

# UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE

Founded By

Joel Chandler Harris



PRICE  
10 CENTS

SEPTEMBER  
1 9 1 2



*"That . . .  
Settles  
It" . . . .*



## Cream of Wheat

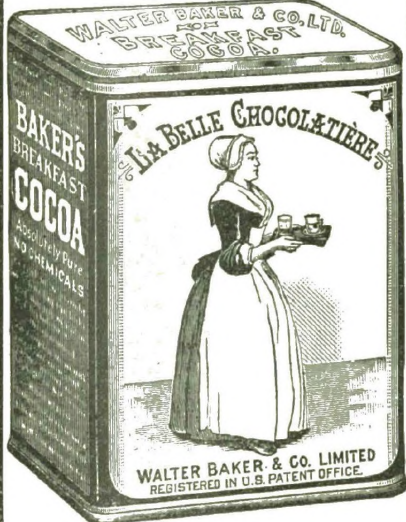
settles the question  
delightfully. The  
taste says so, the  
appetite is perfectly  
satisfied, and the  
sound body proves  
it. Serve hot or  
cold — Breakfast,  
Dinner, Supper.



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HOME MAGAZINE**10 Cents  
A Copy

FOUNDED BY JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS  
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**ADVERTISING GUARANTEED TO SUBSCRIBERS**

THE SUNNY SOUTH PUBLISHING COMPANY guarantees the reliability of every advertisement appearing in UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE. It is intended that subscribers shall deal with advertisers in full confidence. If any subscriber is imposed upon or dishonestly dealt with, we will make good to such subscriber the full amount of loss sustained. This offer will hold good for thirty days after date of issue containing the advertisement. In writing to advertisers always mention UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS**

A blue pencil-mark here indicates that your subscription expires with this issue.

When notified that your subscription has expired, renew at once. Writing your name as it has appeared on your address label. We cannot begin subscriptions with back numbers. In remitting, it is wise to use Post Office or Express Money Order. It is unsafe to send silver by mail, but bills or two-cent stamps may be enclosed in a letter with but little risk of loss. When necessary to order your address changed always give us the old as well as the new address.

**Big Changes Next Month**

TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER the changed appearance of the October number of UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE will be the first thing that will impress and interest, for with that number it will begin its career as a standard size magazine. It will be printed on a Magazine press, the largest in the South, which is now being installed in our press room. The enlarged pages will mean many more lines of reading matter, and the new press will enable us to give our readers such illustrations and printing as may well compare with the best.

But mechanical features are only a sort of outward cloak; a garment, as it were, in which is enclosed the soul of the publication, and so the October number will be adequately clothed as a fitting accompaniment to a remarkably attractive array of entertaining, useful, as well as unusual reading matter.

The pictures in October will be of special interest, covering as they will not only the illustrations to the stories and special articles, but also a splendid series of portraits of prominent people, and of curious, odd and unique objects, events and incidents. This series of pictures, which will tell their own stories, is a feature we have long desired to offer but which we are only now able, by reason of increased facilities, to put before the public.

The special articles for October will include a most illuminating talk entitled "A \$12,000,000 Prejudice" covering some pertinent facts about Cotton Seed Oil, and written by Philip R. Kellar in his usual forceful style.

"Sponge Fishers of Key West", by Lenora Beck Ellis, one of our ablest Southern writers, is another special illustrated article of interest, as is also one entitled "Where Past and Present Meet", and which covers some entertaining matter regarding the only survivor of Andrew Jackson,—and the Hermitage, the old home of that distinguished President.

Another subject of interest treated in our October number will be that of the work of the U. S. Government in its efforts to deal with the scourge of leprosy. This article will contain interesting expressions from Brother Dutton who accompanied Father Damien in his self-appointed mission to the lepers of the Hawaiian Islands, and will be well worth grave and careful reading.

There will also be some interesting features regarding educational matters, embodying some much needed reforms already in operation in the North and East. This will be of special interest to Southern educators as well as to parents with children in the public schools.

**OCTOBER POEMS**

Among the October poems will be two typically Southern bits of verse both of which carry with them a message and a memory. "Jack", by Kate Drayton Myrant Simons, Jr., the touching record of a young life lost in the service of the Confederacy, and "The Cob Pipe", a dialect poem of pure "Cracker" philosophy.

**AN UNCLE REMUS LETTER**

Hundreds of our readers will rejoice at the announcement that we are to publish another Uncle Remus Letter, being a continuation of that charming series of incomparable letters written by the late Joel Chandler Harris to his daughter at boarding school. We are fortunate in having obtained the use of a number of these letters which will be published from time to time.

**OCTOBER FICTION**

The most difficult task of a magazine management is to secure good fiction; we have a high standard to maintain, therefore only the BEST satisfies us; hence we are proud of our October fiction. Among the short stories for that month may be mentioned "Her Choice", a brilliantly written story with real heart interest, beautifully illustrated by Kurtz; "The Little Blind God Laughs" by E. Jouett Simpson; and "A Story in a Story" by Eliza W. Durbin; a prose poem by Reina Melcher Marquis which she calls the "Little Prince of Silence", which is an exquisite piece of imagery as well as a story of genuine and touching appeal. There will also be an inimitable story by Ed. Cahn whose humor has made all his contributions eagerly welcomed by thousands of readers: "A Romance of Initials", by Georgia Bertha Drennan; "Sis Sow at Miss Race Hoss' Party", by Sarah Johnson Cochie; "Talks to the Business Girl", by Winifred Gray; "The Call of the Deep", a remarkable poem by Mrs. Jennie R. Hassler.

**A NEW JUVENILE FEATURE**

One of the most interesting announcements in connection with the October number is the appearance of a new juvenile feature in the first of a series of delightful stories of adventure for young people by Dr. Wm. King, well known throughout the South by his book "A Sure Possession", and who for years has written for various Southern publications. The present stories are typically Southern, picturing life on an old plantation on the coast, and although the original scenes are laid some sixty years ago they might well apply to the present-day youth, while at the same time they will be potent reminders of the past to many living in the present generation. The stories are full of incident, action and humor and will be welcomed as true interpretations of old Southern plantation life as well as most interesting fiction.

**A HOUSEHOLD PRIZE CONTEST**

We must ask our readers to anticipate a unique prize contest for housekeepers to be announced in October, which will be of vital interest to every woman in Dixie.

In addition to special features which it is impossible to enumerate now, the regular departments of the magazine will be replete with pertinent and interesting matter, and we feel certain that readers will agree that our October number is a fitting representative of the high class Southern publication which we intend UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE to be.

**"Boys Will  
Be Boys"**

There's a strong bond of fellowship between every father and son at the breakfast table when it's Kellogg's that's served.

It's the favorite food of both. The son likes it because it tastes the best of 'em all. Father likes it for the same reason and because he knows Kellogg's is always fresh.

Kellogg's way of making and marketing the food insures freshness. Every package goes right from the ovens to the waiting cars. Other cereals are often six months old on the grocer's shelves. Not so with Kellogg's. It's the tasty flavor and the dependable freshness that makes everyone so fond of it.



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## This Completely Equipped, Powerful 30-Horsepower, 5-Passenger Touring Car

*Here Are a Few of the Big Features:*

Self Starter  
30 Horsepower  
5 Passenger Touring Car  
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Timken Bearings  
Center Control  
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\$50 Warner Speedometer

\$50 Mohair Top and Boot  
\$25 Clear Vision Wind-  
Shield  
\$25 Prestolite Tank

**T**HERE never has been such an astonishing automobile value offered to the American farmer. Study the specifications—the detailed values. See the unusually complete equipment—everything possible and practical for an automobile. Remember the thorough and fine Overland construction and you'll get a good idea of this exceptional worth. \$985 for this complete, big, powerful car. No extras; nothing additional to buy but gasoline. Ready for service the minute you get it. This car, at this price, smashes all previous records. It even totally eclipses our 1912 values, which a year ago baffled the world. 40,000 Overlands will be made in 1913. This enormous jump in production makes possible this new car

at this new price. As our production goes up, prices come down, as has been shown in each preceding year.

In this age of rapid progress it is sometimes difficult to grasp the full significance of an important, progressive manufacturing step, such as this car exemplifies. But when you sum up the extraordinary cold dollar for dollar value which this car offers, as compared to any and all competing motor car values, the giant economical manufacturing strength of the huge Overland plants is realized and recognized. It only proves the ability of this most powerful and efficient automobile factory.

Here we can but call your attention to the bare facts. This is the car—a big, powerful, beautiful, spacious, comforta-

ble, self-starting, thirty horsepower, five passenger touring car—fully equipped—all ready for night or day, rain or shine, service. Made of the best materials on the market, by the most skilled men known to the trade, and in the most efficient automobile shops in America. And the price is but \$985.

We can make the positive statement, without any kind of a condition, that this is the automobile industry's record value.

This car can now be seen in any city in America. Over 2000 Overland dealers are waiting to give you your demonstration. Look up the one in your vicinity.

Write us at once for full information and a 1913 catalogue. Address Dept. S19.

## The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

### Detailed Specifications—Model 69T

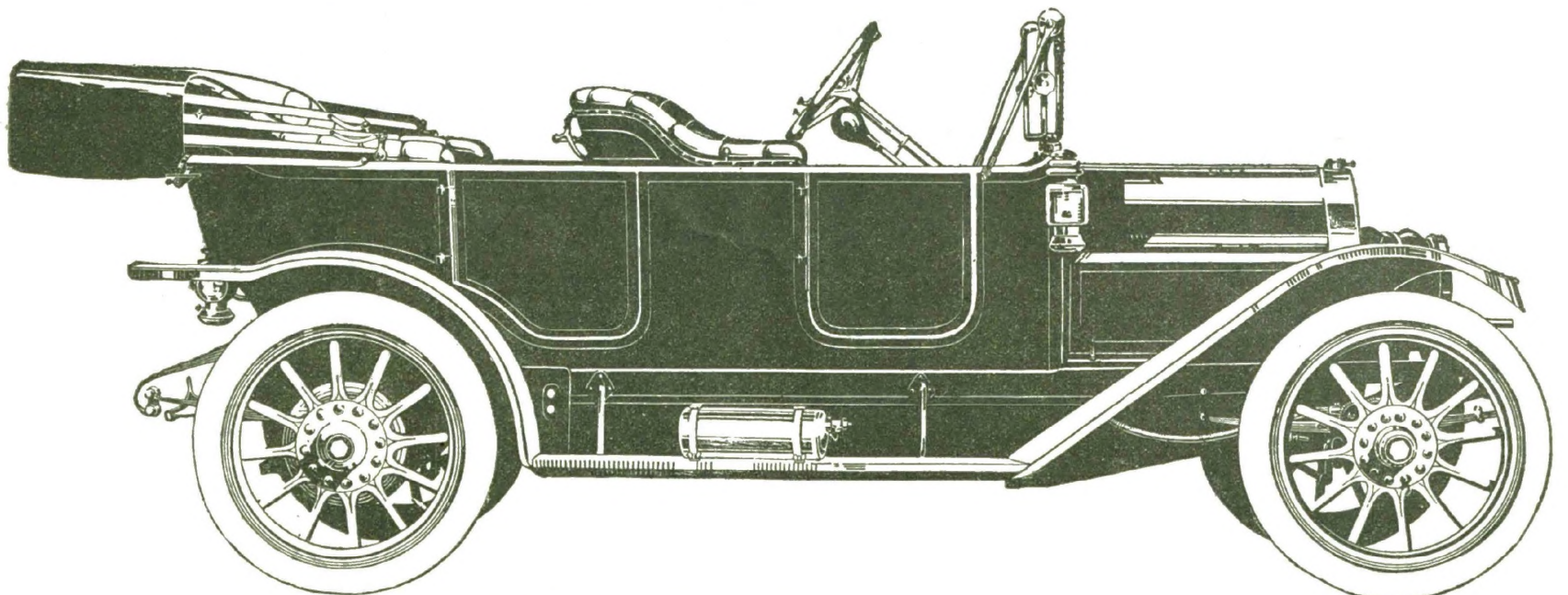
**MOTOR**—Four-cylinder, cast separately. Bore, 4 in. Stroke, 4½ in. Horsepower, 30.  
**IGNITION**—Remy Model R. D. Battery and Magneto—two sources of current.  
**COOLING**—Water cooled. Thermo-Syphon Cellular Radiator.

**OILING**—Splash system for crank and cam shaft bearings. Cylinder and timing gears oiled with Kinwood force feed oiler.  
**CAM SHAFT**—Carbon steel drop forged, three bearings.  
**CRANK SHAFT**—Carbon steel drop forged, five bearings.

**CONNECTING ROD**—Carbon steel drop forged.  
**MAGNETO SHAFT**—Drop forging.  
**PUSH ROD**—Crescent drill rod steel.  
**CARBURETOR**—Model L Schebler.  
**CENTER CONTROL**.  
**FRAME**—Channel section—cold rolled steel.

**SPRINGS**—Front semi-elliptic.  
**TRANSMISSION**—Selective. Three speeds forward and reverse. Annular bearings.  
**FRONT AXLE**—Drop forged.  
**TIRES**—32 x 3½ Q. D.  
**FINISH**—All bright parts nickel plated, with black trim.

**BODY**—Overland blue; wheels, gray.  
**EQUIPMENT**—Mohair top and boot; Warner Speedometer; Wind shield; Prestolite tank; Self-starter; five black and nickel lamps; tire irons; robe rail; foot rest; tool kit and jack.







# UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE



Trade-Mark, Home Magazine, Registered in United States Patent Office

## Editorial Comment

### "Get Rich Quick"

**W**E SOMETIMES hear adverse criticism on the efforts of the Government to exercise supervision over individual projects dear to the hearts of some special group of capitalists or promoters, and it is not unusual to hear these men inveigh against "paternalism" and "undue censorship." But when it is generally known that the supervision is an absolute necessity in order to protect the public from the invasion of the get-rich-quick shark, then, indeed, the owners of honest enterprises should be eager and anxious for Government oversight whenever and wherever possible. Through their use of the mails the get-rich-quickers and their methods can be traced, and themselves tracked to their lairs. It was recently announced by the Postmaster General that his investigation of these nefarious business concerns has resulted in the discovery that they had managed to obtain from the public, in one year, just about *one hundred million dollars!* Most of this enormous sum was obtained, too, from the farmer and his wife; the spinster eager to increase her slender income; and from the class of workers least able to stand the loss of even a few dollars. The offices of one of the attractive "financial" advertisers were watched and it was discovered that in one morning's mail \$20,000 was received in cash, checks and money orders!

The public cannot learn too soon or too well that there is danger in *every* get-something-for-nothing scheme, and it is to the credit of the administration that it is seeking to disseminate this knowledge broadcast and also to protect the people during the process of educating them.

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### A Young Russian Sets a Mark

**H**OW OFTEN do we hear the young people of our section complain about the difficulties of their studies, and how often do they fail to accept the full opportunity our school systems afford.

At the age of 14, Louis Raginsky, of Mogilev Province, Russia, was taken by his father to Principal Gleason of a school in Newark. That was two years ago. Raginsky spoke no English—in fact, he had never been to school in his own country. The principal put the little foreigner in the second half of the first-year class of children, fresh from the kindergarten. Remember—that was two years ago. This year Raginsky graduated from the grammar school, spoke English without an accent and had obtained an excellent record.

Without any previous schooling, without a knowledge of the English language, the foreign boy finished a course that requires eight years for a normal American. And Raginsky is no freak. He wanted to learn—there's the solution.

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### Women In the World's Work

**M**ORE AND MORE women are taking up their share of the world's work. They have proved invaluable assistants in office work, have won to head clerkships and frequently been intrusted with the management of large affairs.

One feature alone in modern business life demonstrates the progress and capacity of women beyond all argument. Have you stopped to think that ten years ago there were probably not half a dozen metropolitan banks with separate departments for women? And today—a bank is not a metropolitan bank unless it has just such a department, and in nine cases out of ten the person in charge is a woman.

This means, too, that the women are not only making money but are saving it. And with the accumulation of a bank account the woman becomes independent. This is not alone fine for the individual woman, but for the race. The reason is not far away. We hear so much of divorces and the evil of divorce, that we are often casting about for a remedy. One restraint is the business woman.

Why is that true? Because as the woman encounters men in the business world she begins to acquire a proper perspective of men. In addition, as she is capable of supporting herself she is not

nearly so likely to plunge into matrimony without some thought of the chances of failure. Woman's business success will thus act as a healthy check on her heart impulses. And you will read less and less about incidents of the following nature related in a telegraphic item:

"I dare you to marry me tonight," said Jerry J. Warren, of Key West, Fla., to Miss Clarissa Prescott, of New York, at a dinner party in the St. Denis Hotel last night.

"I'll take you up," replied Miss Prescott.

Justice Boyle performed the ceremony at midnight in his drug store.

Slap-dash marriages may turn out happily sometimes, but the odds are not in their favor, according to the available records.

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### A Sunday Evening Club

**T**HE PROBLEM of bringing the rank and file of the general unattached public into some form of harmonious worship by which the Sabbath may be distinguished from other days and by which the individual will be helped and strengthened for the work of the week, seems to be almost solved by the establishment in Chicago of a Sunday Evening Club. The meetings are held in Chicago's Orchestra Hall and the seating capacity of the enormous building is taxed to the utmost, although it easily holds 3,000 persons. Mr. Clifford Barnes, the "pastor" of this flock, formed the club with the view of enlisting the interest of traveling men, and that vast army of men and women whose homes are lodging houses and boarding houses. Invitations were extended to these people, first through the daily press and then by personal cards wherever possible, with the result that those who came once came again and brought others, until today this is absolutely the largest congregation in the country. No set form of worship is followed, no creed is advocated, and the meetings are addressed by rabbis, social workers, corporation officials and ministers of any denomination, who speak forcibly and entertainingly enough to hold the attention and continued interest of the audiences. There is simple singing, and a cordial sense of fellowship. From this club has sprung a Men's Bible Class of some 1,700 members, as well as a Men's League for dealing with civic problems.

The example of Mr. Barnes might well be followed by men in other cities and towns with results equally beneficial to the community.

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### Good Roads In the South

**W**HILE THE SOUTH is raising cotton and diversified crops she is also laying good roads.

Georgia, for instance, has for the past five years, led every state in the Union except New York in the number of miles constructed.

Out of the amount appropriated for good roads in 1911, Texas led the South with \$8,915,000, Virginia voted more than \$2,000,000, Tennessee authorized more than \$2,000,000, Maryland followed with \$1,500,000, North Carolina and Mississippi near \$1,000,000 each.

Good roads mean every kind of impetus—help to the farmer, aid to the school children, pleasure to the automobilist and prosperity to the section where they are laid.

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### The Protection of Youth

**P**ERHAPS in no other period of the world's history has there ever been evident a more concerted and universal effort to protect our youth than is being made today. Prominent among these efforts are the establishment of juvenile courts where children are specially arraigned and dealt with for public misdemeanors and criminal offenses; the growth of "criminal surgery" where defective children are examined by scientists for physical defects which are thought to lead to vicious acts; in fact, new methods of safe-guarding our youth from immoral influences and associations are almost daily in evidence. As the "child is father to the man" all this must lead to an improvement in the citizenship of our country.

In the small town the guarding of the young is a problem as grave as that which the city holds; graver, perhaps, for in the city there are many wholesome forms of amusement. Youth demands diversion, but this diversion will bear supervision. One of the most dangerous evils to the young in city or town is the clandestine meeting, often arranged through the medium of the local post office. This evil has been fully recognized in a Southern city of prominence, and in order to meet it the postmaster of that city has prohibited the use of the general delivery to minors of both sexes. As a matter of fact, there exists a national rule to this effect, but it has gradually fallen into disuse and has only recently been revived. Under this rule no minor can receive mail at the general delivery window of a United States post office without showing adequate written reasons why such mail cannot be delivered at the minor's home. Much evil will be prevented by the universal recognition of this rule and it should be rigidly enforced at every post office in the country.

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### Women Pioneers In Civic Reforms

**T**HE general Federation of Women's Clubs met this year at San Francisco, Cal., and representatives of clubs were present from almost every city in the country. Forty-five states were represented and it was a most interesting feature of the gathering that much time was devoted to a review of the practical work done by these organizations for the betterment of the various communities represented.

Mrs. Imogen B. Oakley, Chairman of the Civil Service Reform Committee, in her report told of work done in twenty cities varying in population from 3,000 to 5,000,000.

A very remarkable fact developed by this report was that in almost every instance where women have advocated some special civic reform, municipal governments have adopted it. The first woman's club to concern itself with reform measures was the Civic Club of Philadelphia, which organization started the first playground for children in that city; there being now eighty school playgrounds and ten large municipal playgrounds within the city limits. This club started the first school for backward and delinquent children, as well as the first school garden, both these enterprises now being conducted on a large scale by the city itself. This accepting of woman's standards by municipalities shows very plainly the broad influence of women in the conduct of public affairs.

The South was largely represented at the Federation meeting and its clubs made interesting and valuable reports of work done.

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### Railroad Wrecks

**T**HE PEOPLE of America take the safe completion of a railroad journey too much as a matter of course; it is deemed almost superfluous now to wish a departing friend "a safe trip", for the traveler smiles to himself and exclaims inwardly, "Of course it will be safe". But is it? During one week recently two disastrous railroad wrecks occurred within thirty-six hours. Over seventy-five lives were lost, and more than twice that number of persons injured. This fact alone—the disabling of wage-earners, seriously crippling the resources of many families, with, perhaps, life-long invalidism for some—is a menace to State and Nation.

Daily we hear of devices for insuring safety on railroads, and also daily we hear of frightful accidents. The railroads adopt most mechanical devices for safety which are deemed practical, but do not give the careful supervision that is bestowed upon railroad travel abroad. The Germans, who regard every man as a protective unit for the country, guard the lives of citizens who journey abroad, by taking every possible precaution; the track-walking inspection and signalling system making accidents in that country almost impossible. Trains make good time, too; quite as good as our own. Why can we not insist that our railroad systems inaugurate European methods in safeguarding our public?



# The Lady of Dreams

By ANNE McQUEEN

PICTURES BY WILBUR G. KURTZ

*An Idyllic Romance of a Beautiful Lady in a Castle by the Sea Whose Love of Humanity Brought Her the Richest Reward of Love*

THE LADY OF DREAMS looked out of her turret-window upon the sea, whose storm-frothed waves were surging in furious and futile protest, lashed by the pitiless gale. Low-drifting clouds raced by, whirling like columns of black smoke, and through the open casement the salt wind drove in spray-laden gusts.

Hurry and storm of battling elements without, and within the tower chamber where she dreamed, calm and comfort and the rosy glow of a sea-coal fire on the marble hearth; roses, glowing as the coals, crowding a parian vase, rosy draperies on the walls, and the rose-strewn carpet scattered with sheets of white paper, new-fallen from her desk. The Lady, slender and fair as a white lily, standing at her open window with the wild fingers of the winds ruffling her soft brown hair about her rose-flushed cheeks, gazed out upon the sea unheeding. The frolicsome gusts seized the white sheets of paper, whirling them in snowy drifts over the rosy carpet. Precious paper, on which she had newly written one of those wonderful dreams of hers, ethereal as mist, intangible as moonbeams, beautiful visions which the world waited for so eagerly, and paid for so lavishly and which Miss Stone, the Lady's secretary, would come in presently and gather up painstakingly, and typewrite correctly, and send out to the publishers who clamored for the right to print them. Miss Stone drove hard bargains with them, so that the Lady's bank account grew rapidly, and the publishers who did not know, wondered how the woman who wrote these exquisitely delicate, ethereally beautiful things could possess such a mercenary nature.

Herself, she did not care! When the dream was put on paper it was ended; the wind might blow some of the precious sheets into the flames and so spoil the thread of the story that Miss Stone would lament in despair, knowing that the hand that penned and the brain that conceived the vision were through with their work, and there would be no more re-touching.

The Lady of Dreams cared not. Already her eyes, misty as if with sleep, like a new-awakened child's, beheld another elusive vision, which would soon assume a tangible shape in her brain. The sea, and the clouds, and the salt wind, seemed to accord with her mood—she wished to be nearer them.

She closed the window, drew a hooded cloak over her white gown, and ran swiftly down the stairway—softly, too, lest old Brigitta, the faithful Italian nurse who had reared her should hear, and come fussing like a maternal old hen, to see that the one chicken of her heart were properly wrapped against the storm.

Undiscovered, she left the house and raced down the paths of the wind-beaten garden, descended the rocky slope to the beach, and, filled with the restless hurry of wind and waves and clouds, walking swiftly, on and on, in search of her dream.

Suddenly she was aware of something in her path—something clutching her gown with feeble insistence, and a little, wind-blown voice, its words lost in the clamor, arrested ear and steps alike.

A child was clinging to her knees, a little girl, not more than six or seven, and, when the Lady stooped to hear, the frightened voice implored: "Oh, come and help Polly—do come and help Polly with the baby!" And seizing her unresisting hand, the child led her along the beach and up the steep path to the cliff, where, nestled like a brown bird of the shoreland, was perched a fisherman's cottage. It was sturdy and comfortable, built of substantial

stone, and set in a door-yard of hardy, weather-beaten flowers, carefully nurtured in the rocky soil, which furnished but scant sustenance. The Lady of Dreams knew the cottage well, she had passed it so often in her walks along the beach—indeed she had woven about it one of her loveliest dreams, an idyl of the sea which the world had praised—and paid for—even more lavishly than usual.

It was not a peaceful idyl but a tragedy that the

him wrapped good in the blanket, and if he has a spasm while I'm gone, make Susy pour some boillin' water out of the kettle into that tub by the fireplace—it's already got cold water in it. Slip his wrapper off and hold him in the water till he limbers. And mind you don't have the water too hot, or it'll scald him—just till it turns your arms red is right."

She had pushed the bewildered Lady into her chair, and placed the baby in her arms while she delivered this lecture. Placing towels and blanket handily in reach, she threw a shawl over her own head and raced out into the storm like a small whirlwind.

The Lady of Dreams had never held a baby before. She knew nothing of children—indeed it came to her in a dazed sort of way, that she knew very little of the work-day world that waking people

lived in. Always had she existed in her own lovely Dreamland; even when a wee girl, standing at the window of the tower-chamber all alone, she had begun to weave her wonderful visions, whispering, with smiling lips, conversations with other dream-children; very quietly, that her invalid mother might not be awakened from a chance nap. Then everybody had whispered and moved softly in that House of Dreams, and the Lady, from force of habit, still did so, though now the sick mother had gone from her quiet house to her quiet grave, and there was no longer need for hushed voices and soft footsteps in the hall her child inhabited.

"Where is your mother?" she whispered to Susy, the six-year-old whom her sister had disparaged.

"She's dead," breathed the child, "we ain't got any mother but Polly."

The Lady of Dreams drew the baby closer. Nobody but Polly—and Polly away in the storm! The six-year-old Susy, the little boy with the undried tear-drops on his cheeks, and the sick baby all depending on Polly!

The Lady of Dreams blinked troubled eyelids—she was stirring in her slumbers, no such visions had ever entered her pleasant land before. She thought of the idyl she had made of this very cottage, when such piteous reality existed within its picturesque, sea-browned walls.

The little boy, seated on the hearth, began to sob, softly, patiently, his little chest heaving in the effort to suppress any cry that might arouse the baby. Susy wiped the tears away with her apron, and patted his shoulder with a comforting hand. "Polly'll come back, real soon," she whispered, "and cook you some supper! Billy's so hungry," she apologized for her small brother, "and Polly ain't had time to cook us any dinner. I am too little, and I ain't much account," pathetically echoing Polly's opinion.

The Lady of Dreams was seeing another vision: A dark room, rich in mahogany beams and furniture, rosy in the glow

of many candles and a sea-coal fire; a table laid for two, the old butler, moving softly in the deep pile of the velvet carpet, bearing covered silver dishes filled with the daintiest viands to tempt a capricious appetite. Silver service, roses, shaded candles and delicate food for her, and for these little ones a sighing fire of driftwood, an empty cupboard and Death fighting to enter!

The baby, breathing heavily, quivered and grew rigid in the expected convulsion. Susy, watching for symptoms, proved herself of some account by seizing the kettle and adding boiling water to the tub on the hearth: thrusting her own little arm in to prove the temperature. "It ain't too hot!" she exclaimed, "put him in quick—quick!" The Lady,



Suddenly She Was Aware of Something in Her Path—Something Clutching Her Gown

Lady looked upon when she entered the door. A tiny boy, the undried tears on his cheeks telling of his woe, gazed with frightened eyes upon another child—a girl of not more than twelve years, who sat in a rocking chair, crooning a lullaby to a baby in her arms—a sick baby, one might see at a glance, from the pallid anguish of the little face.

"I must go for the doctor," spoke the child-woman, calmly. "The baby's teething, and he's threatened with spasms, on account of his high fever. I sent Susy out to find somebody to stay with him while I go—Susy ain't a dependable child to run errands, she gets scared of people. You sit down in this chair, and I'll put him in your lap—he's so sick he won't know the difference. Hold



the Lady's arms, turned down a corner of the blanket, and—after a look into the sleeping face, turned to Polly, laden with dripping garments in the doorway.

"It's all right, little mother—don't worry any more, he'll do finely now."

The poor little mother, with a gasp of thankfulness, leaned over her baby, to be sure. "If he's all right, doctor," said she, "I'll go cook a bite for the children—the little things ain't had nothin' to eat, on account o' the baby." And, hurrying in the kitchen, followed by Susy, she was soon busy cooking supper.

The doctor, sitting beside the Lady, conversed cheerfully, as he piled driftwood on the fire till the blaze made the darkening room radiant with cheery light.

"Awful, out of doors," said he, stirring the sticks till they burst into a hundred little jets of flame, darting and leaping joyously, as if they rejoiced with the family. "Worst storm I've seen for years, and getting pitch dark. We'll probably have to spend the night with Polly."

