

PICKWICK'S PAPER

By HELEN A. HOLDEN

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It was a busy time of the day. The crowd, hurrying to and fro, was too intent on minding its own affairs to bother about the erratic behavior of any particular individual.

Carlotta Smith was one of the throng surging past the Stanwick building. When she came opposite the wide-open door she hesitated, walked toward the entrance, but again turned and passed on down the street.

Coming back, she paused once more, then hurried on.

The third time there was no hesitation. With grim determination she approached the entrance and walked boldly in.

There were three or four men who left the elevator at the thirteenth floor with Miss Smith. She envied them their knowledge of where they wanted to go.

Opening of the hall, there were no less than five doors, each with the name of "Bolton Company" in gold letters.

"My mother told me to take this one," counted Carlotta.

Inside, Carlotta found a girl seated behind a desk. She invited Carlotta to wait while she went in search of Mr. Thomas Doyle.

"This isn't so bad," mused Carlotta. "I'm beginning to think I'll like it."

"Mr. Doyle?" she inquired, as a young man appeared with her card in his hand. "I am Miss Carlotta Smith."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Smith."

Her tones had convinced him that there was much behind the name.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Doyle," interrupted the girl from behind the desk. "I forgot to deliver a message this morning. Mr. Bolton wished you to call him up."

"Did he say when?" asked Doyle.

"No," the girl admitted reluctantly. "Then he can wait," which was hardly respectful to the president of the company. "Please be seated, Miss Smith."

"I came to see you—" began Carlotta.

"I say, Tom, I've been hunting everywhere for you." Like a hurricane a young man burst in with this announcement. "I beg pardon. I didn't know you were busy, but you forgot to tell me where that guaranty would most likely be found."

Explanations were brief, for in a few moments Doyle returned.

"I won't take you to my room, for I've been moved upstairs. A number of us have been changed about lately. We can go into Miss Glyn's room. There is no one there, so I trust we can continue uninterrupted."

"Did you say 'Miss Glyn'?" inquired Carlotta.

Doyle's glance followed Carlotta's to the hat-rack, on which hung a man's derby.

"Oh, that might mean the general mixed-up state we're in just now. Possibly a caller for Miss Glyn. That's probably it," Doyle spoke confidently. "She has just taken him somewhere to meet some one. Take this chair, Miss Smith; you'll find it more comfortable."

"But," protested Carlotta, "I know from the way it looks—"

"You mean the way it's worn," suggested Doyle.

"Anyway," continued Carlotta, "it's Miss Glyn's pet, particular chair. It would never do to have her find me using it."

"Even her shoes are distinguished looking," he told himself. "It seems as if I have heard her name before. Undoubtedly, a society girl; it probably figures daily in the papers."

"I think," said Carlotta, "that what people say about odious agents and the way they are treated is all nonsense."

"Have you had the good fortune to meet any un-odious ones?" inquired Doyle lightly.

"I mean the way you have treated me," went on Carlotta.

"I don't quite follow." Doyle sat down suddenly. In case he had understood, he would need support.

"From what I've heard, I always thought agents had doors slammed in their faces, and were sometimes—thrown downstairs," continued Miss Smith. "Now, I consider I've been treated royally."

Carlotta waved majestically toward the footstool.

While she was speaking a man had quietly entered the room. As Doyle's attention was not again claimed, Carlotta did not mind.

Doyle was so stunned at what he had just heard that he forgot completely his previous threats of vengeance against the next intruder.

"I am an agent," continued Carlotta, "for Pickwick's Superior Typewriting Paper."

"I never would have guessed it." The irony in Tom Doyle's voice was lost on Carlotta, who continued volubly:

"You probably use Tryon's, don't you, Mr. Doyle? Really, a very inferior grade. If you would once try Pickwick's, I am sure you would never use anything else. Its advantages over others in ordinary use are legion. Do you use Tryon's or Black's Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't know."

Doyle felt as if he had been knocked down, and now was being walked on. This girl did not want him to lead the German at the coming charity ball—she did not even want a subscription

to something else, anything—she was only a plain, ordinary agent.

"I hoped you would be able to help me," continued Carlotta. "I so much want to make a success of it. You don't know what it means to me."

"I've a sick husband and five children to support," quoted Doyle absent-mindedly.

