life" is read to the members.

PARKER'S RIDGE.—On January 4th the members met at the home of Mrs. J. A. Spencer in the afternoon to knit and sew and held the regular monthly meeting in the evening.

PETITCODIAC.—From January, 1916, to January, 1917, this branch has sent 666 pairs of socks to the boys in the trenches. Every available old rag and piece of waste paper in the village are to be put aside for the Institute, and the proceeds from the sale of these will be put in the yarn fund.

QUEENSTOWN.—Instead of devoting a portion of the Institute funds to subscribing to a few CANADIAN HOME JOURNALS, this branch has adopted a much wiser plan—the secretary solicits subscriptions from individual members, thus all receive their Journals at the same time and there is not the inconvenience of each member waiting "her turn" and having to read news many weeks old. Miss Scovil obtained five new subscriptions at the January meeting.

SALMON BEACH.—In December 40 pairs of socks were sent overseas and in the toe of each pair was a box of mokes, the gift of the young men of the community.

SMITH'S CREEK.—The debate at the November meeting, "Resolved that the Professional Woman works harder than the Housewife," resulted in a victory for the housewife. This debate was followed by a Complimentary Supper to the husbands and gentlemen friends of the members. A "Cake Contest" for February will be an enjoyable event.

SOUTH TETAGOUCHE.—That friendless Canadian prisoners of war in Germany may be provided with a weekly parcel of food, this branch sent \$20.00 and an acknowledgment has been received from Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley. The prisoner to be cared for will acknowledge receipt of parcels to Mrs. Payne, the secretary. Many of our Institutes are supporting one or more prisoners and enjoy the correspondence of these men whose pleasures are so few and far between.

STONEHAVEN.—Another branch willing to do all it can to introduce medical inspection. A strong committee was appointed to meet with the School Board and after a most interesting discussion the decision was reached that if the Women's Institute would contribute so much each year towards paying the doctor's fee, the School Board would meet the rest of the expenses. The Institute decided unanimously in favor of this.

SUSSEX.—The December meeting was well attended, as each member was interested in the candy-making and frosting demonstrations. Mr. R. P. Gorham, of the Dominion Experimental Station, at Fredericton, gave an instructive lecture at the January meeting, his subject being "The History of Our Food Plants," and "Household Insects."

SOUTHAMPTON.—At the November meeting the school committee reported the school in good condition. At the December meeting members answered roll-call by giving recipes for bread, yeast and various ways of cooking meat. The secretary writes that the finest feature of this meeting was the demonstration in bandaging, given by Mrs. Arthur Sippell, a trained nurse. How to properly bandage the arm, scalp and jaw were included in this profitable demonstration.

WELSFORD.—A delightful time was spent the evening the Institute held the "Cup and Saucer Sale," followed by an entertainment. The proceeds will be utilized in Red Cross work. "Ways and Means of Helping Returned Soldiers" was a subject to receive considerable attention at the January meeting.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Halfway River and West Brook.

Just a brief account of a Women's Institute away down East in "the land of the fog and the fishes."

Our programme for each month usually consisted of quotations from some famous authors in response to roll-call; two original papers on vital topics of the day, read by their compilers; world-wide current events, discussed by all; recitations, dialogues, speeches and music. At one meeting a very interesting debate on the topic, "Which has the greater advantage in bringing up a family, country or city life," was participated in by all. Another rather novel and amusing form of entertainment consisted of a number of extracts being read from the Christmas number of the Institute Journal, compiled and edited by the members.

THE MOTHER'S SHARE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL CURRICULUM.

By E. Lillian Morley.

To the mothers of our ordinary well-to-do homes the teacher and the school should be merely supplements in the training of their children. Yet we generally find the mothers glad to send their children to school, willingly confessing their inability to cope with the problems presented by the minds and bodies of active, growing boys and girls.

A mother should be her child's chief educator in the vital things of life. Let the child's guide be, "Mother says and does," rather than "Teacher says and does." I wonder that mothers aren't jealous of the teacher who gets such a large share of love and worship from her class. Far from jealousy, I find too many mothers saying, "The teacher has much more influence than we have."

The foundations of religion, morals, manners, and love of art and literature should be first laid in the home, and always fostered and inspired by the home.

The mother who says she is too busy to teach her children deserves the loss of their love and her influence in later years. From birth, a mother should train and educate the child entrusted to her.

Is there anywhere a mother who foregoes the responsibility and pleasure of hearing the bedtime prayers? Jesus is a very dear name to little ones. He seems to reveal Himself in a marvellous manner to their pure minds. Those bedtime prayers will be among mother's dearest memories long after the little folk have become men and women; those prayers will be their guide over many a rough place in life.

With the bedtime prayer should come the bedtime story. If only mothers could realize the educational value of stories they would cram the little minds full of them. It matters little whether a child knows his letters and can write before he starts to school. It makes school a pleasant place if he has a foundation of stories upon which to build the superstructure of reading.

Birth is the time to begin the story hour. The infant has no need of stories truly, but he has need of songs. "Any kind" of rhyme will not do for a child's lullaby. In the choicest of music the child should be sung to sleep—not hummed. Always words should accompany the music. The old hymns, cradle songs and folk songs should be the baby's earliest stories. Into the inner consciousness of his brain the melodies will weave themselves and become an innate part of him.

Music should surround the growing child. Only the best of music should be tolerated in any home. The complaint of Canada's lack of appreciation of classical music is widespread. Is it any wonder that a child reared on vaudeville songs develops into a man to whom high grade music makes no appeal?

The action song or story is the first one that the child consciously adds to his repertoire. Long before a child begins to talk he can follow the mother's actions with a song. In a surprisingly short time the child will be able to do the actions alone while the mother sings. Pat-a-Cake, Hickory Dickory Dock, Little Pig Went to Market and Mix a Pancake are a few of these action songs.

These familiar action songs will be the first rhymes the child can say when he begins to talk. As soon as talking begins, nursery rhymes should be learned. With the rhyme go the picture-books, and very few children will fail to recognize in print the familiar words of the rhymes. Don't let any child miss his heritage of

(Continued on following page.)

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Select fresh, clean-skinned Seville or Messina oranges for their wholesome bitter zest, and spicy sweet oranges for their fragrance and flavor. Tell the grocer to send with them a bag or carton of

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the pure cane sugar which you will find best for marmalade and all preserving. On account of its very "FINE" granulation, Lantic Sugar dissolves instantly, making crystal clear syrups and bright, firm jellies.

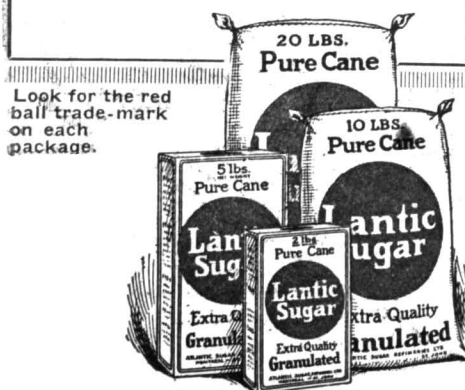
Marmalade Without Weighing

Slice six bitter oranges and seven sweet oranges and add three cups of cold water for each cup of the fruit pulp. Let stand for 24 hours in a glass or porcelain vessel, then bring slightly to the boiling point and boil for 15 minutes. Set aside for another 24 hours. Then measure five kitchen cups full of the fruit into a preserving kettle and boil briskly for about an hour. Add a 2-lb. carton of Lantic Sugar, which will need no weighing, as it has been accurately weighed when it was packed.

