

## QUIT THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

By HENRY AARONS

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"ANNABEL, dear, I—I prefer to buy my own things—I—" "Harry! After I thought I was giving you such a nice surprise—and—"

Here the pretty face of the three-months' bride buried itself in a handkerchief, and was the next instant transferred to the coat collar of the remorseful young husband, who after restoring peace and harmony, gave one rueful glance at the collection of misfit underwear, out-of-date neckties, rainbow-hued socks, and fled.

Annabel had really given her husband a surprise, but not the "nice" one she expected. She had developed a bad case of the bargain counter malady, and had brought home such delectably cheap things for her darling Harry, she believed he would be delighted at her economical foresight. But the underwear was two sizes too small, and the kind he never wore. He abhorred green socks, and that color in ties was frightfully unbecoming to him.

Mrs. Harte put away the offending purchases, and concluded Harry was just a bit out of humor.

The next time she struck a bargain counter of men's furnishings, she couldn't resist buying something more for Harry. This time she knew he would be pleased. But he wasn't. He gently but firmly tried to make her promise not to do it any more.

"I just believe if you had married Mamie Beck instead of me, you'd have liked what she bought for you," pouted Annabel.

"Mamie Beck!" snorted Harte. "I never thought of marrying her!" "Oh yes, you did, and you wouldn't have found fault with any nice little thing she wanted to do for you!"

Whereat there had to be more overtures of reconciliation, and again Harte fled from the bargain display including terrible pink shirts with reversible cuffs, and wondered what could be done to reform Annabel.

He loved his affectionate little wife, and was unselfish enough to stand considerable discomfort rather than make her unhappy; but his salary was only a moderate one, and the waste of money in buying useless articles was something that must be seriously considered.

Once when he had remonstrated with her, she had said: "But I don't buy anything for myself, dear," and he had answered: "Well, I wish you would," she had taken it for his unselfishness instead of the sarcasm he had meant. So what was to be done? Annabel seemed to be devoid of a sense of humor, but she was so sweet and dear in her well-meant expenditure for him, and never extravagant for herself, he didn't know how to meet the situation.

On the arrival of the fourth bargain counter consignment Harte felt that the time had come for a decided stand. The result was a quarrel which grew to such alarming proportions that Annabel insisted he was still in love with Mamie Beck, and firmly declared her intention of getting a divorce.

Harte flung out of the house, nonplussed, angry, and thoroughly miserable. He felt he could no longer stand his wife's unreasoning folly, he could not live with her—and he was forced to confess he could not live without her. He walked wildly, irresponsibly down the street.

All at once he found himself face to face with Mamie Beck. She noticed the white, set face, and though he made an effort to go on, she detained him.

"Harry, what is the matter?" she asked.

"Why, nothing," was the evasive answer.

"Yes, there is. Can't I help you?"

The question was so full of good, wholesome sympathy it began to melt the barriers he had set up between them. He had not meant anyone should know; but the desire to be understood, when a soul is floundering in deep water, is often so strong as to sweep away the bars of discretion. Harte let her know something of the reason for his unhappiness.

"Come home with me. Let us talk it over," she said.

The two walked on for several blocks and entered Mamie Beck's home together.

Meanwhile Annabel, the moment Harte had left the house, had felt a sudden pang of remorse, and determined to dry her eyes, rush out, and get something she knew Harry especially liked for dinner. She meant to have it all ready for him when he came back, and to try to make amends for what she had said. She dressed, and started for the shop to make her purchases. Thank heaven there was no bargain counter there! Turning a corner, she gave a start! There was her husband with Mamie Beck, the two walking slowly, in earnest conversation. They were on the opposite side of the street, and they did not see her. She found herself following them. It was not a fine thing to do. But was she not his wife? That seemed to her to excuse it all.

She saw them enter Mamie Beck's home. This then was the solution! He did care for this other woman! He was tired of her so soon! Not yet married five months, and it was all over, the happiness, the love upon

which she had built such wonderful castles of delight!

She did not go to the shop. What was the use? He might not even come home to dinner. She went back, flung herself down, and wept and sobbed as never had she done before.