"Oh," the Lady looked up, startled at his assertion. "But I must go—Brigitta, Miss Stone—they will be so frightened when I do not come—I must go!"

The doctor, too, looked up, he had merely glanced at the cloaked and hooded figure, taking her for some woman from the neighboring fishermen's families, who had come to Polly's aid. Now, he knew better! This could be none of the fisher-folk—this slender, star-eyed lady, with a face like a delicate

white flower, sheathed in its brown calyxhood, with soft hair-tendrils blown daintily about it. The doctor, looking on its delicate beauty, suddenly grew embarrassed and awkward, and glad, all at once—a queer mixture of feelings hard to analyze. He was a young doctor, not long from college, earnest and enthusiastic in his calling; clean of heart and happy of nature, with a smile in his eyes and a jest on his lips for his patients—that helped more than medicine, sometimes.

"Indeed, I am very sorry, but it will be quite impossible for you or anyone to venture out in the awful weather outside," he protested, courteously. "The storm is increasing every minute. I am sure your people will know you have found shelter—the storm came on suddenly, you know. Besides—" the smile flashed, radiant, persuasive, convincing more than uttered words. "You surely won't desert us now, Polly is worn out, poor little thing! And you hold the baby so beautifully."

She smiled, dreamily, looking at the placid, pale little face on her arm. "I never held a baby before," she said.

"You take to it naturally," declared the doctor. "Even Billy, poor little chap, has been soothed to sleep just by contact."

"He was hungry—Susy says he was hungry—I hate to think he had to go to sleep unsatisfied," mourned the Lady, caressing the little head against her knee.

"Polly'll wake him, when she gets his supper,"

comforted the doctor, "Isn't she a fine little woman?"

"Yes," the Lady agreed, with positiveness, "I know that, though I never saw these children before the little one stopped me, a little while ago, when I walked on the beach."

"You don't know Polly?" wondered the doctor, "the bravest, best little lass on all this coast. She has done more things worth while in her twelve years of life than most people who live a lifetime."

"Yes," assented the Lady of Dreams, speaking softly, "she has lived a real life. Tell me about her."

"Why, her father's a fisherman, and a good deal away from port. The mother died a year ago, when the baby was born, and Polly, with a little bit of help from the neighbor-women, and a little from me, the few months I've been here, has brought him up bravely—he's almost over his teething, now, you see, it goes hard with him. Polly has sewed, and nursed, and tended these children, that her father might still find a warm hearthstone and his family to cheer him, when he enters port. She's all right!"

"I want my dinner s-o-o bad!" murmured Billy, ruffling his sleepy head on the Lady's knee, and beginning to whimper. But Polly, the wonderful, appeared and bore him off to the kitchen, whispering that he *should* have his dinner, so he should; and be put to bed like a Christian, along with Susy.

Louder and louder grew the wind, shaking and beating and knocking at the stout walls of the cottage in rage that it was shut out from the glow of the driftwood fire, and the peace of the sleeping children within. The little mother of the family, secure in the knowledge that the doctor watched, slept with the rest, while the Lady of Dreams rocked the baby by the fireside, and the doctor talked to her. All dreams were gone from her awakened eyes, no longer seeing visions, but rejoicing, after the manner of youth, in the cheerful, keenly alive presence near her. When one is young, and has lived all one's life dreaming dreams, it is sometimes good to be awakened. The Lady of Dreams found it so. The voice of her companion sounded very real in her ears, and the stories he told—little humble tales of life in the fisher village—intimate, homely, unbeautiful as they were from an artistic viewpoint, yet more thrilling than any wovon romance.

Her laugh rippled softly, her eyes filled with quick tears of sympathy—the Lady of Dreams was awake.

"But you know all this, if you have lived here long," apologized the doctor. "You see, I'm just from hospital, and I came here to help the old doctor, who has given about all his life to these fisher-folk, and now is too bent and twisted by rheumatism to venture out in storms any more. To a man from the city it is all an idyl of the sea."

"That is it—an idyl of the sea," said the Lady, "now that you tell me, I know it! But, though we—Miss Stone, Brigitta and I live here all through the summers, I do not know the people—I know nothing that is real—or *living*!"

"But listen! The wind is dying, and I *must* go."

So the little mother, being gently awakened by the doctor, with a promise of his speedy return, and the Lady, too, telling her earnestly that she would be sure to come back—tomorrow, when the sun shone again, the two set forth, buffeting the rain and wind right merrily, with the consciousness of youth, and strength and companionship.

Soon the glimmer of light from the House of Dreams shone bright, and when the door was reached the doctor spoke: "I must go back to Polly, now that you are safe—but—" he took the little hands, fluttering like white doves, in his own strong, brown ones, holding them fast, and whispered—too low for even the prowling winds to hear, only loud enough to reach the core of her heart: "It is only a very few hours since I have known you—yet it seems eternal! If I let you go, shall I see you again—tomorrow, when the sun shines? Or is it only a beautiful dream?"

"It is not a dream," she whispered, "all my life I have dreamed, but this is real. Tomorrow, when the sun shines!"

Old Brigitta met her at the door with opened arms. "Child of my heart!" she wailed, "I have prayed to the saints to keep you from harm, and you come to me with joy in your eyes! Praised may they be!"

And the Lady of Dreams, kissing her old nurse, ran up to the tower-chamber, a laugh on her lips and in her heart a song, new, yet old as immortality. For to the Lady had come her Time of Awakening. Her eyes might still see visions, but tomorrow, when the sun shone, she was to know the fulfillment of all things, which is—Love.



"I Must Go Back to Polly, Now That You Are Safe"

catching her breath in terror, slipped off his little wrapper, and, kneeling on the hearth, plunged the baby in the hot water—practical Susy further demonstrating her usefulness by pushing up the sleeves from the arms holding the baby, that they might not get wet. "Keep his head up," she warned, "don't let him choke!"

The Lady grew white to the lips—the writhing, struggling terror clutching at the baby's limbs seemed to tear her own heart, and tears of awakened pity fell heavily from her eyes, dropping on the baby's unconscious face.

She held him till her own arms grew crimson with the heat, and at last the little limbs relaxed, and the baby's head fell, with a little sigh of relief, on the soft curve of her arm.

"It's over, I reckon," remarked Susy, the competent; "You dry him on this towel, and I'll be warmin' the blanket to wrap him up in."

Mechanically she obeyed the child's instructions, and at last the baby, clothed and wrapped snugly in the hot blanket, fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

The little boy crept closer, craving companionship, and nestled against the Lady's knee; where, forgetting his hunger, he soon dropped asleep. Susy, the malignant, heaped more driftwood on the fire, refilled the kettle, and drawing her own little stool closer, looked rapturously into the Lady's face and uttered aloud her heartfelt thought: "You are so pretty!" she breathed, in a burst of ardent admiration. The Lady—who thought little of her own appearance, being concerned chiefly about that of her dream-folk, blushed rosily, and was glad, slipping her free hand into that of her little admirer, and squeezing it warmly.

"I am so glad you think so, dear!" she whispered, and Susy completed her conquest by rubbing her face against the soft hand and adding: "And I love you! I love you 'most as well as Polly—and Billy—and the baby!"

And just then the door opened and Polly and the doctor scurried in, breathless from their battle with the storm outside: dripping wet, with the shrieking gale chasing them inside the very door, battling with futile wrath against the might of the doctor, who braced his shoulder against the door while Polly bolted it. Quickly he moved to the baby lying so peacefully in



Polly and the Doctor, Dripping Wet, Scurred In From the Storm



# The Peace That Passeth Understanding

By MATTIE MILLER VAUGHT

Pictures by  
ROBERT EDWARDS

AT LAST the hot, sultry day was almost over, and it seemed to be trying to blind one to its shortcomings, by departing in peaceful coolness. It did not choose to go in a mighty splendor, for in its sunset it had only those colors which would calm and soothe. The sun sank gently into billows of purple clouds, a little breeze sprang up, such a breeze that to feel its light touch was to wait expectantly for it to come again. Gradually the air freshened and everything settled down with a contented sigh to enjoy this one last hour.

That was a wise day. She departed not with mighty splendor, but with the knowledge that the smile of the people of the earth followed her and that her mission was fulfilled. What of the half-finished tragedies she left! Nay, call her not back for those, her work is done and it is for the new day to take up the load and bear it on to the setting of the next sun, as best she may.

Oblivious alike to the drowsy sunset, the freshening air and the little breeze, a man was waiting at a little Virginia station. The day had been bitter enough, but this delay was worse and the last few minutes of it lingered doggedly.

Suddenly he turned sharply and walked the length of the platform, turning his back upon the sunset and the breeze.

"Perhaps", he thought grimly, "I should be glad of this wait, it may help to steady my nerves."

Then he began slowly to go over each event of this day which was ending at last. There was the long and trying examination at the great oculist's, with rests which were only tortures, and then lunch with his own physician who had stood by him so bravely, after that came the exquisite pain of awaiting the great Dr. Fields' decision, and then the decision itself—blind in three months, with care it *might* be six.

He had longed for the numbness and daze which so great a crisis should bring in its wake; instead he was cruelly conscious of everything.

At that moment a merciful Providence came in the form of a dinky little train which consisted of one coach and a coughing engine, and prevented him

from going on mentally into a future which was to be such a struggle—a future in which there was no light.

He pulled his hat down low and swung himself on the train.

He was a good-looking fellow, with a manly face. He was one of the most promising new members of the bar in an old Southern town, where already a long line of John Wentworths had graced the profession, and he was to make the first break in the line, he thought helplessly. All during vacation he had fought it off, this sense of danger, and at last, in desperation, had gone to New York to make sure—well it was settled at last—but in the town toward which the little train was jerkily betaking itself, there was a girl with soft, dark eyes, who wore on the third finger of her left hand a ring which flashed and sparkled, and who suspected nothing. It was the task of telling her which lay before John Wentworth.

The train pulled in and he got off. He walked straight to where he knew a phaeton and horse were hitched waiting for him and got in. It was well that the horse knew the way, for Wentworth was not attempting to guide him, he was thinking of what was to come before this day would be over for him, for he knew he must tell the girl and he dared not wait.

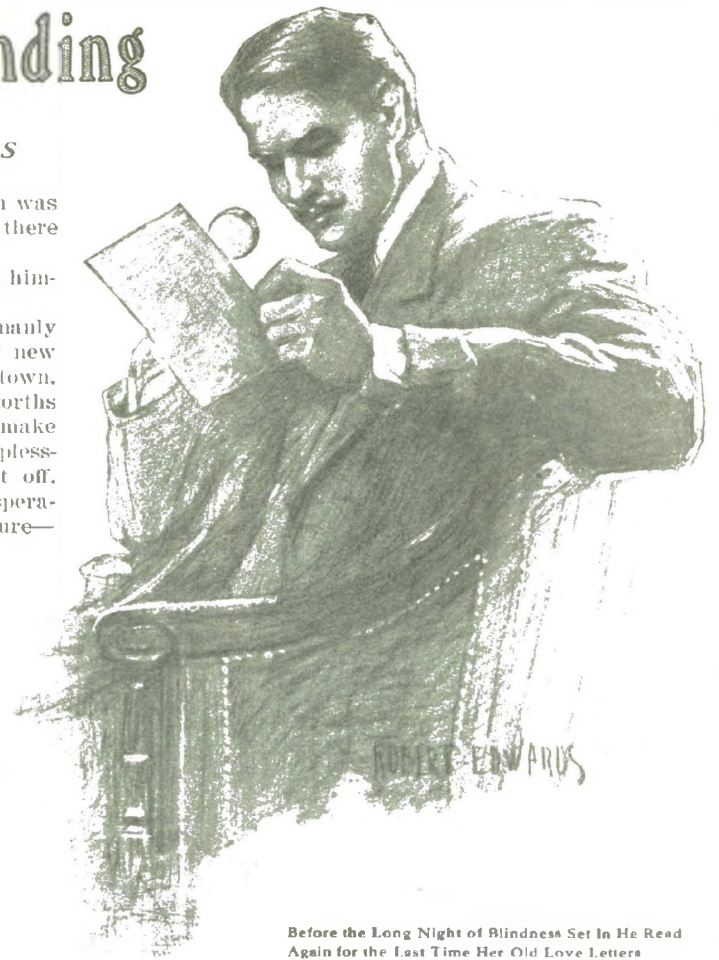
An hour later he walked slowly up the avenue toward an old, old house whose white pillars stood out in the darkness and whose soft lights shone duskily out over a rose garden, where the fairest flowers had faded and left only withered petals. He wondered if old Jerry noted any difference in him when he opened the door and informed him that "Miss Lizbeth in de livery, sub." He walked softly across the hall and stopped at the door. He felt again the exquisite pain of the defeated, for there at the garden window with the very last rose of summer at her throat was the girl with the soft, dark eyes. The rose was deepest crimson, and on the third finger of the slim hand which lay in her lap was a ring which flashed and sparkled.

And then he went to her, for he could bear it no longer. She lifted her face with a glad smile of greeting, and he thought he would give up all else if only he could always see that smile.

An hour went by, and another, and as yet he had not mentioned the thing which was nearest his heart.

"Please sing for me, Elizabeth," he said at last, and his voice was so filled with love and tenderness, mixed with pain, that a little puzzled shadow crossed her face for a moment as she went to the piano. A moment she sat there, her hands lying idly in her lap, then she began singing Tosini's "Good-bye to Summer" in a rich contralto, while he drank in the haunting melody and wished fiercely that the song might never end. He wondered suddenly if some hidden consciousness had made her choose that song. Did she know that perhaps it would really be, *good-bye?*

The song came to an end at last and he knew that he must delay no longer. He told her quite simply of the day's events, though sometimes his voice wavered ever so little, and then he finished with, "I couldn't ask you to wear the ring any longer, dear heart, unless you knew what would come, and because I love you I would not ask you to make your whole life a sacrifice for me." He had finished, but in his eyes there glowed a great love which



Before the Long Night of Blindness Set In He Read Again for the Last Time Her Old Love Letters

plead mightily. At first the girl listened with a slight frown, then slowly the great dark eyes widened and a look of fear crept into them, her whole body quivered and she shrank slowly back from him and sank into a chair. Then suddenly his head dropped in his hands. He could not fail to see her answer. With a swift movement the girl got to her feet, tearing the ring from her finger she dropped it on the table and fled. The sacrifice was too great, she *could not, would not* make it.

Wentworth never knew how long he sat there, time did not matter, he was struggling to make himself accept the inevitable, not to accept it merely, but to accept it with courage. He knew now that he had asked too much of life, when he had asked for love, for her measure is often most slack to those who plead hardest. Slowly he went home, a mature *man* now, made so by a great sorrow. All the joy had gone out of his life—the roses were only ashes. He gave himself the privilege of reading her love letters once more before the long night of blindness should finally close upon him.

IN THE same old library, by the same window, which still looks out upon a garden where roses riot, a woman sat in the fast gathering dusk. The glorious brown eyes still shone out from the face, though the light of happiness had gone from them. The hair was white now and the beautiful face was lined with wrinkles which spelled "unrest". And as she sat she dreamed again of that night so long ago, the night she had cast aside love, because she would not bear its burden, and because she would not, Life had given her a heavier one, the burden of years without love. The years had been weary ones, and many times she had fallen and prayed with parched lips to die. But is it for us, who cannot plan one single human life, to say it should not have been so? She could see her lover again, just as he was that night, with all the pain and longing in his face, again she felt his love flooding through her soul, she sang to him, saw the ring on her finger, and was conscious of the fragrance of a single red rose. She quivered with memories which gave her exquisite torture, but she would not have given them up for a king's ransom. She never cried, the tears would not come, that was a part of her burden.

There was a light step at the door, and a young girl came softly across the room. She was a radiant, glowing picture of youth, love and happiness. Her eyes were tender with love and she smiled into the future with the boundless trust of one who knows that life is well worth the living if one is but loved. She made the old woman realize afresh what she had missed.

The girl laid a single perfect red rose in her lap. "The very last one of the summer, Aunt Elizabeth, and isn't it a beauty? I think the garden must have saved it till the very last and put into it every ounce of the sweetness of this whole glorious summer." She smiled dreamily. For her the summer had been one long, long joy. In it she had found love, than which there is nothing better. Always at twilight the girl sang for the old lady, and presently she went

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Fear Crept Into Her Eyes and She Sank Into a Chair



# Benny the Indomitable

By JACK JONES

Illustrations by  
WILLIAM B. BRIDGE

IT HAPPENED last summer. Benny didn't mean bad, but to him beauty was positively irresistible.

She wore a gray traveling suit when first he saw her. Then, there were those dapper-gray little pumps, with a hat to match the whole business.

Everything was in perfect harmony and at last, when he managed to get a full glimpse at her face with its blushing cheeks, tantalizingly poised chin and mischievous blue eyes—well, Benny never had seen any girl quite so charming, and, somehow or another, the whole world brightened up and the waves commenced singing lovely little songs. He never could explain to

her satisfaction why he stared so, or why he didn't have courtesy enough to wait for and endeavor to bring about a proper introduction, instead of abruptly seeking the same table at which she was writing.

"Here's a blotter."

No reply.

"And a better pen."

Silence—ominous silence.

"When d'you get here?"

An indignant toss of her head.

"Get your voice checked wrong?"

Naughty Benny! Quickly addressing an envelope she arose and left the room.

"Now, how's that for brutality!" he exclaimed, and hurried out in pursuit. She was nowhere in sight. Everything looked dull and dreary and the waves no longer sang their delightful little ballads. Instead, he could hear nothing but sighs and whispers of sadness.

Fifteen minutes passed and left him as lonely as ever. Possibly she had gone up to her room? "No," the clerk answered, nonchalantly.

Why didn't congress pass an act against having pianos in summer hotels? They were a nuisance, and whoever was playing then ought to be prosecuted.

Wasn't that music divine? Could there be anything on earth like classical music at a summer resort for soothing one's feelings? How did she get back into the writing-room?

"Can you play—"

"Bang!" went the lid of the piano.

"Now, girl, that isn't any way to act. I'm not a 'masher', and don't want to act rudely, but I would like to be a friend."

"Be a gentleman, then," suggestively.

"Humph! Have you been over to Frederica yet?"

"No—why?"

"I just wanted to know."

"You had a reason?"

"No."

"I know you did; you wanted to ask me to go over with you," and she looked victorious.

"Mighty sorry, but I can't."

"Can't what?" she queried.

"Can't take you over this afternoon. Car's out of fix." He laughed gaily.

"Well, of all the presumptuous idiots!—you'd better leave me now. I can't talk here, because I don't know who you are."

"I'm Benny—"

"I don't care!"

"Neither do I. We'll go over to Frederica tomorrow afternoon."

"You're crazy," she informed him.

"Know it. Ought to; every girl from here to San Francisco has told me so in as decided terms as the English language affords." He sighed.

"You'll just simply have to go, now," she declared. "I'm not going to sit here and talk with you another minute."

"Oh, try it standing—or play something more."

"How did any such a concentrated idiot ever reach an island so far away from an insane asylum?" she ejaculated in a wondering tone. "Man, don't you know that I'm not going to sit here and talk with you, or play in your presence?—shoo!"

"Not going to move a step until you play something."

"Heaven knows I'd do anything to get rid of you, so here goes," and she began playing a selection from "Il Trovatore."

"No, not that; play 'Just a-Wearyin' for You.'"

With a shrug of her dainty shoulders she did as requested.

"I wish I could sing, little girl," he whispered tremulously.

"Why do you call me 'little girl'?" she asked in a reproachful tone.

"Because I know no better."

"My name is Grace Moore—but this is absurd!" and resuming her air of haughty indignation she sprang away from the piano and almost flew from the room.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild," quoted Benny. "My, but she has pretty blue eyes, and those bangs fall just far enough over her forehead to give her the expression of a six-year-old girl. She's going with me to Frederica tomorrow afternoon or I'll sink this island!"



Benny's Head Swam Hazily. He Nervously Fingered a Sheet of Music

All that afternoon Benny lounged around the hotel, even neglecting to take his regular dip in the surf. Next morning he was up bright and early, with dream-perfected schemes for making a favorable impression upon his latest flash. He sought auburn-haired Ruth, who the day before had smiled so alluringly, and they were gaily singing when Grace came down. The latter's face assumed a shade of surprise when he failed to look her way and then her glance fell upon the girl who was playing. Ruth turned her head about the same time and came to an abrupt stop, giving a little squeal of delight.

"Grace Moore—of all the girls!"

"And Ruth Haddock—oo-o-oh!"

Something hazy seemed to gather in Benny's head and he nervously fingered a sheet of music. What was he to do now? He didn't feel quite at home in the presence of so much feminine affection, yet had no avenue of escape.

"This is my friend, Mr. Nisbet, Miss Moore." It was Ruth who made the introduction.

Whether he spoke a sensible word within ten minutes Benny doesn't know, but when he recovered from the intense surprise occasioned by the sudden turn of affairs, he and Grace were the sole occupants of the room. She was gazing absent-mindedly through a window. He began a confused apology for having been so rude the day before, but cut it short when he noticed her inattention.

"Prettier than ever," he thought, then said, with instantly regained confidence: "Say, little girl, the car will be ready at three o'clock."

"I hope you'll have a nice time," indifferently.

"Oh, but you're going, too," he asserted.

"I certainly appreciate your permission, but I have an engagement which makes it impossible—understand?"

"Perfectly; here's a chair," and he bowed mockingly.

"I don't care to sit down."

"You can't well write standing up."

At this she raised her hands in utter horror. "Poor man! getting crazier every moment. What do I want to write, pray tell me?"

"A note breaking your engagement for this afternoon," he answered with a smile.

"I'm scared! You don't get rough when you have these spells, do you? When did you escape? Is your case incurable?—but there! I can't expect a crazy man to explain his ailments." She bestowed upon him a sympathetic glance.

"I'm neither crazy nor sensible. It's the unhappy medium of love. When I say Frederica this afternoon, I mean Frederica this afternoon!" and he endeavored to look ferocious.

"Is it possible that the lunatic means this?" she queried under her breath, with a gesture of despair. Turning to him she added, with a twinkle in her eyes, "Anything to rid myself permanently of a crazy boy. Leave me, now, and I will be here at three o'clock, ready to place my life in your hands. I hope your keeper finds you before that time, though."

"All right; good morning, little girl."

"Petrified morning glories!" she exclaimed.

At three o'clock he made his way into the writing room. The girl was not at any of the tables, neither did anyone enter within the next fifteen agonizing minutes. Had she decided not to come? Was her promise in the morning just a ruse to make her escape from his presence?

"Pickled hen's teeth!" The words flew from his mouth involuntarily. She was seated at the piano, in a shady corner of the room, and a fit of laughter shook her plump little figure.

"Y-you might use more choice language in the presence of a lady," she said real sternly.

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"Watch Out! I'm Going To Cut Another!"



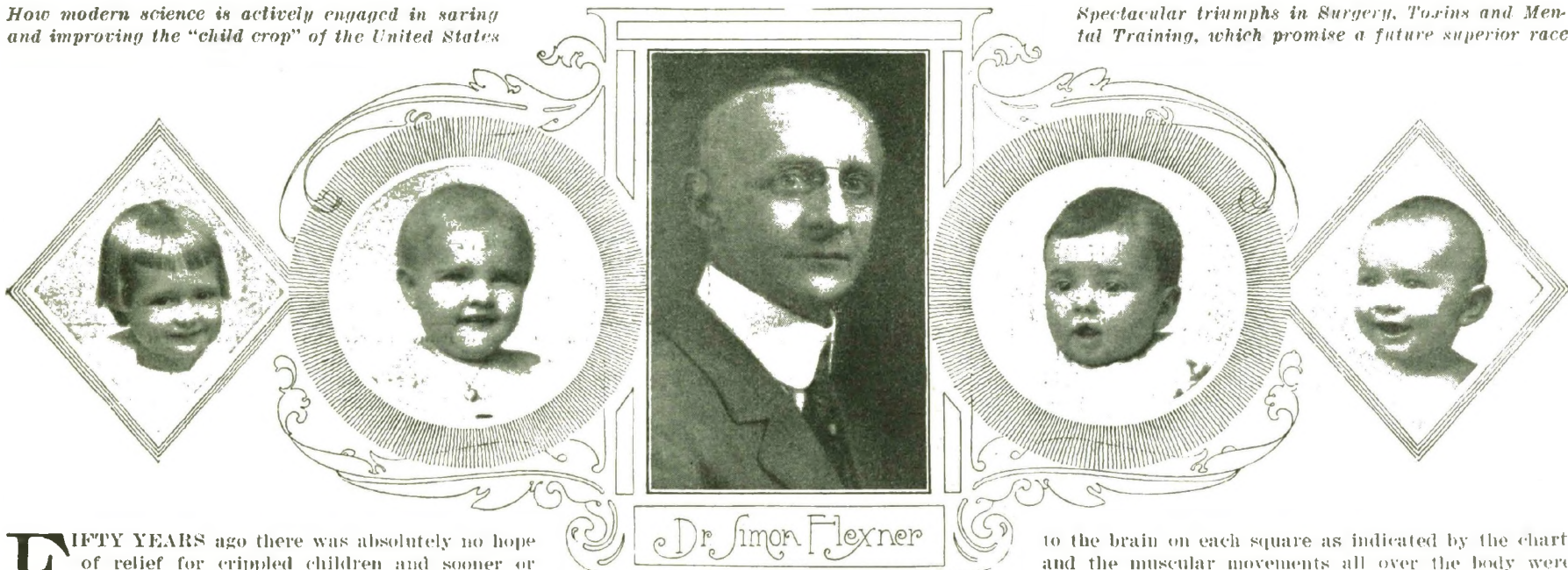
# CONSERVING THE CHILD CROP

By MARY HAMILTON TALBOTT

PHOTOS BY WESLEY HIRSHBURG, ATLANTA

*How modern science is actively engaged in saving and improving the "child crop" of the United States*

*Spectacular triumphs in Surgery, Torics and Mental Training, which promise a future superior race*



Dr. Simon Flexner

**F**FIFTY YEARS ago there was absolutely no hope of relief for crippled children and sooner or later many of them became inmates of institutions—a burden to the state—but science has done so much in recent years that today the crippled child has every chance for complete cure, and the disfigured one, no matter what the nature of the affliction, can be made over; while modern surgery extends hope of life and health in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred to the wounded child, where formerly no hope of recovery existed.

What has made such a change in the fate of these handicapped little ones? It has not all come suddenly, for great discoveries do not spring into existence complete and perfect, as Minerva fully armed from the head of Jove, but are natural growths, one thing leading to another, until some master mind sees the meaning of all the collected facts, and, grasping the truth they embody, applies them with daring and skill and behold a fact is established which means life to millions. Modern surgery has been one of the most important scientific factors in conserving the child crop, and its triumphs have been most brilliant. But it must be remembered that surgery owes its very existence to other branches of medical and physical science—to mechanics, physics, chemistry, bacteriology, and pharmacology. The hand of the most skilled surgeon was stayed until the anesthetic—chloroform and ether—for making the patient insensible to pain during an operation, was discovered by Doctors Simpson, of Edinburg, and Morton, of Hartford. This was a tremendous step in the progress of surgery, for it made possible the performance of operations and investigations which it would be impossible to carry out on a conscious person, not only because the pain would be too great to be borne, but because the bodily movements, inevitable under such circumstances, would interfere with the delicate manipulation required on the part of the surgeon. But even this great discovery would have been of no avail had not Joseph Lister—the father of antiseptic and aseptic surgery, the man of all ages to whom surgery owes the greatest debt—taken down the barriers of every part of the body, making even the brain and heart, which the old-time practitioner shrank from even approaching, legitimate fields of operation for the surgeon, by doing away with the infection of wounds in the exclusion of microbes. Lister, in turn, was indebted to Pasteur for the discoveries he made concerning germs, for he but applied the theories of Pasteur to surgery. Again, the surgeon of today if in doubt as to where the knife should penetrate, has the X-ray—a discovery from the laboratory of Roentgen—to call upon to lay bare on a photographic plate the broken or diseased part of the body, and electricity to renew the spark of life in weakened nerves, muscles and tendons after the use of the knife, which might otherwise remain useless and so destroy the effect of the operation. With all these aids the child of today is literally re-made by the surgeon.

Thirty years ago a child with a pressure on the brain caused by a fall or other injury was simply forced to grow up "without sense", often becoming an addition to the criminal class. Today, the delicate operation of trephining is very frequent. A disk of the skull is removed by the surgeon's saw and the dura mater of the brain exposed. The piece of bone or alteration of tissue, or whatever is causing the pressure, is removed and the disk replaced. The child's nervous system becomes normal with the absence of the pressure and he is no longer one apart from his fellows. As, for instance, the case of a boy in Indianapolis who was brutal and beyond the control of his parents and finally had to be put in a reform school. The physician there suspected a brain pressure, after being told of an injury the boy once had, and he, therefore, trephined the skull, with the result that after removing the lesion of the brain the child became normal and well-behaved. The same operation is sometimes performed to remove tumors of the brain, and abscesses, too, are often cured by trephining. Within very recent years science has given to the brain surgeon a great aid in determining the direction of the knife by making maps or charts of the brain. Scientists took a monkey, gave it an anesthetic, and then removed the cap of the skull, exposing the living brain. A chart was made of it and divided into squares one-twelfth of an inch wide, after which electricity was applied

to the brain on each square as indicated by the chart, and the muscular movements all over the body were noted and tabulated. These maps were later perfected by observations made from human brains undergoing operations, and are now as necessary to the surgeon in determining where to saw open the skull as are maps of the countries to travelers. Thus a clot of blood may form at some point within the skull, causing a pressure upon the brain without any external mark to indicate its location. In such cases the indication of derangement in the action of the nerves controlled by a particular brain center guide the surgeon, in the light of his knowledge of cerebral localization, to the point where it is necessary to open the skull to remove the clot.

