

After Every Meal

WRIGLEYS

Top off each meal with a bit of sweet in the form of WRIGLEYS.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

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JET-OIL

SHOE POLISHES SINCE 1866

(SEE AT ALL DEALERS)

Seems That Way, "Is he a nerve specialist?" "I don't know; but the bills they send in show any specialist is nervy."

If you use Red Cross Ball Blue in your laundry, you will not be troubled by those tiny rust spots, often caused by inferior bluing. Try it and see. -Advertisement.

SOMETHING TO GLOAT OVER

Young Couple Might Not Have Dar, but They Surely Had the "Wherewithal."

Miss Cecil Leitch, the British golf champion, said on the Monrosee: "There's a great change in post-war Europe. Before the war Europe was economical. Now she's extravagant."

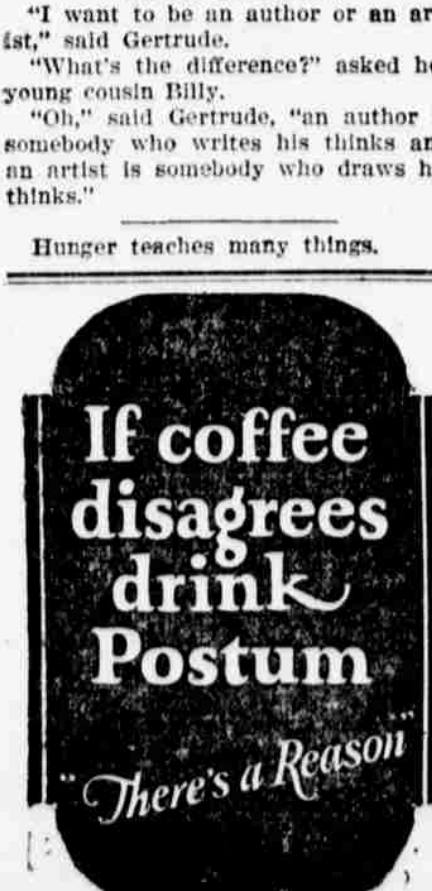
"I heard a story the other day about a young European wife who said to her husband: 'My dear, we now have \$1,500 in the savings bank.' 'Grand! Fine!' said the young man. 'She gave him a thoughtful look. 'And we're the only family in this street,' she went on, 'that has not got a motor car.' 'But we've got something,' said he, 'that no other family has.' 'What?' 'Why, the price of one,' said the young man."

All the Difference. "I want to be an author or an artist," said Gertrude. "What's the difference?" asked her young cousin Billy. "Oh," said Gertrude, "an author is somebody who writes his thoughts and an artist is somebody who draws his thoughts."

Hunger teaches many things.

If coffee disagrees drink Postum

There's a Reason



Matrimonial Adventures

One Man's Meat

BY Dorothy Canfield

Author of "The Birthing Cup," "The Squirrel Cage," "The Bent Twig," "The Day of Glory," "A Montessori Mother," "Mothers and Children," etc.

SOMETHING ABOUT DOROTHY CANFIELD

Dorothy Canfield has so many successes to her credit and is so versatile a person that one despairs of chronicling even a small part of her achievements. When little more than a girl she had won two degrees, a Ph.B. and a Ph.D., and it was not many years after that she became famous as an author. Her books are the type that live. To speak of one of her latest big successes, "The Birthing Cup," calls up mention of her earlier work and starts discussion of "The Bent Twig" or "The Squirrel Cage," or away from her novels to her books on the Montessori method. When war came, Mrs. Fisher (she is Mrs. Fisher in private life) went to France with her husband and two children - where she did big and important work. But all the time she was working abroad she was writing, too, stories that appeared in our leading magazines, and books that were published upon her return.

MARY STEWART CUTTING, JR. The first time I ever heard the threadbare saying about a square peg in a round hole, was when my father used it in an attempt to excuse Aunt Emily. Up to that time I had never heard anyone say anything of her except that she was a detestable woman with the most infernal capacity for being perfectly wretched herself and making everybody else so. What a home she made for poor mild Uncle Charlie, and for their three nervous, scrawny, rabbit-faced children!