"It's not as bad as that," replied Carlotta. "But if I could make my poor mother comfortable—"

"I'll do what I can for you," broke in Doyle hastily. "Mr. Cruikshank is the man you ought to see."

"But I don't want to see him," said Carlotta. "He is sure to be cross. Even his name sounds so."

"I don't know about that. I don't even know the man. I mean, he's head of that department."

"I shouldn't like to see him," Carlotta spoke decidedly. "I thought you could help me. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Smith gave me your name—Mr. Morton Smith. He is a distant relative, and is interested in helping me."

"You are related to Morton Smith?" To himself Doyle added: "How in thunder does he let you do a thing like this?"

"Yes; he is most anxious to see me succeed," replied Carlotta.

"I'll do what I can."

Doyle felt like a criminal. To aid and abet a girl of Miss Smith's stamp make of herself a successful agent of Pickwick's Superior Paper, was unpardonable. Yet, considering the poor old mother, he must do what he could.

"I'll see the cranky Cruikshank, as you call him. If I can't urge him, I'll beat him into accepting your paper. In one way or another, you see, I am sure to succeed."

"When shall I call again?" inquired Carlotta.

"What part of the city do you canvass tomorrow?" asked Doyle.

"Around State and Pearl, I think."

Carlotta spoke with some hesitation.

"I get my luncheon near there," said Doyle. "I could meet you at Lincoln park, and it would save your coming way up here."

"Very well," said Carlotta. "You see, I've never been an agent before, so I hardly know what is customary."

As Doyle bade Carlotta good-bye, he felt a deep thrill of sympathy.

"Ten minutes late," was Mr. Doyle's greeting when he met Miss Smith the next day. "I hope that means you have had a successful morning."

Carlotta slowly shook her head.

"I'm so sorry." There was a world of sympathy in Doyle's voice. "And I have had news, too."

How he hated to make Carlotta look less happy than she did when she came to meet him across the park!

"Did Mr. Cruikshank live up to the reputation of his name?" Carlotta smiled bravely as she asked the question.

"Taking time by the forelock," answered Doyle. "I inquired for Cruikshank as soon as you left yesterday. I was directed to the room that used to be Miss Glyn's. There, sitting at his own desk, and with his feet on his own footstool, was Hon. James Gordon Cruikshank!"

"Oh!" gasped Carlotta. "He was the man who came in while we were talking. He must have heard me say he was a crank, and you said you would beat him. Is there anything left of you, Mr. Doyle?"

"I am old Cruikshank's firm friend for life," replied Doyle. "You bet I didn't think it was funny, but he seemed to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. He was such a brick in overlooking the names we called him. We actually parted friends, even though he refused to take the Pickwick paper. Says he has nothing against what we are now using."

"What trials there are for agents. I am glad I am not a real one," murmured Carlotta.

"Was that agent business a joke?" demanded Doyle wrathfully.

"Far from it," replied Carlotta. "I was never more serious in my life. To begin at the beginning—two nights ago at dinner, my father called me names. He said I was simply a butterfly—without more serious thoughts of the future than what frock I should wear to the next assembly."

"I replied that it was all the fault of circumstances. That I could ever earn my own living, if it were necessary. Of course, my father hooted at that. To make a long story short, it ended in a wager. I was to prove to him that I could be self-supporting. He bet I couldn't."

"I decided that becoming an agent would be quicker than anything else. From my unsuspecting cousin I got the name of Bolton company, as employing large numbers of typewriters. You can guess how glad I was when he casually mentioned you as a class mate. Then I went to a store and asked the name of the least used type writing paper—"

"The least used?" broke in Doyle.

"Of course," said Carlotta, "if I had taken the most popular, the chances were that you would already be stocked up with it."

"That is one way of doing business," commented Doyle.

"When I reported my success last night," continued Carlotta, "my father was not at all pleased. In fact, he was quite—otherwise. I was so disappointed, for I was really very proud of myself."

"Then all that about your poor old mother was—" began Doyle.

"Purely fiction," replied Carlotta. "What must you think of me, Mr. Doyle?"

"I don't want you to cut my acquaintance by telling me it is too sudden," said Tom; "but I will gladly tell you as soon as you give me permission."

ONE DRESS POLICY

Single Garment, Well Made, Gives Much Service.

Housewife in Smaller Towns Better Pleased With Larger Supply of Inexpensive Gowns.