Note—This quantity makes nearly 5 pounds of marmalade. It is better not to cook more than this at one time, as the long cooking tends to darken it.

2 and 5-lb. Cartons
10, 20 and 100-lb. Sacks
"The All-Purpose Sugar"

Don't buy sugar by the "quarter's worth" or "dollar's worth." Buy Lantic Sugar in our full-weight sealed packages. Weighed, sealed and packed automatically at the refinery. No hand touches it but your own.



Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

Mother Goose and her wonderful characters. If he wishes to tear the picture book, let it go. They are cheap, and if he learns to love the contents of his books he will respect books at an earlier age than if he is compelled to preserve his picture books in perfect condition.

Stories follow the nursery rhymes. First on the list are the stories from the Bible. Then come fairy tales, the story of Robin Hood and his merry men, Grecian and Roman myths, the stories of King Arthur and his knights and Shakespeare's characters. Interspersed with these should come stories of famous persons in history.

Of course, long before the above list is completed the child will have learned to read. The story hour will be an hour with a book. In every home, as long as it exists, there should be an evening hour when all gather to read and discuss a book. The standards of culture in Canada would soon improve were this the common practice. The taste for vicious literature would be counteracted if father and mother had common interest with their children in their books.

I hear mothers exclaiming: "I don't know those stories myself. How can I teach my child?" Books are many and cheap. Any book supply house will furnish a list of books suitable for children.

One can easily understand how the Bible would be a familiar book after knowing its contents in stories. In the same way, Shakespeare, Tennyson and Homer become delightful study after childhood association with the characters of the poets.

A child fed thus on stories is so eager to read that it is of little importance what method of teaching be adopted. In the majority of cases he will have unconsciously learned to read himself, and the terror of first days at school will be over. Surely any mother would find telling stories much easier and pleasanter work than teaching the A, B, C's, or that c-a-t spells cat, a word which the child need not read and write before there is any hope of his securing an education.

A love and knowledge of good pictures is also necessary to every child. No home need be without reproductions of the best in art. A child soon learns to love the pictures at home, and school seems very homelike if on its walls he sees a picture he has loved all his life.

A typical list of pictures that should hang in every home is The Boy Christ, Christ Blessing Little Children, Baby Stuart, Can't You Talk, Sir Galahad, The Princes in the Tower, The Fighting Temeraire, Pled Piper of Hamelin, The Angelus, The Horse Fair. This list is chosen as particularly attractive to children. It may easily be changed by substitutes or supplements. How-

ever, any list should represent its subjects. The Bible, Childhood, Characters in Standard Literature, Fairy Tale People, History, Standard Art, Animal Life.

Mother should be the children's best playmate. They should know her as the one who never runs out of games. Again mother pleads ignorance of games. Once more, there is a book to supply your needs. It is "Games," by Jessie H. Bancroft, and contains games enough to keep a city of children busy.

The training of the child's manners and morals should not be left to the teacher. The teacher is willing to undertake the task, but no mother should allow the teacher to supersede her as her child's ideal in these vital matters.

Surely it is not too much trouble to serve the meals properly for the sake of the bright children around the table. It is most unreasonable to expect a child's table manners to be correct when guests are present if he does not have daily practice. If a child removes his hat on coming into his own home, no teacher will have to ask him to do so on entering the school. If mother expects her son to lift his cap on meeting her and her friends, the teacher will not need to be submitted to the embarrassment of asking the boys to lift their caps to her.

Bodily cleanliness should not be left for the hygiene lessons in the third year at school. The toothbrush should be such a familiar implement that the child's first toothbrush will have become traditional long before he learns his first hygiene lesson. He should know that mother expects clean finger-nails, clean shoes and clean clothes. Mothers must learn that insistence on tidiness is not crankiness. Children should have play clothes, which they can dirty and tear to their hearts' content, but they should not be allowed to appear on the street, nor at the table, in dirty attire.

Truth-telling, respect for elders, and clean language can become a part of the child's make-up only through the training of his home. Such virtues are caught more effectively than taught, and it would save the school, society and the individual himself endless trouble if parents did their duty in this respect.

Perhaps some mothers think we are making a plea for over-worked teachers. Instead, we are pleading that weary mothers learn the pleasure of associating with their children. Teachers know the brightness of children's smiles and company. Many mothers miss these blessings entirely. Mothers, claim your right to teach your own child, to own his heart, and to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven by the guidance of his unsullied mind.

Theda Bara, The Vampire Woman

(Continued from page 4.)

is a sort of mystery about her early life upon which she refuses to talk, and which no one seems to be able to penetrate. About the only thing Miss Bara will tell you about her early life is that most of her previous stage experience was in Paris, France.

I asked Miss Bara what at the present time is her greatest ambition in life. Her reply was: "Mr. Rook, I would like nothing better than to play the part of Cleopatra, and I hope some day I shall be able to persuade Mr. Fox to allow me to give to the world my interpretation of how this wonderful woman lived. Naturally, there would have to be the most luxurious stage settings, Egyptian scenes, slaves, the Nile, and everything of a stupendous and luxurious nature."

"You know, Mr. Rook," said Miss Bara, "I am a firm believer in Theosophy and have the feeling that I lived on this earth a long time ago. I cannot explain it, but this I am sure of, that in my former existence I ruled a people by fear and not by love, and I firmly believe that when I die I shall again return to this earth in some other person."

"Where do you get most of your inspiration and ideas, Miss Bara?" At this Miss Bara smiled and said that perhaps I would not credit it if I were told that most of her ideas come to her while in the bath. It sounds funny, doesn't it? But when you come to think of it, one's thoughts seem to flow better when the body is relaxed and you apparently have nothing for the

moment to think about. Of course, we will have to take Miss Bara's word for it, as there is no way of proving it.

Miss Bara does not always play what is termed the vampire woman part. One of her latest pictures is "The Darling of Paris," in which she plays the part of Esmeralda in a play based on Victor Hugo's well-known story, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." One has only to see a picture of this kind to agree with Mr. Edwards, her director, that she is a wonderful woman and actress. Mr. Edwards has said that in all his experience in producing plays, both on the stage and on the screen, he has yet to meet a woman more wonderful than Theda Bara. She can play her part with more spirit and accuracy than any other actress he knows of. One need not wonder at this, as Miss Bara's whole existence seems to be wrapped up in her art.

Again we may ask the question, what good can be accomplished by the showing of vampire pictures? We must face life's problems as they are. The day is past for our not knowing how the other half lives. We should know; and if the conditions in which they live require changing, then let us see to it that they are changed. Let us take the "lid" off life and let us cut out the sham and make-believe. Be truthful to ourselves and others. This is the day for knowing things as they are, and what better medium is there for the visualizing of life as it is than the moving pictures?



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He may be without O-Cedar for but a single day, but that may be the very day you go into his store to buy. Now the dealer may try to sell you another polish. That is only human—but—are you going to be persuaded into buying a polish which may disappoint you?