A child suffering with infantile palsy was a few years ago a helpless wreck, today science has taught us that nerves can be cut, spliced, and sown and the little one restored to health and activity. Recently one of these little sufferers went into a hospital in Philadelphia with a dragging foot. On the operating table it was discovered that a portion of the nerve which controls the foot was dead close to the main branch. The dead nerve was cut off and a path opened up to the corresponding nerve on the opposite side of the leg, and the dead branch spliced to the living nerve, after which the leg was put in a plaster cast. When it was removed and the muscles given the proper exercises, the child was able to run and play, with no sign of the former disability. Often in cases where nerves are torn or cut in accidents the surgeon sews them together, stretching the two ends when necessary to make them meet. The injured portion of the nerve is gradually replaced by new tissues growing very slowly—at the rate of about one millimeter a day—which gradually restores its functions. In fact, operations are made on nerves even up to the spinal cord to the very base of the brain.

The aphorism of Hippocrates, "wounded heart, certain death", seemed still unquestioned fifty years ago. The heart, the center of life, dwelt as an inviolate sanctuary, but today there are nearly one hundred cases on record in which wounds of the heart itself have been operated on successfully. One of the leading surgeons of the United States makes the prediction that within a few years valvular disease of the heart, now unvaryingly fatal, very possibly will come within the domain of surgical treatment. It has been demonstrated that after the action of the heart has been entirely suspended for several minutes its pulsations can be renewed. Doctor Keen, a noted surgeon of Philadelphia, is on record as sustaining life in children under severe operations by actually taking the heart in his hands and gently squeezing and relaxing it. The case recently of a Russian girl who had been stabbed with a knife instances the daring and skill of the modern heart surgeon. Though apparently beyond all help the physician, detecting faint signs of pulsation of the heart, quickly bared it and sewing up the gaping wound, used artificial respiration, and in a few weeks the girl was entirely well.

A spectacular triumph of modern surgery was a few years ago performed by Dr. Alexis Carrel, of the Rockefeller Institute, New York, on the circulatory organs. A baby whose time on earth was being measured by minutes from hemorrhage was transformed into a ruddy and lively youngster in a very short space of time. An artery in the baby's leg was opened and sewed to an opened artery in the father's forearm. With every pulsation of the father's heart a fresh supply of blood was pumped into the veins and arteries of the little one. Soon the child's pallid skin began to be suffused with a glow of pink. The bleeding

stopped and every moment new instances of revivifying influences at work appeared. Shortly the artificial union between father and child was discontinued and the baby began to cry lustily for food.

The organs of the abdominal cavity are now almost the surgeon's playground, but they have been the scenes of some of the most desperate battles. Thousands of children are today living who a few years ago would have died with inflammation of the bowels, as appendicitis was thought to be. Down to the introduction of antiseptic methods surgeons invaded the abdominal territory only in cases so desperate that death was only less certain if the operation was performed than if it were left undone. The reason for this was the practical certainty of blood-



A Perfect Specimen of a Bottle-Fed Child

(Continued on Page 27)



# Sol Interfers With Cupid

**S**OL BERGER looked at his watch, and, deciding that it was near enough to closing time to warrant it, dismissed his stenographer for the day.

"You better go it quick home, Miss Keonig," he said, kindly, "all day you been worrying me, so tired and pale you look it. If we didn't be so busy, I would already sent you home long ago. I guess maybe you got it such a headache—yes? I don't wonder at it, believe me. The vaist business many times gived it me a headache too."

Miss Keonig smiled wanly and tried to thank him. "I'm awful sorry you noticed it," she stammered, "it's nothing, but I think I will go home anyway."

Just then the door burst open and Mrs. Berger came into the office. Her usually tranquil face was flushed with excitement and she was quite breathless. Sol stared at her in undisguised amazement.

"Esther! What's the trouble? Are you sick? Did you lost it your diamond brooch? Never in all my lifetime did you rush into *mein* office during business hours, like that!"

"Sol!" she cried as soon as Miss Keonig had gone, "Aunt Rachel has a beau! A young fellow! I don't believe he is twenty-five, if he is that. She is in love with him. *Oi Oy!* Sol, what shall we do about it?"

Sol stared at her as if she had taken leave of her senses while she fanned herself with her handkerchief, meanwhile talking as fast as she could make her tongue go.

"I came to tell you as quick as I could. I ran every step of the way from the car. Didn't I always say that old woman would do something foolish yet? No fool

By ED CAHN

It aint none of our business, Esther, and all we got to do is to let her alone. Don't you worry. She wouldn't may-be left us anythings, anyhow."

"*Sham!* I don't care if she don't, I'm satisfied as I am, but I hate to think of how everybody will laugh at us. It will be in all the papers. The yellower the paper the redder will be the head-lines and the more about it. They always make everything ten times worse than what it is—and look how bad this is to begin with! Already I can see it in the morning paper—*Boy of Twenty-three Weds Woman of Seventy-three, Worth Seventy-five Thousand Dollars!!!*" Yes, and that hateful Sadie Englebrecht and everybody will be tickled to death to think that we won't get nothing when she dies."

"Don't say nothing more! I heard it already four times too much. Bridges you are crossing again long before they are built, or even the contracts let for them yet. Anyhow, if she is in love with him, she is in love with him, and that's allus, and if she gets married, she gets married, and I can't help it—can I? You better go it home and see about dinner, Esther, and let other people's *thorheit* alone."

"In one minute, Sol. Just as we were coming out of the lobby, Sam Posner comes along and sees this fellow, and calls out to him that he wants to see him. He calls back that he will be at his office tomorrow, and he should see him there. I don't think that Sam noticed in the crowd who the boy was with. I know he did see me. Now, Sol, I want you to find out from Sam who he is."

"So Posner knows him, hey? If there is any kind of trouble, that there feller is sure to be in it. Maybe, it is a good thing this time, Essie. If that ghoul is in this business maybe we can yet do somethings. Sam is coming in again at six o'clock and I'll ask him."

"*Dank mein lieb*, for that I will make a fine dinner for you." Depositing a hasty kiss on the end of Sol's nose, Esther departed with a lighter heart.

That evening, in spite of all he had heard, Sol was disposed to take Aunt Rachel's love affair philosophically, but Esther was bitterness itself. Sol's news confirmed her worst suspicions, and the tears stood in her eyes as she listened.

"Sam Posner, he tells me this here feller's name is Sapstein and he works by Jaffee & Janowitz, as a clerk. He gets it maybe eighteen dollars a week, but Sam says he aint worth a cent more and comes it of a Kike family what aint no good, neither."

"He is a regular loafer what smokes it them there patent-leather cigarettes, drinks it these here foolish drinks what's ninety-nine percent poison and the rest bum boozers, and except when he's out somewhere with Aunt Rachel, goes it with womens what a decent cut-throat aint anxious to be seen with."

"Sam, he never knew that the old lady what he was talking about was any relation to me, and so he goes along and tells me everything what he heard it. And he says, for being such a fool she oughta get married to that feller, and that's what I think, too, Esther."

"He says Sapstein has told all the boys in the district about the rich old lady he has got it on the string and he is showing a diamond fob what Sam swears never cost it a cent less as \$500.00, what he says she give him."

"The boys have got it bets up, ten to one, that Sapstein gets her, or that he don't, and he has promised them all a dinner onct he is married. I wonder what Uncle Isaac would say it to that, when he never would lumber up for so much as a glass *Vodka*, let alone champagne wine!"

"Aint that awful! Oh the poor, foolish old *dopus*. What shall I do? Such disgrace to my mother's sister!" And to Sol's surprise, Esther put her head down on the table and sobbed.

"*Ach!* Esther, the idee wasting it besides worries, tears. Let her go ahead and make it a foolishness, it aint our fault. You know it every woman has got it onct to have a love affair and Uncle Isaac wasn't so awful nice, and he coulda been gooder to her. Maybe Saphead, I mean Sapstein, aint such a bad feller as what Sam says."

"Don't cry, Esther, I heard already of lots of young husbands what turned out good."

"*Jah*, but not to old wives," sobbed Esther, fiercely. "I know Uncle Isaac was about as loving as a boiled potato and about as easy to love as a porkypine, but Aunt Rachel aint got no business to pick out a b—boy!"

"Why didn't she tell us she wanted to get married? We woulda got her a decent man, if we'd had to go to every *schatchen* in town. We got to stop this nonsense right away, Sol."

"Not much! We don't butt in on this game. Inter-

(Concluded on Page 13)



"Sol," She Cried, "Aunt Rachel Has a Beau!"

like an old fool, and she is certainly old—seventy-three if she is a minute.

"You know I went to the matinee this afternoon and I got there just as the curtain was going up, so the house was dark and she didn't see me, but if it had been lit up like everything she wouldn't a seen me anyhow, she was that full of this here beau of hers."

"Two girls sat next to me and I soon noticed them giggling, and no wonder! Just beyond them sat Aunt Rachel, all togged up like a girl of fifteen, and she was holding hands with the young loafer! Why Sol, so sure as I am alive, he is young enough to be her grandson."

"First, I thought it was some friend of hers, but Sol, the way they acted would sicken a cat. She is crazy in love with him, a blind man could see that, and he is making a fool out of her. I just simply could not forget them, I never saw a thing that was going on on the stage."

"As soon as the show was over, I quick put on my things and stepped back into the crowd. I went out just behind them and I heard him call her sweetheart! Think of it, Sol! A old woman, all wrinkles and—"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," finished Sol. "While you are here taking up my time from business, Esther, don't forget it the money what Uncle Isaac left her. I bet that is what reconciles that young grave-robber to maybe a lot more wrinkles."

"Oh, I know it. Why didn't Uncle Isaac leave the money to the Orphans' Home? Then we shouldn't have to worry about baby lovers of the foolish old woman. If he knew this, he'd turn in his grave. Oh, I am so worried, but anyhow I'm glad I found it out."

"Well, I aint," said Sol, heavily. "You know I always say when ignorance is comfortable, to know somethings is a nonsense. Now, I suppose I shall hear it for breakfast, dinner and supper, nothing else but Aunt Rachel."

In your hand you hold a five-cent piece.

Right at the grocer's hand is a package of Uneeda Biscuit. He hands you the package—you hand him the coin. A trifling transaction?

No—a remarkable one—for you have spent the smallest sum that will buy a package of good food—and the grocer has sold you the most nutritious food made from flour—as clean and crisp and delicious as it was when it came from the oven.

**NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY**





## Brer 'Possum's Luck

By G. P. HAYNES

De 'Possum hunt de simmon tree,  
Er genterman journeyman fat en free.

He step on some pm dat go ker-snap  
En 'is hin' laig kotch in er ole steel trap.

De coon in de thicket laff en say—  
"You rascal, you done see'd yo day!"

En he year de houn dawg howlin' erlong  
But he doan much lak dat sort er song.

So he gnaw y off his foot he do,  
En erway he fly, en erway he flew

Den he git 'im er wooden laig fer true,  
Twel he walk dess es good ez me er you.

But de wood laig leave a easy trail,  
En er nigger man hit it lak gwine ter jail.

'Possum meat am hallelulah eatin',  
So he hit dat trail lak gwine ter meetin'!

'Twel he grab 'im by de tail en tote 'im home,  
En dat make de zen' er dish yere POME.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



## Drama of Ye Olden Time

(Companion picture to that of Actresses published last month)

IT IS SAID that the Anglo-Saxon mind has inherent love for spectacle and incident, a fact which makes this race the greatest lovers of the theater. However widely their specific vocations may differ, as music, painting, poetry, etc., all people with artistic temperaments met on common ground in appreciation of the drama. In the dearth of the modern art all turn longingly to the time-hallowed traditions of the past to conjure in imagination with such names as Kean, Gould, Macready, Wallack, Davenport, Jamieson, Barrett, Placide, McCullough, Gilbert, Forrest and Bouicault.

This photograph, therefore, is of especial value since it gives us, in one, the features which thrilled thousands years ago in every famous character of the world's drama, and many will doubly appreciate it to hand down to their children as a memento of this fleeting art; for as Joseph Jefferson said:

"The painter can leave behind him his picture, the poet his song, but when the actor dies, he leaves nothing of his art except the memory which usually dies with his generation, and only survives as tradition.

The following is a list of the names, corresponding to numbers, by which these "old-time" stars can be identified.

- (1) J. B. Roberts; (2) G. L. Fox; (3) W. J. Florence; (4) Frank Drew; (5) T. E. Morris; (6) Gabriel Ravel; (7) Sothern, as Dundreary; (8) W. R. Blake; (9) Macready; (10) J. H. Hackett; (11) John Broughman; (12) Tom Placide; (13) J. W. Wallack, Jr.; (14) W. S. Conner; (15) J. Wilkes Booth; (16) John Sefton; (17) Harry Pearson; (18) George Jamieson; (19) E. L. Davenport; (20) Junius B. Booth; (21) Wm. Wheatley; (22) L. R. Shewell; (23) J. W. Collier; (24) W. R. Floyd; (25) John E. Owens; (26) Sol. Smith, Jr.; (27) C. Wheatleigh; (28) W. L. Jamieson; (29) G. V. Brooke; (30) J. R. Scott; (31) J. S. Clarke; (32) George Jordan; (33) L. P. Barrett; (34) John Drew; (35) A. W. Fenno; (36) G. Vanderhoff; (37) Edwin Adams; (38) J. Neafie; (39) T. S. Hamblin; (40) George Holland; (41) Edwin Booth; (42) Dan Setchell; (43) J. G. Burnett; (44) W. C. Weyms; (45) J. Numan; (46) F. S. Chanfrau; (47) Joe Cowell; (48) Chas. Matthews; (49) Henry Placide; (50) Peter Richings; (51) George Brookes; (52) W. Reynolds; (53) C. Peters; (54) Mark Smith; (55) Lester Wallack; (56) Dan Marble; (57) J. W. Wallack; (58) C. W. Coudock; (59) D. E. Bandmann; (60) E. Lamb; (61) George Andrews; (62) W. Davidge; (63) Barney Williams; (64) John Collins; (65) J. McCullough; (66) E. Eddy; (67) T. C. Weyms; (68) J. Proctor; (69) C. W. Clarke; (70) Barton Hill; (71) Charles Kean; (72) T. H. Hadaway; (73) M. Gilbert; (74) C. Walcot, Jr.; (75) Charles Hall; (76) Edwin Forrest; (77) Dion Bouicault; (78) W. H. Norton; (79) George Skerrett; (80) J. W. Lanegan; (81) J. T. Raymond; (82) W. S. Fredericks; (83) John Nickinson; (84) George Boniface; (85) George Barrett; (86) W. E. Burton; (87) Harry Perry; (88) J. E. Nagle; (89) Stuart Robson; (90) W. Marshall; (91) W. B. Wood; (92) Charles Walcot; (93) Fechter; (94) Paul Juignet; (95) A. H. Davenport; (96) M. Levick; (97) Frank Mordaunt; (98) T. J. Hind; (99) Charles Fisher; (100) F. B. Conway.

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To poke the fire is an act, to reconcile friends who have quarreled is a praiseworthy action—C. J. SMITH.



# Sol Interferes With Cupid

(Concluded from Page 11)

ferers always get no thanks. All we are going to do is to buy them a wedding-present."

"But Sol!"

"No buts about it and we don't butt in."

Seeing he was in earnest, Esther began to sob afresh.

"Esther, enough! Stop it making such a baby of yourself. I give up. You can do it anything you like."

"B—but what can I do all alone? Won't you help me, Sol?"

"Yes! Anything, anything, only stop it that crying!"

Her point gained, Esther was soothed, and began her campaign.

The next day at noon she telephoned Sol to say that Aunt Rachel was coming to dinner that evening and that he must be home betimes.

Aunt Rachel was there when he arrived and Esther had only a moment to whisper, "No matter what I say, Sol, don't contradict me."

"Oh, all right. It wouldn't do me no good, anyhow. Have you found out if—"

"Sh! Go and bring her out to dinner." And Esther vanished kitchenward for a last word to Rifka.

"Well, *Gott in Himmel!*" ejaculated Sol at sight of Aunt Rachel, who was bew powdered and befrilled to disguise her too-evident years, "You look a whole lot differenter than what you did the last time I seen you."

She smiled happily, and Esther's entrance saved her vanity for the moment, but the more Sol saw of her make-up and heard of her 'new-thought' chatter, the less he thought of her feelings and the more determined he became to save her from her own folly.

Finally, unable to contain himself, and despite warning looks from Esther, he said abruptly, "I heard that you are going to get married, Aunt Rachel."

"Vass iss?" cried Aunt Rachel, surprised into her German accent and dropping her fork with a clatter.

Esther felt her worst fears justified as she noted a dull flush mount from the withered chin to the scanty gray hair, but she hastily interposed. "Sol and me didn't believe it, of course. We know you got too much sense, but you got good grounds for a libel suit against the people what are talking about you."

"Who?" murmured Aunt Rachel.

"Everybody in the waist district," answered Sol promptly. This here feller what's started it is a young dub by the name Sapstein and he aint got any too good a repertashun to begin with.

"He is showing everybody a swell diamond fob what he says you give him and he's telling everybody to come to a champagner dinner what he'll give to all the bums what he knows as soon as he is married to you."

"Ach, I don't believe it!" cried Aunt Rachel, her black eyes blazing.

"Neither did we believe it anybody would have such gall," said Esther.

"But Sol heard it himself. You should see it that feller, Auntie. He is a low-liver, too; runs around with people what aint very nice, and everybody knows they aint; and in one breath he talks about them, and in the next, you. He brags how soon he will spend your seventy-five thousand dollars and—"

"Ah, ha! So that is the shoe what pinches you!" cried Aunt Rachel. "*Mein m'zumen!* Lies you tell it me about mein Ignatz!"

Sol and Esther stared at her in perfectly simulated amazement.

"Your Ignatz!" said Esther at last, "You don't mean to tell me that it's true! You aren't going to marry this baby?"

"Baby!" cried Aunt Rachel, defiantly, "he aint no baby. He is nearly thirty and I—I love him! We were going to keep it a secret a while yet. I can't see it how it got out, he promised—"

"Well, that shows how good his promises are. If he fooled you on that he will on something else. Are you sure you aint making no mistake?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure."

"Aunt Rachel, will you do me a favor?"

"Tell me first what it is, Sol."

"You remember that there time when you nearly invested ten thousand dollars in that wild-cat mine?"

"Yes."

"Who saved you from that mistake?"

"You, but—"

"No use to tell you that wild-cat mines and bum fellers are a whole lot alike. Now, take it my advice this time, too, and let me look it this here feller up, before you have it any more to do with him."

"I'll do it right, too. At my own expense I'll hire it detectives to shadder him and I bet you they find out some things you will be glad to know."

"There aint no use, Sol, I trust him too much for that and to spy on him, I won't do it."

"All right, Aunt Rachel, but for the sake of old times, do it us onct this favor," pleaded Esther, giving Sol's foot a warning nudge. "I was today by the doctor and he said I had no business not to go away last summer, and if I didn't go South for a rest right away I'd sure have it nervous prostration. Sol, he wants me to go right now on a little trip and wants you to go with me. It would do us both good, and while we are away Sol can look it up this here Mr. Sapstein and find out if he is after your money or not."

"That's foolish talkings. I wouldn't marry for money, and I know it Ignatz wouldn't, neither. But maybe, though Esther, sinct I think you mean it good by me, I will go South by you, if I can afford it."

"I'll buy your ticket," volunteered Sol, generously.

"There is a old saying, absence makes the heart grow fonder yet," suggested Esther, craftily, "you can find out if it's true or not."

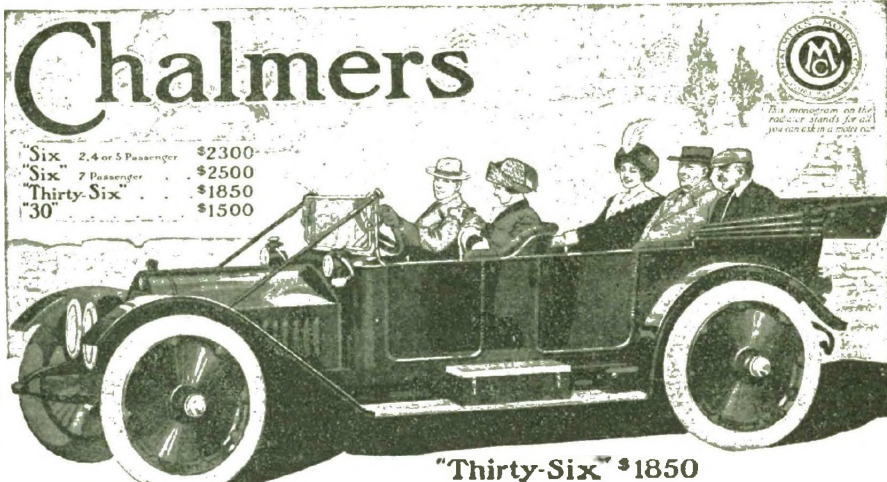
After much persuasive talk, the Bergers extracted a promise from Aunt Rachel that she would go. Esther lost no time in getting ready.

In the two days intervening they managed, not without difficulty, to keep their elderly charge out of the reach of Sapstein, but just before time to leave, she slipped out of their hands, ostensibly to be gone only a moment.

The trunks were gone, the taxi-cab stood at the door and time and the meter raced on, but still no Aunt Rachel appeared, while Esther fought off hysterics and Sol swore and perspired.

At last a messenger-boy turned the corner and leisurely mounted the steps. Sol feverishly tore open the missive he brought, while Esther leaned over his shoulder to read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Sol Berger—Rachel and I just married and leaving on our wedding-trip. Many thanks for all your kind efforts on my behalf. I will send you a card to that dinner.—IGNATZ SAPSTEIN."



## 15 Notable Chalmers Features

- Electric Lights.
- Nickel Trimmings.
- Eleven-Inch Upholstery.
- New Flush-sided Bodies.
- Demountable Rims.
- Six Wheels and Tires.
- Dual Ignition System.
- Four-Forward Speed Transmission.
- Turkish Cushions.
- Increased Wheel Base.
- Improved Springs.
- Chalmers Self-Starter.
- Long Stroke Motor.
- Carburetor Dash Adjustment.
- Speedometer.

WE announce for 1913 big improvements in Chalmers cars in *comfort, convenience and appearance*. For it is along these lines that we believe the greatest advances in automobile building are to be made.

Here, then, are the principal additions and improvements on Chalmers 1913 cars:

### Easier Riding Qualities

Luxurious comfort in every detail: Turkish cushions 11 inches thick, upholstery of the overstuffed type, wide seats filled with high-grade hair and covered with heavy, soft pebble-grained leather.

The long wheel base, big wheels and tires, and long elastic springs make all roads smooth.

### More Conveniences for Operator

Electric lighting is regular equipment for 1913 on the "Thirty-Six" and the "Six." Just touch a switch on the dash and you can light at will head, tail and side lights.

And no more cranking. A season's use has proved the Chalmers air pressure starter the simplest and most efficient starting device ever designed.

## Chalmers 1913 Models

	"Six"	"Thirty-six"
Touring Car, 5-passenger	\$2,300	\$1,850
Touring Car, 7-passenger	2,500	2,050
Torpedo, 4-passenger	2,300	1,850
Roadster, 2-passenger	2,300	1,850
Limousine, 7-passenger	3,700	3,250
Coupe, 4-passenger	2,700	2,250

Conveniently located on the new style Chalmers dash are all controls and indicators. Everything you need for running the car is within easy reach.

### Added Beauty

Chalmers cars have always been known for their "looks." For 1913, flush-sided bodies; dash of one-piece with body; handsome nickel trimmings, leather lining throughout the body and on dash, make them even more beautiful than in the past.

### Three Great Cars

Chalmers cars for 1913 are made in three chassis sizes and fourteen body types. The "Six" is now offered at the unprecedented price of \$2,300; the "Thirty-six", which made 1912 a self-starter year, at \$1,850, the famous "30" at \$1,500, including self-starter.

Let us send you our book on the making of Chalmers cars and our new catalogue. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and catalogue of 1913 cars

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

# Exploration In the Sargasso Sea

THE STEAMER "Michael Sars", of 226 gross tons, which is maintained by the Norwegian Fisheries Department, recently carried out a three months' scientific cruise, in the course of which she visited the Sargasso Sea.

The existence of a vast mid-ocean area, covered with weeds and marine flora, in which countless ships had become enmeshed and held afloat for unnumbered years, has been a favorite theme for story-writers, but the work of the "Michael Sars" has shown that these conditions are greatly exaggerated, that only comparatively small patches of weed-covered surface encumber the sea in this vicinity, and that there is no warrant for the theory that any number of ships are held within the embrace of the weed that exists in this area. This fact was duly recognized by Lieut. Ridgely Hunt, U. S. N., in charge of the branch hydrographic office in New York, who wrote the following prior to the return of the vessel:

"Through the dynamical forces arising from the earth's rotation, which cause all moving masses in the northern hemisphere to tend to be deflected toward the right-hand side of their path, the algae that are borne by the Gulf Stream from the tropical seas find their way toward the inner edge of the circulatory drift which moves in a clockwise direction around the central part of the North Atlantic ocean. In this central part the flow of the surface waters is not steady in any direction, and hence the floating seaweed tends to accumulate there. The tendency to accumulate is perhaps most observable in the triangular region marked out by the Azores, the Canaries and the Cape Verde Islands, but much seaweed is also found westward of the middle part of this triangular region in an elongated area extending to the 70th degree meridian of west longitude.

"The abundance of seaweed in the Sargasso Sea fluctuates much with the variation of the agencies which account for its presence, but this office does not possess any authentic records to show that it has ever been accumulated in such amount as materially to impede vessels in passing over this part of the ocean.

"All sorts of small aquatic and insect life flourish around the borders of the Sargasso Sea. There are numberless varieties of fish, mollusc, shrimps, crabs and water fleas. Almost invariably this life takes on the protective color of the masses of yellow in which it lives. Some of these inhabitants of the Sargasso Sea are found nowhere else. There is a transparent shrimp that has wondrous eyes on the end of long pedicels. These eyes are many-faceted and each facet sheds a brilliant greenish light and sparkles like a splendid gem. The water fleas are extraordinary also. Some are totally blind, while others go to the opposite extreme and are nearly all eye. Even the fishes are unique. Some build nests in which to hatch their young."

These facts were fully confirmed by the investigations undertaken by the "Michael Sars", as it is reported that the expedition secured over 150 new species of fish.



If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, and learning, what a bundle of *inconsistencies* and contradictions would appear at last—SWIFT.



# SOPHIE B. WRIGHT, Teacher, Philanthropist, Friend

By F. H. DIGBY

IT IS not always necessary for Death to deify a human being in order to awaken appreciation and gratitude for services rendered, and it must be a source of deepest satisfaction to the people of New Orleans and the thousands of young men and women directly benefited by Sophie Wright's work that she did not lack evidences of appreciation during life. She received much recognition from many sources during the years of her greatest activity, but now that only a few weeks have passed since she received her summons to the world beyond, it seems doubly fitting that something should be said about her work by one who was a direct beneficiary. The story of her life and work might serve as an inspiration to some other soul dwelling perhaps like hers, in a frail body, but which has deep desires to serve mankind.

Sophie Wright was an educator by instinct; a born teacher, in whom was implanted a love for the work such as no amount of technical training could ever inculcate. But she was not willing to use this gift solely as a means of livelihood, and although she did succeed in making a good living for herself and her family through the medium of a school for girls, which was begun when she was but fourteen years old, with a tiny class, held in her mother's home, at which pupils were taken at fifty cents a month. From this there grew a splendid institution, employing many teachers but retaining the name first given to the little school—Home Institute—which name stands today for one of the most prosperous, progressive educational centers in the South. The day school for girls, however, was a means to an end; it did not constitute the greatest field of Miss Wright's influence nor her endeavor. This found its outlet in the Night School for boys and men. One day, nearly thirty years ago, a stranded acrobat from Farana's circus knocked at Miss Wright's door and, because of the sign "Home Institute", asked to be taught. Miss Wright told the young man to "come back this evening". He came, and many evenings thereafter; he asked to bring a friend and permission was given him, when lo! almost without volition and certainly without premeditation the first Free Night School in New Orleans was founded!

### "Knights of the Round Table"

At first Miss Wright taught these boys sitting around a big table in her main school room. She laughingly called them her "Knights of the Round Table."

What matter if these ignorant boys of the street fought the battle of life with pen rather than with sword? What matter if "reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic" constituted their "sinews of war?" They won their battles out in the world, and today no other woman has a monument more lasting, or has achieved a fame more enduring than that which dwells within the hearts of thousands of "Miss Sophie's boys", who are numbered among the best and most useful citizens of New Orleans.

For twenty-five years this night school continued; the leader and teacher, although in the most feeble health, never faltered in her work, often being helped into the school-room when she was suffering too much to walk unaided. She brought others into the work; her sister, Miss Jennie Wright, and many of the teachers in the day school volunteered their services. Seeing the undreamed of possibilities in the work, Miss Wright endeavored to have the city open night schools in various localities, but years passed before this was done.

Finally, however, the extent of Miss Wright's work being recognized, the city did establish free night schools, and today the people of New Orleans owe to this one source, The Sophie Wright Free Night School for Boys—a system of night schools which will compare favorably with any in the country. So, after twenty-five years,

An estimate and an appreciation of one of the South's best citizens, as told by a pupil whom she helped to educate, not only in books but in the highest principles of right living.



Miss Sophie B. Wright

Miss Wright turned over her work to others; but her influence lives on, and will live as long as memory lasts. "The personal touch" was what made "Miss Sophie" a power; she never failed to share the joys and sorrows of her boys; she talked to them and helped them; she punished them and scolded them; she even advocated the judicious use of the "rod" when necessary, but above all she loved them, and through this love she led them in the paths which great men tread.