After a time she heard his latchkey in the door. She rose quickly and tried to bathe away the traces of her tears. She did not mean he should see how she had suffered, or that she had seen him with Mamie Beck. She meant to find out how far things had gone. If she could prove that he did love this other woman she would have good grounds for a divorce! It seemed now to mean the wrecking of her whole life!

She met her husband with an icy reserve that left him very little opportunity for attempts at reconciliation. The next morning, having thawed a little, he met her more than half way. But as fate or some other psychological factor would have it, that very day she again saw Harry with Mamie Beck. They stood outside of a shop, and oh, horrors! she saw him hand her money. There was no mistaking it for Mamie opened her purse and put it in, and both laughed heartily as they parted.

No wonder she, his wife, was berated for spending foolishly when he was giving money to other women. That evening Harry met his wife more affectionately than ever. He had a nice little surprise for her, and he opened a parcel he had brought in. He proudly displayed a purple shirt-waist about two years out of date, a pair of cheap, yellow silk stockings several sizes too large, and a petticoat built for a miss of fourteen.

He tried to preserve a strictly neutral exterior as he noted the look of dismay with which Annabel surveyed the articles.

"I got them so cheap, dear, I couldn't resist buying them. I hope you like the things. I had an awful time getting them, there was such a mob of women. But you see I did think of you!"

"Harry Harte! You know I never wear purple!" cried Annabel.

"Oh, don't you?" he responded with carefully assumed innocent surprise.

"And these stockings! Do you think I wear a number nine shoe?"

"They are a trifle large, aren't they?"

"A man never knows about such things. Please don't buy anything more."

It was Harte's turn to put on the hurt air, which he did with all due elaboration. Annabel certainly was devoid of a sense of humor. Nevertheless about two days later he appeared before his astonished wife with a pair of oversized gloves, and a hat of the vintage of 1910, which he told Annabel he had bought for her for next to nothing.

This was the last straw. Annabel overflowed with indignation.

"I see it all!" she stormed. "You want to make a perfect fright of me so people will sympathize with you for being tied up to such a frump, and so you can get a divorce and marry Mamie Beck!"

Harte's face expressed utter despair, this time not all assumed. His trump card had failed.

"Well, I thought I was pleasing you," he said disconsolately. "I suppose if you had married Tom Bennett you'd have liked what he bought for you."

His retort was so nearly identical with her own on a previous occasion that suddenly a light seemed to break in on her.

Did he really care for her? But what about Mamie Beck, and what she had seen with her own eyes?

"Look here!" she cried. "You never bought such atrocious things as these! You couldn't have found them in a day's journey! You just got someone to do it."

"Yes, I did."

"Was it Mamie Beck?"

"Yes."

"And you went and told her everything!"

"Listen, dear! It was all accidental. We met on the street, she saw how miserable I looked, she drew it out of me, she only wanted us both to be happy again."

"Oh!"

The exclamation was dry and doubtful.

"Look here, Annabel! Everything she said and did was for—"

"For my good."

Something like that missing sense of humor began to twitch the corners of her mouth.

"Well—I guess she was right," said Annabel. "Ask her to dinner tomorrow. It's no more bargain counters for me, honey—if you'll swear off."

The compact was not signed in words, but something much more expressive.

### Pertinent Comment

Viscountess Astor, in her famous "mother love" interview in New York, paid her respects to Paris.

"Paris originates all our fashions," she said, "but she doesn't originate them for us, but for demimondaines. Isn't it time we revolted? Shouldn't mother love see to it that our daughters shall no longer be taken for demimondaines?"

"The essence of Paris fashions is to use a mild word—immodesty."

"A middle western American was describing a European tour."

"And in France," he said, "in one part of France we hunted bear."

"Another middle westerner said: 'They dance that way, too, over there, I understand.'"

### Not Always

A generous man doesn't give his friends away.—Progressive Grocer.

## Snappy Styles in Duds for Sports

Wide Range of Colors That Add to Trim Gayety in Winter Wear.

With the creators of both continents it is the sports dress for Americans that counts vitally in their work. European women and their ideas are more easily interpreted. Americans are becoming more and more individual and independent, and the satisfying of personal taste and selection is not always a simple matter. But the accomplishment is worth while, says a fashion writer in the New York Times, and the distinction with which American women wear this type of dress is in itself compensation.