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THE CROMPTON CORSET CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

Around the Hearth

(Continued from page 21.)

memory!) I wouldn't have any such things in my town home, believe me!

I would have a thoroughly modern house, and right within the town limits, so I could walk easily to church and store. I would have just enough ground to cultivate a few vegetables for use when green, and a neat lawn at the front with some old-fashioned flowers.

There would be a broad veranda, where I could sit and enjoy the outdoor coolness, and yet another where I might recline, or wheel out my sewing-machine, or shell the peas for dinner. There would be a balcony, too, with a railing, where one could step out to shake or air the rugs or blankets, without carrying them down-stairs from the foremost peak of a long, rambling house to the back yard.

Have you ever noticed how few farm-houses have verandas, or even steps leading up to the front door? Next time you are motoring through the country note this fact. The percentage is woefully small where a resting place is provided for the home folk to sit out on a summer evening, or—if curtained, from the sun's rays—allow for a meal in the open air. These little things all spell comfort, and the cost is slight compared with the enjoyment derived therefrom.

I would buy my milk in clean glass

bottles, and my fresh eggs from a neighbor who kept hens. I would buy my strawberries and other fruits at the grocer's or gardener's, and I would have no ties in the shape of poultry or animals that would bind me to certain hours of care and attention.

I would indulge in some recreations and pastimes that my hitherto busy life had forbidden. Were I the man who had risen early, and worked late; who had been at his post year in and year out, with seldom a holiday; but in whose mind were remembrances of fishing rod and gun, I would hie me to the trout stream or woods. I would take little jaunts to the nearest city, combining business with pleasure, calling on old friends, and viewing life from a hitherto unseen side.

As a woman, I would take time to read, to hunt out my old music, to dress myself properly, and fix my house artistically. Sometimes I would sit with hands idly folded, and watch a gorgeous sunset, or listen to the twitter of the nesting birds. Often I would gaze vacantly into the glowing grate fire and dream. I would revel in doing dainty little tasks that had been swamped under while I milked cows, and fed calves, and pigs, and hens. Yes, I would, believe me!

I wouldn't have my children in the West, who have young families growing up, and who are unable to visit

me, write vainly for father and mother to come out and see them. I wouldn't miss the opportunity of seeing the great and glowing country of which they are so proud and enthusiastic. I would spend some of my hard-earned dollars in gratifying their desire to see their parents, which would be worth more to them than the inherited money gathering interest in the bank.

I would travel through the glorious land I lived in, and renew acquaintance with the relatives and old neighbors who have made their homes in distant parts. I wouldn't just go on living the same things over and over, but would have a change and rest from the old order and monotony. I'd do something different, believe me!

* * *

As we go through life we watch the different types of people as they make their money, and as they spend it. We see the young couple start out at the foot of the ladder, and together scrimp and save until they have a home, and the children are grown up, educated and gone. The years have been creeping on apace, and they have a substantial bank account to draw upon, all in his name, of course.

He quits business activities, and enjoys the fruits of his labors in contented, leisurely fashion, supplies the household necessities and pays the bills. She cannot buy a paper of pins, bestow a little gift, or give to her church or club without appealing to his generosity. She keeps right on with her housekeeping as she always has done, the old routine reminding

me of this parody of home manufacture:—

John Brown's body lies a-peacefully around
While his wife keeps plodding on.

We also see the miserly men and women of our acquaintance who seem to be afraid to enjoy the common blessings of life lest they spend an extra dollar of their hoarded money. They burn but one lamp in a large house; they sit around but one fire in the coldest weather; they buy cheap cuts of meat; they sell the cream, and use the skim milk, and take no enjoyment in anything beyond the fact that they possess some money which must not be diminished by extravagance.

When their eyes become dim they buy spectacles at a cheap counter instead of having an oculist fit them with proper glasses. They try to masticate their food with a few old yellow tusks rather than invest in a new clean set of ivory. When troubled with the pangs of rheumatism they try to cure it by carrying a charm. They wait until the disease has warped and deformed them before seeking medical advice and attention.

Women are as guilty as men in this respect. Can you imagine a woman doling out a quarter to her husband, and ordering him to drive a close bargain on small purchases? It has been done, and the man, inwardly resenting, continued year after year to bear with that indignity, and place his weekly envelope in her hand without reserve.

Of course everybody has heard about the man, who, when asked by his wife for some money, inquired "what she had done with the quarter he gave her a month ago." That was miserly of him, but women go on all their lives putting up with that sort of thing. If they want a little money of their own they can have recourse to roomers or boarders, sew for their intimate friends, or teach a few music pupils, which is perfectly all right when enjoyed as an avocation or a pleasure, but not of necessity.

A man should not place himself where he has to beg back his tobacco money from a tightly guarded purse, and a woman should not be utterly dependent for every five cents she needs for personal matters. There is a niggardliness in such transactions that must warp the souls, and blunt the finer sense of those who practice them, believe me!

Note:—This expression "Believe Me," may savor of popular slang, but it is not so intended. We only wish it to convey the force and strength of our applications in this article, and desire it pronounced with emphasis on each of the three syllables, even as we hear it expressed in conversation—"Be-lieve me!"

J. A. M.

Give the "Kiddies"
All They Want of

**CROWN BRAND
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It is one of the delicious "good things" that has a real food value.

A slice of your good homemade bread, spread with "Crown Brand", forms a perfectly balanced food, that is practically all nourishment.

So—let them have it on biscuits and pancakes, and on their porridge if they want it.

You'll like it, too, on Griddle Cakes—on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples. And you'll find it the most economical sweetener you can use, for Cakes, Cookies, Gingerbread and Pies.

Have your husband get a tin, the next time he is in town—a 5, 10 or 20 pound tin—or a 3 pound glass jar.

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Makers of "Li'ly White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—
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Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies", will show you how to make a lot of really delicious dishes with "Crown Brand". Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

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THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO
BEGIN NOW
TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE
NEXT WAR LOAN

JAN. 9, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
OTTAWA

Department of Child Hygiene

(Continued from page 13.)

carriers. From the above we may draw the conclusion that all germ diseases may be called infective. This to a greater or less extent is true. And in the case of little children, at all events, I think we are not going too far to assume that contact with any germ disease is infective. Also, I would go further and say that the continual association with persons in a state of definite ill-health, either of mind or body, is bound to have an injurious effect on the impressionable temperaments of babies and little children.

Therefore, in order to give your children the maximum of well-being, their environment should be in every sense *healthful*. The custom, kindly though the intention may seem on the surface, of allowing little children to spend hours in the company of invalids or sick people, in order to pass the time or amuse the latter, is to be utterly condemned. Likewise, taking children to visit hospitals. However, this latter has become impossible in up-to-date institutions, where the visiting of children is prohibited, not, from the hospital standpoint, so much for the sake of the children themselves, as to guard the patients and staff from the danger of infection from children's diseases.

Because of the danger of germ transmission, the promiscuous kissing and handling of children is also condemned.

(Continued on following page.)

Department of Child Hygiene

(Continued from preceding page.)