Many high offices in New Orleans are today held by "Miss Sophie's boys"; all over the city, they are lawyers, doctors, government employees, and merchants; "Miss Sophie's boys" are proud to acknowledge the source of their help, and all unite in paying tribute to the memory of the woman they loved and honored in life and whom they revere in death.

The alumni of the night school retained their interest therein long after the school days were over, and one means of aiding the school was through the publication of a little journal issued monthly throughout the school term, the proceeds from advertisements and subscriptions going to help the school, although not a cent was ever paid in salaries to teachers.

In one of the last numbers of this little journal, called "Progress", is published a letter from Miss Wright, which tells so well what this wonderful woman sought to implant in the minds and souls of her boys, that it is best to quote it in unchanged words, and when it is remembered that "Miss Sophie's boys" try to order their lives by her precepts, the extent of her work will be more fully realized.

### Twenty-five Years of Success

"My Dear Boys—Twenty-five years ago this Night School had its beginning, and during that time, hundreds of men and boys have gone forth from the school, and in late years, we can say

women, too. It has been a vast army and one that has had for its watchword, 'Success', and as we review the work of past years, solemn memories come to your teacher.

"There are the threads of joy twined with those of sorrow and sometimes we cannot understand the knots and the tangles that represent the disappointment of life, but some day, it will all be clear.

"As your teacher sits at her desk today, the faces of many boys come before her, some who have won their names in the world and others who have failed in their life's work. And as she reviews these lives, how clearly the little things stand out. Who are the boys who have made a success of their lives? Who are they who have gone forward and reached the topmost heights? It is the boy who came regularly to school and who gave faithful work. It is the boy who did not grumble at overtime, but made himself so useful that the firm could not do without him. It is the boy who did not throw away his money but saved same. These are the three great words that make a successful life. They are—Regularity, Zeal and Thrift.

"One gets very tired of hearing the same old story of the boy who has friends, for after all, friendship counts for little in the business world, and it is the boy who does the faithful work of day by day that wins in the end.

"It is true, that there are some lives that leap into success in a few days, but these cases are rare, and very often like the rocket, they come down as suddenly as they go up. It is the slow, everyday

work that counts. It is the faithful giving of little things that make up the true service and the boy of today is not willing to give that service.

"The boy of today is not willing to drudge, and they say that it is not manly to do this or that, forgetting that all service well done, ennobles the man or woman.

"And now in the beginning of Night School, I want to give this advice to the boys and girls who come here. If

(Concluded on Page 34)

## WELL PEOPLE TOO

Wise Doctor Gives Postum to Convalescents.

A wise doctor tries to give nature its best chance by saving the little strength of the already exhausted patient, and building up wasted energy with simple but powerful nourishment.

"Five years ago," writes a doctor, "I commenced to use Postum in my own family instead of coffee." (It's a well-known fact that tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains *caffeine*, the same drug found in coffee.) "I was so well pleased with the results that I had two grocers place it in stock, guaranteeing its sale.

"I then commenced to recommend it to my patients in place of coffee, as a nutritious beverage. The consequence is, every store in town is now selling it, as it has become a household necessity in many homes.

"I'm sure I prescribe Postum as often as any one remedy in the *Materia Medica*—in almost every case of indigestion and nervousness I treat, and with the best results.

"When I once introduce it into a family, it is quite sure to remain. I shall continue to use it and prescribe it in families where I practice.

"In convalescence from pneumonia, typhoid fever and other cases I give it as a liquid, easily absorbed diet. You may use my letter as a reference any way you see fit." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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# "HOW KOLA"

By CAPT. CHAS. L. VON BERG

# WINCHESTER

**I**N ORDER that the reader may better understand this little story, I will give a short description of the far Western country, as it existed in the seventies. After the close of the Civil War, the Western Territories and States from New Mexico, Texas up to the British Columbia, were overrun with tribes of hostile Indians and some lawless white men, renegades, murderers and road agents (mail robbers), who had to leave their own States for fear of "justice." They naturally went west, where they could continue their crimes, without fear of the law. This class of white men were really worse than Indians, as the life of their fellowman was nothing to them. This was what you have often heard of as "the wild and woolly west." Now, every tribe of Indians claimed certain territory as their hunting ground. Game of all description was plentiful then. Buffaloes by thousands roamed the great plains; elk, deer and antelopes in certain localities were numerous. It really was at that time the great happy hunting ground of the Indians. The powerful Sioux tribe, with their friendly allies, the Cheyennes and Arapaboes, claimed the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming and the Blackhills as their hunting grounds. If a white man, or Indian of a different tribe, trespassed on their territories, he paid the penalty with his scalp.

A genuine Scout story of the Far West, during the Indian Wars, one which all Boy Scouts and lovers of adventure will relish keenly

Although our government had stipulated by treaties with the Indians that they might occupy their big reservation and hunt on the adjoining domain, but little did the treaties amount to, since they were violated and broken. This is where our Indian wars have originated.

When an Indian feels himself wronged, he resorts to savage warfare—he fights for his lost right. There are no courts for the Indians where he might get a just hearing, and so they have massacred and killed numbers of frontiersmen, families and defenders of our flag. The hostile Indian Chiefs are invited to come to Washington to see the Great Father (the Secretary of the Interior) and have a big "pow-wow" and a long talk with him. Afterward they are told to go home, many promises being given for the future.

This condition of discontent was prevalent in the Western States and Territories, when the Government was compelled to take up the matter. General Phil Sheridan, with some of the best army officers, was ordered to the front with instructions to insist on the Indians returning to their respective agencies and remaining there in peace, or take the consequences.

But the Indians defied the authorities, so the Government was forced into an active campaign against them. There was plenty of dangerous work for the scouts to do, but they finally located the Indians in big forces on the upper Yellowstone river, Montana. In the battle on the Little Bighorn, June 25, 1876, General Custer and his entire command of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, numbering two hundred and sixty-six men, were massacred—only Scout Curley, a friendly Crow Indian, escaped to tell this fearful story. The whole Sioux tribe, under Sitting Bull (the Great Medicine Man), crossed over to the British lines, and so ended this campaign for a short time. Now to begin my story:

**I**T WAS late in autumn, 1874, when I had to carry a very important dispatch from Fort Stanley, on the Yellowstone river, to the Red Cloud Agency in Nebraska, a distance exceeding one hundred miles, over rough, broken ground, partly through the "bad lands." The morning was bright when I started on horseback, with blanket, buffalo robe, hardtack and dried buffalo meat packed on my saddle. About noon I was within a few miles of the Little Missouri river, when I noticed on the western sky a long, dark-blue streak of cloud. I knew from this indication that in a very short time there would reach me one of those fearful blizzards quite common in the West. I urged my faithful horse to great speed, in order to reach the river where there was shelter and wood. But before reaching the river the storm struck me, the temperature was getting colder, and clouds of snow as fine as flour, driven by a frightful northwest wind, had overtaken me. Soon I was engulfed in the mighty storm. Every minute it turned colder; the fine snow clung to my clothing and froze. My mustache and hair was a thin sheet of ice. Now I was forced to go with the wind, a little out of my course; no horse on earth will face such a storm, for every living creature is compelled to travel in the course of the wind, excepting the buffaloes, who only can face the wind and storm, for nature has fitted them for this. The harder the wind the closer his shaggy hair lies to his body and keeps it warm.

The only way for a man to do, when caught in such a storm, is to keep his presence of mind, for if he does not, he will get lost, and then he is lost for good. As I slowly rode on, my watchful horse raised his head and ears. I reached for my gun, and I found I was riding through a herd of buffaloes, but they only moved a short distance away, without fear of me. There must have been thousands of them. After passing them, I saw from the formation of the ground that I was near the river going slowly down hill from the bad lands. Again my horse got uneasy, and I knew there was somebody ahead of me, but the snow drifted so I could not see, so I urged my horse faster, and to my great surprise, I saw an Indian pony and its rider, closely wrapped in blankets, going in the same direction. I rode up to him closer and spoke to him in English. He seemed greatly surprised at seeing me, and shook his head, meaning in the sign language, "I can't understand you." I noticed from his make-up that he was a Sioux hunter. As I could talk his language, I asked him, "Where are you going?" He answered me, "To my camp of tepees not far away," and then told me that he belonged to a buffalo hunting party of the Sioux, out killing meat to dry, and that there were about forty of them, including squaws and papooses. Although knowing that the Sioux were not very friendly to the white man, I had courage enough to invite myself to his tepee and to ask to stay with him as long as the storm lasted. What else could I do? If I went on I ran the risk of freezing to death, while on the other hand if the Indians meant treachery and wanted to kill me they could easily do so.

We soon arrived at their camp cold and hungry. But you won't be hungry long in an Indian hunting camp, for there is always a kettle in the middle of the tepee, boiling or stewing some kind of game. After divesting myself of my ice and snow-covered buffalo coat, I was invited to sit down on the buffalo skins, and I can assure you I ate very heartily of the pemican and buffalo stew. Now, I felt all right, all fear left me, and I began to feel perfectly at home with them. I took out my pipe and had a good smoke, to show them that I was not afraid of them. After awhile some of the young "bucks" came in and looked at me, with suspicious eyes, but never said a word. In the evening the "bucks" in another tepee held a sort of a war council about me. I had no hesitancy in eavesdropping and overheard some of



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Look one over at your dealer's, or send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for descriptive circular

### IT WORKS WELL WITH ALL LOADS



Captain Von Berg, the Veteran Scout, and His Indian Friend, "How Kola"

their talk. After awhile about twenty of the "bucks" came in our tepee, where my newly-made friend and myself were. They began at once asking me a few questions. First: "What I was doing out here in this country alone?" I knew it would never do to tell the truth. If they found out that I was doing business with the army, it would be all up with me. One thing was much in my favor: I never wore my U. S. uniform while scouting, but always wore buckskin coat and elk riding pants of Indian make. From my appearance they could see that I was either a buffalo hunter or trapper myself. The Indians always respect that class of men more than others. They could also see that I was armed for business. I laid my Winchester 45.75 and a Colt's revolver with a purpose on the ground while I kept my best Colt's revolver inside of my vest pock, for an emergency. I told them I belonged to a party of buffalo hunters of twenty men, and that we were camping over on the Cedar creek which I had crossed that morning. That we had lost one of our best horses a few days ago, either strayed away or some horse thieves had stolen him. The lie stuck, which it always will for a short time. The Indians seemed to be perfectly satisfied with what I told them. In a very short time they brought forth the peace pipe and I was permitted to smoke it with them. Well, I tell you I have never enjoyed a few whiffs of smoke as much as I did this, now I was safe with them, for they never smoke with an enemy. For two days and nights this blizzard blew and drifted the snow, but on the third morning the sun came out bright, and then I resumed my journey to the Black Hills and the Red Cloud Agency. Little did I ever think of seeing my Indian friend again, but this is a hard, strange world, and though mountains will never meet, people will.

Two years later, in 1876, most of the able-bodied Indians left their reservation and donned the war paint, ready to oppose the "intruders" of Uncle Sam's, as they called them. Now, scouts were in demand for hard, dangerous service. One day in May, 1876, while I was out scouting for Major Bell, in the Bad Lands of Montana, I discovered a Sioux scouting party of about fifty men. I returned at once and reported my find to the commanding officer of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry. He immediately had "boots and saddles" sounded, and off they went on a slow trot, myself leading the columns in the direction of the red-skins. After covering several miles, we came close enough, by riding in the bed of a canon, to see them about a half mile off; this was as near as we could approach them, without their discovering us. Now a whispered command by the Major to the bugler to sound the charge, every trooper, with his horse out, formed a line and was charging on the sagebrush-covered plains, eager for a fight for the savages. It was a grand sight, Major Bell and myself remained and watched the gallant troops in order to observe in which direction the enemy was fleeing.

As the troopers rushed among them, discharging their carbines, the red-skins scattered in all directions like partridges. Soon we noticed a lone Indian and pony coming almost straight toward us, riding as fast as his little steed could carry him. I remarked to the Major, "I believe I can take that fellow in."

(Concluded on Page 30)



# Notes on Current World Topics

**T**HE SUBJECT of the length of time which a President should serve is one which has long been under careful consideration. So many things influence a decision in this matter, tradition, precedent, etc., all play so large a part in the attitude of the nation that it will be of interest to know that the subject has long been given serious attention and that recently the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives voted to recommend a Constitutional amendment limiting the President's tenure of office to six years without the possibility of renomination. A resolution of the same kind has been reported favorably to the Senate, but the decision is not known at this time.

### A Hundred Years of Gas

**T**HE FIRST gas company was organized in London in 1812; hence we are now in position to look back over 100 years of gas illuminating, although the first gas company in this country was not formed until 1821, in the city of Baltimore, and

the second, in 1822, in the city of Boston. In 1823, gas was introduced into New York, but it cost ten dollars a cubic foot! Perhaps, therefore, the cheapening of gas, as much as its general use, has been a large factor in holding its place as an illuminant against even electricity. Scientific societies have united in celebrating the centennial of gas as an illuminant, for it is claimed that civilization follows closely on easy-lighting methods.

### An "All-Rail" Trip To Europe

**I**T WILL not now be very long before the traveler may make a trip to Europe all the way by train, if the plan to tunnel Behring Strait is carried through. For years this has been discussed, but recently the project is actively revived; the tunnel is to be forty miles long; several air-shafts are to be sunk, work begun at these different points all at once and the shafts afterwards to be used as ventilating mediums. When the great railway trunk lines of Alaska and Siberia are completed to

connect with this tunnel the overland trip to the great European capitals will be an accomplished fact.

### To Reduce the Loss From Forest Fires

**I**N AN effort to reduce the loss to the farmer from forest fires, rural mail carriers are hereafter to act as a sort of fire patrol for the Government. Considering the millions of miles that these carriers cover during a year and the opportunities they have of immediately reporting fires to the nearest fire-warden or ranger, it is safe to predict that the loss from forest fires will be much less in the future than it has been in the past.

### Vegetable Shipping In Texas

**W**HILE TEXAS is not always counted in the South's assets as a vegetable producing section, the fact that this season the state used thirty thousand refrigerator cars for shipping fruits and vegetables would indicate the extent of this industry. Onions, potatoes, tomatoes, cantaloupes and peaches are some of the products shipped. A further development of this industry would soon rival the cattle interests which now form so large a part of the revenue of this huge state.

### Discovery of a New "Precious Metal"

**A**NDREW G. FRENCH has recently announced the discovery of a new metal which he has called Canadium, because it was found in the mining districts of British Columbia. It is of the platinum group and is the first new metal to be discovered since 1835, when Professor Winkler discovered Germanium.

### Motor Boating to Europe

**A** THIRTY-FIVE foot motor boat, the "Detroit", has been launched in Detroit, Mich., to make the trip from that city to St. Petersburg, Russia. It has a very high prow and stern, and draws five feet of water. Owing to the necessity of carrying a sufficient supply of gasoline to make the long ocean trip, and due to the small size of the craft, it is a veritable gasoline tank, and only the captain is allowed to have matches aboard. This little craft is just about the size of the Viking boats, in which those hardy wanderers of the sea put out to the unknown, and with which they are said to have been the first to discover America. A comparison of the two should arouse keenly the imagination of all people subject to the fascination of the sea.

### Disease Not Transmittable by the Telephone

**D**OCTOR SPITTA, bacteriologist to the king, has recently announced that the telephone mouth-piece is not a transmitter of germs, as has been generally supposed. He declares that telephones used only by tuberculosis persons show no germs under the microscope and similar investigations by prominent health officers in London and other English cities bear out this statement.

### Electrically Fed Chickens

**I**T WILL prove to be of special benefit to the South if the experiments recently conducted in France of aiding chickens to acquire normal strength with less than the ordinary amount of food, by treating them with mild currents of electricity, can be practically demonstrated. Chickens thus treated are said to get their normal weight with two-thirds the usual amount of food, and, if compared with chickens fed normally, the electric feeders are forty per cent larger, stronger and better. This opens a new field for the electrical experimenter and one which may lead to wonderful results.

**WHITE MOTOR TRUCKS**  
Have More Than a Guarantee Behind Them

**T**HE purchaser of a motor truck, to be secure in his investment, must consider not only the construction of the truck and its adaptability to his business conditions, but also the financial responsibility and the integrity of the truck manufacturer behind it.

The guarantees and service inducements under which so many trucks are offered for sale, are no better than the reputation and responsibility of the manufacturers who make them.

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**The White Company**  
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs.



# The Grey Cloak

CHAPTER XIII—Concluded

THE Chevalier lay asleep in his bunk. Breton was very busy around the berth-room. De Herouville and vicomte were prying around shrewdly. Looking at Breton, D'Herouville asked lowly and with apparent calm:

"Boy, was that a ship passing?"

Breton looked out of the port-hole. As he did so the count grasped the vicomte's arm. The vicomte turned quickly, and for the first time his eyes encountered the grey cloak. His breath came sharply, while his hand stretched forth mechanically and touched the garment, sinister and repelling though it was. There followed his touch a crackling sound, as of paper. D'Herouville paled. On the contrary, the vicomte smiled.

"Messieurs," said Breton, "your eyes deceived you. The horizon is clear. But take care, or you will have monsieur's clothes from the hooks."

"Tell your master," said the vicomte, "that we shall pay him a visit later, when he wakes." He opened the door, and followed D'Herouville out. Once outside, the two men gazed into each other's eyes.

"The cloak!" D'Herouville ran his fingers through his beard. "The Chevalier has never searched the pockets."

"Let us lay the matter before him and acquaint him with our suspicions," said the vicomte, his eyes burning. "His comrade's danger is common to both of us. We will ask the Chevalier for his word, and he will never break it."

"No! a thousand devils, no! Place my neck under his heel? Not I."

"You have some plan?"

"Beaufort offers five thousand livres for that paper, and Gaston will give five thousand more to have proof that it is destroyed. That is ten thousand, Monsieur, and I offer to share with you."

"You do not need money, Monsieur."

"I? The Jews have me tied in a thousand knots!" replied the count, bitterly.

"I am not the least inclined toward partnership. You must fight him first."

"And if you find the paper?" forcing a calm into his tones.

By HAROLD MacGRATH

One of the most masterly serials since the appearance of "The Three Musketeers," which will continue through the fall in Uncle Remus's Home Magazine with increasing interest

and what with the salt air and the natural vigor which he inherited from his father, the invalid's bones began to take on flesh and his interest in life became normal. It is true that when left alone a mask of gloom shadowed his face. Diane, Diane, Diane! It was the murmur of far-off voices, it was the whisper of the winds in the shrouds, it was the cry of the lonely gull and the stormy petrel. To pass through the weary years of his exile

without again seeing that charming face, finally to strive in vain to recall it in all its perfect beauty!

The Comte d'Herouville, for some reason best known to himself, appeared to be acting with a view toward partial conciliation. The Chevalier did not wholly ignore this advance. The comte would fight fair as became a gentleman, and that was enough. Since they were soon to set about killing each other, what mattered the prologue?

The vicomte watched this play, and it caused him to smile. He knew the purpose of these advances: it was to bring about the freedom of the Chevalier's cabin. As yet neither he nor the count had found the golden opportunity. The Chevalier was never asleep or alone when they knocked at the door of his cabin. Each day D'Herouville approached the Chevalier when the latter was on deck.

"You are improving, Monsieur?" was the set inquiry.

"I am gaining every hour, Monsieur," always returned the invalid.

"That is well," and then D'Herouville would seek some other part of the ship.

"Victor, you have not yet told me who the woman in the grey mask was," said the Chevalier.

"Bah!" said Victor, with fictitious nonchalance. "I regret that I must leave you in the dark, Paul."

"But you said that you knew something of her history; and you cannot know that without knowing her name. Somehow, that grey mask continually intrudes into my dreams."

"That is because you have been ill, Paul."

"Is she some prince's light-o'-love?"

"She is no man's light-o'-love. Do not question me further. I may tell you nothing. She is a fugitive from the equivocal justice of France."

"She comes from a good family?"

"So high that you would laugh were I to tell you."

"As she left the private assembly that night I caught the odor of vervain. Perhaps that is what printed her well upon my mind."

"Pretend to yourself that it was attar of roses, and forget her. She will never enter into your life, my good comrade."

"I am merely curious, indifferently curious. It is something to talk about. I daresay that she is pretty. Homely women never flee from anything but mirrors."

"And homely men," laughed the poet. "I am going to see Bouchard for a moment."

Du Puys, D'Herouville and the vicomte drew their stools around the Chevalier, and discussed politics, religion, and women.

Presently the Chevalier said to the vicomte: "Monsieur, will you be so kind as to seek my lackey? I am growing chilly and desire a shawl or a cloak."

"I will gladly seek him," said the vicomte, flashing a triumphant look at D'Herouville, whose face became dark.

"Permit me to accompany you," requested the count.

"The vicomte will do, Monsieur," interposed the Chevalier, wonderingly.

The vicomte passed down the companionway and disappeared. He stopped before the Chevalier's cabin and knocked. The sound of his knuckles was as thunder in his ears. Breton opened the door, rubbing his eyes.

"Your master, my lad, has sent me for his grey cloak. Will you give it to me to carry to him?"

"The grey cloak?" repeated Breton, greatly astonished.

"Yes. Be quick about it, as your master complains of the cold."

"Why, Monsieur Paul has not touched the grey cloak . . ."

"Must I get it myself? Be quick!" The vicomte was pale with excitement and impatience.

Breton, without further parley, took down the cloak and passed it over to the vicomte.

"Monsieur will find the collar badly torn," he said.

"If he changes his mind, I will return shortly," and the vicomte threw the cloak over his arm, left the cabin, and closed the door.

Breton took down his master's sword and began polishing the blade. He had scarce begun when the door opened and the vicomte stood on the threshold.

"My lad," he said, quietly, "you were right. Your master wants the purple cloak. I was wrong."

Without replying, Breton hung up the grey cloak and took down another.

As the vicomte reappeared upon deck, he saw D'Herouville biting his nails. He met the questioning glance, and laughed coldly and mirthlessly.

"Chevalier," said the vicomte, "your lackey handed me the grey cloak first."

"The grey cloak?"

"Yes; but I recalled its history, and returned with this. Hang me, but you have a peculiar fancy. In your place, I should have burned that cloak long ago."

"I have a morbid fancy for that cloak," returned the Chevalier. "I want it always with me. Murder will out, and that garment will some day . . . No matter."

"Have you ever searched the pockets?" asked D'Herouville, in a quiet, cool tone. The vicomte's eyes brightened. There was good metal in this D'Herouville.

"Searched the pockets?" said the Chevalier. "Not I! I have not touched the cloak since I last wore it. I never expect to touch it. Vicomte, thank you for your trouble." The Chevalier threw the cloak around his shoulders and closed his eyes. The wind, blowing forcefully and steadily into his face produced a drowsiness.

When Victor returned, Du Puys rose and made his way to the cabin. As he disappeared, D'Herouville moved toward the wheel. From time to time he looked back at the vicomte, but that gentleman refused to acknowledge those glances.

"Chevalier," said the vicomte, "you know why our poet here and myself are upon this ship: a certain paper stands between us and the block."

"Ah!" The Chevalier opened his eyes.

(Continued on Page 26)

Each Afternoon the Chevalier Was Taken Up to Deck and His Interest in Life Returned



"Come, is there not something more than ten thousand livres behind that paper?"

"You banter. I do not understand."

"Is not madame's name there?"

"Well?"

"She is a widow, young, beautiful, and rich. And this incriminating signature of hers—what a fine thing to hold over her head! She is a woman, and a woman is easily duped in all things save love."

D'Herouville trembled. "You are forcing war."

"So be it," tranquilly. "I will make one compact with you: if I find the paper I will inform you. Will you accept a like?"

"Yes. But an idea has occurred to me. The paper may not be what we think it is. The man who killed De Brissac is not one to give up or throw away the rewards. Eh, Monsieur?"

"Perhaps he was pressed for time. His life perhaps depended upon his escape. He may have dropped the cloak," shrewdly, "and some friend found it and returned it to the Chevalier. A plausible supposition, as you will agree."

## CHAPTER XIV

Breton Finds a Marker for His Copy of Rabelais

AFTER the calm the storm came, after the storm the rough winds and winnowed skies. At one moment the ship threatened to leap to heaven, at another, to plunge down to the sea's floor. Breton had a time of it one afternoon in the cabin. He was buffeted about like maize in a heated pan. He fell, and in trying to save himself he clutched at the garments hanging from the hooks. The clothing gave. One by one he gathered up the fallen garments and cloaks. It was haphazard work, for now the floor was where the partition had been, and the ceiling where the bunk had stood. Keys had rolled from the Chevalier's pockets—keys, coins, and rings; and Breton scrambled and slid around on his hands and knees till he had recovered these treasures, which he knew to be all his master had. He stood up, balanced himself, and his eye caught sight of the grey cloak, which lay crumpled under the bunk.

"Ah! so it is you, wretched cloak, that gave way when I clung to you for help?" He stooped and dragged it forth by its skirts. "So it was you?" swinging it fiercely above his head and balancing himself nicely. The bruise on his forehead made him savage. "Whatever made me bring you to the Corne d'Abondance? What could you not tell, if voice were given to you? And Monsieur Paul used to look so fine in it! You make me cold in the spine!" He shook it again and again, then hung it up by the collar.

The lad then returned to his favorite book and read till his eyes grew weary. He looked about for a marker and espied some papers on the floor. These he thrust into his place and fell to dreaming.

Each afternoon the Chevalier was carried up to the deck;

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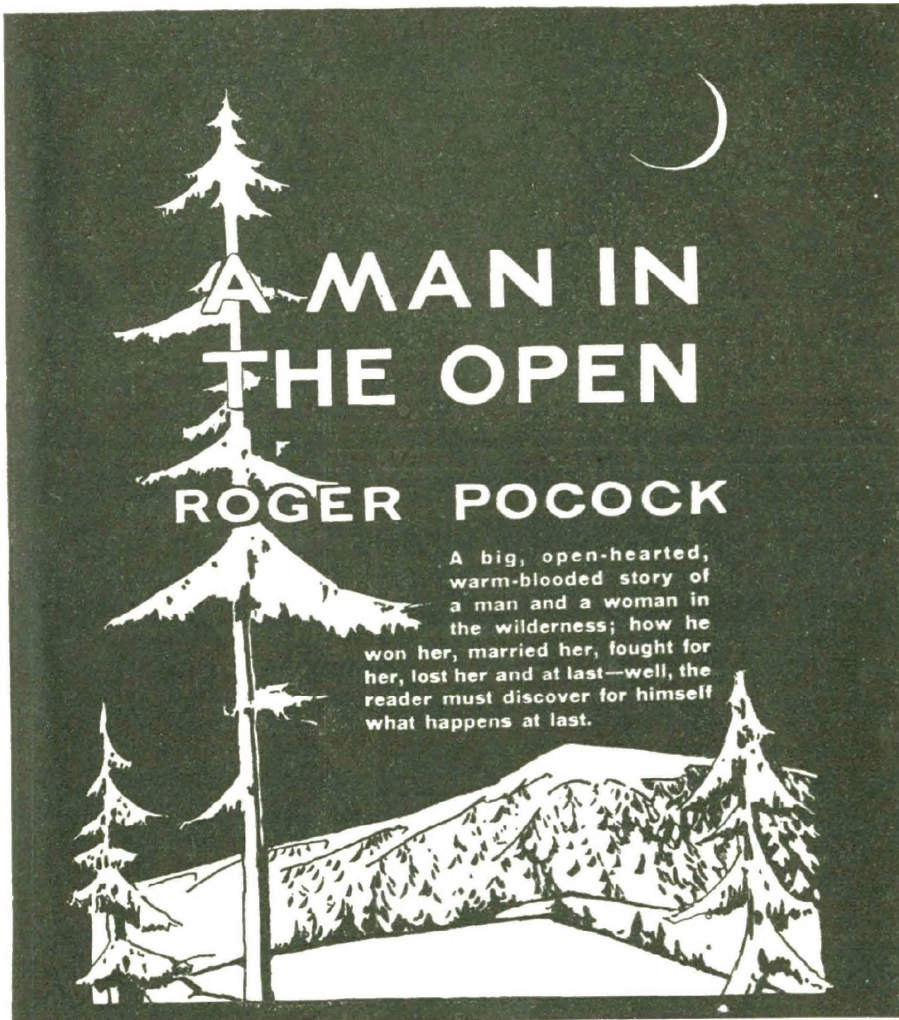
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# Formation of Musical Taste

By MORTIMER WILSON

IN THE pursuit of education and amusement, one encounters the restraining influences of a "still small voice," quite as formidable here as in matters pertaining to one's religious precepts. Particularly at the present time, when there are as many "ologies" and "isms" in arts as in religions, it requires some technical knowledge to choose one's paths of development and pleasures with a view to the wholesomeness of results obtainable.

An atmosphere conducive to the growth of ideas and ideals is the first requisite for the development of a discriminating taste in the art of music. Heresies and schisms are just as common to music as to gospel. The time is not far distant when the selection of art types will determine one's social position as well as one's individual character development in the scale of soul-progress.

By force of long-established customs we forbid the student of literature to read certain works until such time as he shall have gained a discriminating knowledge of the affairs of life, believing that such reading is ruinous in suggestion to an untried mind; but do we exercise the same precaution against the doubly sensual influences of Egyptian rhythms, rag-time two-steps, wine-room verses, coon-songs, and their low-browed thoughts! Not so. Few, indeed, are those, even among the children, who are not conversant with all the imported and indiginous musical vices since the "midway" first made its appearance.

A mere listening to sounds was formerly a pleasing occupation, though today the material of music has reached a stage of development where its elevating and more ethical benefits are first sought. Just as the painted landscape breathes its atmosphere of fragrant woods, the statue its strength, heroism, or beauty and purity, so does music symbolize countless moods with a technic peculiarly her own; and as an universal vocabulary is not approached by any other medium of expression. Why not apply thought suggestion to music as well as to literature? The presence of influential factors for good or evil may be more difficult of detection in the one than in the other, but, be assured, none the less active.