You are not to think she neglected her home or her children. Indeed no! She house-kept with a fanatical competence and expended on the upbringing of her children an extravagant energy which filled the house to its remotest corner, as a sawmill is filled by the strident energy of the saw. Never were three children so brought up as my poor little cousins. Aunt Emily was determined that she should do her whole duty by them, that they should be perfect, and do everything exactly right. Of course she knew much better than they what was right, and hence had never an instant of repose from her labor of pushing and shoving them into the way they should go.

Oh, how we hated to be sent on an errand to Aunt Emily's house. I spare you the description of what a meal at Aunt Emily's table was, with Aunt Emily teaching the children table manners. There are plenty of intolerable things in real life, without dragging into a story what happened when Uncle Charlie spilled gravy on a clean tablecloth.

You notice, perhaps, that I say, "at Aunt Emily's table," and not "at Uncle Charlie's"; and that sets me at another angle of their home life; what that home life meant to Aunt Emily's husband. He was what is known in America as a man "with no head for business," and yet there had never been anything but business in his life. He had been a handsome, dream-eyed, musical-minded young accountant in Emery's Emporium when Aunt Emily, very young herself, had married him; married him, apparently for the same reason that he was in business, because there seemed to be nothing else to do. But Uncle Charlie was no money-maker, and imprisoned in a grinding round of petty economies and unescapable shabbiness, how Aunt Emily ate her heart out, and what a life Uncle Charlie led! But not even Aunt Emily's terrible energy could put into her husband's gentle, artistic, uncommercial soul, a single gust of the stormy ambition which blew like a tornado in her harried heart. Uncle Charlie hated all business desperately, and found the only pleasure in his life in his children.

My mother always said that those three Burton children would certainly just have wasted away, if it had not been for their father at this time. He had as great a gift for calming and cheering them as their mother had for damping the very life out of them. Whenever Aunt Emily was away from home for a few hours, and Uncle Charlie was there with the children, what a good time they had in those short hours of respite, Uncle Charlie in an easy chair, the children piled on top of him, his arms around them tight, while they had what they called a "visit." This meant a chatter of little voices, birdlike and free, which Aunt Emily had never heard in her life. Or perhaps they'd all sing together, for they had inherited Uncle Charlie's gift for music.

If he had only had time he would have given piano lessons to all the children. But, dear me, he had no time except for that account keeping, and they had no money to pay a professional music teacher. Uncle Charlie always looked ten years younger after such a visit with his

children, whereas a rainy morning spent with the children in the house, always made Aunt Emily look a thousand years old. "They wore on her so," they upset so the perfect order of her wonderfully kept house. And yet they did their best not to wear on her, by keeping away from her as much as possible. They never went home from school until it was actually supper-time and always played in our yard, not their own.

The result was that Aunt Emily was left quite to herself in a Sahara desert of lonely housekeeping and desperate economies with the poor pitance which was all that Uncle Charlie could earn. Her thin face grew grim and dark, as she mended and patched and turned and dyed and performed miracles on tough necks of mutton and cheap curtain materials. All of it she did with superlative skill but burning and raging inwardly (and many times not so very inwardly) against the necessity of doing it at all, and crying out bitterly with many fits of hysterical tears that she was killing herself for her family, and nobody gave her a bit of credit for it.

Oh, yes, everybody dodged when Aunt Emily was in view, father as much as the rest, in spite of all his extenuations. Whenever we did have to go there, on unavoidable errands, we children would stand in the doorway, and assure her volubly that we couldn't come in, because our feet were muddy. This brought about the desired result of being told severely to hurry along then, and not get the whole house cold, with that door standing open.

Then came the climax in their misfortunes, as if they were not already sufficiently singled out for misery. Uncle Charlie fell on the stairs, and hurt himself terribly, threw several vertebrae out of position, I believe, so that he lay almost wholly paralyzed from the waist down. And not a penny of savings to pay the doctor, not even for the grocer's bill at the end of the month. It was disaster, absolute black, irreparable disaster. Aunt Emily was stunned into silence, a dreadful gray silence, as of some one whose grudge against fate is rising to mania. I remember hearing father say to mother, after he came back from his turn at spending a night of care for Uncle Charlie, "I'm afraid of the woman, I positively am. She looks as though she'd go mad." "Well, it's not out of sympathy for her poor husband, that's sure," mother answered acridly.