The greater number of adults and many children, too, have unclean mouths and throats, full of germs of all sorts, from decayed teeth, unhealthy throats, and ill conditions of the digestive tract. This is especially true in country districts, where, though a great advantage over the city dweller might be had owing to plenty of fresh air, good food, etc., these things are more than offset by ignorance of personal hygiene, and the inconvenience and supposed expense of obtaining the help of dentist or throat specialist.

In my student days I one day, merely for the specimen, took a "smear" or "swab" from the throat of a perfectly healthy junior student. On placing this under the microscope I found therein a diphtheria germ, a pneumonia germ, and several other minor infections. I did not tell her for fear she would worry herself into a condition which would give these germs a chance to grow, but I confess to watching her with somewhat anxious curiosity for several days. Nothing happened; whereby I learned another lesson as to the power of resistance of the healthy human adult organism. But a little baby frequently does not possess such power of resistance, and any of these germs could have been passed over to a baby kissed by the girl.

I once knew a whole family, from the miserable, unhealthy father, to the youngest child, all suffering from a horrible, disgusting (to the eye of the physician) suppurative (i.e., producing pus) condition of the gums, which eventually causes all the teeth to fall out, and in the meantime poisons the whole body and stupefies the brain. All were infected from the father. All might have escaped had he had his teeth attended to, or if beyond help, removed. This condition of pus around the roots of the teeth is by no means uncommon, especially in elderly people, and frequently is paid no attention to, whatever, since it does not cause acute pain.

Disease germs have a peculiar faculty of increasing in strength and virulence according to the place where they have been cultivated. Unhygienic surroundings of the human culture media always produce a more virulent type of disease than that which comes through clean, healthy bodies.

Some of my readers may remember the time that gripe first arrived in Canada. The infection was a wicked one. Nobody understood or knew how to combat the awful new disease. The onset was violent, and absolutely without warning; the prostration was extreme, accompanied often with high fever and delirium. Pneumonia was a pitifully frequent complication, and such cases were nearly always fatal. Insanity was another very common ending of that first infection. The mortality was very high. It was later discovered that the disease had been directly imported from Russia, where it raged without let or hindrance among the lowest and filthiest of the peasant population. Gripe has unfortunately stayed with us. But the disease of today, after passing through many generations of clean culture media, in a healthy country, among a cleanly people, has lost much of its violence and horror, and when it is isolated as it should be, we may, perhaps, get rid of it altogether.

Typhoid fever, another germ disease, is rapidly becoming extinct in civilized communities, the status of a community now being judged, from a sanitary standpoint, by its typhoid record.

Some infections are regarded by the laity as minor infections, and no alarm is felt on exposing children to them, and little worry when the exposure has been successful. Physicians, on the contrary, regard no infection as minor, where it comes to a baby or little child, for another peculiarity of germs is that one can never tell just how they will grow in the next person infected. What has been mild in one may be violent in another, and especially if that other be a little child. This is peculiarly true of throat diseases. What has passed for an "ordinary sore throat" in an adult may prove diphtheria in a child. It must never be forgotten that the resistive power of an adult is much greater than that of a child.

Another infection that is disregarded almost entirely by the average parent is that of "common cold." No one knows exactly what "common cold" is. It is popularly supposed to be "caught" by exposure to cold or draught. As a

matter of fact, it is in nine cases out of ten "caught" from someone else. The laity distinguish "a cold in the head," "a cold in the nose," "a cold in the chest," etc., attaching different degrees of importance to the varied situations. The physician knows no such distinctions. Popularly, any sort of ailment coming on with chilliness or malaise is termed "a cold." As a matter of fact, cold probably has nothing to do with it.

As far as is known from the scientist's standpoint, what is called "common cold" is a germ infection. The germ itself has not been satisfactorily isolated, therefore a serum with which to combat it has not been discovered. But experience certainly proves it to be among the most common and prevalent of germ growths, also one of the most markedly infective. Contact may or may not cause infection, but certain conditions of the human body and contact will certainly cause infection. Nor is contact with another person actually suffering apparently necessary, for sufficient infection appears to always be carried by people themselves to start up a growth, given proper encouragement by a lowered condition of resistance.

That "common cold" is of no consequence is an absolute heresy. Rather is it like the plough and the harrow that make the ground ready and inviting to any other morbid growth that hovers near. Nay, more, it may be as the fertilizer, the rain, the sunshine, to the seeds of destruction, only waiting encouragement to grow. The very fact that "cold" so often bars the sufferer from the actual sunshine only goes to further accentuate these words. I might fill pages with the possible sequelae of "common cold."

I have been asked to give a treatment for common cold among children. First of all, I would say, "Don't get it," either by invitation or careless association. Have nothing to do with it. Let your friends and neighbors know your views on the subject, and also that you consider it an absolute insult to have "a cold" visited on your baby or little children. Be consistent, and never risk passing on a cold yourself. Teach your children to avoid other children with "sniffy" noses. Be sure that they themselves know the use of a handkerchief, and see that they are always provided with clean ones, even if such be only squares of clean old cotton. Avoid exhaustion of any nature, especially that resulting from lack of sleep; nothing invites "a cold" more cordially than an exhausted body. Also make fast friends with cold water in-

side and out, fresh air, not necessarily cold air, but properly moistened air.

If anyone in the family gets "a cold," then isolate them. Give them all the sleep possible, light food, and see that the bowels are free. Use rags instead of handkerchiefs, and burn these. Teach everyone to sneeze, cough, spit into their own handkerchief, not around the room, thereby infecting the air, which they have no mortgage on, more than anyone else.

As long as discharge from the nose continues, or violent coughing, try and keep your patient from the rest of the household. A spray for the nose and throat is excellent, and helps to keep down infection. I have found Pinoleum the best all-round spray. Directions go with the outfit. Simple saline solution (level teaspoon, no more, of salt to one pint of water) made warm and dropped into the nostrils is helpful for little children. Also great care should be taken to prevent crusts forming in the nostrils or on the lip. This may be done by using any good, pure, bland ointment, but here I find Ozonol the best. A very small quantity should be placed inside the nostril at night, by means of a little swab of absorbent cotton rolled tightly on a little stick.

Remember that "a cold" is exhausting, and a tonic or at least a rest should always be insisted on before returning to the usual daily routine. Do I make

(Continued on following page.)



"Saves half the Eggs"

Recipes showing how Royal Baking Powder saves eggs

In many recipes requiring several eggs, excellent results may be obtained and considerable saving in cost realized by reducing the number of eggs and using an additional quantity of **Royal Baking Powder**, about a teaspoon, for each egg omitted. The following recipes are given as practical illustrations:



WHITE LAYER CAKE

1/2 cup shortening
1 cup granulated sugar
2/3 cup water
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
whites of 2 eggs
1 teaspoon extract

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening and sugar together until very light; add water slowly almost drop by drop and beat constantly; add flavoring and stir in the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together twice; fold in the whites of eggs which have been beaten until stiff and dry; pour into two greased layer tins and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Put together with any filling or icing.



EVERYDAY CAKE

1 cup sugar
1/4 cup shortening
1 egg
3/4 cup milk or water
1 3/4 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon extract

The old method called for 3 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening; add sugar, flavoring and egg well beaten. Sift dry ingredients, add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Bake in loaf, layers or patty pans. May also be used for cottage pudding.