### The Best Forms of Dance Music

A CRAVING for a two-step is a natural, though merely a physical sense calling for gratification; it were better to appease such desire with works leaving a healthy, moral result. As physique thrives upon selected diet, religious devotion upon gospel, why not feed the soul's senses upon pure viands instead of slush? Surely the extremest gratification is to be found in such rhythmic works as Liszt, rhapsodies; Chopin, waltzes, mazurkas and polonaises; Brahms, Hungarian dances; Dvorak, Slavonic dances; Grieg, Norwegian dances; or even the waltzes from Johann Strauss and Moskowski. But better still, Wagner, march from Tannhauser; Elgar, march, pomp and circumstance; Verdi, march from Aida; or in lighter vein, the incomparably rhythmic creation of Sousa.

Do we countenance the truisms of love by singing, "She's my only-one, and she lives in Hogan's alley"? What a compliment such sentiment pays to one's ardor as well as to the dainty damsel. Does not the occasion demand a more dignified and heartfelt expression of emotion? Among the best love-songs known to the world are: Brahms, "My Queen," "Love Song"; Schubert, "My Peace Thou Art"; Franz, "Request"; Jensen, "Press Thy Cheek Against Mine Own"; Tschakiowski, "None But the Lonely Heart"; Grieg, "The First Primrose"; also many more from Wolf, MacDowell, Beach, Chadwick, Foote, Cadman, and others.

While disease is contagious, nevertheless health is the general rule; so it is in music. Conditions are improved through the association with works by composers whose views of life's emotions are not regulated by commercialisms catering to popular fancy, but rather by the expression of the best moods and feelings of mankind. The form in which a work of art is set is of almost as great import as the work itself. We know this in the setting of a jewel. But again and again we permit our music to be served to us upon leaden plates or in short-weight packages with seeming indifference. The forms in which the musical classics are written were hundreds of years in the development. It is not likely that they will ever give permanent place to serious variations since the structural order of these forms is as expressive of character as the material which it bounds.

When Tennyson wrote, "Flash, battle-axe, and crash, Brand!" not only did he choose well the text, but no other rhythm would have been so fiendishly expressive as the iambic pentameter. So in music, the rhythmical, heroic, love-emotional, religious, metaphysical, and all the rest, each have a particular frame (except perhaps the Chinese melancholia, and here rag-time could do little harm, as the yellow race has not the slightest appreciation of our tonal system!).

### Censorship in Music

WE SHALL welcome the day when the "National Board of Censorship," or postal laws, will extend their influence in the direction of musical matters. Only the latent knowledge of the pernicious results that inferior works exercise upon character moulding prevents the immediate enactment of such regulations. In the contemplation of the quality and accessibility of so many distinct volumes of the better class of music for piano, piano with voice, violin, cello, viola, even clarinet or flute, all these in various combinations, it is difficult to believe that such works are not known to the four quarters of the globe. For the piano alone no better works can be conceived, in small form, than: MacDowell, Woodland Sketches; Brahms, Three Intermezzi; Debussy, In the Children's Corner; Reger, From My Day-book; these should keep one occupied for months, most profitably. For the violin and piano, Schirmer Classics, volumes I to V, together with Old Classics, edited by Willy Burmeister, are almost exhaustible in their scope. Add to these, Beethoven, Violin and Piano Sonatas; Mozart, same; Grieg, same; and the whole nine symphonies of Beethoven arranged by Hans Sitt, some more from Mozart. One should keep busy with such a list for a considerable time. For two, three and four violins, and various combinations with viola, and with cello, there are duets, trios, quartets, etc., from Pleyel, Viotti, Spohr, Mazas, de Beriot, Dancal, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Schuman, etc. (some with piano). A catalog, obtainable at any music store, of the American and foreign editions, will give much desirable information to the novice. Many available and practical combinations for house-music will be found, though none for "brass" and piano in the better editions. The brass instruments are idealized in the orchestra; they play no part in the scheme for music in the home. At one time Wagner was obliged to sustain himself by arranging popular melodies for the cornet-a-pistons and piano before his operas became known. Such combinations find a later exemplification in the "Holy City" and "The Psalms" variety on the cornet and trombone in various and occasional school literary society meetings; its popularity is not apt to reach the home so long as one has near neighbors. We should as soon desire the tympanies and drums.

For devotional purposes the literature is not so plentiful in smaller forms as, apart from the English hymn-tunes and the German chorale, there remain only the doggerel settings to certain verses, which, though religious enough in intent, are most unmusical in content, or else, the spirit takes upon itself a quasi operatic (?) character the which, by the way, has long since been barred from many channels in particular as well as by the Pope in his realm in general. After all, we must go to:—Bach, passion music; Handel, Messiah; Mendelssohn, Elijah; Reger, One Hundredth Psalm, and the other living oratorios for the best expression through this medium. To gain this privilege one must either be a member of the chorus society or a willing supporter of this form of universal art; because, as yet the American churches have not generally given place to extended works during services as in Germany and Italy, Austria, etc. England, like America (or vice versa, if you please), allows insufficient time for such works during service hours. The writer may be pardoned for saying that an oratorio with full orchestra and

(Concluded on Page 34)



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### Torrid North vs. Sunny South

A GOOD-NATURED old fellow, with a florid, ruddy face, entered and sat one leg down on the editor's desk. He then began: "Well, suh, I see lots of people are dying in the North from heat prostration and sunstroke."

He held up a paper on which I read the following head-lines: "Heat Kills Twelve More," "Six Died, Many Overcome," "Heat Kills Eight in a Day," "Five Died, Many Prostrated," "Heat Wave Claims Twenty-one Lives," "Eleven Dead from Heat, Three Insane," "Twelve Driven Insane by Heat."

"They have hotter weather in the North than we do in the 'Sunny South,'" he said. "With the thermometer at 83 degrees in Chicago, I see they had forty-eight prostrations and four deaths. Down here, we don't have to shuck a coat until 85 degrees."

"Now, just look at me, suh, with my red hair and big, full-blooded body. S'pose I was in Chicago or New Yawk, what would happen to me?"

"Doubtles you would be running along the pavement as a little stream."

"Tobesure! Young man, you are a smart-un. Now here air some figgers I have made up especial for yo' magazine. Mayhap you will find them interestin' to print, and show those Northern gentlemen somethin' about temperature. I thank you. I bid you good morning, suh."

I looked over his "figgers," taken from the weather bureau report for that day, which are as follows:

Atlanta . . . . .	82	Dodge City . . . . .	98
Boston . . . . .	80	Jacksonville . . . . .	86
Birmingham . . . . .	86	Montreal . . . . .	80
Buffalo . . . . .	82	Memphis . . . . .	86
Charleston . . . . .	84	New York . . . . .	88
Denver . . . . .	82	Pittsburg . . . . .	82
Galveston . . . . .	88	Toledo . . . . .	84

These figures indicate that, even at much higher registered temperature, the climatic conditions of the so-called "Sunny" South are far more mild, less dangerous and more comfortable in summer than is true of the "frigid" North. Many sections of the South already enjoy the reputation of being winter resorts for Northerners and a realization of the true climatic facts forces the conclusion that the summer months may also be comfortably spent in the South, heat prostrations and sunstroke being a rarity here.

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# Our Forum of Inquiry

## The Lion in Heraldry

QUERY—Can the editor tell me what the lion in heraldry really signifies?—S. B., Florida.

ANSWER—The lion in heraldry originally signified royal descent. The lion rampant gave the earliest attitude used. In this the animal is erect on its hind legs and looking forward, with its head in profile. This was the lion of the standard of the de Percys of Normandy, and thus it was first shown on the English arms. This was no doubt the normal position of the royal lion, but as the figure came in time to be used, not only by the royal family, but also by all claiming kinship in any degree with royalty, and was even granted to favorites of the king, a number of different attitudes for the animal were adopted. The lion *rampant gardant* was erect, full-faced; the *rampant passant* had its face in profile, and its body in position as though moving; the *rampant regardant* was looking backward; the lion *couchant* was lying down with its head erect, and so on.

## Local and Other Stamps

QUERY—When were what are called "local" stamps issued, and are they of any value?—B. N., Alabama.

ANSWER—What are known to collectors as "local stamps" are stamps that were issued by private carriers, as express companies, and the like, previous to the enactment and enforcement of laws that gave to the Government the monopoly of the postal business. Some of these stamps are rare enough to be of considerable value, but as the valuable ones are often counterfeited, private collectors are advised to examine carefully any specimens brought to them.

## George Washington's Ancestry

QUERY—1. Will the editor give the names of the grandparents and great-grandparents of George Washington? 2. Also please state the origin of the surname Washington.—M. M. V., Texas.

ANSWER—1. The great-grandfather of our George Washington was named John, and he was the first of his name to come to the New World, immigrating with his brother Laurence to Virginia in 1657. He became a planter, and married Miss Annie Pope, by whom he had two sons, Laurence and John. Laurence was the grandfather, and his son Augustine the father of the illustrious George. The maiden name of the wife of Laurence is not mentioned by any writer on the Washington family; Augustine was twice married, his first wife was Jane Butler; the second, the mother of George, was Mary Ball. 2. It is the opinion of most students of family lore that the name Washington is of Anglo-Saxon origin, and Dr. Barber is of opinion that the name was first locally derived from the village of Wasington, Sussex. However, the name De Wessington is found in the records of the 12th century, and some writers have supposed that this is the same name, especially as it is written, in a roll of 1264, as Weshington. The prefix "de" would seem to mark the name as of Norman origin, but it does not appear on any of the rolls of Norman times.

## The Word "Cocade"

QUERY—What is the meaning of the word "cocade" I cannot find its definition.—C. M. B., South Carolina.

ANSWER—"Cocade" is certainly not an English word, and the editor cannot now place it in any other tongue. It has certainly the aspect of a coined word, rather than of one misspelled, but we know that the fact of an error in spelling will solve many a puzzle. Perhaps the word is meant for coekade, a familiar word allied in its derivation to the French tongue, which signifies a knot of ribbon or other material, worn on the hat as a badge. It may be a made word, applied to a new fancy drink!

## Highest Mountain Railway

QUERY—I have recently been reading an account of the mountain railways of Switzerland. Can the editor tell me where the highest railway of this kind is situated?—S. R. D., Kentucky.

ANSWER—The highest point of the Switzerland railways is on the Matterhorn railway, completed recently. It is at a station on the north side of the Matterhorn, which marks a height of 14,682 feet, only 65 feet below the summit of the mountain. This is the highest railway point in Europe, while the highest point reached in North America is 14,000 feet, on the road up Pike's Peak, in Colorado. The distinction of having the highest railway in the world belongs to South America. On the Central Peruvian Railway, a point is reached which is 15,774 feet above sea level.

## A North Carolinian Toast

QUERY—Can the editor locate the following toast, referring to North Carolina:

"Here's to the land of the long-leaf pine,  
The summer land where the sun doth shine."

Please tell by whom it was written, its date, and on what occasion.—A. E. M., South Carolina.

ANSWER—The couplet has a familiar sound, but the editor is unable to place its exact origin, and herewith refers it to be located by some of the vast army of readers of UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE.

## Conducted by M. N. GARDE

THIS department is conducted by an editor of long experience, and its purpose is to answer all questions on literature, history, science, or any topic of general interest. Letters on personal matters, those wanting immediate reply, or concerning controverted matters, can only be answered by mail, for which a stamp should be enclosed. All inquiries must have the writer's name and full address, but only initials will be used in the magazine. All inquiries should be addressed to M. N. GARDE, UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE, Atlanta, Georgia.

The name Malle or Melle was a Belgian name. In the list of Huguenot immigrants to London in 1622, the name Malle occurs. In accordance with the custom of that time, the son of a man of that name would be styled Maleson, which may be regarded as the probable origin of the name mentioned. It is not at all likely that it has any connection with the Latin word "malison," which signifies a curse. The Archers were among the earliest settlers in Virginia, and also in New England and New York, and mention is found of them in a number of genealogies. We find no genealogy of the Mallison family.

## Georgia Senators and Counties

Concerning the inquiry in the June Forum, relative to counties in Georgia, and Senatorships, Mr. D. R. Mobley, of Roswell, Ga., writes:

"The Senatorial districts of Georgia were organized about 1870. But the Constitutional Convention of 1877 reorganized the Senatorial districts as now formed—44 in all. I want to say, too, that there were then but 137 counties in this State, and that Convention put in the Constitution a proviso that no new counties should be organized in this State. However, by special act of the Legislature, ratified by the people at the ballot box, a constitutional amendment was enacted organizing seven new counties—Crisp, Turner, Toombs, Ben Hill, Jeff Davis, Stephens, and Jenkins. There are now, therefore, 144 counties in this State. Each Senatorial district has three or more counties in it. The 36th, or Atlanta district, has three counties, the 44th district has four counties in it.

"I want to say that I once taught a school in Fayette county, and while there I met an old gentleman about eighty years old who told me that he was the first Clerk of the Superior Court of that county, in 1832, and that he held the election for a member of the Legislature, but that it was not the custom of the country for newly-organized counties to elect a Senator until formally authorized to do so."

## Smallest Boat to Cross the Atlantic

QUERY—What is the size of the smallest sail boat known to cross the Atlantic?—S. Y. D., Jacksonville.

ANSWER—The "Sea Bird," a 25-foot sail boat, crossed to Rome, Italy, manned by Skipper Day.

## The Plains of Abraham

QUERY—Is it known why the highlands near Quebec, Can., are called "Plains of Abraham"?—L. R. D., Iowa.

ANSWER—We find this question solved by the historian Parkman, in his work, "Montcalm and Wolfe," by the statement that "the Plains of Abraham were so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maitre Abraham, who had owned a section of land here in the early period of the colony."

## About Two Surnames

QUERY—Please give me some information relative to the name Laughlin; also to the name Dewberry.—L. L., North Carolina.

ANSWER—The familiar surname Berry is said to have been first found in the annals of Devonshire, England, as a local name. Deberry may be allied with the shorter name in origin, or, more probably, it comes directly from the Norman-French name DuBerry or DuBarry (the names are no doubt identical). Some students have also derived the name Berry from the Irish name O'Beera, which is a personal name of uncertain derivation, but unquestionably of Gaelic origin. Laughlin is thought to be identical with the surname Laughland, which is derived by Dr. Barber from Lawkland, a local name of Yorkshire. It has also been held to be taken from the Scotch name Lachlan, which is derived from the Gaelic word "laochail," meaning warlike. The name Laughlin is familiar in both Scotland and Ireland.

## Iceland and Its Language

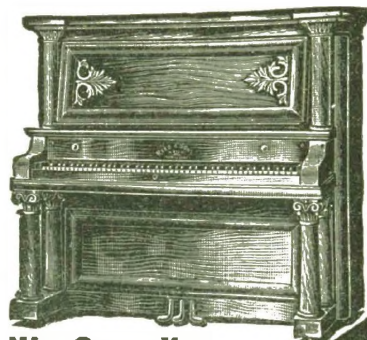
QUERY—Can the editor tell me when Iceland was first settled, and whether any records of its settlement survive? Is there an Icelandic language?—S. S., Indiana.

ANSWER—The colonization of Iceland, we are told, had its origin in the stream of emigration which started from Norway about the middle of the ninth century, and spread along the coasts of Norway, England, Ireland, and Scotland for over three hundred years. The Icelandic language was the old Norse tongue, which for several centuries was preserved, locked up, as it were, in that small island, and kept almost wholly in its original form, while the original tongue of Norway became greatly changed, affected by contact with other nations. As to early records, there still exists, in the cathedral of Reykyavik, Iceland, a roll of the names of the earliest settlers of the island, about five thousand in all. It is a curious fact that nearly a third of these are women.

## Archer and Mallison

QUERY—Kindly give some information concerning the origin of the family name Archer; also with regard to the name Allison.—Mrs. W. D. O., Louisiana.

ANSWER—Archer was a personal name originating in the Norman-French language. It is found in the earliest records of English history, the family no doubt coming to that country about the time of the invasion of the Conqueror. The names Arch, Archer and Archard are all allied and all refer to skill in sport.



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People plant prayers and endeavors, and go next day to see if they have borne graces. Now God does not send graces. He sends light and rain, but they are wrought in us through long days of discipline and growth.  
—BEECHER.

## For the Better Half

### OPEN HOUSE

Conducted by  
MARY E. BRYAN

#### Similar Folk-Lore Stories In Different Nations

RECENTLY, on reading "Scandinavian Myths and Legends," I was surprised to find how many of these were similar to the stories told me by black "mammies" and "daddies" in my childhood. It strongly points the one origin of all people, to find that the folk-lore of the land of snows was similar to that brought from sun-scorched Africa.

Also, there are Indian legends that correspond almost exactly with those told by the negroes. As an instance, there is the story about the cruel father who killed his child and forced his wife to cook it, while the spirit of the little one, in the form of a bird, flew about them plaintively chirping its name. This story is extant also among the Arabians.

More curious still, because of its close resemblance to the classic myth concerning the Greek, Orpheus, and his wife, Eurydice, is the legend of the widower and his doll-wife, as told by the negroes and by the Iroquois Indians, according to Mrs. Ermie Smith's report to the Ethnological Bureau at Washington, concerning Iroquois myths and legends. This story, though less poetic than Orpheus and Eurydice, has more human pathos. A man, living far in the wilderness, loses his wife—his one friend and companion. The loss nearly crazes him. The cabin, to which he was wont to hasten from the hunt or the field, is now more desolate than the grave. One day he makes a large, wooden doll, dresses it in his wife's clothes and sets it up in front of the fire beside him. He offers it food and talks to it as though it were his wife. After this, he is happier. The presence of the image in his wife's clothes is a comfort to him. One evening, on returning to the hut, he finds it swept and put in order. He wonders greatly. The following evening there is wood and fire and a piece of meat ready-cooked in the kettle. He determines to watch and find out the mystery. He peeps through a crack and sees the doll gone from its place and a woman—his wife—moving about the house. He bursts in and she waves him from her, smiling, and says she has come to keep him company, but he must not touch her until she has been seen by all her people. He gladly promises this and after a time they set out to return to their tribe. Within a day's journey of the settlement he breaks the conditions—as Orpheus did. Overcome with longing, he clasps the creature who has come back to him from the grave, and, alas, it is only the wooden doll that he holds.

In the African version the doll is made of a pine sapling; its hair is moss and its teeth grains of corn. The similarity of these folk-lore stories among people so widely different and living in regions so far apart, tends to prove that our human species has one common source—that we were all one family in the far-back prehistoric ages.

#### The New World-Peace Course In Schools

CAPTAIN HOBSON, and other strong advocates of big navies and large standing armies, may well be concerned at the basic opposition to their views which is being put forth by the educational leaders of the country. These have formulated a course of good will and universal peace to be taught in all the elementary schools of America. In the lower grade the child learns the treatment he should give his companions and his pets. The second grade deals with home life, the third with school and play time. Grade five broadens to include a consid-

eration of the whole country, and the succeeding grades take up the study of good citizenship, the world family, and the larger patriotism. In this way, the child grows up in the understanding that the good will which he must show his friends should be extended to all the inhabitants of the earth and that all nations should be at peace with each other, because they are all interdependent. The last great topic is the unity of nations—universal brotherhood.

The moral qualities essential to the peace movement are, fair play, honesty, consideration for others, hospitality and faithfulness. The questions pupils are taught to ask are: "How may I help my neighborhood; how may I serve my State and my country? What are our obligations to other nations? What are the effects of war? Who have contributed most to civilization? Such teachings will surely strike at the root of war—that relic of barbarism and will tend to do away with bloody feuds, lynchings and other survivals of primitive savagery.

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#### Going Abroad To Study

A FOND mother writes that her daughter has a fine talent for music and has been greatly encouraged by her teacher, who tells her she should go to Paris to study the piano under the best musicians; also that there she would have the opportunity of getting into most improving artistic and musical society. She says: "We are persons of moderate means, but by close economy, we might be able to give our girl the advantage of studying abroad. What I wish to know is whether or not the advantages are so great as we have heard. There is always another side, you know."

There is another side to this. The advantages of studying abroad are conditioned by circumstances not desirable. Unless your daughter has extraordinary talent for music, going to Paris would do her little good. This is the recent verdict of a writer and musician, who has studied the situation. Recently he was in Paris and was taken by the young daughter of an American friend to hear her play. Her piano performance was good, but not at all wonderful. He saw from the expression on the face of the French teacher, that she knew the American girl would never amount to anything serious, but he adds, "they just jollied her along from week to week and month to month, she paying a fancy price for her lessons and living expenses, and the deluded parents sending along the money for these all the while." This, he says, is just a typical instance. Probably one in a thousand has artistic genius, works hard to develop it, and does amount to something. But the most of them go through the form of being artists, without getting down to tacks and learning to be good workmen. There is nobody over there enough interested in them to make them work. There is no home influence.

As for the much-lauded literary and artistic society, he says it is all froth or worse. At the parties which the painters and musicians give in their studios or in the apartments of friends, the long-haired, greasy-complexioned foreign men students handle the sweet young American girls and talk to them with undue familiarity; and the worst of it is the young women grow to like such manners and such talk and to depreciate common sense and courteous reserve of American men. His conclusion was that if a girl's family went along with her to Berlin or Paris to finish her artistic education it might work right enough, but to send her there alone among unsafe influences was to make sure that she would never again contentedly take her place in the home or the social life of her own country.

#### The Work Habit May Cure Him

"A MISSOURI MOTHER" asks what can she do to reform her young son, who is reckless and mischievous at home and in school, to such an extent that his teacher has said he is sure to grow up a criminal. Yet he has had careful and tender home training, and is mentally bright and brimful of restless energy.

Perhaps learning the habit of work may cure this boy. The joy of useful work and the disgrace of idleness should be among the first lessons taught a child. If he is taught to like work and take a pride in doing it well, he will put his restless energies into it and grow happier and better. The pardon attorney in the mother's own State has said that more than two-thirds of the convicts in America's largest prison had never learned a trade or a business of any kind. Most of them were young men under twenty-five who had absolutely no knowledge of any honest occupation. Idleness is the parent of restlessness and crime. A young bandit, who was executed in Chicago, said on the scaffold: "It was not drink or bad companions or cigarettes that brought me to this. It was idleness. Idleness drove me to drink, cigarettes and bad company."

The mother of this wayward son should encourage him to do some kind of work regularly—helping her about the house, yard and garden and helping her neighbors. Have his work bring him a profit, and if he shows an inclination for any particular vocation have him taught this—as early as possible. It may be good to induce him to join the Boy Scouts, where he may have the example of well-behaved boys who work and who take a pride and pleasure in doing things.

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#### Chat With Contributors

ONE BRIGHT little member, "Hopeful", who has discovered a most acceptable way to make rag dolls and who asked, through the Open House, if some one would not join her in establishing a factory for these dolls that are always in demand, has a right to feel herself shabbily treated. In her Open House letter she said: "My address is with Mrs. Bryan." So it was. I had her private letter in my desk, but during my illness, last November, before I went to Florida, the letter was misplaced. I mentioned this in the talk with members in the December issue and several times since, but it so happened that in every number the personal chat was left over until next time. Meanwhile, many nice letters came for "Hopeful" and I could not send them. I did not have her address. I have kept the letters, and if she will write at once, I will be ever so glad to forward them to her. I feel conscience-stricken at the delay that has been occasioned while I was so ill with pneumonia. My home friends thought to please me by setting my desk in order, with the result that I have been unable to find many things I valued. I can understand the horror and grief of Newton Cooper and other famous men who lost papers containing the work of years through the well-intentioned, but disastrous, attempts of those who sought to "tidy up" the authors' desks.

I regret the possible loss of opportunity to "Hopeful" all the more because I so fully believe in co-operative work, particularly for women. I have received a number of letters from women who have entered into business partnership and are succeeding beyond their expectations. Two young women whose health failed at dressmaking are now raising Indian Runner ducks together and doing well at this business. The two Tennessee girls who are



running a little farm co-operatively have sent me photographs of the old place they have so beautified, and their letters tell of the fruit and vegetables they daily carry into town in their automobile—purchased in great part by money made on the little co-operative farm.

"Man of the Mountain", where are you? Many inquiries come concerning you. You do not know the nice messages you are missing by not sending your address.

Friends, I hope you will write oftener and tell us what you have been doing these summer days, what you are reading and thinking about life as it is today and what you may remember, of your experiences and observations in the past.

LETTERS FROM THE MEMBERS

The Selfishness of "Unselfish" Women

FAR BE IT from me to whisper that the much praised self-fishness of women is one of the most essentially selfish things in existence. But if there be those so rash as to draw such a conclusion—then I wash my hands of all responsibility for them. They are possessed of natures too mean for contemplation by those of us who move in the higher spheres of being. I merely make the simple statement that certain things are thus and so. It is a well-recognized fact that women most willing to sacrifice themselves for those they love are equally willing to sacrifice others for those they love. Their devotion is concrete, not abstract. The brotherhood of man and, incidentally, the sisterhood of woman, does not come directly within their range of vision. For example, the mother of a husky harvest hand who has been sowing a large field of wild oats with more assiduity than he ever sowed wheat, plowed corn or picked cotton, and is waiting for the crop to ripen, will so love her son that although he may be criminally diseased, she will be eager to encourage him to marry the most admirable member of the opposite sex to be found, for his own good, and in so doing will not only sacrifice the health of the bride but will aid in the establishment of a line of physically cursed human beings who are a burden to themselves and to society. Of course, it is a far cry from such examples of feminine selfishness as this to the minor ones noted in daily life, but life is made up mostly of little things, and sometimes they cause more annoyance than the larger incidents.

Reincarnation

MR. R. J. CASE quotes the oft-repeated, and little understood passage, "The soul that sinneth shall die." Then must all souls die, for all sin, and have sinned, in some degree. The truth, as I see it, is that the only way to escape final death is to live here so as to deserve the great gift of immortal life. Eventually, as I believe, all will attain this life, but in many instances it is through long and sorrowful experience, through many embodiments or incarnations, tending to the final ripening into the state in which they have gained the wisdom to choose the good and reject the evil. Without this law of re-embodiment the Creator's promises to his creatures could not be fulfilled. The word resurrection means to stand again; Jesus stood again for the fallen human race. His spirit acted upon humanity as the butterfly acts on the plant—pollinating the bloom that it may produce seed. Those who received this spirit nineteen hundred years ago have been growing, gestating through many incarnations—until, on the last day, they will be raised and born into immortal life.

J. S. SARGENT.

Tight Skirts in a Country Church

TODAY I attended divine service—not in a magnificent city church, but in a little country meeting-house set in a grove of fine oaks, under the shade of which were tied a number of good-looking horses and mules that had been harnessed to handsome carriages and buggies, showing that North Georgia farmers are a prosperous lot. There was a fairly large congregation—men, women, children and babies—bright-eyed, smiling bits of humanity, who behaved as "well as could be expected." The singing was good; all the congregation joined in it, and a girl musician accompanied it quite acceptably on the organ. The feminine part of the assembly were neatly and fashionably dressed. Several girls wore lawn and linen dresses, made and beautifully embroidered by their own hands. A few were dressed in the extreme of the tight skirt mode, with high-heeled shoes. These ungraceful and uncomfortable looking girls were commented on sharply by the men. To my own eyes they looked anything but lovely. How can a woman retain any of the grace of freedom and ease, who has hobbled herself in a skirt so tight she can hardly step and has to pull up the garment to her knees when she enters a buggy or a car, and to be lifted out as though she were a helpless bundle when she leaves it? In these days, when women are boasting of their practical sense and their equality with men, it seems as strange as it looks ridiculous to see them fettering their movements at the mandate of a silly fashion. This is how I feel about it now, but "inconsistency, thy name is woman," and who knows but what I shall yet be hypnotized into accepting a sausage skirt?

Georgia.

AGNES OF RURAL RETREAT.

A Silver Ring—War Relic

I HAVE in my possession a relic of the Civil War. It is a silver finger ring, with the initials L. O. P. (as nearly as I can make out) engraved on it. It was taken from the finger of a Confederate officer (captain or lieutenant) as he lay dead on the battlefield of Iuka, Mississippi, on the morning after the fight—September 20, 1862. I belonged to Company D, of the Fifth Iowa Volunteers. On the day of the battle we were pitted against a Louisiana regiment, commanded, I think, by Col. Gilmore, and bearing the terrifying name of "The Louisiana Tigers." Our experience with them that day made us feelingly realize that they were well named. Possibly through this notice in your widely circulated magazine some friend or relative of the dead soldier who wore this ring may be able to identify him by means of the initials and the fact that he fell in the battle of Iuka, Mississippi. I would be very glad to hear from some of those Louisiana soldiers who fought so bravely against that memorable day in Iuka, Mississippi.

Dorchester, Nebraska.

LATTON BATIN.

We Hurry-Scurry Folks of Today

THE great lack of this twentieth century is patience. We have lost the old-time, quiet persistence and painstaking that gave a value to whatever we did, and a calmness and steadfastness to our nerves. We are prone to do everything in a hurry, and in this way to half do it, while we acquire the nervous temperament. Take a lesson from Nature. The mills of the gods grind slowly, but sure. The seed takes its time to sprout and grow. Leaf by leaf the rose unfolds; wave by wave the tide rolls in; thread by thread the spider weaves its

beautiful geometric web and the silkworm spins her cocoon. The beautiful tapestry pictures grow stitch by stitch under the fingers of the embroiderers. Their work is now the ornament of courts, the wonder of all who see it. Stroke by stroke of the thoughtful, patient brush were the picture masterpieces painted; stone by stone were the temples and pyramids reared, and thought by thought, act by act is one's character builded, one's life mission wrought. Only we are too much in a hurry now-a-days to think or to consult conscience and wisdom as to our acts. We are too much in a hurry to eat or to cook wholesomely. We eat from the tin can kitchen—"prepared foods," fruits and vegetables. Indigestion and dyspepsia run riot and we hastily antidote them with quick working patent drugs. Appendicitis, unknown to our fathers, is one of the results of haste and impatience. Hurried swallowing of half-chewed food and hastening back to business for fear the other fellow may get the dollar we are chasing. We marry in haste, but don't repent at leisure—for we hurry to the divorce court where the light shackles are knocked off "while you wait." We die in a hurry—drop down just anywhere of heart failure, acute indigestion, paralysis and all kinds of diseases that are engendered by hurry and worry. We won't take time to die decently in our beds, and if death doesn't come in a hurry, why there's the popular carbolic acid and pistol ball. Indeed, friends, the curse of the age is hurry. We can't take time for thought, for love, for religion. Let's stop and take breath.