Next to the conventional tailor, nothing is more flattering to the athletic woman than sports things—naive, colorful, dashing and trim. It is becoming to many who ordinarily wear an utterly different type of dress but who find the utmost comfort and satisfaction in this sort of costuming.

A snowstorm, with all of its human aspects, is old-fashioned, but the sports skirts and styles in sports clothes are fashionable to the minute. Every phase that has been presented in the last few years, really ever since the winter sports season became a part of the social routine, is being renewed and varied, with here and there an absolute novelty.

Skirts have held their own in the mode, in countless variants, but always with certain practical limitations.



An Ensemble for Sports Wear Is of Green Plaited Jersey in Skirt and Bodice, With Overblouse of Tan. Also a One-Piece Frock of Bottle Green Wool Crepe, With Coat of Natural Pigskin, Lined With Wool Plaid in Tan and Green.

They have been side plaited, box plaited, wrap around and plain—always short and of some substantial material such as corduroy, whipcord, chevrot, tweed, even of leather. The rest of the costume has consisted of a shirt or sweater and coat, or a jumper and short overjacket. From a rather nondescript suit of this kind, in which women who go in for sports have long made their appearance, some distinctly smart styles have been brought out, snappy affairs of as much relative importance as the most elaborate gown made for town wear. The very best designers, both French and American, have done things that intrigue the fancy of women who are both active in winter sports and as spectators. These are taken into account by the couturiers, who add to their collection of skating, skiing, snowshoeing and tobogganing the "spectators' costume."

### Outfits for Spectators.

The spectators' dress in snow and ice festivities corresponds, in a way, to the dress one would wear in the gallery at tennis, polo or golf, and offers to the designer opportunity for greater variety and this season a more feminine type of dress, even in the sports type. This seems to have stimulated the keenest interest and inspiration among the French couturiers, who are sending over delightful models.

Knitted fabrics are conspicuously smart and have an especial appeal because of their supple quality and ease. Jenny is the author of a fascinating little sports ensemble all in gray. The one-piece frock and short coat are of soft gray knitted wool with gray kid in a darker shade forming a band several inches deep about the bottom of the skirt, a narrow collar, a belt and cuff bands finished like straps. With

this is worn a felt sports hat with the stylish soft rippling brim, gray woolen stockings and gray buckskin shoes with thick soles and low rubber heels. In this and in most of the sports suits coming from the other side, leather is introduced conspicuously as a novel note and a serviceable detail. In some of the smartest designs leather forms the larger part of the frock and coat, in combination with velours. For example, one of the most chic among the skating suit models is made of flexible navy blue leather, which forms the one-piece dress, with long coat blouse effect, having a front panel and coat revers of blue and red wool.

### Coats of Leather.

Leather and hides are effectively introduced in spectators' coats as well as sports suits. A swagger topcoat, cut knee length and rather full, is all of leather, in navy blue with a lining of blue and tan wool. A new sleeve is illustrated in this model—one that has a cluster of three plaits on top and a closely buttoned strap at the wrist. The coat is belted at a line slightly lower than the normal waist with a narrow buckled strap of the leather. Another spectator coat of brown chevrot has outside pockets and upstanding collar, cuff straps and belt of brown and white calfskin. Varying the usual leather model is one from Martial et Armand, a three-piece suit, in which the straight waistcoat is made of chambray colored suede with a short, lap-over skirt of brown corduroy. The coat, finger-tip length, is made of the corduroy and has a collar and cuffs of fitch in exceptionally lovely shades of brown and cream.

This suit is especially good for skating, because there are with it short

## Community Building

### Roadside Trees Need Care and Protection

Farmers' bulletin No. 1481, says: "Roadside plantings also furnish nesting sites, food and protection for desirable birds. The under plantings especially might be selected with the needs of our feathered friends in mind. In view of this widespread and increasing interest it is well that communities, especially country districts and officials responsible for the roads, seriously consider the desirability of advancing some scheme of roadside improvement by making a study of the advantages and disadvantages of plantings. Such a study should include the preparation of alternative plans, so that an intelligent decision as to the method to be employed may be made. In order that trees may be given reasonable care and protection. In addition, roadside tree planting, even more than tree planting in village and city streets, needs unity of idea and expression over considerable distance. As a rule, longer stretches of country road are visible at one time than of a city street, and the rate of travel is faster, so that different sections of the road will be passed so rapidly that it will appear as a jumble if the same material is not used over long distances."