EGGLESS MUFFINS

2 cups flour
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening

Makes 18 Muffins

The old method called for 2 eggs

DIRECTIONS:—Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk, stirring until all lumps are out, add melted shortening. Beat well and bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven from 20 to 25 minutes.

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For Love of The Hills

(Continued from page 12.)

mine is. You see, William and I—William was my husband—we went to Graytown before it really was any town at all. Years and years before the railroad went through we was there. Was you ever there?" she asked, wistfully.

"Oh, very often," replied the girl. "I love every inch of that country!"

A big tear rolled down the woman's face. "It's most like being home to find some one that knows about it," she whispered, brokenly.

"Yes, William and I we went there when 'twas all new country," she went on, after a sympathetic pause. "We worked hard, and we laid up a little money. Then, three years ago, William took sick. He was sick for most a year, and we had to live up most of what we'd saved. That's why I ain't got none now. It ain't that William didn't provide."

The girl nodded. "We seen some hard days. But we was always harmonious—William and I was. And William had a great fondness for the mountains. The night before he died he made them take him over by the window and he looked out and watched the darkness come stealin' over the daylight—you know how it does in them mountains. 'Mother,' he says to me—his voice was that low I could no more 'an hear what he said—I'll never see another sun go down, but I'm thankful to God that I seen this one."

She was crying outright now, and the girl did not try to stop her. "And

that's the reason I love the mountains," she whispered at last. "It ain't just that they're grand and wonderful to look at. It ain't just the things them tourists sees to talk about. But the mountains has always been like a comfortin' friend to me. John and Sarah is buried there—John and Sarah is my two children that died of fever. And then William is there—like I just told you. And the mountains was a comfort to me in all those times of trouble. They're like an old friend. Seems like they're the best friend I've got on earth."

"I know just what you mean," said the girl, brokenly. "I know all about it."

"And you don't think I'm just notional—a moving wistfulness was in the woman's voice—"in pinin' to get back while—whilst I can look at them?"

The girl held the old hand tightly in hers with a clasp more sympathetic than words.

"It ain't but I'd know they was there. I could feel they was there all right, but"—her voice sank to a horrified whisper now—"do you know I'm 'fraid I might forget just how they look!"

"Oh, but you wouldn't," the girl assured her. "You'd remember just how they look."

"I'm scared of it. I'm scared there might be something I'd forget. And so I just torment myself thinkin'. 'Now do I remember this? Can I see just how that looks?' That's the way I got to thinkin' up in the doctor's office,

when he told me for sure it was no use to operate, and I was so worked up it just seemed like I must get up and start!"

"You must try not to worry about it," murmured the girl. "You'll remember."

"Well, maybe so. Maybe I will. But that's why I want just one more look. If I could look once more I'd remember it forever and ever. You see I'd look for to remember it, and I would. And do you know—seems like I wouldn't mind going blind so much then? When I'd sit facin' them I'd just say to myself: 'Now I know just how they look. I'm seeing them just as if I had my eyes!' The doctor says my sight'll just kind of slip away, and when I look my last look, when it gets dimmer and dimmer to me, I want the last thing I see to be them mountains where William and me worked and was so happy! Seems like I can't bear it to have my sight slip away here, where there's nothing I want to look at! And then to have a little left—to have just a little left!—and to know I could see if I was there to look—and to know that when I get there 'twill be—oh, I'll be rebellious-like here—and I'd be contented there! I don't want to be complainin'—I don't want to!—but when I've only got a little left I want it—oh, I want it for them things I want to see!"

"You will see them!" said the girl, with a tearful passionateness. "The world can't be so hideous as that!"

"Well, maybe so," said the woman, rising. "But I don't know where 'twill come from," she added, doubtfully.

She took the woman back to the doctor's office and left her in the care of the stolid Emma. "Seems most like I'd been back home," she said in parting, and the girl promised to come and see her and talk with her of the far-away home in the mountains. The woman said she thought talking about them would help her to remember just how they looked.

And then the girl returned to the library. She did not know why she did so. In truth she scarcely knew she was going there until she found herself sitting before that same table at which she and the woman had sat a little while before. For a long time she sat there with her head in her hands, her tears falling upon a pad of yellow paper on the table before her.

Finally she dried her eyes, opened her purse, and counted her money. In some way it seemed that out of her great desire, out of her great need, there must be more than she had thought. But there was not, and she folded her hands upon the two five-dollar bills and the one silver dollar and looked with an utter hopelessness about the big room.

She had forgotten her own disappointments, her own loneliness. She was oblivious to everything in the world now save what seemed the absolute necessity of getting the woman back to the mountains while she yet had eyes to see them.

But what could she do? Again she counted the money. She could make herself, somehow or other, get along without one of the five-dollar bills, but five dollars would not take one very close to the mountains. And then she saw a man standing before the home paper, and she saw that another man was waiting to take his place. The one who was reading had a dinner pail in his hand. The clothes of the other told that he, too, was of the world's workers. The man before the paper wore a look

which told plainly that to him it was the paper from home. And the one who was waiting had an eagerness, a certain expectancy, in his bearing.

The idea came upon her with such suddenness, sprang upon her so full born, so perfect in every detail, that it made her gasp. They—the people who came to read the Western paper, the people who loved the mountains and yet were far from them, the people who were themselves homesick and full of longing—were the people to understand.

It took her but a minute to act. She put the silver dollar and one five-dollar bill back in her purse. She clutched the other bill in her left hand, picked up a pencil, and began to write. She headed the petition: "To all who know and love the mountains," and she told the story with the simpleness of one speaking from the heart, and the directness of one speaking to those sure to understand. "And so I found her here by the paper," she said, after she had stated the tragic facts, "because it was the closest she could come to the mountains. Her heart is not breaking because she is going blind. It is breaking because she may never again look with seeing eyes upon those great hills which rise up above her home. We must do it for her simply because we would wish that, under like circumstances, some one would do it for us. She belongs to us because we understand."

"If you can only give fifty cents, please do not hold it back because it seems but little. Fifty cents will take her seventeen miles nearer home—seventeen miles closer to the things upon which she longs that her last seeing glance may fall."

After she had written it she rose, and, the five-dollar bill in one hand, the sheets of yellow paper in the other, walked down the long room to the desk at which one of the librarians sat. The girl's cheeks were very red, her eyes shining with excitement, as with a hot eloquence she poured out the story. They mingled their tears of sympathy together, for the girl at the desk was herself young and far from home, and then they walked back to the newspaper, and pinned the sheets of yellow paper just above the file. At the bottom of the petition the librarian wrote:

(Continued on following page.)

Department of Child Hygiene

(Continued from preceding page.)

too much of "common cold"? Please look up the JOURNAL for July, 1916, and see all the troubles that may follow it.

To summarize what I have tried to make clear to your reason in this paper—no disease is unimportant, especially in a baby or little child. No child ought ever willingly to be exposed to contact with sickness of any sort. Every indisposition, however slight, should receive immediate attention, the younger the patient the more careful the attention.

Every month a child is kept in good health means many months to the good in that child's life—means a vast increase in its resistive power to disease later on.