Kentucky.

JERRY PLUM.

As to the Sentence

ARE THE Open House readers weary of discussing what happens to transgressors after death? I hope not, for there is no question in literature, or in life, more deeply important. One of our friends of the Open House declared his belief that the decree of eternal punishment was not from God, but had been injected into the Scriptures by crafty priests (who wished to enslave the masses) before printing was invented and when the Scriptures were transcribed by the hand of priests and kept in synagogues and monasteries for ages. This sounds plausible, but I do not believe it could have been permitted. God intended his Word to be handed down just as it is. He would not have allowed his message to humanity to be tampered with by designing men. God is the Friend and Father of the beings he has created, but when these persist in disobeying his laws without repentance or appeal for forgiveness, they are no longer his children; they are the children of the Devil, whose business is to mar the work of the Creator. They are turned over to the Evil One and left to suffer the consequences of their own transgressions. For God does not condemn man; man condemns himself. When he is dead to progress and soul-life he must be buried out of the sight of those who are truly alive, just as we bury our dead after life has departed from them, lest the decaying body contaminate the living. So the creator of humanity could not suffer a spirit poisoned with evil to enter upon the future life of broader opportunities and higher privileges which we believe will be enjoyed by those who make the best use they can of the present life. As to the contradictions which the Open House writer declares are to be found in the Bible, these are mostly seeming contradictions, due to misunderstanding or misinterpretation. If carefully studied, these seemingly conflicting statements will be found reconciled. I agree with the Open House writer that this matter calls for study and discussion, and I will be glad to hear from others on this subject.

Elloree, South Carolina.

B. GRADY SHELTER.

Asks for Advice and Suggestions

THE people of the Open House seem to be a wise yet kindly company; therefore, I have come to them with my perplexing problem of how to live and provide for three little children, the eldest only seven, while the boy baby is just five months old. He came to me two months after the death of my dear husband. I want to bring my children up in a home—not in a boarding-house, where the daily influences are never the best. They have been accustomed to a sweet, pleasant home with such quiet and pure environments as can seldom be found in a boarding-house. I wish to hold on to this home life and to buy a few acres of ground on which I may raise chickens, ducks and turkeys, and keep a cow, and also a few pigs, that I may have meat of my own producing. I know it will be hard work and a lonely life for one who has always lived in a city, but I can think of nothing else I could do, as I could not and would not work out of the home and leave my babies. Please advise me, friends of the Open House. Also, can you tell me of some refined, good woman, who would live with me for a home and board? I am young—only thirty—and cannot very well live alone. Perhaps some one knows of a little place that would suit me and that I might be able to buy. I would like to make a specialty of something that would be marketable, yet easily raised. I will be extremely grateful for any suggestions and advice. Mrs. Bryan has my address, so I will just sign myself PERPLEXED.

Cooking and Whiskey

MISS CURRY, who is known in New York as the "Little Missionary of the East Side," and who caused Day Nurseries and Mothers' Meetings to be established in that quarter, tells how she came also to found cooking clubs. She discovered that the prevalence of the whiskey and free lunch habit among workmen was largely due to the bad cooking in their homes and the slovenly, revolting way in which food was often served. Hearing of a woman who was leading a miserable life with a drunken husband, she went to her home to see if she could help her. She found her cooking a steak all over the stove because she had no frying pan. The steak was unfit to eat, and the woman set the table by covering it with a pair of trousers held down with the plate of steak at one end and a brush and comb at the other. Miss Curry came next day and brought two tablecloths. She set the table neatly and placed in the center a small pot containing a blooming geranium. The woman took the object lesson to heart; her home became neat, her cooking improved, and her husband ceased to drink.

The little missionary found similar conditions in many other homes. There wasn't a comfortable corner in them. When the husband upbraided the wife, she retorted that it was his fault; he didn't give her enough money. In wrath and despair, he would seek the saloon and the free lunch, and quickly fall into the drinking habit. A man who has not nourishing food neatly served at home is peculiarly open to the temptation of drink. Often wives do not understand how to buy nourishing food or how to cook it properly. Miss Curry taught them—taught them tactfully, so that instead of resenting her interference, they loved her and eagerly followed her friendly suggestions.

She was also a friend in the sick-room. During one winter she nursed (in many instances saved) three hundred patients—ill with pneumonia. In one year she paid fifteen thousand personal visits—nine thousand of which were sick calls. Asked if her work was not often discouraging, she answered: "Sometimes; yet I have learned that it is more blessed to give than to receive."



MANY persons find it difficult to use the embroidery hoop when doing French embroidery. If you are one of these try basting your work to a piece of flexible oil cloth, which can be purchased for this purpose. It prevents the work drawing and is light and easy to bend and handle.



It Gathers All the Dust and Holds It

Handle 54 in. long

Makes It

Easy to Clean

Those Hard-to-

Get-at Places

under the beds, on the tops of the doors, on the molding, the tops of tall furniture, in corners, etc. No stooping or bending, or standing on chairs or moving heavy furniture. It is the easy way to clean and polish hardwood floors, linoleum, etc.

O-Cedar Mop Polish

puts a high, hard, durable lustre on all varnished, painted and finished surfaces without hard rubbing. The mop is substantially built to give long wear and is padded to prevent marring or scratching the furniture. Can be easily washed and then renewed by sprinkling a few drops of O-Cedar Polish on it.

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at his risk. The price, \$1.50, will be refunded if you do not find it absolutely satisfactory after two days' trial. Sent direct, on receipt of price, where not easily obtained from dealers

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Use O-Cedar Polish—the vegetable compound, for brightening and cleaning all furniture. 25c to \$2.50 sizes, at your dealer's.

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when her boy is bloused in the time-and-trouble saving

LOOK for the LOOP BOYS' BLOUSE

The boy adjusts it in a "jiffy"—it stays adjusted. Needs only to be buttoned and unbuttoned.

The LOOP (patented) does not hang untidily outside nor can it be lost in the hem or caught in the wringer.

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FAST COLORS—EVERY GARMENT GUARANTEED

Ask the mother of boys that wear them—Then ask your DEALER

K&E Blouse Makers Cleveland

THE K&Easy Kids

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# The Dixie Circle

Conducted by SARA D. HALLEY

SOMEHOW most of my letters this last month have come from married women and mothers of families; from farmers' wives and from women in the smaller towns and cities who are needing help to make the domestic wheels move more smoothly. I am glad always to have these letters. I want to help wherever and whenever it is possible but I have been wondering if my message has gone astray a little way and if it has failed to reach the girls of our Southland? I hope it has not, for very often I am inclined to agree with Martin Luther, who, from the fullness of his observation and experience, declared that "This is a hard world for girls!" It is hard for girls, especially if they have never learned to utilize their talents and their energies and if they are just trying "to have a good time" without any special direction to their lives or their efforts. Sometimes the very hardest work in the world is just this effort "to have a good time"; to make the days pass as merrily and as swiftly as possible, and alas! with as little result. The endless endeavor to keep pace with the procession; to be always dressed in "the latest style", to be just a little more elaborate in clothes and surroundings than your neighbor, all of this seems to me such a useless waste of life and of that God-given power which we may call choice or will or intelligence, just as we please. Fortunately for us the education of our American girl is fast taking her out of the realm of the purely ornamental element of society and is placing her where her talents count. But this movement is not yet quite general enough or quite swift enough to suit those who, like myself, are eager for our girls to reach the highest, *now*.

## The Girl With a Life Work

I HEARD an old fashioned lady say once that she was "sorry for May W., poor girl, she has to work so hard now."

"How," I asked.

"Why, her father failed, you know, and now May is in his office trying to learn the business and help him get on his feet again," she answered.

I could not bring myself to feel very sorry for this girl, because I knew her as a nervous little thing with a restless expression, just seeming to be always looking for something or someone out of her sight or reach. It seemed hard to picture her in an office or anywhere else where there was serious work to be done. I thought of her many times after this and was rather curious to know how she had adjusted herself to the new order of things. I was pleased, therefore, as well as surprised, to meet her, a few days ago, on the street. We happened to be waiting for the same car and so had leisure to talk a little. I confess she greeted me before I knew her, so different was the trim, "tailor-made" girl from the fluffy little creature whom I had last seen at a box party at a matinee. As soon as she spoke I noticed a difference in her, and after the very first greetings she began to talk of "the office". It was plain to see that the subject absorbed her; she could not get away from it even for a moment and I was delighted to notice that pity bestowed on this young woman was entirely wasted. She was bright, alert, active and, best of all, she was *happy*. She told me of how she had mastered details of correspondence and how she wrote letters for "father" that he had formerly dictated to a stenographer, thus doing the work of two persons. She seemed jubilant that "things were looking better" and her chief joy seemed to be that the creditors were being slowly paid and the business would not be sacrificed.

## The Power of Usefulness

THIS GIRL was an object lesson to me; she seemed the embodiment of all my "theories"; I felt certain she would now become the useful, prudent and contented woman which she might have missed being altogether if conditions had not actually forced her into a realm of usefulness. Now, what is true of this girl could be true of any girl, but why should a girl wait for adverse circumstances to force her into a life of usefulness? There is much work always at hand for any girl to do, *if she will but seek it*. Now, I am sure if May W. had been asked to choose some form of work she would never on earth have decided on "cotton piece goods" as a field for usefulness, but that was the line of business in which her father was interested, and having no choice, she set herself to learn and understand this business. Often and often our women and girls need work, want work and really would be willing to work if they could "*get what they want to do*". The lesson they should learn first is the one which May W. learned so well, *to do what comes to them* to make money and not what they would *choose to do*. The girls and women I have failed to help are only those who have written me, "I want work, but I will not or cannot do—" well whatever the individual writer does not *like* to do. If we could all of us only see that it is *work well done* that counts, how much happier we would be and how much nearer to "our heart's desire"!

## Shall I Tell YOU How!

ARE THERE any of you among my readers, girls or women, who would like to know of work they could do and by which they could make money? I wonder if there are not many such who have not yet written me? I believe there are, and I want to hear from each one, so do send me a line for a personal answer; I believe it will interest you.

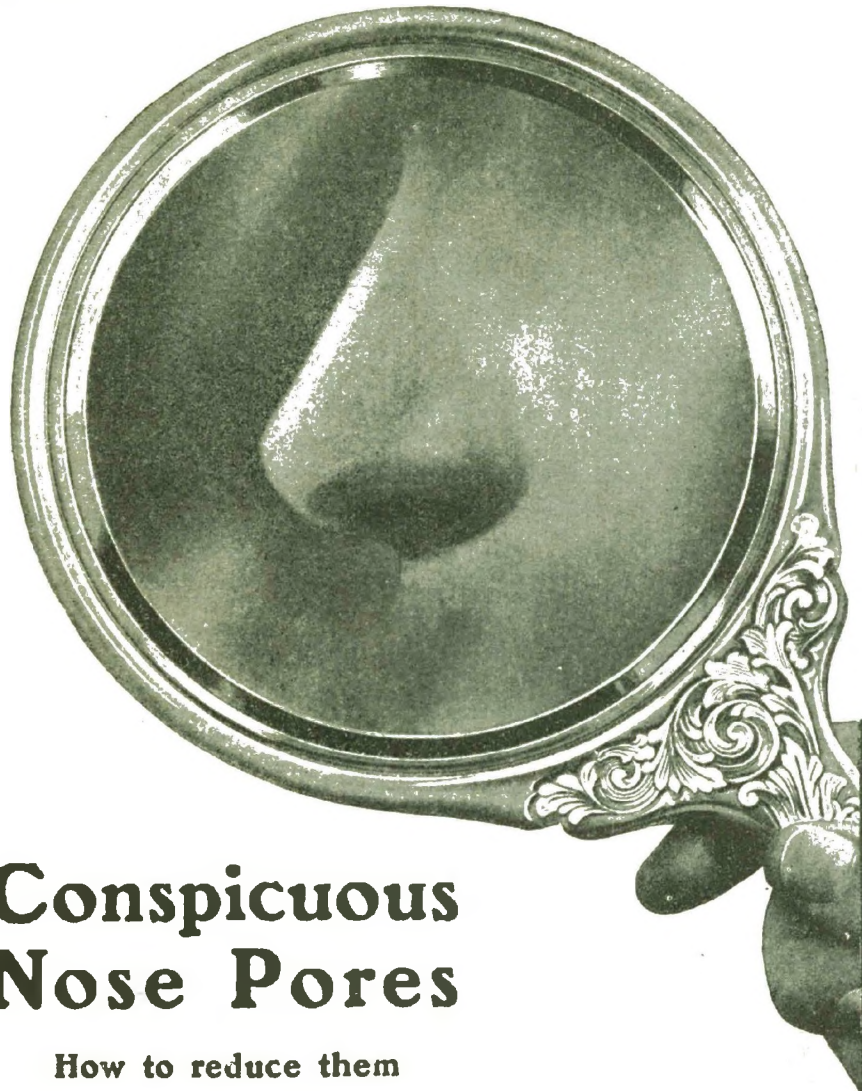
Address, with stamp,

MRS. SARA D. HALLEY,  
UNCLE REMUS'S HOME MAGAZINE, Atlanta, Ga.



## The Cactus As a Food Plant

THE CACTUS plant has always been considered a good food plant for animals but its thorny sides have prevented its use. Now, however, the plant wizard, Mr. Luther Burbank, in his recent experiments at Santa Rosa, Cal., has succeeded in producing a spineless or thornless cactus. The food value of this plant, in its raw state, is unquestioned for animals and it may also be used by humans when converted into jams, jellies or preserves. Then, too, it is a plant so hardy that after the first year it needs absolutely no cultivation or fertilization, growing with equal ease in sandy or rocky soil, and spreading rapidly. Hence a "failure of the cactus crop" is almost impossible.



# Conspicuous Nose Pores

## How to reduce them

Complexions, otherwise flawless, are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The blood circulation in the nose is comparatively poor, therefore does not keep the pores open as they should be. Instead they clog up, collect dirt and become enlarged.

## Begin tonight to use this treatment

Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in a fresh lather of Woodbury's. *Rub it in.* Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes *with a lump of ice.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment brings the blood to the nose and promotes a better circulation, which is just what the nose needs. It strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. This is what gradually reduces the enlarged pores, causes them to contract, making them practically inconspicuous.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after the first cake.

For 4c, we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day to The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 2, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

# Woodbury's Facial Soap

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### The Woodbury Book—Second Large Edition

This book gives just the information you want about the skin and how to care for it: the five functions of the skin; scientific facts about its needs; five ways of using soap, etc., etc. Sold direct for fifty cents. Mail this coupon for a copy. With every copy we send samples of the Woodbury preparations without extra charge.

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**The Andrew Jergens Co.**  
Dept. 2, Spring Grove Avenue, CINCINNATI, O.

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ for the Woodbury samples:  
OR \_\_\_\_\_ for the Woodbury Book and samples of  
the Woodbury preparations.

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# With the Summer Hostess

By EDWINA B. PARKER

**POPOVERS**—Beat one whole egg and one yolk until light; add a half cupful of milk and beat thoroughly, then sift in one cupful of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt and beat until perfectly smooth, then beat in a second half cupful of milk. Have hot on the stove half a dozen earthen popover cups; turn in the mixture and bake in a quick oven.

**GUMBO**—Chop finely one large onion. Trim the fat from one and a half pounds of lean beef and put the meat through the chopper, then run through the tender part of the fat. Put the latter into a saucepan and place over the fire until well tried out; skim out the scraps and drop in the onion. Cook very slowly until beginning to color, then add one raw potato pared and cut in thin slices, two cupful of tomatoes, measured after skinning and cutting fine, one pint of okra cut in thin slices, and the meat. Cover and cook slowly for a quarter of an hour, stirring occasionally, then add two cupful of water, one teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper or half a green pepper, chopped and cooked slowly for half an hour. Toast a number of slices of stale bread, lay them in the bottom of a vegetable dish and pour the gumbo over them. Serve with plain boiled rice which has been cooked separately.

**CUCUMBER SOUFFLE**—Take two tablespoonsful of butter and three tablespoonsful of flour and mix together over the fire; add one and three-quarter cupful of milk, and stir until thick and smooth; season with one teaspoonful of salt, two dashes of cayenne pepper and one teaspoonful of onion juice and cook for five minutes. Stir in one and a half cupful of thick cucumber pulp and the beaten yolks of six eggs, and continue stirring until the mixture becomes thick. Take from the fire, cover closely and set away until cold. Then whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff dry froth, cut them carefully into the mixture and fill individual baking cups. Bake in a hot oven ten or fifteen minutes, according to the size of the cups.

**PEAR BAVARIAN CREAM**—Let one level tablespoonful of granulated gelatine soak in a third of a cupful of cold water about five minutes. Now set the cup in a pan of hot water and stir until dissolved, then add a third of a cupful of powdered sugar and a cupful of stewed pears. The pears should be cut in fine pieces and enough pear juice added to make a half pint in all. Beat with an egg beater until frothy. Have half a pint of sweet cream whipped stiff, to which has been added a small pinch of salt, one-third of a cupful of sugar and a few drops of vanilla extract; stir this lightly in the above mixture and pour in a mold. When ready to serve turn out carefully on a pretty glass dish and decorate with whipped cream and candied cherries.

**MUSHROOM SANDWICHES**—Peel and stalk fresh mushrooms, stew them in a little milk until perfectly tender. Then drain them and chop finely. Place the mushrooms between thin bread and butter, having seasoned them highly with salt and pepper and a dust of paprika. Trim the edges neatly, if the bread was cut square, but rounds of bread are less wasteful for these sandwiches.

**BLACKBERRY TRIFLE**—Cut small sponge cake into pieces and divide it into glasses. Put two eggs into a saucepan with two tablespoonsful of sugar, one heaping tablespoonful of powdered gelatine and two cupful of milk. Stir over slow fire till they slightly thicken, then strain over cake. Set away in cool place, and when ready to serve, top with whipped cream and garnish with ripe blackberries.

**TOMATO BISQUE**—One quart of tomatoes, one quart of milk, two heaping tablespoonsful of butter, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, a blade of mace and one bay leaf. Stew the tomatoes with the bay leaf and mace till tender, then rub them through a sieve. Put the strained tomatoes into a saucepan, add the butter, then add the seasoning. Put the milk into a double boiler, and stir into it the corn-starch, which has been mixed with a little cold milk to make it smooth; let it cook for fifteen minutes, then pour the milk into the tomatoes, mix well together, and serve.

**ROLLED ALMOND WAFERS**—Use large eggs; beat the whites of four eggs until pretty light, beat about half as much as for cake; beat four ounces of blanched almonds, chopped exceedingly fine; two level tablespoonsful of sifted flour and half a cupful of sugar. Spread on well oiled baking

Breakfast	
Grapes	
Cereal with Cream	
Breakfast Bacon with Fried Apples	
Popovers	Coffee
Luncheon	
Gumbo	
Cucumber Souffle	Raw Tomatoes
Mushroom Sandwiches	
Blackberry Trifle	
Tea	
Dinner	
Tomato Bisque	
Roast Veal	
Bean Roll	Corn Dumplings
Stuffed Squash	Okra Salad
Pear Bavarian Cream	
Rolled Almond Wafers	
Coffee	Cheese

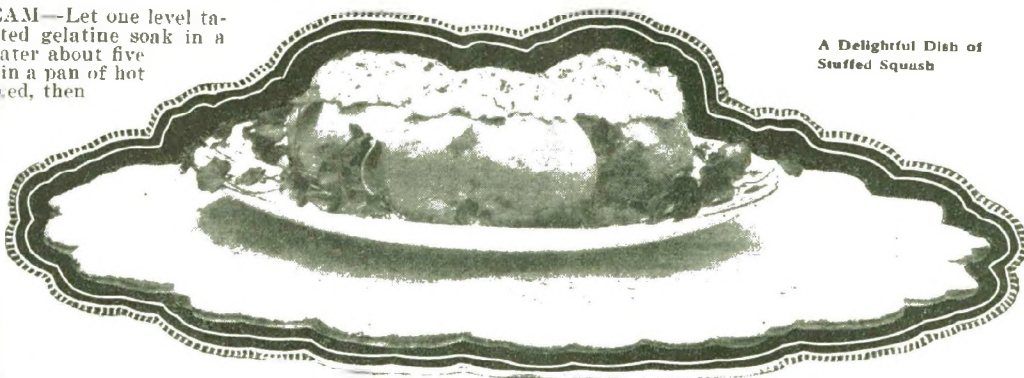
sheets in two and one-half inch squares. Bake to a delicate amber color in a rather quick oven. At once roll them on the handle of a wooden spoon into cylinder shape.

**CORN DUMPLINGS**—Make a nice light biscuit dough, and form it into small, thin rounds, just large enough to hold a heaping teaspoonful of corn, season to taste; add a lump of butter, and form into round dumplings. Steam for about twenty minutes and serve.

**DEAN ROLL**—Cook some lima beans until tender, rub through a sieve, season with salt, pepper and a tablespoonful of butter to each pint of beans. Stir in two well-beaten eggs, and sufficient bread crumbs to make thick enough to roll. Wrap in buttered paper until near serving time, then bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Serve with cream sauce or tomato sauce.

**STUFFED SQUASH**—Cut the stem end from six tender squash, scoop out the center. Take the squash pulp and run it through the meat chopper, add one teaspoonful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of butter, one raw egg, one teaspoonful of grated onion and a high seasoning of salt and pepper. Refill the squash with the mixture and bake in a moderate oven until done. Serve garnished with water cress.

**VEGETABLE SOUP**—After boiling a soup bone or a piece of beef until done, add to the broth boiling water to make the amount of soup wanted, and when boiling again, add a large handful of cabbage cut fine as for salw, a half pint of tomatoes, and three good-sized onions, cut fine, and three Irish potatoes sliced very thin, and a half pint of corn. Let boil about a half hour. If the soup is liked a little thick, beat one egg with two tablespoonsful of sweet milk and one teaspoonful flour put in five or ten minutes before taking off. This makes it very rich. Serve with crackers. Try this straight, then sweeten to taste. Also add pepper, salt and a little butter.



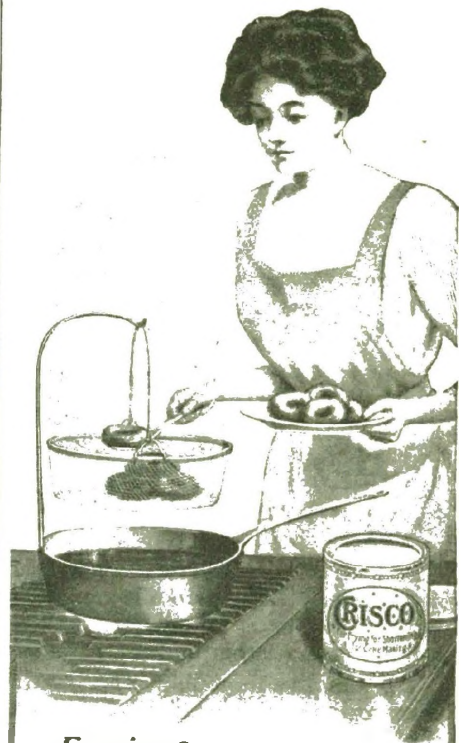
A Delightful Dish of Stuffed Squash

**CHILI SAUCE**—Put into a granite saucepan one quart of tomatoes, half a pint of vinegar, one green or red pepper, a dash of black pepper, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, three whole cloves, a quarter of a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, and three medium-sized onions chopped fine. Cook over slow fire until mixture is thick, then bottle and seal.

**MUSHROOM CATSUP**—Wash and slice two quarts of mushrooms. Put a layer of mushrooms in the bottom of a stone jar; sprinkle with a teaspoonful of salt. Then put in another layer of mushrooms, another teaspoonful of salt, and so continue until the jar is filled. Cover and stand aside all night. Next day drain the liquor from the mushrooms and chop fine. Measure the liquor, turn it at once into a granite or porcelain kettle, and to each pint allow a saltspoonful of black pepper, a blade of mace, two whole cloves, a teaspoonful of celery seed, a saltspoonful of ground ginger, two bay leaves. Boil five minutes, strain, add mushrooms, boil again five minutes. Take from the fire, add one gill of port wine. Bottle, cork and seal.

**MUSTARD PICKLE**—Four cupful of vinegar, a quarter of a pound of mustard seed, a quarter of a pound of grated horse-radish, half a pound of mustard, one cupful of chopped green or red peppers, two tablespoonsful of tumeric, one pint of button onions, four cupful of sliced cucumbers, four cupful of sliced green tomatoes, four cupful of cauliflower flower-ets, two tablespoonsful of celery seed, and one cupful of brown sugar. Boil vinegar, spices, and sugar for eight minutes, add remaining ingredients, and simmer gently until thick. Keep in well sealed crock in cool place.

**MANGO PEPPER PICKLES**—Select peppers of good size, rejecting any withered, dark ones. With a sharp pen-knife round the stem, take it out whole, remove seeds, and replace the stem, fastening with a single stitch. Make brine strong enough to float an egg, put in the peppers and let them stand in it for two days. Rinse and dry them, then fill with the following mixture: Chop together two quarts of green tomatoes, one quart of red tomatoes, three white onions, one red pepper and firm head of cabbage. Sprinkle well with salt, put in a cheese-cloth bag, lay a heavy weight on it and let stand for twenty-four hours. Then add three-quarters of a pound of sugar, two tablespoonsful of freshly grated horse-radish, one-half of a teaspoonful each of ground white pepper, mace and celery seed and two tablespoonsful of white mustard seed, and when all the peppers are filled sew on the tops, pack them in jars, covering with scalded vinegar.



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ALL during the warmer months, it is especially important that your foods be prepared in as dainty, delicate and wholesome a way as possible.

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For Frying - For Shortening  
For Cake Making

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The Procter & Gamble Company  
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Cincinnati, Ohio.



A Dainty Way to Serve Blackberry Trifle



# THE GREY CLOAK

(Continued from Page 17)

"Yes. Has it ever occurred to you, my poet, to investigate Monsieur le Chevalier's grey cloak; that is to say, search its pockets?"  
 Victor smothered an oath and thwacked his thigh. "Horns of Panurge!"  
 "Then you have not. It would be droll if our salvation was accompanying us to the desert." The vicomte was up and heading toward D'Herouville.  
 "Victor, lad," said the Chevalier, "go and see if there is anything in the pockets of that grey cloak."

"Well, Monsieur?" said D'Herouville, eagerly.  
 "There is a ghost upon the ship," replied the vicomte.  
 "You have secured the papers?"  
 "Do you recall that when I touched that cloak it gave forth a crackling sound as of paper? Well," and the vicomte twisted the ends of his mustache and gnawed it between his teeth, "there was nothing in that pocket, not even a piece of paper as large as your thumb-nail."  
 "You lie!" roughly. Their faces came close together.  
 "If Monsieur le Chevalier leaves enough of you, Monsieur," said the vicomte. His tone was gentle. "When I gave you my word it was given honestly. There were no papers in that cloak. You have given me the lie: go about your affairs. When we land, if the Chevalier does not kill you, I will."

ON THE second day of June the Saint Laurent dropped anchor before Quebec. What a welcome was roared to them from Fort Louis, from the cannon and batteries, high up on the cliffs! Immediately on landing, Father Chaumonot made a sign, and his sea-weary voyagers fell upon their knees and kissed the earth. New France! "Now," said Victor, shaking himself, "let us burn up the remaining herrings and salt codfish. I see yonder a gentleman with a haunch of venison on his shoulder."

"One would think that you had had no duck or deer since we passed Acadia," laughed Du Puy. "But, patience, lad; Monsieur de Lauson invites all the gentlemen to the Fort at six to partake of his table. You have but four hours to wait for a feast such as will make your Paris eyes bulge."

"Praise be! New France, Paul," cried the poet at his side. The newness and strangeness of the scene filled his face with animation. No problems beset his buoyant soul.

"Yes, lad; this is New France. Fortune here seems to be of the masculine; and I daresay that you and I shall receive many cuffs in the days to come."

"Come, my friends," said Brother Jacques, "and I will show you the path which leads to the citadel." And the three proceeded up the incline.

Sister Benie of the Ursulines was passing along the narrow road which led to the river. There were on her serene face the remains of what had been great beauty, such as is sometimes given to the bourgeois; but the blue eyes were wells of sadness and the lips ever drooped in pity and mercy. Across her pale cheek was a paler scar, which ran from the left temple to the chin. Sister Teresa, her companion, was young and plain. Soldiers and trappers and Indians passed them on the way up, touching their caps and hats; for Sister Benie was known from Montreal to Tadousac. Suddenly Sister Benie gave a low cry and pressed a hand upon her heart.

"Sister, you are ill?" asked her companion.  
 "A dizziness; it is gone now." Presently she caught the arm of a gentleman who was passing.

"My son," she said, sweetly, "can you tell me who is that young man walking with Brother Jacques; the tall one?"

"He? That is the Chevalier du Cevennes."

"His family?"

"He is the son of the Marquis de Perigny."

"Thank you, my son."

## CHAPTER XV—The Supper

"MONSIEUR DU CEVENNES," said D'Herouville, just before supper that first night of their arrival on Canadian soil, "I see that you are not quite strong enough to keep the engagement. This day two weeks; will that be agreeable?"