### Laying Out Highways for Enjoyable Travel

In the United States we do not have the settled, definite conformings of rural beauty to be found in older countries, save, perhaps, in the environs of our oldest cities. Ours is more a problem of controlling development than of preventing destruction. Land owners along the highways could and should, by agreement, even for selfish reasons alone, bar that which detracts from the enjoyment of highway travel. When settlements are laid out, even if it is only a little cross-roads business center backed by a few residences, there should be co-operation for order and beauty. The values of the land, of the business, of the homes and of the vacant ground would be enhanced. The orderly, restricted development of numerous community centers within Kansas City illustrate this point. Other things being equal, all the values in and about such centers are much greater for the standards maintained. Helter-skelter policy never rewarded anybody for anything.—Kansas City Star.

### Avoiding Property Loss

It is estimated by Save the Surface campaign that American property owners suffer a loss of more than \$1,419,000,000 a year which is measured in terms of shrinking valuations, lower rental returns, repairs and replacements. This bill is the tax we pay for neglect. We neglect 70 per cent of our property. We allow it to become run-down and shabby; this causes values to tumble; neighboring properties suffer, rents decrease, vacancies increase, and the way is opened to undesirable tenants.

If the neglect continues, deterioration sets in. Wood weathers, warps, checks and cracks. Nails rust and pull out. Metal rusts. Masonry becomes strained and weakened. Replacements are necessary. Due to the higher prices of materials and labor, repairs are costly. The rate of depreciation increases rapidly, as neglect goes on. It may be but 1 per cent for three or four years, then it climbs higher each month.

### Give Thought to Building

The home builder today is short-sighted if he puts his money into anything but a well-built and well-designed home. It costs very little, if any more, to build from a good plan that puts in those clever little touches here and there that give the house that individual and attractive look which means so much when the place is offered for sale. Many builders are still drawing their own plans and are not giving enough thought and study to them to keep them up to date and in line with what the best people want today.

### Financing One's Home

Financing is the big problem of the home builder and the big problem of the prospective home owner. The own-your-home movement wins popularity in the average city in direct proportion to the liberality of terms of purchase. Before the builder can make it easy for his customers to buy homes, he must make it easy for them to provide operating capital with which to continue building.

### And Many Large Cities

Many small cities like Hartford city spend a good deal of money in passing ordinances and never follow them up to see that they are properly enforced. Few of them have "teeth" in them, or if they do they are too soon overtaken with pyorrhea.—Hartford News.

### Best Home Section

The best residential property is always away from the industrial section, and selections of building sites should be made in the direction of the residential growth of the city.

## Too Much "Acid?"

Excess Uric Acid Gives Rise to Many Unpleasant Troubles.

AUTHORITIES agree that an excess of uric acid is primarily due to faulty kidney action. Retention of this toxic material often makes its presence felt by sore, painful joints, a tired, languid feeling and, sometimes, toxic backache and headache. That the kidneys are not functioning right is often shown by scanty or burning passage of secretions. Thousands assist their kidneys at such times by the use of Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic. Doan's are recommended by many local people. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS

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At the first sneeze, banish every symptom of cold, chills, etc. with HALE'S. Relief at once—Breaks up cold positively. 30 cents at all drugstores.

**Queer Industry**

In Japan a company is engaged in exploiting the use of volcanic ash in combination with Portland cement mortar. This combination is said to be particularly valuable in the construction of works submerged in salt water. It is claimed that the cement thus formed possesses great tensile strength and is denser than ordinary Portland cement. It is also more resistant to the percolation of water. Attention is called to the fact that, if this industry expands, the Philippines contain a great deal of volcanic ash which might be available.

**"DANDELION BUTTER COLOR"**

A harmless vegetable butter color used by millions for 50 years. Drug stores and general stores sell bottles of "Dandelion" for 35 cents.—Adv.

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Acid stomach, heartburn and nausea are corrected with the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. 372 Pearl St., N. Y. Adv.

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