There are two ways of dressing inexpensively. One is to have a good many clothes of cheap material and the other is to have one well-made gown at a time and to wear that on all occasions until it is worn out. The one-dress method is perhaps preferable for the woman who lives in a large city, for the business woman, or for the traveler. The housewife in a small town will probably do better if she has a good many inexpensive clothes, observes a fashion writer, and so will the young girl who mingles in a society where nobody patronizes an expensive dressmaker and extravagant is not looked on as a virtue.

In a big city, where an economical woman is likely to meet and mingle with persons who have much more to spend on their clothes than she has, the one-dress method has many advantages. In a well-made coat suit a woman is appropriately dressed for church, calling, afternoon card parties, teas, trips to the theater and the restaurant and for shopping. If she possesses a cheap and badly made street suit, in addition to several other dresses, she will never look very well, although she may sometimes feel that a thin silk, no matter how poorly made, is more appropriate than a suit for a card party.

The one frock should be of good material and should be well made. If one is bought each year, a street suit, consisting of coat and skirt and matching waist, can be bought one season—a dark, inconspicuous evening or formal afternoon frock for the next. The suit should be chosen so that it will look fairly well the third; the frock, remodeled a little, will also serve for two or three years. In a few years the woman who goes on the basis that the one-dress plan is a good one will have a very serviceable and good-looking wardrobe on hand.

The coat suit, when it is to answer many calls, should be of moderately normal proportions. Unusual waistlines, sleeves, yoke and collars should be avoided. The coat should be sem-fitting and the skirt should be neither tight nor loose. Such a suit will never be in the height of fashion, but, provided it is becoming, it will always be distinctive and good looking. It should be of some standard dark color—dark blue, black, or a becoming shade of brown are always inconspicuous. In two years, when you are due to buy another suit, the old one will be ready for knockabout wear, still retaining a style and dignity never possessed by a cheap suit.

The same rules hold good of the evening dress, which can only be renewed every two years. It should be of becoming color and cut, should avoid all extremes and should be of as good material as you can afford.

The one-dress method requires almost perfect fit, and if the clothes are bought ready made and extra payment to have them well fitted is an economy. Morning frocks and a homemade house dress from time to time supplement the one-dress wardrobe sufficiently.

WILL SUIT ANY EMERGENCY



A simple taffeta frock is an indispensable garment in every feminine wardrobe, for it can be pressed into service in many emergencies. The model illustrated features the new flounced skirt, the flounces being finished with a narrow knife plaiting.

most attractive if it were made with a bib which extends round the back and buttons in back with a round collar effect. The belt is very wide—wide enough to give the effect of a bodice. A few running stitches of yellow, beige and purple would finish the seams colorfully and you might add a little design directly upon the front of the bib.

An apron made of pale violet chambray would be most attractive with a piping of purple and white striped percale.

Checked gingham make up very attractively if you happen to get the kind of check which is large enough to have an air of veritable smartness. A blue-checked apron with bindings of blue, or a red-checked apron with bindings of red would equally delight the housewife.

Try giving this sort of apron in place of the fancy little white ones you used to give and which were hardly ornamental to a frock and certainly not protective.

TAB COLLAR IS VERY USEFUL

Decorative May Be Purchased Complete or Tabbing May Be Bought by the Yard.

A tab collar is a good investment. A tab collar fits any sort of neckline, round or square, as it bends at the juncture of each tab and thus looks when adjusted as if it has been made expressly for the frock with which it is worn.

Tab collars may be bought complete in themselves, or the tabbing may be bought by the yard, the amount varying according to the size of the neckline to be finished. It is attractive in flannel or Irish and, if possible, in the real. It really never is good economy to buy imitation lace for a collar, for nowadays even the imitation is expensive and you are sure to tire of it long before it is worn out. Enough real lace tabbing to finish a neck will surely prove a good investment.

Lace collars are not all white. Many are tinted a deep cream or ecru and there are Irish and flannel lace collars in flame color or one of the nasturtium shades that are extremely smart. Sometimes the smart woman has her lace collar dyed to suit her fancy and to go with the frock with which it is to be worn.

To Dry Knitted Goods. To dry knitted goods make a cradle out of a large Turkish towel by tying each end with a string, then hang the towel between two lines or between two wooden chairs. Squeeze, but do not wring the article, and place it in the cradle. In this way it will dry more readily than in the pillowcase, for the air can get at it; besides it can be turned as parts dry, thus giving the air a better chance at the wet parts.