Every illness avoided either by an individual or much more by a community is life saved, time saved, money saved, morals saved—is a truly patriotic deed.



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For Love of the Hills

(Continued from preceding page.)

"Leave your money at the desk in this room. It will be properly attended to." The girl then turned over her five-dollar bill and passed out into the gathering night.

Her heart was brimming with joy. "I can get a cheaper boarding place," she told herself, stepping jauntily along through the puddles of water, "and until something else turns up I can get a place in a store."

One by one they had gathered around while the woman was telling the story. "And so, if you don't mind," she said, in conclusion, "I'd like to have you put in a little piece that I got home safe, so's they can all see it. They was all so worked up about when I'd get here. Would that cost much?" she asked, timidly.

"Not a cent," said the managing editor, his voice gruff with the attempt to keep it steady.

"You might say, if it wouldn't take too much room, that I was much pleased with the prospect of getting home before sundown to-night."

"You needn't worry but what we'll say it all," said the city editor. "We'll say a great deal more than you have any idea of."

"I'm very thankful to you," she said, as she rose to go.

They sat there for some time in silence. "When one considers," said the managing editor, "that they were people who could not subscribe to a daily paper, it makes the story—I was going to say big. I mean tremendous."

"When one considers that the girl who started it had eleven dollars to her name," began the city editor—and then stopped very abruptly.

The managing editor walked to the door of his own room. "Don't fall down on it, Lewis," he said to the city editor, and closed his door with a bang.

The city editor looked around at the reporters. "It's too bad you can't all have it, when it's so big a chance, but I guess it falls logically to Raymond. And in writing it just remember, Raymond, that the biggest stories are not written about politics, or about murders, or even wars. The biggest stories are written about the things which draw human beings closer together. And the chance to write them doesn't come every day, or every year, or every lifetime. And I'll tell you, boys, all of you, when it seems sometimes that the milk of human kindness has all turned sour, just you think back to the little story you heard this afternoon."

Slowly the sun slipped down behind the mountains; slowly the long purple shadows deepened to black; and with the coming of the night there settled over the everlasting hills, and over the soul of one who had returned to them, a satisfying peace.

THE END.

The Force of Inertia

(Continued from page 52.)

gentle smile, turning to his silent and respectful audience. "I spik to-day from de Force of Inertia. Dat iss mighty Force. Eet iss nagatif, yet eet iss possitif. Eet iss stupentuss power w'en eet iss no power. Eet iss hitten force. Dis locomotif. Dese rodes. Dese peestons. Dis boller. All act on harmonie. De train run smooft. Dere iss no char. Den com de Force from Inertia. Eet cam sutten. No vun know ven eet cam. Den dere is crash. De rodes stop. De weels stop. De cogs stop. De boller stop. De whole bizness stops—"

He paused, and a sweet and naive smile lifted up his thin lips, as he concluded his lecture just as the brazen clang of the bell resounded through the dark, subterranean building.

"Dea, jantleman!—w'en dat Force come—dot Inertia moof—den de locomotif is busted—de whole tam ting go to hal!"

Now indeed was he one of the Sixteens. The shout of approval shook the very rafters. And then the other demonstration came.

Standing on their rough, jack-knifed, scarred benches the Sixteens stood ying, whistling like mad. The cold gleamed with living fires. The hard hearts were shot through and interpenetrated with noble passion. Brute force, transfigured, did homage—to Spirit, which is unconquerable—to Soul,

which is eternal. Sixteen had learned its lesson—and learned it well. Wildly cheering, they thronged out. Only the Swede remained—sitting alone at his desk, gazing out through the high window—out over the snow-covered landscape. He was thinking—in Swedish—of his struggling progress up from poverty. One battle after another. Defeat and victory—victory and defeat and victory again. So life progressed. So the world moved in harmony. The man's part. The sense of accomplishment. The triumph of brute over Nature—the triumph of Mind over Man.

THE END.

ON TAKING ONE'S HUSBAND SHOPPING.

As to the advisability of taking one's husband to the shops, much may be said on both sides. On the one hand, it is certain that after he has spent three hours in a chair while his wife tries on spring suits, a man will have a very definite idea of what women suffer in the daily task. The next time his wife comes home from the shops with a headache he is likely to be more sympathetic. But then again it may be that

the memory of his own bitter ordeal will prevail, and he will carry away with him a more vivid sense of the futilities in which the life of woman is spent. It all depends on the man, of course. But the husband endowed with just a bit of philosophic reflection, planted three solid hours in a tapestry chair, in an audience of three hundred women and fifty salesgirls, will watch the strained and tired faces, the tryings-on and divestings, the search after the unattainable ideal, the final purchase made more out of weariness than out of satisfaction; and he cannot help asking himself, "For whom is it all?" And he will say to himself, "For us males?" And it will make him thoughtful. On the whole, a university extension course in Shopping Practice and Observation would be good for the average man.

Taking along one's husband to the store as critic and appraiser is of no use at all. In the first place, his principles of criticism are utterly unlike a woman's. His criticism is of the romantic, impressionistic school. He looks at his wife in the green cloak with fur edging and says, "I like that." Or else

he says, "You look well in that." As if the mere fact that a woman looks well in a green coat, or that she likes it, were the deciding factor. Woman belongs, in the matter of dress, to the scientific school of criticism, which bases itself on universal principles—Aristotle, Taine, Brunetiere. It is criticism which does not ask whether a woman looks well in a green cloak trimmed with fox, but says, How does this green cloak fit into that woman's life, her temperament, her likes, her friends, her duty to her family and to society, on the one hand; and how near is it in danger of being duplicated by the woman next door, on the other hand? A man likes his wife's dinner gown when it looks well on his wife in the shop. A woman is bound to think of the gown in relation to the wall-paper and the lights at home, the fact that she had a dark-red dinner gown year before last, the fact that her color is somewhat higher than it was two years ago, that she has taken on three pounds in weight, that her husband's income has materially increased since last year, and that next year people will be wearing greens and purples.—*Harper's Magazine.*



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Hot Cakes and Breads for Cold Mornings

By MARION HARRIS NEIL
Author of "How to Cook in Casserole Dishes"

The following recipes have all been tried and tested and are both economical and satisfactory.

Send your questions to the editor of our cooking page. They will be promptly and carefully answered.

How very welcome of cold mornings are the delicious griddle

akes and muffins that make the butter fly and spread forth the beautiful syrups for our delectation. These sumptuous hot cake feasts may be comprised of left-over oatmeal, sour milk and breadcrumbs, as well as many things not left over.

When making hot cakes and quick doughs, arrange the fire and dishes for cooking, measure everything before mixing any, sift the dry materials, add the liquids, mix thoroughly, and cook immediately.

There are but few ingredients used in quick hot reads—in fact, only four that are essential—oaten, flour, salt and liquid. The flavor and the character of the mixture are varied according to the consistency of the mixture and the addition of a few accessories.

The most common accessories are eggs, sugar, shortening, and others that might be classed as favors, such as fruits and spices.