What do you suppose was the result of that terrific accumulation of emotion in Aunt Emily? What was the momentous, tremendous decision to reach which, in 1885, it was necessary for her to rise to that pitch of frenzy? Why nothing more nor less than this. . . . and in those days it was a decision both momentous and tremendous for any married woman with children. . . . she put on her bonnet, yes, bonnet, it was in the last days of bonnets, when only young girls wore hats. . . . and marched down town to ask for work in Emery's Emporium.

She got it, of course. Even if it had not been Aunt Emily, the humane head of the firm would have felt under some obligation to the wife of a faithful employee of such long standing. And in addition to this, it was Aunt Emily of course she got what she went after. She was put. . . well, I don't know that I ever heard just in what small corner she was put at first, as an experiment; something easy and simple to suit her supposed inexperience of business and her supposed feminine incapacity for it. The life at home was organized somehow, anyhow, as best they could with different cousins taking turns to go in and help out with the work. Uncle Charlie did not suffer any pain, and was quite himself as far as his head was concerned, his body like a log in the bed, but his eyes bright, his fine sensitive face pale, but calm and philosophic as always. He was quite able to direct the children as they dressed and undressed themselves and studied their lessons and learned to do the housework.

As Uncle Charlie got better so that he could sit up in bed, things ran more smoothly. His bed was moved down to a corner of the dining room, where he could look into the kitchen. He could work with his hands now, which he had always loved to do, and they were never still from morning till night. My father gave him a wheeled tray which was always piled with work, done or to be done. He did all the mending and darning and he and Phoebe did the cooking and the kitchen work together. The children all brought their school books to their father's bedside, and "did" their lessons there, to a running accompaniment of such sympathetic, helpful comments from him, as they'd never known before. By mid-winter of that year, Uncle Charlie was well enough to sit in a wheeled chair, which Aunt Emily bought out of the first raise in her salary, and presented proudly to him on Christmas day. After this, he was all over the house at once, active and cheerful.

He always sat beside Phoebe, as she practiced her music lesson, to listen, to play the bass in a simple duet, and to teach. My mother says she never saw a child get forward with her music as Phoebe did, after her father began to teach her. In no time she was playing the accompaniment for his light, clear baritone, and then the little house rang with music like a shell with the murmur of the sea. We all used to love to go there, as soon as school was over to "have a concert." Sometimes they sang Scotch airs. . . . the tears we have shed over "Loch Lomond," the zest for battle poured into us by "Scots wha' hae"; or it might be Irish, . . . how we have

laughed over "Father O'Flynn," and jelled over the chorus of the "Cruel-keen Rawn"; . . . or negro. There never was anybody who could sing "spirituals" like Uncle Charles. Oh, they were great concerts, we'll never forget.

And what was Aunt Emily doing all this time? You know as well as I do what Aunt Emily was doing. She was rising like a rocket through every plane of the management of Emery's Emporium. She was passionately interested in her work, because she could use it to serve her ambition; and because she was passionately interested in it, she mastered it, and owned it, and put it in her pocket. Everybody in that line of business in that part of the country soon knew her; she was half-fellow-well-met with all the traveling men, who liked her bluff manners and sharp tongue, feared her piercing eye, and respected her capacity always to get the better of them.

She was detested but admirably served by the staff of the store, who were bewildered by her really human capacity for endless exactitude of detail, angry at the everlasting high tension of her demands, but placated by the growing fame of the store and by her instant recognition of business ability in a subordinate. "Business ability!" How Aunt Emily adored it! What a starved, wolflike appetite she had for all that it stood for. How intensely she lived in her new life!

Before long she had developed a new line, advertising (this was before the modern science of advertising was dreamed of) and while I dare say it would be an exaggeration to claim that she was the first to expand the present principles of psychological advertising, I know a good many people who think she came very near doing so. Merchants from other cities came to see her window displays, and talked with her about advertising. Aunt Emily, who never did anything for nothing, soon saw that she had a marketable product there, and proceeded to put it on the market. She organized what I'm sure was the first advertising agency, and ran it in odd moments of her busy days.