WOMEN LIKE KITCHEN APRONS

Useful Article Is Welcome Present on Any Occasion—Must Suit Recipient's Youth.

Do you know the housewife welcomes kitchen aprons as gifts? Indeed, she does! Also, remember that the modern housewife is not satisfied with a merely gingham apron—it must have a touch that proves its recent creation and the wearer's youth! Of course, she must have a few severely plain aprons for work which is not deserving of a pretty apron, but she has those. You can give her the other kind—they are more "gifty" looking and are just as useful.

A blue chambray apron would be

ASPIRIN

Introduced by "Bayer" to Physicians in 1900

You want genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for nineteen years. The name "Bayer" means the true, world-famous Aspirin, proved safe by millions of people.

Each unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache,

Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis and for Pain generally

Always say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then look for the safety "Bayer Cross" on the package and on the tablets.

Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Drug-gists also sell larger packages.

Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monocrocinester of Selskyland

Strictly Business.

Employee—I'm afraid, sir, under the present high prices I shall be unable to live on my salary and—

Employer—Well, what of it? I'm conducting a business, not a life-saving association.—London Answers.

SWITCH OFF!

Put aside the Salts, Oil, Calomel, or Pills and take "Cascarets."

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely whipping them into action every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Oil, or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets gently cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the colon and bowels all the constipated waste matter and poisons so you can straighten up.

Cascarets tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken, or cause any inconvenience, and cost so little too.—Adv.

His Memory Faulty.

A good working memory is no trick, providing you have a good memory for associations, which is really the trick. A Kansas City man planned out an infallible method for remembering his wife's birthday. It comes on the 7th of the month. "Now, I'll remember that," he said, "by associating it with dice—think of dice, then 'Come seven!' Ah, that's it—seven. I can't forget it." The next year passed, and his instinct told him his wife's birthday was imminent. "Now, what's that date?" the husband asked himself. "Oh, yes, I was to think of dice. Dice—craps—eleven! That's it—December 11." And that's why his wife's crying spell which began on the 7th didn't end until the 11th.—Kansas City Star.

How True!

The mathematics teacher was trying to impress her class with the necessity of putting more time on mathematics. "You must all know arithmetic if you want to be successful," she told them. "All our public men should be good mathematicians. Can anyone tell me why?"

Up went little Max's hand. "So that they can keep their accounts straight," he answered.

The Pessimistic View.

"They say even rich men now declare they will wear patched trousers."

"Yes, but they can afford the patching."

Be noble in every thought and in every deed.—Longfellow.

Their Name Is Legion.

Harold had told me that his friend Robert was coming over with him to play after school. So when my son showed up without Robert, looking much disappointed, I asked the reason. "O, his mother did say at noon that he could come, but I'll tell you how it is—she is one of those changers of mind."—Exchange.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Good Field for Films.

Several picture-producing companies have of late secured English estates for their work; and it is reported that the Otlands Lodge estate, of twenty acres, has been acquired by one of the oldest British film-making concerns. This lodge is a part of the former royal domain of Otlands, which was a veritable rendezvous of monarchs in time past. Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, James I and Charles I all stayed there at different times. Together with its historic traditions, Otlands Lodge has such an attraction as the remains of a subterranean passage, a relic which no doubt will be very useful to the film producer.

Some Moniker!

Speaking of names, as the Nomad has been in recent issues, we once read of an English baby being christened "Actsoftheapostles Kennett." Which is some moniker, you'll admit. No doubt it was considerably abbreviated later, and it is not difficult to imagine the lad's mother exclaiming in a moment of exasperation: "Actso, how can you act so?"

United States Gold Supply.

The total gold supply in the United States has decreased \$73,000,000 in the last year, mainly through exports to countries that sell more merchandise to the United States than they buy here.

How Rats Cause Fires.

Rats are fond of eating the insulating material of electric wires, and are responsible for many of the fires ascribed to "defective insulation." They also gnaw holes in lead water pipes.

The more we boast of knowing the less we really know; the truly wise man seldom speaks of himself.

Why pay high prices for coffee when

POSTUM CEREAL

costs less and is better for you!

There's been no raise in price.

Usually sold at 15¢ and 25¢

Made by Postum Cereal Co. Battle Creek, Mich.