Have the griddles warming slowly while you mix the cakes. Grease them a little, just enough to keep the batter from sticking; have them hot before putting the cakes on to fry or bake. The batter should not stand long after being mixed, but should be cooked right away. Have ready a heated plate to place the cakes on as they are fried; never put them on a cold plate. Mix and bake them quickly, and serve them hot. If you put the batter into a pitcher it can be poured on the hot griddle, which is much more convenient than dipping with a spoon. Do not grease a soapstone griddle.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Mix and sift one cupful of rye meal, one cupful of corn meal, one-half cupful of Graham flour, one-half cupful of flour, three-fourths tablespoonful of baking soda, one teaspoonful of salt, add three-fourths cupful of molasses and two cupfuls of sour milk, or one and three-fourths cupful of sweet milk, stir until well mixed, and pour into a well-greased mold, and steam for four hours. The cover should be greased, before being placed on the mold, and then tied down with tape; otherwise the bread in rising might force off the cover. The mold should never be filled more than two-thirds full. A melon-mold or one-pound baking-powder boxes make the most attractive-shaped loaves, but a five-pound lard pail answers the purpose.

HOT BISCUITS.—Sift one quart of flour into a bowl, rub one tablespoonful of lard or butter finely into it, add three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add very gradually enough sweet milk to make a soft dough. Knead a little on a floured baking board, do not handle much, roll out one-half inch in thickness, cut into small rounds with a small cutter. Lay on greased baking tins and bake until ready in a hot oven. Serve hot with butter.

WAFFLES.—Sift two cupfuls of flour into a basin, add one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add one cupful of milk to them, add gradually to the flour, then lightly mix in one tablespoonful of melted butter and the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Fry on a hot well-greased waffle iron. Serve hot with maple or golden syrup.

RICE MUFFINS.—Sift two cupfuls of flour into a bowl, rub finely into it three tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, add a pinch of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of milk, and one cupful of cooked rice. Mix well and bake in a hot oven in well-greased gem pans or muffin tins.

OATMEAL WAFERS.—Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in one-third cupful of milk; when cold, add one cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-third of a cupful of rolled oats and one-half cupful of fine oatmeal. Mix together and roll very thin, cut into squares, and bake in a moderate oven.

BUTTERMILK BREAD.—Sift two cupfuls of flour into a basin, add one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking soda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and sift again, add enough buttermilk gradually to make the dry ingredients into a soft dough. Make into a neat loaf, score it across with a knife, bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

OVEN SCONES.—Rub five tablespoonfuls of butter finely into two cupfuls of flour, add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Beat up one egg, put one-half of it into a cup, then with one-half of it and some

sweet milk make the other ingredients into a soft dough. Knead a little on a floured baking board, divide it into five pieces, make them smooth and roll out, not too thinly, cut them into four small cakes. Lay them on a buttered baking tin, brush them over with egg and bake them in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve hot with butter.

CORN MUFFINS.—Sift one cupful of flour into a basin, add one-half cupful of cornmeal, rub into them four tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and sift in one-fourth of a teaspoonful of baking soda and one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Beat up three eggs, add one cupful of milk, then pour them among the dry ingredients, mix well, one-half fill gem pans, which are greased and heated. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve hot.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—Sift together three and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat up two eggs, add one-fourth cupful of sugar, with two cupfuls of milk, and pour gradually on the dry ingredients. Mix well and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Drop from the tip of a spoon on a hot griddle well greased. When full of bubbles, turn and cook the other side. Serve at once with syrup.

RYE CAKES.—Sift together two-thirds cupful of rye flour, two-thirds cupful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Add gradually one-half cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of golden syrup and two well-beaten eggs. Drop by spoonfuls into smoking hot fat; when a golden color, drain on white paper, and serve hot.

EGG BISCUITS.—Sift into a basin two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Rub in four tablespoonfuls of butter, add two well-beaten eggs, then gradually two-thirds cupful of milk. Drop by spoonfuls, one inch apart, on a buttered tin. Bake in a hot oven for ten minutes.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.—Pour two cupfuls of hot milk on to two cupfuls of breadcrumbs and allow to stand for six hours, then add one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and two well-beaten eggs. Heat a griddle; when hot, grease with a piece of suet. Drop the batter from the tip of a spoon on hot griddle.

When full of bubbles, turn; when cooked on both sides, serve on a hot plate.

BREAKFAST ROLLS.—When making white bread reserve three cupfuls of the dough. Work in four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one-half tablespoonful of sugar, place in a buttered basin, brush over with butter, cover and allow to rise. Form into round balls, brush with butter, let rise again, and place on buttered baking tin and bake in a hot oven.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS.—Sieve four times two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one-half teaspoonful of sugar, add milk to make soft dough. Roll lightly three-fourths of an inch thick, cut with cutter, and bake for twenty minutes in a hot oven.

CRUMPETS.—Add to one cupful of lukewarm water one-half of a yeast cake, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Add flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat for twenty minutes. Pour a little into hot buttered muffin rings on hot greased griddle. Cook slowly, and when brown turn and brown the other side. Serve hot with butter or syrup.

POTATO BISCUITS.—Press one cupful of hot potatoes through a sieve, add four tablespoonfuls of butter, one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one-half cupful of lukewarm milk, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one well-beaten egg and flour to make soft sponge. When very light add more flour and knead to a soft dough. Roll the dough one-fourth of an inch thick, cut out with cutter, place on warm buttered tins, brush with melted butter, cover with another layer of biscuits, brush with butter, and put in cool place until morning. Let them rise in a warm place, and bake in a hot oven.

FLANNEL CAKES.—Scald one and one-half cupfuls of cornmeal with three cupfuls of hot milk; add five tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water; let the mixture rise over night. In the morning cook as griddle cakes.

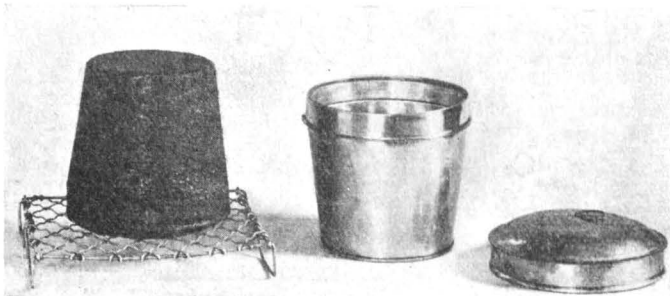
PARKER HOUSE ROLLS.—Heat two cupfuls of milk, when cool add one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth cupful of lukewarm water, sift in two cupfuls of flour and one teaspoonful of salt; beat thoroughly and let rise. When spongy add one tablespoonful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of melted butter and flour to knead. Allow to rise, and when double its bulk, shape into balls; lay on a buttered baking tin, and when risen to double their bulk, press with floured handle of wooden spoon, almost dividing the biscuit. Brush one-half with butter; press the two halves together, place on a buttered tin and allow to rise. Brush over with beaten egg, and bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

SOUP MILK GRIDDLE CAKES.—Beat one egg add one cupful of sour milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one cupful of flour sifted with one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little water. Mix well, and drop on a hot greased griddle as griddle cake.