"It will; though I should be better pleased to fix the scene for tomorrow."

D'Herouville raised a deprecating hand. "I should not like to have it said that I took advantage of a man's weakness. Of course, if you wish to force it—"

"The Chevalier looked thoughtfully at his pale hands. "I shall take advantage of your courtesy, Monsieur le Comte."

"How polite men are when about to cut each other's throats!" The Vicomte d'Halluys adjusted his baldric and entered the great dining-hall of the Chateau Saint Louis. He and D'Herouville sat side by side.

"Vicente, you have never told me why the Chevalier is here. Why should he leave France, he, who possessed a fortune, who had Mazarin's favor, and who had all the ladies at his feet?"

"Ask him when you meet him," answered the vicomte, testing the governor's burgundy.

"And will you pay me those ten thousand livres which you wagered against my claims for madame's hand?"

The vicomte took a sip of the wine. There was no verbal answer, but his eyes spoke.

"Quebec promises to afford a variety," commented D'Herouville, glancing to where the Chevalier sat.

"It is quite probable," affably returned the vicomte. "This is good wine for a wilderness like this. To be sure it comes from France; I had forgotten."

The first fortnight passed with the excitement attendant at taking up quarters in a strange land. The Chevalier, Victor and the vicomte were given rooms in the citadel; D'Herouville accepted the courtesy of the governor and became a resident of the chateau; Father Chaumonot, Major du Puy, and his selected recruits, had already made off for Onondaga. A word from Father Chaumonot into the governor's ear promoted the Chevalier to a lieutenantancy in lieu of Nicot's absence in Onondaga. Everything began very well.

SELDOM a day went by without a skirmish with the Iroquois, who had grown impudent and fearless again. The Iroquois were determined to destroy their ancient enemies, the Hurons, primarily because they hated them, and secondarily because they were allies of the French. France did what she could in reason to stop these depredations, but the task needed an iron gauntlet, and De Lauson was a civilian. At this period the Mohawks were the fiercest, the Onondagas having agreed to a temporary treaty. Marauders were brought in and punished, but usually the punishment was trivial compared to the offense. The governor wished to rule by kindness; but his lieutenants knew the Indian thoroughly. He must not be treated with kindness where justice was merited; it gave him the idea that the white man was afraid.

Though he went about somberly, untalkative and morose, the Chevalier proved himself a capital soldier, readily adapting himself to the privations of scouting and the loneliness of long watches in the night. He studied his Indian as one who intended to take up his abode among them for many years to come. He discarded the uniform for the deerskin of the trapper. But the Chevalier made no friends among the inhabitants; and when not on duty he was seen only in the company of Victor, the vicomte and Brother Jacques, who was assisting him in learning the Indian languages. Brown he grew, lithe and active as the enemy he watched and studied. Never a complaint fell from his lips; he accepted without question the most hazardous duty.

"Keep your eye upon Monsieur le Chevalier," said De Lauson; "for he will count largely before the year is gone."

As for Victor, he was more or less indifferent. He was perfectly willing to fight the Indian, but his gorge rose at the thought of studying him as an individual. As a rule he found them to be unclean, vulgar and evil-minded; and the hideous paints disturbed his dreams. Secretly, his enthusiasm for New France had already waned, and there were times when he longed for the road to Spain—Spain which by now held for him the dearest treasure in all the world. But not even the keen-eyed Brother Jacques read this beneath the poet's buoyancy and lightness of spirit. Besides, Brother Jacques had set himself to watch the Comte d'Herouville and the Vicomte d'Halluys, and this was far more important to him than the condition of the poet's temperament.

D'Herouville mingled with the great siegneurs, and, backed by his reputation as a famous swordsman, did about as he pleased. He watched the Chevalier's progress toward health; and he noted with some concern his enemy's quick, springy step, the clear and steady eye. He still ignored the poet as completely as though he did not exist.

(Continued on Page 29)

## "My Wife"

With Palmolive her daily companion, a clear, bright complexion will ever inspire a hearty throb of pride in his two greatest words — "My Wife"



## How Palmolive Conquers Hard Water

Palmolive is able to do more than mere soap, because of two oils—Palm and Olive. These two oils are scientifically blended in Palmolive. This is why Palmolive is so different from any other soap. This is why it produces a full, creamy lather in hard water as well as soft.

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"Star Brand" shoes are made in over 700 styles in our own modern factories. Every pair is honestly made of GOOD leather. No substitutes for leather are ever used.

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MANUFACTURERS Branch of International Shoe Co. ST. LOUIS



# The Peace That Passeth Understanding

(Concluded from Page 8)

to the piano. "Tonight," she said, "I shall play you a hymn which I found today; it is a very beautiful one."

The old lady prepared to listen not so much to the hymn as to the girl's voice. She had found that it soothed her strangely, but tonight it was to be different, though she did not know it. How could she know that this hymn had been written for her? She did not know that the man who had gone out of that very room so many years ago with a great sorrow in his heart, had fought a good fight, had faced life bravely and had won. He had never wavered in his great love for her, and his heart was often torn at the thought that perhaps in giving up love, she had lost all the happiness which life held for her. He knew what misery it was to lose love, it had come near wrecking him, but just as he was making the last stand, fighting with all the strength he could muster, when the odds were heavy against him, and the girl had failed him; then it was that he turned instinctively to the Source of all strength and surrendered his weary soul into God's keeping. And there he found peace and new courage to fight on.

How he longed that she might find it too, he struggled to find definite expression for the great Love which had come to him. At last when his fight was almost over, in one radiant moment, he found the way and poured out his soul in a glorious hymn. All his life was in it—the sorrows, griefs, weariness and pain, and through it all shone forth that great Love which had made the sorrows vanish and had given him Life—endless and eternal.

"Great God of Love," he prayed, "May she too know this peace which I have found. And may she come into the shelter of Thine arms at last."

And now, although she did not know it, his wish was to be fulfilled.

The girl began to sing in a soft, mellow contralto, so like that other voice which sang, "Good-bye", and these were the words:

*"O! Love that will not let me go  
I rest my weary soul in Thee;  
I give Thee back the life I owe,  
That in Thine ocean depths to flow  
May richer, fuller be."*

The old lady listened only slightly at first, then the words of the second line made a spasm of pain cross her face. Why could not her weary soul find rest, too, like that one who had written the hymn? Richer—fuller, her life had never been rich or full, for she was counting time now from that first September. Could a life be full without love? No, she knew that too truly. The song went on:

*"O! Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in Thy sunshines blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be."*

Her torch was flickering, too, and had almost gone out. Was there a steady light which really followed her dim, uncertain way, and would it guide her if she would only consent?

"It's day," how long had her heart been in darkness, knowing no day, could her day ever be bright and fair again? She began to feel a peculiar sympathy for the writer. His life had seemed to need love, too. The burning desire which had made him write the hymn was reaching her as the girl sang:

*"O! Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be."*

Joy, the word thrilled her as if someone had drawn a bow across her soul's strings. Did joy ever seek one through pain? How she longed to believe that.

"I trace the rainbow through the rain." There had been no rainbow in her life, she thought bitterly, but the next line brought her back again. "And feel the promise is not vain", that glorious feeling of confidence in the future—she had had it once. "That morn shall tearless be," was it really true—no tears, a day unsoftened by weariness or storms? And yet some other weary soul had found it true.

The girl had reached the last verse now, and her voice seemed to have kept its full strength for this, letting it out in a burst of melody which accorded with the glorious surrender in the song. John Wentworth could not have had a better interpreter of his song:

*"O! Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to flee from Thee;"*

The woman was listening feverishly now; she seemed to drink in every word.

*"I lay in dust life's glory dead,"*

Yes! Yes! Life's glory was a dead thing, it brought no joy, no love, no happiness, and they were the things which made life worth the living.

*"And from the ground there blossoms red,  
Life that shall endless be."*

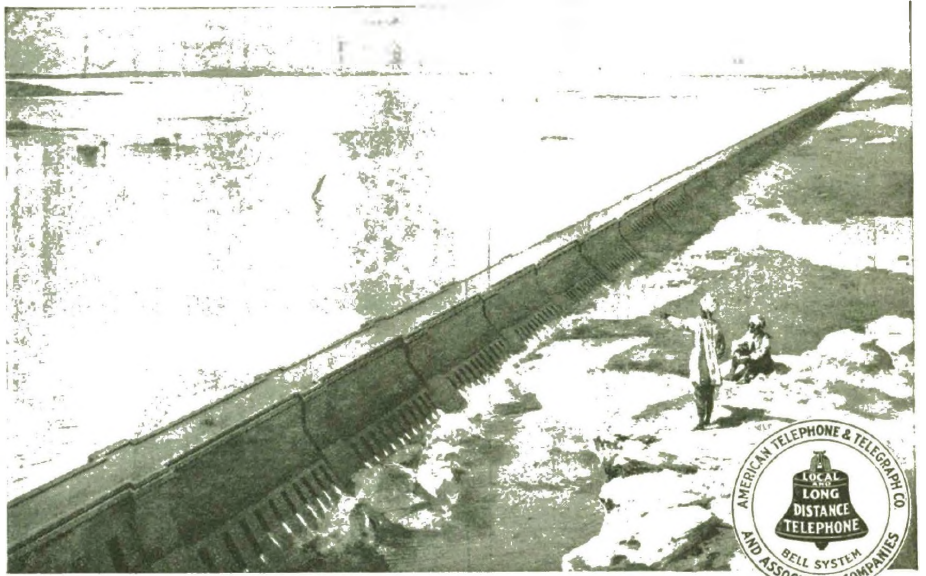
The song was finished. A faint whistle sounded over the drive, the music stopped and the girl went softly out into the night to meet her lover, but the old lady sat by the window, repeating the last line of the wonderful hymn over to herself.

"Life that shall endless be." Endless; that meant an eternity, with no more joyless, dreary days, no more burdens greater than she could bear, only great peace and a boundless, fathomless love folding her close. The tears rained down her cheeks, once more she was only a tired child.

"Father," she prayed, "I now lay life's glory in the dust, it is a poor thing and gives no happiness; give me in its stead, Life, endless, eternal, enfold me with Thy great love, I who have waited through weary years for rest."

And slowly the miracle was wrought, the lines of care vanished from the tired old face, the weary years slipped off and in their place came a look of perfect peace.

At last she had found it, just as he had prayed that she should. "The peace which passeth all understanding."



Assuan Dam, part of the Nile system, one of the greatest engineering projects of its kind.

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Primitive makeshifts have been superseded by intelligent engineering methods. Success has been the result of a comprehensive plan and a definite policy, dealing with the problem as a whole and adapting the Nile to the needs of all the people.

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It is the aim of the Bell System to afford universal service in the interest of all the people and amply sufficient for their business and social needs.

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**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

*One Policy      One System      Universal Service*

## Conserving the Child Crop

(Concluded from Page 10)

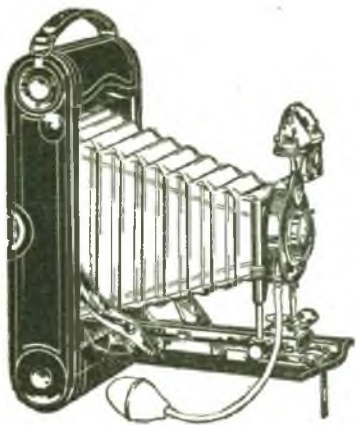
poisoning, in a more or less serious form, following an operation of this sort and the big mortality that resulted. The death rate has decreased to less than 5 per cent. The army of cripples who are straightened and cured, not only by the surgeon's knife but by other contrivances and mechanical inventions—called orthopedic surgery—are legion. Bone tuberculosis was formerly responsible for most cases of crippled children. This is not a disease with which a child is born, but being predisposed to it (the lungs being strong the germs of consumption go where the blood is weakest—the bones), and withered and distorted members follow. If the bone is so eaten with the disease that it is useless, it is now removed and an aluminum support inserted, which does nearly as well; even artificial joints are used. If possible, however, the bone is saved by braces and casts. Curved and deformed spines were formerly looked upon as incurable. Today hundreds of little ones are being made straight by the Calot jacket. It is made of plaster of Paris, and when completed, looks like a white turtle-neck sweater. The jacket is left open at the back at the point of deformity and also at a corresponding place in front. Then the holes are slowly closed, each new addition of plaster adding pressure as desired. Braces are also used to correct deformity and are applied in different ways from head to foot. Lateral curvature of the spine, which is very common among school children, is now recognized in its early stages and corrected by exercise. The child is placed in a "tripod", a machine which elevates the head from the spine, and makes it free of all weight. Then the little one exercises certain muscles and in time the spine grows straight and the muscles strong enough to keep it so.

Several years ago Dr. Adolph Lorenz came from Vienna to operate upon the little daughter of the Chicago meat king, Armour, who was helpless with congenital dislocation of both hips. This deformity had formerly been considered either incurable or subject to the knife, but this physician, with his brawny arms and hands, molded the malformed limbs and extremities into the consistency of putty and by bloodless means repaired the deformity. The Lorenz operation is used quite generally today in many of our hospitals.

The club-footed, bow-legged and knock-kneed child no longer go through life with these handicaps. The surgeon now cuts certain tendons, which can be spared in walking, carries them around the leg and attaches them to the dead muscles, causing the foot to assume, in a short time, its normal shape. In the case of bow-legs and knock-knees sometimes simple pressure is used, and again, if the deformity is very bad, the crooked bone is sawed lengthwise through the center, or a wedge-shaped section is taken out, the bone bent into shape and placed in a cast to grow straight.



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# KODAK

means photography with the bother left out—means that the once difficult processes have been so simplified that you can readily take good pictures by following the perfectly simple directions that accompany each camera.

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Kodaks load in daylight; plate cameras require plate holders which must be loaded in a dark-room. Kodak films are light; glass plates are heavy; Kodak films are non-breakable; glass plates are fragile. Kodak films may be developed in a dark-room but are preferably developed in the Kodak Film Tank in broad daylight. Glass plates must either be developed in a dark-room or loaded into a tank in the dark-room—the film cartridge system is the only practical means of entirely eliminating the dark-room. You may easily develop your own films or may send them by mail for development. Sending glass plates by mail is risky.

With a Kodak there are no extra attachments to buy; it is complete, ready for use. With a plate camera you must buy extra plate-holders or it is of no use you—remember this in counting the cost.

Kodak films give better results for the amateur than glass plates because they have the orthochromatic and non-halation qualities that help overcome the harsh lighting conditions that he encounters.

Plate camera manufacturers advertise the fact that professional photographers use glass plates and that therefore you should. Its true that professional photographers use plates in their studios for their regular work because their dark-room is only a few feet from the spot where their camera stands. For their vacation trips they use Kodaks mostly, just the same as other folks.

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Ask your dealer or write us for the illustrated Kodak catalogue. Kodaks \$5.00 and up, Brownie cameras, they work like Kodaks, \$1.00 to \$12.00.

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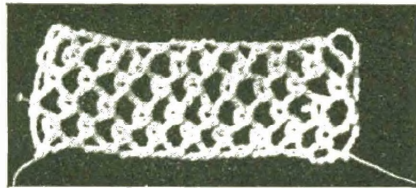
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In writing advertisers mention this Magazine

# Pleasing Summer Fancy Work



Insertion



Lace Hat Pin

## Insertion

THIS is suitable for pillow cases or towels. Use D. M. C. cotton and a steel hook No. 11. Make a chain of 15; turn. Chain of 5 and fasten with single crochet in 5th stitch of chain, chain 5 and fasten in 10th stitch, chain 5, fasten in last stitch of chain; turn. Chain 5, fasten with single crochet in chain of 5. Chain 3 and fasten in chain and push together to form a picot. Continue across. Turn chain of 5 and work back and forth in same manner.

## Ribbon Holder

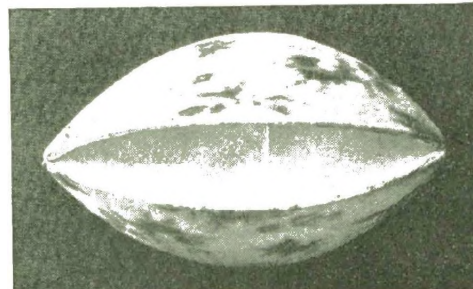
TAKE two brass rings and fill each closely with double crochet stitches in white silk. Take a length of ribbon, about six inches wide, gather both edges and sew each around a ring. Hem ribbon edges and fasten a length of narrow ribbon to these to hang it by. Place a bolt of baby ribbon inside and pull loose end through one of rings.



Ribbon Holder

## Tatting Case

CUT from cardboard six pieces to form sides of case. Cover with a very thin layer of cotton three of these, over this put white silk. Cover other three with ribbon, and neatly whip one piece with white and one with ribbon together. Now whip the three sides together from point to point. Leave third side open. To use the case, press between thumb and forefinger. Keep tatting in it.



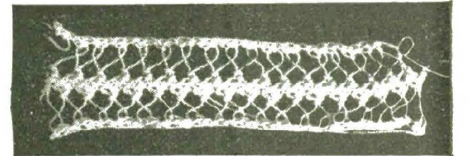
Tatting Case

## Lace Hat Pin

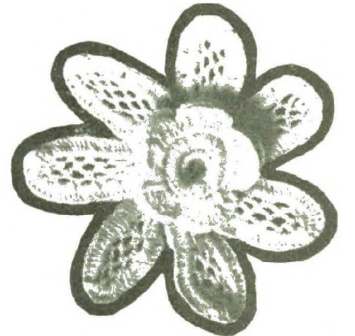
USE a round-headed pearl hat pin if possible, otherwise, cover the round head with white muslin. D. M. C. cotton, No. 30, steel hook, No. 11. Make a chain of 10, join; x 2 d. c. 3 tr. 2 d. c. 1 single, repeat from x three times. Chain 6 fasten in the single between and back of petals. Make this chain back of three petals. In first loop thus formed make 2 d. c. 5 tr. 2 d. c. 1 single in single of first row of petal; repeat around flower; chain 8, fasten back of second row of petals with a single crochet and repeat back of all petals. In first chain make 2 d. c. 8 tr. 2 d. c. 1 single, repeat back of petals. Ch. 8 back of 3 petals, make 3 petals with 2 d. c. 10 tr. 2 d. c. 1 single. Chain 12 back of petals. Make last 2 rows of petals alike 4 d. c. 14 tr. 4 d. c. 1 single. Make chain of 9 back of each and in each of these make 12 tr. join. Chain 4 and then make 1 tr. in every other one of last tr. Before joining slip over head of pin and break off about six inches from work; thread a needle on this and fasten closely to head of pin. This pin is pretty to wear with lingerie or lace-trimmed hats.

## Irish Crochet Hat Pin

STEEL HOOK No. 11. D. M. C. cotton No. 50, and a coarse cotton for padding is needed for this pin. Take 6 strands of padding cotton, over this work 41 double stitches, join with a single stitch to form a ring. Crochet 20 double stitches over p. c. Leave p. c. and crochet 3 chain and one single, repeating same five times, making six in all. This is one row of open center. Crochet back and forth, making four rows in all. Now, at the end of petal, pull stitch through last stitch on p. c.



Hair Pin Insertion



Irish Crochet Hat Pin

and make doubles catching into chain to form the petal; fasten into ring and make more doubles and repeat 3 chain and 1 single until you have 7 petals. The central raised part of rose is made by winding p. c. 12 times around a pencil, slip off, and crochet singles over this ring until it is full. Crochet 5 chain and join to ring. Repeat this 4 times, making 5 chain loops. Work into each of these chain loops 1 double and 13 treble stitches, completing 5 petals. At back of petals crochet 5 chain and fasten between petals. Repeat 1 double and 13 trebles and make in all three rows of petals. At back of last row of petals crochet a chain of 4 and join between petals. Repeat behind all five. In each of these loops crochet 9 trebles, join. Crochet 4 chain, then make a treble in every other one of last row. Before joining slip a round-headed pearl hat pin in and then fasten and with a needle sew securely.

## Jewel Case

THIS little case is made of linen with a small design of embroidery. A case exactly fitting it of chamois is used inside, and it is finished with wash ribbon. To be worn around the neck under the clothing to carry money or jewels.

## Hair Pin Insertion

USE A HEAVY wire hair pin about four inches long and one-half an inch between prongs. A spool of Kerr's Lustre Twist D and a steel crochet hook No. 12. Fasten thread around prongs of hair pin, holding pin between left index finger and thumb, turn pin and draw thread through knot formed by joining 1 s. c. under loop, turn, draw loop through stitch, 1 s. c. under left thread, turn thread through loop 1 single in last single, 1 s. c. under left thread, turn, draw thread through loop and continue until you have length required. Allow insertion to slip down from pin as it fills up. Edges are formed by 1 s. c. in each loop and 1 s. c. between.



## Answers to Correspondents

Mrs. L. B. R.—A motor veil may be made from crochet or motor silk. The veil is in reality a large wide-mesh hair net. Make a chain long enough to form one side of the square of the net. Crochet back and forth on the chain, placing a double crochet or a treble crochet (according to size of mesh desired), into every other stitch of the chain. Repeat as many rows as may be required to make the net as large as desired. Run a flat rubber tape around the four sides of the square. The net may be drawn over the most elaborate coiffure without disturbing a hair, and it will keep the hair in place during the most wind-disturbing ride imaginable.

B. S. T.—Is the patchwork quilt going out of date?

ANSWER—The patchwork quilt belongs to the days when time had not the value it has today. Quilts our grand-parents pieced represented much time, work and skill. In those days manufactured luxuries were not as abundant as now, and the house-wife's effort was to combine the artistic, beautiful and practical.



# THE GREY CLOAK

(Continued from Page 26)

Every Friday night the table was given up to the governor's gentlemen councillors, friends, and officers. Victor and the Chevalier were on this list, as were the vicomte and D'Herouville. Usually these were enjoyable evenings. Victor became famous as a raconteur, and the Chevalier lost some of his taciturnity in this friendly intercourse. D'Herouville's conduct was irreproachable.

One day the Chevalier entered one of the school-rooms. In his arms he held a small white child which had sprained its weak ankle while playing outside the convent of the Ursulines. Sister Benie was quick to note how tenderly he held the sobbing child.

"Give him to me, Monsieur," she said, her velvet eyes moist with pity.

The Chevalier placed the little boy in her arms, and he experienced a strange thrill as he noticed the manner in which she wrapt the boy to her heart.

"Playing the good Samaritan?" asked a voice from the window. The Sister and the Chevalier looked around and saw the vicomte leaning on the window-sill.

"Ah, it is you, Vicomte?" said the Chevalier, pleasantly.

"Yes, Chevalier. Will you walk with me?"

Being without excuse, the Chevalier joined him, and together they proceeded toward the quarters. Sister Benie stared after them till they had disappeared around the corner of the building.

"Chevalier," said the vicomte, "do you remember Henri de Leviston?"

"De Leviston?" The Chevalier frowned. "Yes; I recollect him. Why?"

"He is here."

"In Quebec?"

"Yes. He came in this morning from Montreal, where he is connected with the Associates. Was he not in your company three or four years ago? He was dismissed, so I heard, for prying into De Guitaut's private dispatches."

"I remember the incident. I was the one who denounced him. It was a disagreeable duty, but De Guitaut had put me on De Leviston's tracks. It was unavoidable."

"You had best beware of him."

"I am perfectly in health, thank you," replied the Chevalier.

The vicomte covertly ran his eye over his companion. It was not to be denied that the Chevalier had gained wonderfully in the fortnight. The air, the constant labor, and the natural medicine which he inhaled in the forests, had given a nervous springiness to his step and had cleared his eyes till the whites were like china. No; the Chevalier need have no fear of De Leviston, was his mental comment.

"Well, you do look proper. The wine is all out of your system, and there is balsam in your blood. A wonderful country!" The vicomte stood before his door.

"Yes, it is a wonderful country. It is not France; it is better than the mother country. Ambition has a finer aim; charity is without speculation; and a man must be a man here, else he cannot exist."

"I do not know but you are right."

"Shall you remain here long?" asked the Chevalier.

"Who can say? I would return to France on the next boat were my neck less delicately attached to my shoulders. Let us say six months; it will have quieted down by then. Devil take me, but I should like to feel that paper crackling between my fingers. And you meet D'Herouville in two days?"

"In two days."

"Will you not join me in a glass of the governor's old burgundy as a toast to your success?"

"Thank you, but I am on duty. They are bringing some Mohawks up from the lower town, and I am to take charge of them."

"Good luck to you," and the vicomte waved a friendly hand as he started off toward the citadel. The Chevalier with a dozen men started for the lower town. But his mind was not on his duty. He was thinking of Diane, her gay laughter, her rollicking songs, the old days.

"Monsieur, are we to go to Sillery?" asked a trooper, respectfully.

"Sillery?" The Chevalier shook himself, and took the right path.

The Chevalier and Victor sat on their narrow cots that night. Brother Jacques had just gone. The windows were open, and the balmy air of summer drifted in, carrying with it forest odors and the freshness of the rising dew.

"And you have not grown sick for home since you left the sea?" asked the Chevalier.

"Not I. One hasn't time to think of home. But how are you getting on with your Iroquois?"

"Fairly."

"You are determined to meet D'Herouville?"

The Chevalier extended his right arm, allowing Victor to press it with his fingers. Victor whistled softly. The arm, while thin, was like a staff of oak. Presently the same arm reached out and snuffed the candle.

"Shall you ever go back to France, Paul?" A sigh from the other side of the room.

"I saw the vicomte talking to De Leviston today. De Leviston was scowling. They separated when I approached."

"Will you have the goodness to go to sleep?"

"What the devil brings De Leviston so high on this side the water. I never liked his sneaking face."

SOME fourteen gentlemen sat around the governor's table the third Friday night. There were the governor and his civic staff and his officers, three or four merchants, and two priests, Brother Jacques and Dollier de Casson, who had arrived that day from Three Rivers, for aid. Two chairs were vacant, and presently the vicomte filled one of them. The other was reserved for the Chevalier. Victor was telling some amusing tales of the court.

When the Chevalier finally came in he was cordially greeted by the governor. He took his chair, filled his glass and lit his pipe. He waved aside all food, stating that he had eaten his supper in the lower town. No sooner had he lighted his pipe than De Leviston rose, shoving back his chair noisily. A cold, sneering contempt marked his swart face.

"What is the matter, Monsieur de Leviston?" asked the governor, mildly.

"Your Excellency will pardon me," said De Leviston, "but I find it impossible to sit at this table till another person leaves it."

Surprise and consternation lay written on every face. The Chevalier lowered his pipe, and looked from one face to another. He was so tired with the labor of the day, that he had forgotten all about himself and his history.

The governor sat rigid in his chair. Victor's hand rested on the table; he was ready to rise and meet the blow he knew was coming.

"Explain yourself," said the governor, coldly. "You impugn the conduct or honor of some gentleman at my table? Take care, Monsieur."

"It is my regret."

"Who is this person who has aroused your displeasure, and what has he done that he may not sit in the presence of gentlemen?"

"He calls himself the Chevalier du Cevennes." De Leviston smiled.

Every eye was leveled at the Chevalier. Victor felt his heart swelling. It had come at last! Brother Jacques leaned forward, peering into every face. D'Herouville's face was expressive of deep surprise, and the vicomte was staring at De Leviston as if he believed that gentleman to be mad.

"Calls himself the Chevalier du Cevennes?" thundered the governor. "Calls himself? This demands an immediate explanation, Monsieur de Leviston."

"I object to sit at a table with a person who does not know who his mother was." Each word was deliberately and carefully measured.

"Death of my life!" roared the governor, upon his feet.

The Chevalier reached over and caught De Lauson's sleeve. "Hush, Monsieur; what Monsieur de Leviston says is true." He got up, white as the broken pipe that lay at the side of his plate. Under the chair was his hat. He reached for it. Looking neither to the right nor the left, he walked quietly and with dignity from the room.

There was a single laugh, rude and loud. It came from D'Herouville.

The general silence which followed lasted several minutes. The Chevalier's declaration had stunned them. The governor was first to recover. He rose again, quietly, though his eyes sparkled with anger.

"Monsieur de Leviston," he said, "you have wilfully broken and destroyed the peace and dignity of my household. I shall cross you from my list, and the sooner you return to Montreal, the better. Your peculiar sense of honor in no wise appeals to me. It is an ignoble revenge; for do not doubt that I know your own history, Monsieur, and also the part the Chevalier had in it. But believing you had come to this country to repair your honor, I have assisted you by inviting you to partake of my bounty and of my friendship."

De Leviston paled, and turned a scowling face to those about him. He found no sympathy in any eye, not even in D'Herouville's.

"You have wounded brutally and with intent," went on the governor, "the heart of a man who has not only proved himself a gentleman, but a hero. And I add this:



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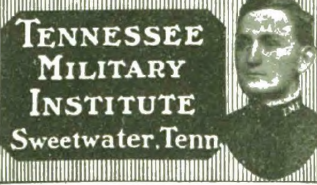
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Let no one repeat what has happened, or he shall feel the weight of my displeasure, and my displeasure will mean much to promotion and liberty." He pushed his chair under the table, which signified that he was to retire.

Outside, Victor approached D'Herouville, ignoring De Leviston. The vicomte followed in the rear. "Monsieur d'Herouville, you have a bad heart," said the poet. "You have laughed insolently at a man whose misfortune is none of his own making. You are a poltroon and a coward!"