She was up and off to work early, reading the morning paper as she ate breakfast, which Uncle Charlie had seen to. Then they saw her no more till night, when she came home walking strongly in the door, looking very distinguished and chic in the beautifully cut tailor suits of the best material that money could buy. . . . I am speaking now, of course, of the times after that difficult beginning. That period lasted, after all, only till she could get her bearings in the new world. Very soon, she was earning more money than Uncle Charlie had ever dreamed of making. By the time Uncle Charles was around on crutches, there was a good competent girl in the kitchen. This left Uncle Charles more time and strength to give to the children, more leisure to perfect his own music, and more energy to plan the thousand ingenious variations, on the theme of domestic life which made their home the most delightful one to visit in, you can imagine.

Aunt Emily fitted in it all very comfortably. She was always agreeably tired by night, and relieved of her surplus energy, she was astonishingly good-natured and easy to get along with. There was plenty of money these days, for competent help, which Uncle Charles managed smoothly; there was plenty of money for good clothes, and good food, and nice china, and pretty glassware, and fine linen, all of which Aunt Emily enjoyed with a hungry pleasure which was never blunted by ceaseless repetition. She was happy for the first time in her life. Aunt Emily was, and although she was by this time, middle-aged and gray-haired, she was handsomer than she had ever been in youth. She grew and grew in acumen and business ability, and ripened with experience, till our small city was not big enough for her. She soared off to New York, carrying the family with her to an expensive apartment, and from there to Paris, where they lived for many years, Aunt Emily being the Paris representative of a great New York department store.

To the day of his death Uncle Charles always kept the children close to his heart, and directed their growth just as lovingly and wisely as ever. Phoebe is a professional pianist now, well known all over America and Europe. For years she was usually accompanied by her father, crutches and all. Charlie is a successful architect, with a lovely French wife and two babies. It was beautiful to see Uncle Charles with his grandchildren! Bobby would certainly have gone straight to the dogs, if he had not had the most inspired handling at his father's hands. He was a wild, temperamental, unreasonable, warm-hearted, hot-tempered boy, who could not get on an instant with his mother. But Uncle Charles held to him through everything, made a man of him at last, for he is a noted field worker for the New York Natural History Museum.

This story sounds as though it were pattering out, doesn't it, and as though this was about all there was to it? But there is something else, something I never told anyone but father. It was the great shadow secret of my childhood, something father and I knew, and nobody else. But now that Uncle Charles and Aunt Emily are gone, I can tell it. This is what happened: When I was nine years old (about three years after Uncle Charles' accident) I chanced to stay at their house over night. I had a bad dream, out of which I woke up with a start, and unable to get to sleep afterward, I got out of bed and wandered to the window to look out into the moonlight.

And, there in front of the house, walking round the garden paths, what do you suppose I saw? You will never guess. I saw my Uncle Charles, walking nimbly and briskly without his crutches!

I went home the next morning in a maze of bewilderment, and started up to my father's attic study. Speaking all in an excited hurry, I told him what I had seen. His first expression was one of utter amazement, "Your Uncle Charles walking without his crutches!" And he fell into a long, thoughtful brooding silence, looking over my head, and not listening to my rush of exclamations. Finally he glanced down at me, with a strange, anxious look and with a voice of deep earnestness, such as I have never heard addressed to me before, as though something of terrible importance depended upon me, upon me!

"See here my darling," he said urgently, "you must never, never, never tell anybody else what you have seen. Promise me you will never speak of it again, not even to me. Just put it right out of your mind, as if you had not seen it. Lift your hand and promise."

As soon as I could recover from my awe at the solemnity of his look, I lifted my hand and promised, and a silence fell between us. Then I said, "Father, please, I want to ask just one thing. If Uncle Charles doesn't need his crutches. . . . But I got no further. "Doesn't need his crutches. . . . what are you talking about?" exclaimed my father. "He needs his crutches! What in the world makes you think he doesn't need his crutches! He couldn't get along a minute without them."

I stared at him, beside myself with astonishment. My father went on: "They are his only defense against the Inquisition." "The Inquisition," I faltered, "Westward Ho" in my mind. "We haven't any Inquisition in America." "Oh, yes, we have," said my father. "I struggled up through the overwhelming flood of my bewilderment, till I could get breath enough to speak, and protested, "But father, the only Inquisition I ever heard of is . . . you know, that thing that tortures people because they don't conform to the religion of the particular country they're in."