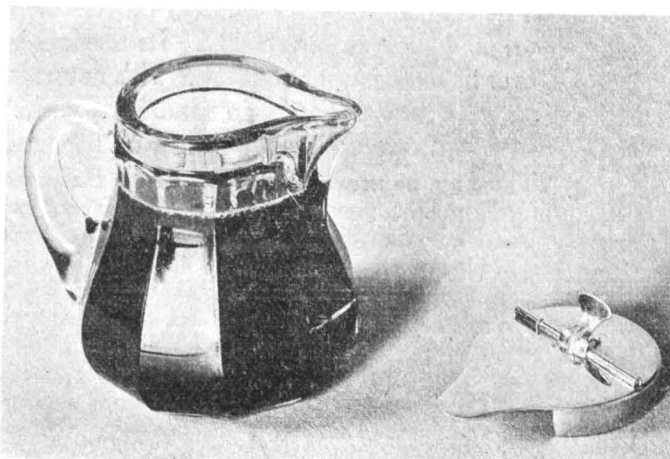
MOUNTAIN MUFFINS.—Cream one-half cupful of butter with one-fourth cupful of sugar, add one well-beaten egg; sift four teaspoonfuls of baking powder with two cupfuls of flour and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and add to the first mixture, alternately with one cupful of milk. Mix, bake in well-buttered gem or muffin tins for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

DOUGHNUTS.—Sift four cupfuls of flour into a bowl, add one teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of baking soda, one-fourth teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon and allspice, one cupful of sugar, rub in one tablespoonful of butter, add one beaten egg and one cupful of sour milk. Stir thoroughly, and toss on well-floured board; roll slightly, using flour if necessary. Roll to one-fourth inch in thickness; cut out and fry in smoking hot fat, and drain on paper. Sour-milk doughnuts may be eaten as soon as they come to the top of the fat and frequently afterwards.

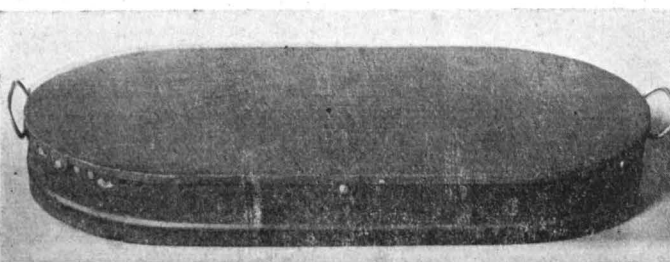
HOMINY GEMS.—Pour one-half cupful of boiling water into a bowl, add one-fourth cupful of cooked hominy and one teaspoonful of salt, and let stand until hominy sorbs water. Add one cupful of scalded milk to one cupful of cornmeal, then add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Combine mixture, cool slightly, add two beaten eggs and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and beat well. Bake in hot greased gem pans in moderate oven until ready.



Steamed Brown Bread.



Syrup for Hot Cakes.



A Fine Griddle.



Let the
Women Who Bake Every Day
Tell You Their *FIVE ROSES* Experience

YOUR own experience is best, but the baking experience of others is less expensive and equally significant. Users of *FIVE ROSES* flour are sincerely glad to spread the news of their constant success. No other flour has received such emphatic commendation; none other has such enthusiastic advertisers among Canadian housewives, and enthusiasm is the child of baking success.

A Pleasure to Bake

It is just a pleasure to bake with *FIVE ROSES* flour, and there is nothing so important as bread. A. A. S., Antrim, Ont.

I am a homesteader "batching" it out here in the West, and used to have my times making light bread. But now I make good bread with no trouble. I use *FIVE ROSES* all the time, and it is all right. R. Y., Riverfront, Sask.

FIVE ROSES Brings Success

My mother, who is English, had no success with baking at all in Canada until I got her *FIVE ROSES* flour. MRS. J. C. F., Grafton, Ont.

I use *FIVE ROSES* flour and do not know what failure with flour means. MRS. J. C. C., Senate, Ottawa, Ont.

I have had very good success with *FIVE ROSES*, which speaks well for your flour, as I am a novice at bread making. MRS. M. N., New Hamburg, Ont.



PAGES of recommendations could be printed from experts, chefs of big hotels, clubs, steamship and railway companies, but they could not be so impressive as these simple and sincere commendations. All opinions are *unsolicited*, and full names will be given on request.

Save with FIVE ROSES

I use $\frac{1}{4}$ less than I would of other flour, and it always brings good results.

MRS. S. B. E., Carleton, Ont.

In my recipe for bread, I use 7 quarts of *FIVE ROSES* flour. Other flours I have used take 9 quarts. A. P., Marshville, Ont.

We think it is economy to use the "best," which we think *FIVE ROSES* is, for by doing so we get more bread.

MRS. A. W. McC., Victoria, B.C.

The most profitable flour a poor man can possibly obtain.

MRS. T. S. McC., Rodney, Ont.

What is Bread Quality?

FIVE ROSES is superior for lightness, strength and quantity.

J. W. H., Fort George, B.C.

It has a sweeter, natter taste, and it is so easy to make good bread with *FIVE ROSES*.

MRS. J. B. D., Stettler, Alta.

Makes excellent bread, white and light. We have had an extra loaf from the same quantity of flour.

MRS. A. M., W. Summerland, B.C.

I am baking bread to-day and I wish you could see the bread. It would do you good not only to see it, but to eat it. I am using *FIVE ROSES*. It makes the bread rise quickly.

MRS. L. B. H., Headford, Ont.

FIVE ROSES Wins Prizes

Have taken 7 first prizes and 6 specials on Bread, which speaks well for your *FIVE ROSES*. I would use no other.

MRS. A. H., Leamington, Ont.

Took 3 first and 1 second prize at the Agricultural Show, and have used *FIVE ROSES* for the past 12 years.

MRS. A. W., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Got 1st prize for my bread at the fall fair last year with *FIVE ROSES*. I have used it for the past 15 years, and raised 8 children on it. MRS. B. H., Agassiz, B.C.

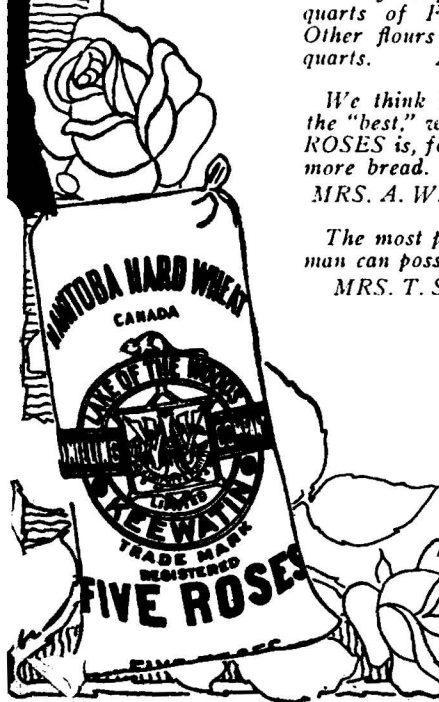
My husband has cooked in lumber camps for 18 years in Ontario and he claims *FIVE ROSES* flour is the best he ever used.

MRS. T. L., Hindville, Alta.

Tell Your Friends Your Success

Make housekeeping easier for your friends. Help them to better bake days. See that they use *FIVE ROSES* flour for Bread, Cake, Puddings and Pastries. Your recommendation will bear fruit, for *FIVE ROSES* will bear out your prophecy.

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