(To Be Continued)



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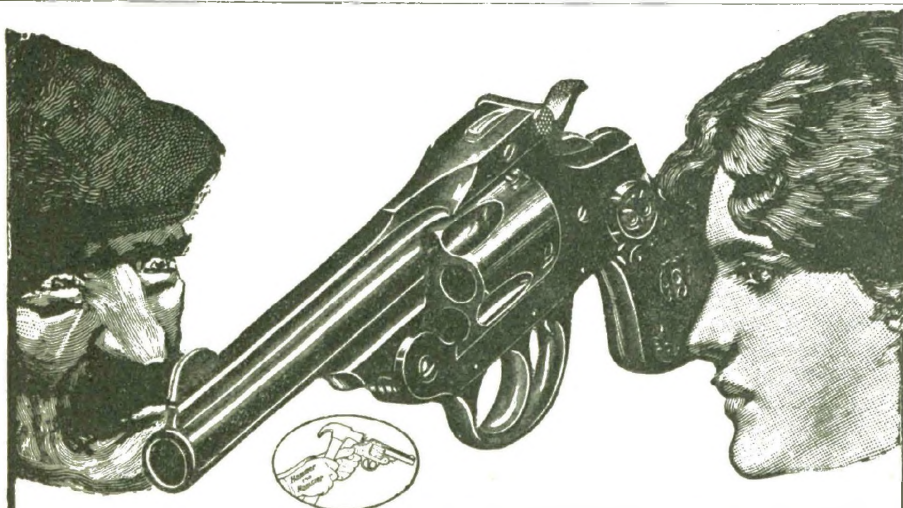
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# IVER JOHNSON

### Why Dogs Turn Round Before Lying Down

Did you know why dogs turn round before lying down? It is supposed that this was a habit formed during the days when dogs frequented the jungle and when it was necessary to turn round on the rough grass a number of times to press it down so that it might become a comfortable resting place.

## "HOW KOLA"

(Concluded from Page 15)

He said, "Let me see you do it." I had a splendid horse, of Kentucky stock, and he delighted to run. I called him "Billy," and he knew his business from long and hard service. I put the spurs to Billy and gave an Indian yell. He knew then that I wanted him to do his best. We soon got close to the Indian. When I thought I had him he darted down the same canon we came up. His pony was better used to such a place than my horse, and finally he got out on the other side, and for a short time I wished I had never made any promises about that fellow. Just then I discovered a smooth place in the canon and we crossed on to the other side, too. Now for another race, dead or alive! I soon got close to him, but the Indian turned on his pony and shot a few arrows at me, but we were going too fast and his aim was poor. I decided not to do any fancy shooting on him, but just bring his pony down, and I knew I would have him. A man is helpless without a horse out west. So I aimed at the pony and fired. The pony fell, falling on top of the Indian's leg, and he could not get up. The next moment I was upon him with drawn revolver ready to kill him. I saw him raise his hands as he said, "How Kola; wambli sinta, no shot me"—in Sioux, "Howdy Friend; white chief, don't kill me."

I dismounted, still holding my revolver ready for action, addressing him: "Where did you ever see me—how do you know me?" As he was painted with the war paint and ornamented with the war bonnet, of course I did not recognize him. He replied, with uplifted hands partly in the sign language and partly in Sioux: "Me saw you so many moons, and it was a cold, snowy, stormy day; me took you to my tepee, and me was your friend: will you be my friend now?"

I got "chicken-hearted" at once: I knew then who he was. I replied, "Yes, Kola, I will," and grabbing the pony's tail I lifted his body, liberating my old Indian friend. He rose to his feet, the right hand on his chest near the heart, which is the sign of Sioux friendship, saying, "Oka Kola, Kola" (dear friend, friend).

"This is no place for a love feast," I told him. After I had mounted Billy I made him get on behind, and we rode rapidly to camp, where the troopers were anxiously awaiting my return. Now, we had a sort of a secret understanding among ourselves, never to take an Indian prisoner, but kill him on the spot, because they always treated us so. When I arrived with my friend and prisoner at camp, the Sergeant said: "Say, Captain, you are not doing as we agreed to." "No," I replied. "Let me tell you my story of the Indian, and after hearing it, if you feel like killing him, why just do it. I can't kill him." But the big-hearted trooper never offered to harm my Indian friend, only saying, "Good boy, Kola."

## Benny the Indomitable

(Concluded from Page 9)

"Little girl, I'm sorry," he answered gently.

"You know my name, now."

"Miss Morel, then," he corrected. "Come, we will finish our quarrel on the way to Frederica."

They sauntered out to await the arrival of his car. Just as they reached the front, Jerry, the negro chauffeur, came up with hat in hand.

"Boss, I've gotter git er inner chube. Had er punsture."

"All right, but hurry up and drive on down the road."

They walked in silence for a short distance. "Isn't there a lover's lane somewhere on the island?" she asked.

"Yes, just beyond that field. Let's stroll over that way."

"The car might come," she objected.

"We'll be back in just a few minutes," he assured her, and within a short while they were standing underneath a shower of moss and clinging vines. He had placed some chestnuts in his pocket at luncheon. Opening his knife he began cracking them for the girl, but noticed after a while that she was not eating.

"Don't you like chestnuts?" he interrogated.

"Fine! When you get through we will eat them together. Don't you see what an admirable, altruistic nature mine is?" Her cheeks dimpled into a mischievous, teasing smile.

"You're selfish, cruelly selfish with yourself, though."

"Not at all, else I never would have come here with you, whom I had not seen before yester—oh! you've cut your hand! Here, sit in this vine and I'll tie my handkerchief around it. Poor thing!"

Benny never had experienced any blissful feelings. While he watched her tie the delicately-perfumed handkerchief about his slightly-grained thumb and heard her utter little exclamations of sympathy every time a drop of blood fell, he had visions of a pretty lawn in a small Georgia town, and on that lawn he pictured Grace and himself resting comfortably in a grape-vine swing. When she had completed the task he exclaimed facetiously: "Look out: I'm going to cut another!"

They both laughed. Life wasn't all disappointments, was it? Even on a crowded little strip of land, like St. Simons, there were bowers in which a couple might throw aside all conventionalities and enjoy themselves in the true spirit of friendship, heeding no base rules of etiquette and fearing not the cynical glances of a stoical, gossip-loving people.

The leaflets whispered, but not in the way of the world. They were happy in the happiness of an unthinking, careless boy and an impressionable girl whose woman's intuition taught her the art of interesting man.

The birds twittered, but theirs was not the laugh of a contemptuous assemblage, become cognizant of gentle feelings existing between any couple at a twentieth century social affair. Theirs was sympathetic laughter, like the exclamations of children on a spring-time day when they become aware of increasing pleasures and undying happiness.

"It's time we were going to meet the car," she reminded him, timidly drooping her eye-lids.

"I love you, Miss Morel," he answered.

"Don't call me that, please."

"I adore you, Grace."

"Nor that, Benny."

"I—I want to kiss you, Little Girl."

They didn't go to Frederica that afternoon. Jerry couldn't find them, for they were swinging in the grape-vine swing like a couple of mated turtle doves.

## New Paper Money

TO THOSE who remember the paper money of lower denominations than one dollar which were called "skin plasters" during the Fifties, it will be of interest to know that Congress is now planning to issue paper money in smaller sizes than those now in use, but these will not be of lesser denominations. This will be a convenience in many ways, as the new bills will be fully an inch smaller than those already in use.



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**Helpful Home Hints**

By HELEN A. LYNAN

**D** ID YOU ever try to keep an effervescent liquid after the bottle is once open? If so, you know it is not easy to do so and to preserve the "fizz" as well. Yet it can be done and I do it every day! My mother likes a tiny glass of beer; not "near", but the real thing, with her dinner. It was expensive to consume a whole bottle when only a wine glass was needed. I happened to have one day a cork from an old sance bottle; one with a glass center surrounded by the cork. This happened to fit the beer bottle and as I inserted it immediately after filling the small glass I found it kept the beer perfectly for several days. Any cork that fits tightly enough can be used, but it must be in place immediately as the effervescent liquid will escape if exposed to the air a second. This is also useful in preserving effervescent medicines.

**A LAUNDRY HELP**—To iron "cold starched" pieces without any trouble whatever take the required amount of starch, dissolve in cold water, adding enough boiling water to make starch warm. Dip parts to be starched into it, rubbing or soaking starch well in. Fold and let remain all night. Thus treated the pieces will iron as easily and as well as the clothes starched without starch sticking and rolling up on the goods.

**IRONING EMBROIDERY**—When ironing any embroidered article see how much better it will look in the end if you lay it on a folded Turkish towel. Place the right side of the embroidery on the towel, which should be folded to make several thicknesses. Then iron on the wrong side of the embroidery. The result will be most gratifying.

**BILL HOLDER**—If you get a lot of bills it is a worry and trouble to keep them together. Just take strong wire and a round, flat piece of wood. Bore a hole in wood and fix the wire into it. Put on bills and hang any place.

**TO REMOVE IRON RUST**—Iron rust may be removed from white goods by boiling the article in water containing three tablespoonsful of cream of tartar to a gallon. This is more effective than lemon juice and salt. It also whitens the clothes finely and will also take rust from colored goods.

**TO PRESERVE AN UMBRELLA STAND**—A sponge in a porcelain umbrella stand will keep the umbrellas from striking the bottom of the jar, which is often broken in this way, and will also absorb the rain water from a wet umbrella. A carriage sponge will fit the bottom, and is not expensive.

**TO FRESHEN SALT FISH**—Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

**TO KEEP CANDY FROM BOILING OVER**—When boiling molasses or sugar candy, rub the dish in which it is being boiled with butter all around about an inch from the top.

**A MINCE MEAT "HINT"**—When making mince meat use a few crab-apples with other apples and you will add a delicious flavor to the meat.

**CUTTING BUTTER**—When cutting butter cover the knife with a piece of oiled paper, and this makes a clean, smooth cut which delights any house-keeper who values appearances.

**TO MAKE CARPETS BRIGHT**—Sprinkle them with tea leaves and sweep thoroughly. Rub all spots with a clean and dry heavy cloth. Grease spots may be removed by covering with a piece of brown paper and place a hot flatiron on them a minute. As the paper is soft and the iron hot, the paper will quickly absorb all the grease. When brushing carpet-rugs always brush on wrong side, and leave turned on wrong side when hung in the sun so as not to fade colors.

**CARE OF PLANTS**—There is nothing so nourishing for palms, ferns and rubber plants as a regular portion each morning of good, clear coffee.

**TO KEEP VEGETABLES FRESH AND CRISP**—Dip a muslin bag or cloth flour sack (after it is cleaned) in cold water, wring it lightly, put in the vegetables and hang where the air can strike it.

**TO KEEP FLIES OFF GILT FRAMES**—Take a few onions and boil good in water, then apply on frames with a soft brush.

**TOUGH MEAT**—Tough meat can be made tender by adding a teaspoonful of lemon juice in the water in which it is boiled.

**SPECKS ON VARNISH**—If one finds white spots on varnished table or furniture, wet a piece of flannel in spirits of camphor and rub over spot.

**TO BAKE POTATOES QUICKLY**—In order to bake potatoes quickly boil them first ten minutes in salt water, then put in hot oven to bake.

**French Women and Dress Economy**

**T**HE French woman understands the art of dress instinctively and by training, and is the most economical woman in the world—both as to housekeeping and to dress. She studies herself and the style of dress that will best bring out her good points—the framing that will make her an attractive picture. The perfection of a gown is not its elaborate details but the grace and harmony of its effect. The best appearing woman at a recent and famous French dinner wore a shimmery green silk, draped with gray chiffon, with creamy French lace sparingly used and a girde finished with embroidery of cut steel.

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# News of the New Fall Fashions

**A** NOVEL feature of the new fall dresses consists of entirely new color effects. Contrary to the past fall seasons, which almost invariably used materials in somber or very dark hues for costumes and tailored suits, this fall brings medium shades in gray or green, enlivened by red pencil stripes. The trimming adds much to the color scheme inasmuch as collars and revers in vivid contrasting colors will be used extensively. Besides these combinations the black and white effects remain popular.

Black and white is a combination that has been fashionable so long a time that its continued popularity is a surprise to its most devoted admirers. From present indications the fashion has taken on a new lease of life, for many of the smartest of the

new gowns are made in this style. The black gowns relieved with white are certainly most becoming, while the white with black are equally effective. In the black and white materials there are any number of new designs, both in the fabrics for present wear and the new ones for service later in the season.

There are many delightful transparent materials in black and white striped effects particularly desirable for September. The black is so black and the white so white and clear that the combination is almost invariably becoming. Then, too, there are so many different widths of stripes that no two gowns need look alike. The wider stripes are unquestionably the smartest—quite wide, from an inch to an inch and a half wide of black, a half inch of white, or vice versa.

## Peerless Fashions



**5635—LADIES' DRESSING SACK**—This charming dressing sack can be made with long or short sleeves, and is an easy model to carry out. It may be finished with or without the band. In the drawing we have the garment developed in figured lawn with the yoke formed by rows of insertion and a row of insertion completing the short sleeves. The pattern, 5635, is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 3 1/2 yards of insertion. The pattern can be obtained by sending 15 cents to the office of this magazine.

**5775—LADIES' WAIST**—The delightful waist in this model is made of all-over with plaiting to complete the neck and sleeves. The garment has deep armholes and can be made with Empire or regulation waist-line. The plaiting is a fashionable feature and the waist is attractive in every detail. The pattern, 5775, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 1 1/2 yards of plaiting. The pattern can be obtained by sending 15 cents to the office of this magazine.

**10-1-23—INFANTS' NIGHTINGALE**—This design is for an infants' one-piece circular nightgown. The edge is buttonholed to the lining. If a lining is used—after the other embroidery has been completed. The flowers and leaves are worked solid in white or colors, and then a line of braid or feather-stitching is put in a wavy line following the edge. The pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this magazine.

**5884-5354—MIDDY BLOUSE AND SKIRT**—This middy blouse and skirt is for the miss and small woman. The blouse is made to be slipped on over the head and the shield is removable. The pretty sailor collar is of contrasting material. The skirt is a two-piece model with high or normal waist-line and closes at the left side. Linen, pop, pique and galatea may be used for the blouse and the skirt may be made of the same or of contrasting material. The blouse pattern,

5884, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 5/8 of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. The skirt pattern, 5354, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. The patterns can be obtained by sending 15 cents for each to the office of this magazine.

**5396—LADIES' DRESS**—This delightful frock is simplicity itself in construction. It is made with body and upper part of sleeves in one and the three-piece skirt has inverted plait or habit back. The dress may be made of silk, mohair, serge or cashmere. The pattern, 5396, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material and 10 3/4 yards of banding. Pattern can be obtained by sending 15c to the office of this magazine.

**5787-5796—LADIES' COSTUME**—Two excellent patterns make up this fetching costume. The waist closes at the back and is made without shoulder seams and the chemisette is removable. The skirt is a five-gored model with the closing at the front. It can be made with high or regulation waist-line. The frock is quite easy to make, as both waist and skirt patterns are simple to follow. The waist pattern, 5787, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 5/8 of a yard of 18-inch all-over, and 3/8 of a yard of 24-inch satin. The skirt pattern, 5796, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Patterns can be obtained by sending 15c for each to the office of this magazine.

**3869—CHILDREN'S SACK APRON**—A dainty little sack apron for a small girl is shown in this design. It can be made with high or low neck and with long or short bishop sleeves, or with leg of mutton sleeves. Gingham, percale, chambray and lawn are serviceable materials. The pattern, 3869, is cut in sizes 1, 3 and 5 years. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. The pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this magazine.



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All transparent materials require lining, but the latest style is to have the lining quite separate from the gown, excepting in the seams under the arms. Both lining and gown must each be perfectly finished and made line for line to accord one with the other, for the gown will not look well if they are not perfectly fitted and well made.

Satin is the most satisfactory as a lining for chiffon or voile, and the sheen on the satin adds immensely to the beauty of the materials put over it. This season the soft silks have had a certain degree of success in linings as well as gowns, but the satin has never lost its first place in popular affection and seems at this moment to be a greater favorite than ever.

It seems as if fashion could not part with the kimono sleeves and the graceful lines produced by them. It is quite true that almost any shape and length is permissible in the sleeves, but for the fall kimono sleeves are expected to be worn very much.

In hosiery and footwear greater discrimination will be used than perhaps ever before. For street wear black patent leather shoes will be worn with tops of gray, brown or other colored leather or cloth, to match the suit. Under any circumstances

the color of the hosiery will have to match that of the gown. With evening gowns satin slippers in black or other color to match the toilette will be seen. Several samples of these pumps shown are cut very deep, closed with several buckles on one side or are adorned with a single jeweled button.

It should be remarked that this fall will see the revival of the handbags patterned after the round pouchy money-bags of our forefathers, but in very much larger proportions, to be made of beads or gold embroidery.

The tailored costume still shows the straight, severe line, with very little, if any trimming, and then it is very subdued. Coats are rather short and loose-fitting, especially for the slim figure. The collar is often covered with a lingerie or lace collar, trimmed with embroidery or lace. These collars are of different shapes, some being square at the back, while others are pointed and form a graceful fichu in front.

Creme de chine is a popular material for the trimming of hats. It has a soft dressy appearance and at the same time is practical and useful for mourning hats, showing to especial advantage when draped scarf-like around a model.

Peerless Fashions



5795—CHILDREN'S DRESS—In this dainty frock we have a design easy to carry out and one suitable for development in any of the pretty wash fabrics so popular this season. It closes at the left side of the front and has round collarless neck trimmed with a band of contrasting material which also trims the left side front and forms the belt. The pattern, 5795, is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Medium size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch goods or 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 27-inch contrasting material. The pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this magazine.

5875—LADIES' DRESSING SACK—This pretty dressing sack model may be developed in dotted silk, chadde, figured silk or plain lawn. It is nicely shirred at the waist and has a pretty turn-over collar which is trimmed with insertion and edging. The sleeves are similarly finished and the model is graceful and becoming. The pattern, 5875, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 2 yards of insertion. The pattern can be obtained by sending 15 cents to the office of this magazine.

5758—CHILDREN'S DRESS—This simple little dress is one of the easiest models imaginable to follow. It is cut with the body and sleeves in one and the skirt is a one-piece circular design. The frock may be made of gingham, chambray, percale or lawn with the neck, closing line and sleeves trimmed with a band of contrasting material. The pattern, 5758, is cut in sizes 2 to 8 years. Medium size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material, or 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch fabric with 1 yard of 27-inch contrasting material. The pattern can be obtained by sending 15 cents to the office of this magazine.

5502—LADIES' LONG KIMONO—A charming kimono made in the fashionable Empire effect is presented in this design. The garment has the body and sleeve

section in one piece and the Empire effect is obtained by the arrangement of bands of satin or contrasting material which also adorn the fronts and the edges of the sleeves. Crepe, lawn, clothy and silk may be used. The pattern, 5502, is cut in sizes 32, 36 and 44 inches bust measure. Medium size will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The pattern can be obtained by sending 15 cents to the office of this magazine.

4949—GIRLS' DRESS—Here is a charming dress for a little girl made in the popular Gibson fashion with shoulder plaits front and back. It has the convenient front closing and the skirt is becomingly plaited and joined to the waist by a narrow belt. Contrasting goods is used for the collar and cuffs and to trim the closing line of the garment. The pattern, 4949, is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 3/4 of a yard of 27-inch contrasting goods. The pattern can be obtained by sending 15 cents to the office of this magazine.

5530-5501—FICHUS AND SKIRT—The fichus are in three styles, round, sailor and pointed. The pattern, 5530, is cut in small, medium and large sizes, and medium size requires for round fichu 1 1/4 yards of goods 27 inches or wider; for sailor fichu, 3/4 of a yard of 36-inch material, 1 1/4 yards of insertion and 3/4 yards of edging; pointed fichu, 3/4 of a yard of 36-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of plaiting. The pattern can be obtained by sending 10 cents to the office of this magazine.

The skirt is a six-gored model with the closing at the left side of the back. It may be carried out in serge, whinor, mohair, or cashmere. The pattern, 5501, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The pattern can be obtained by sending 15 cents to the office of this magazine.

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The Old Colony is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. The design possesses individuality without sacrifice of simplicity or purity of outline. The pierced handle deserves especial attention. Appropriate for any time and place, it is pre-eminently fitted for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. Like all

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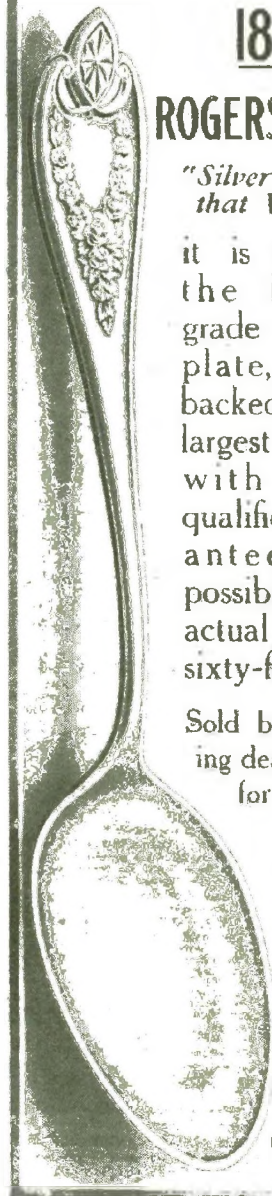
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# Formation of Musical Taste

(Concluded from Page 20)

organ, lasting from forty-five minutes to one hour, has been the means of more genuine godly benefit to himself than all other forms of exhortation far and wide. There may be others, not musicians, so minded, and such a plan in America might interest more souls in the work, as it does most effectively in other countries. I don't mean the Sunday-school orchestra, or the cornet, saxophone, clarinet, and a few violins, as sometimes perpetrated, for such is an abomination unto the Lord. The American church does well to do without the extended work until the time is right for its complete and successful inauguration.

One finds solace metaphysically in the symphonic work of the masters of all time. Such works require the orchestra for adequate performance, though by sacrificing "tone-color" one may enjoy these works in the abstract through the four-hand piano arrangements, nearly always to be had. To suggest all the available material would take pages and months; and after all, the acquaintance with a few good works is its own reward and gratification, as one's capabilities of selection grow most rapidly when once aimed aright.

In case one's technic is insufficient for one's taste, the mechanical players and recording machines only await the turning on of the power. As is well known, such appliances have the approval of the world's greatest musicians as educators when operated by one with a knowing taste. It is interesting to note that one of these "players" was the "soloist" at a recent concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, playing the Grieg concerto for piano, and conducted by Arthur Nikisch, the world's greatest orchestra conductor. In view of these facts there seems to be little reason why the "try this on your piano" type of music should exist at all. Most of the great symphonies and other orchestral works, and excerpts from the better operas (also sometimes the worse) are to be had for the so-called talking machines and mechanical players. And since the one appliance gives an absolute record of a performance by a human being, the other possesses an infallible technic at your command as to tempo and dynamics, the masterpieces of all time are at one's very fingertips, even if one must be denied the extreme pleasure of personal musical activity and performance.

To the children must we look for the realization of ultimate art appreciation. The benefits accruing from the introduction of music and other arts into the public school curriculum cannot be over-estimated, though it is necessary to guard against the development of any abnormalities arising from a false conception of standard where subjects are not taught by specialists. Naturally the same rule should apply to the introduction of music into the home. Perhaps our great-grandparents had found the influence of the "fiddle" and the country dance associations not wholesome, when they placed a ban upon that innocent instrument. Let us use our more enlightened experience to rest the blame upon the proper point by retaining the medium in purity, and banishing the modes of pernicious influences.

## Sophie B. Wright

(Concluded from Page 14)

you wish to succeed, you must be regular in attendance. If you stay home every other night, the work is not plain and because you do not understand, you grow discouraged and stop. To climb to the top, you must take every step and each night when you are absent, means one step lost.

"Remember that regularity at school and attention are the two great roads that lead to success and then, I would urge you to be courteous at all times and under all conditions. Boys are too apt to think that it is manly to curse and not to use courteous words. The strongest men are the most gentle, and it is only the hoodlum that feels that he must show his manhood by toughness and brutality.

"Do not change your positions so often. Every condition of life has its difficulties, and so I would urge you to stay in one place and give your best.

"Make yourself useful to somebody and do it quickly, for remember that there are many boys and men in the world, and that some one can always fill your place. We trust that you will do good work this year and be strong and brave men.

"To the Alumnae and Alumni, I send my greetings, and hope that they will visit the school often and help us, for we need their loving service and assure them of a cordial welcome.

"With best wishes for your success in life, believe me to be,  
"Your sincere friend,  
SOPHIE B. WRIGHT."

### 205 Mile Flight in 161 Minutes

THE HOMING pigeons of the Washington Racing Pigeon Club, smashed all records known to the annals of the sport, when "Racing Queen", a splendid bird, covered the distance from Cameron, W. Va., to Washington, D. C., 205 miles, in 161 minutes.

### The Ancient Oyster

DID YOU know that oysters were eaten by the ancient Romans and Athenians as a before-dinner appetizer? They were, however, covered with honey by the Romans and were kept until they were slightly stale. Apleus, the third famous glutton of that name, invented a method of preserving the oyster in vinegar and packing it in vessels covered with pitch, thus making it possible to ship the bivalve from Britain to the Emperor Trajan when he was in Parthia. Oysters thus packed were deemed "fresh".

"COME mighty nigh killin' a fine buck dis mawnin'." said an old negro. "Comin' 'long through de woods, an' er ole buck he jump up, an' bookerty, bookerty, he run off a little ways an' stop still. Come in one er shootin' him, sah."

"Why didn't you shoot?"  
"Didn' hab my gun wid me, sah."  
"Then how did you come in one of shooting him?"  
"Kaze, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun wid me."  
"Why didn't you take your gun?"  
"Didn' hab none, sah."  
"You are an old idiot."

"Look heah, doan 'buse er man dat way when ye aint got no cause. I aint got no gun, kaze a feller dat I wuz gwine ter buy one frum axed me jes' one dollar mo'n I could pay. So I come in one o' gittin' de gun. If I had er got it, I would er tuck it 'long wid me, an' if I'd er had it, I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan come 'roun bushin' er man when de facks is all ergin yer. I hab knowed folks to fetch trouble on der-selves dat way. Er pusson oughter be keerful in dis heah worl' o' science and speckerlation. Good mawnin', sah! Since yer's acted dis way, I wou'denter gin yer none o' de meat ef I had er killed it. 'Fo' you talked dat way, I wou'der made yer present o' some o' de buck. See whut you got by it, sah!"

# Smiles

Modern Version

Crawford: What do you think is the key to success?

Crabshaw: To be sure you're in right, then go ahead.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Difficulty Removed

Pa: Embrace me, Thora. Reginald has asked your hand in marriage.

Thora: But I don't want to leave dear mother, pa.

Pa: Oh, never mind that. Take her along with you.—*Spokane Chronicle*.

Next

Madge: How can you presume to make love to him when you're already engaged?

Marjorie: Pshaw, my dear! The fellow's vacation must be nearly over.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Politics Secondary

"Father," said the small boy, "what is a demagogue?"

"A demagogue, my son, is a man who can entertain an audience so thoroughly that people don't care what his personal opinions happen to be."—*Spokane Chronicle*.

Our Curious Offspring

"Pa, what is a brooklet?"  
"A small brook, my son. Now go out and play, daddy wants to read the paper."

Pause.  
"Pa!"  
"Well, what is it?"  
"Is a streamlet a small stream?"  
"Yes, yes," testily. "Run along now."  
Longer pause.  
"Say, pa, is a hamlet a small ham?"—*Brooklyn Life*.

Discovered

Wife: "What would you do, George, if you were left a widower?"

Hub: "Oh, I suppose the same as you would if you were left a widow."

Wife: "You horrid wretch! And you told me you could never care for anybody else."—*Boston Transcript*.

Not Much To It

Summer Girl (at seashore): A penny for your thoughts.

Her Escort: I was just thinking that if a moth had only your bathing-suit to eat, it would starve to death.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Good Advice

An Italian who kept a fruit-stand was much annoyed by possible customers who made a practice of hauling the fruit and pinching it, thereby leaving it softened and often spoiled. Exasperated beyond endurance, he finally put up a sign which read:

If you must pincha da fruit—  
pincha da cocoanut!  
—*Lippincott's*.

His Limit

The Father: Can you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

The Suitor: Yes, but not in the style to which her mother and you have been trying to make me think for the past six months she has been accustomed.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Then She Got Out and Walked

Gigantic Lady to Tiny Elevator Boy—"You are rather small to be running this elevator, my boy."

The Elevator Boy—"Yes'm, but you see, they gave me the job because the cable broke so often with heavier boys."—*New York World*.

Information Wanted

"Officer," she said, hastening to the policeman, "that person has been following me for an hour."

"Do you want me to arrest him?"  
"No, but I wish you would find out whether he thinks I'm beautiful or is just running around after me because I wear a panner skirt and carry a cane."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

A well-known author tells of an English spinster who said, as she watched a great actress writhing about the floor as Cleopatra:

"How different from the home life of our late dear queen!"—*Everybody's*.

When the minister, who was a bachelor, had been helped to Mrs. Porter's biscuits for the third time, he looked across the table at Rhoda, staring at him with round, wondering eyes. "I don't often have such a good supper as this, my dear," he said in his most propitiatory tone, and Rhoda's face dimpled. "We don't either, always," she said.



**Peach Ice Cream**

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**BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

**Recipe**—Dilute two cans Borden's Condensed Milk with two cans water; add one-half pound granulated sugar and stir until dissolved. Turn into the freezer and freeze. Pare and mash one quart ripe peaches and stir them into the frozen milk. Turn the crank for a few minutes and stand away to harden.

Write for Borden's Recipe Book

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Forget that Puffed Grains are an expert's invention—the last word of science in ease of digestion.

Eat them as nuts are eaten—just for the joy of eating—for their airy crispness, for their fascinating taste.



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Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are simply steam-exploded grains. The moisture within them is turned to steam, in a terrific heat, then exploded.

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Served in any way you like them, the grains suggest nut meats, made porous and crisp, and digestible. There lies their main enchantment.

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*Except in Extreme West*

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For supper, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Serve in soup at dinner. Or scatter them over a dish of ice cream.

Use them in candy making. See directions on the package. Let children eat them like peanuts when at play.

Serve at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—for digestion is extremely easy.

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Sole Makers—Chicago



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