"Well, that is the kind we have in America, all right," said my father, "and if it weren't for your Uncle Charles' crutches, it would seize right on him and torture all his family, including Aunt Emily." "I don't understand a word of what you're saying," I cried out desperately. "Well, maybe you will, sometime," answered my father.

ESSENTIAL TO MAKE CHOICE

Excellent Advice Which Young Mother Will Do Well to Give Deep Consideration.

Take the case of any young mother who has two or more children, no nurse and no maid. Life feels like a fight. There are certain things in that mother's life that have to be slighted. It mustn't be her children. It mustn't be her husband. And it mustn't be her charm. What then? Her house; her social duties. Put away all the knickknacks. You can have more elaborate beauty when your children are older. Have simplicity now. Have your house bare as possible and get your beauty in harmonious colors. Have one room where the children's toys can be dumped, and then have enough control not to think about the disorder of that room. Back of all the clutteredness in this world there is a law of order. Back of the messiness of that room is a bigger law of order than the mere orderliness of a room - it is the orderliness of a mind that has decided to keep its charm, its beauty, its strength, so that there will be a personality as the mother of that family instead of just a driven, patient, sweet woman. Take the dining room, if you have to, and have a jolly kitchen and eat there or in the living room. If you've got a spare bedroom, take that. Don't be an immaculate housekeeper - be an irresistible human. -From the Dellnator.

Divided Skirt is Old Idea.

No one thinks twice today of seeing a woman in breeches or a divided skirt. This fashion is much older than that of the crinoline, for so long ago as the Thirteenth century women rode astride in divided garments. In 1568, when France was in the throes of a terrible civil war, women again took to divided skirts for greater ease and comfort in riding. The third great revival of the fashion was in 1850, when an American lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, adopted the much-discussed "bloomer" costume. Another feminine fashion much older than most suppose is the form of hat called the "toque." This was first worn by ladies of the court of Henry III.

To Make It Permanent.

"Laud' bless mah soul!" exclaimed good old Brother Buckover. "Yo doesn't tell me, sah, dat Jim Dinger, de gambler man, has done fuhsook his nickerked, 'knowledge de ur of his ways, axed to be took into de fellowship of de church, and begged de brudden and sistahs to pray for him dat he never backslide?" "He s'ud' did, sah," replied Brother Lump. "And I advocate dat de deacons take him out and ca'mly and de-lusively 'bassinate him befo' he slips 'gin' into de saspulse o' sin." -Kansas City Star.

2 MORE WOMEN JOIN THE ARMY

Of Those Who Have Been Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. - "I had a bad pain in my left side and I could not lift anything heavy without having a back-ache. I tried different things. Then I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers and began taking it as the directions said. I feel very good now and can do all my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to all my friends, and you can use my testimonial letter."

-Mrs. HATTIE WAZON, 870 Garden St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Gained in Every Way

Buffalo, N. Y. - "I had some female troubles that just run my health down so that I lost my appetite and felt miserable all the time. I could not lift anything heavy, and a little extra work some days would put me in bed. A friend had told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I gained in every way, could eat better and felt stronger. I had found nothing before this that did me so much good."

-Mrs. J. GRACE, 291 Wolz Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Excellent Record.

Ten mistakes in 1,000,000,000 chances is the excellent record of the Newark (N. J.) post office for distribution of mail. Newark postal employees handle approximately 800,000 pieces of mail daily. "This record is typical of the care and efficiency of postal employees of the nation," said Postmaster General Harry S. New. The minimum distribution efficiency demanded of postal distributors is 95 per cent.

Men who have the nerve will impose on those who haven't if the latter will permit it.

A little poker now and then is apt to break the best of men.



Safe instant relief from CORNS

One minute - and the pain of that corn ends! That's what Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do - safely. They remove the cause - the extra pressure, and heal the sore. You avoid infection from cutting your corns or using corrosive acids. Pain, inflammation, water-proof. Stays for corns, callouses, bunions. Get a box today at your druggist's or shoe dealer's.

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Made in the laboratories of The Scholl Mfg. Co., makers of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances, Arch Supports, etc.

Put one on - the pain is gone!

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When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES.

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1896. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

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