

BOARDERS WANTED—CAME

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MARY CARMAN was pale as she finished reading her son's letter. Fred was a good boy; he wrote every week and came home whenever he could, although his work kept him confined pretty steadily in the city. As usual, he had tucked in a \$10 bill for expenses. Mary owned her house, but she had almost no money aside from what her son sent her. And Fred would not let her earn by taking boarders.

But this letter—Mary read it again slowly, dwelling upon each word. Yes! It was what she had always expected some time. Fred was going to be married.

That letter changed the whole course of Mary Carman's life. "A son is a son till he gets his wife." The old saying was true enough. She had seen it again and again. Son married—daughter-in-law unympathetic—mother gradually neglected. Of course Fred had a right to happiness. It was only that—that she felt as if she had lost her son.

She sat there behind the white curtains and geraniums of her living room window with the letter in her lap, crying. And Mrs. Binner, stepping through the back door, caught her at it.

"Why, Mary Carman! What's the matter—Fred sick?" noticing the letter.

Mary tried to laugh as she wiped her eyes.

"He's going to be married."

"Married!" Mrs. Binner plumped her 211 pounds into a protesting rocker. "Well, you know what that means as well as I do—who's the girl?"

"Her name is Helen Branch." She works where Fred does. They're going to be married soon. And of course they'll live in the city, though he didn't say.

"Bobbed hair, paint, cigarettes, maybe," Mrs. Binner sniffed. "Well, what can't be cured must be endured."

"Oh, Fred wouldn't choose any but a nice, sweet girl," his mother said.

"My dear woman! You don't know what he'd choose. Take a country boy, brought up as carefully as he's been, he'd be too innocent to know what he was getting."

Mary was glad when Mrs. Binner departed. She felt she had stood all she could.

She sat looking about the room. It was full of simple, intimate treasures. The whole house was furnished with things that had belonged to her mother and her grandmother. She had hoped to pass these things on to Fred's wife. But a city girl, a business girl, would not care for such things. She would want overstuffed furniture and etchings. Well—Mary felt she had a much graver problem still to consider—how was she going to live? Fred's salary could not support two establishments. Probably they would offer her a home with them. No! She would have to do something to support herself. She would have to take boarders.

When daylight broke on the quiet street there was to be seen by early passersby a card in Mrs. Carman's crystal-clear front window: "Boarders wanted." It was looked at with surprise.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Carman, again sitting at the window behind the white curtains and geraniums, saw two girls coming down the street. They wore simple, dark clothes and one carried a single bag; the other carried two bags. They were looking for somebody. When they saw the card in the window they paused and consulted together. Then they mounted the steps and rang the bell.

"Do you really take boarders?" the dark-eyed girl asked as Mary opened the door. "And—would you take us for a—"

"A few days?" finished the blue-eyed girl, who seemed to have a hard cold.

The sight of the blue-eyed girl's nose decided Mary Carman and she asked them in. The best room was made ready—aired, with fresh sheets, spread, snowy towels distributed. The girls seemed delighted with it.

"Now, there's a book for you to read, Peg," said the dark-eyed one. "You're to stay in when it's warm while I bustle to make a few sales."

She was gone with the smaller bag. Mary Carman made biscuit, made a chocolate cake, opened a jar of strawberries, creamed potatoes, shirred some eggs. She was lifted out of her depression. And the rate of \$10 a week was the pay the girls insisted upon.

The dark-eyed girl came back at six and reported excellent sales.

"Blodgett's best breakfast tea," she explained to Mrs. Carman. "You present the housewife with a coupon and she calls at her grocer's for a sample. Here's a sample for you. It's really excellent tea."

"I'm sure it is, or—or you wouldn't be selling it." Mary returned warmly.

The girl poised her pencil over the page of a small book.

"I'll just dot down your name if you will give it to me, please," she said in a businesslike way.

"Mrs. Mary Carman."

The girl looked up at her with something like a start. Next instant she was scribbling.

It seemed the blue-eyed girl called Peg was really quite sick with her cold. Mary Carman made her a cup

of hot lemonade, rubbed her throat with camphorated oil and put a hot-water bag to her feet.

"She'll be better in the morning. I'm sure," said the dark-eyed girl called Scotchy.

But Peg wasn't. She had to stay in bed. Meanwhile, Scotchy hustled to make sales. She took the bus and went as far as Freeport. Coming in at half-past six, hungry but successful, she found Mary Carman in a great state of excitement.

For Fred had come home on the afternoon train. He had decided that the letter didn't explain enough and he wanted to talk with his mother.

Scotchy bounced in upon them, a strand of loosened hair whipping one rosy cheek.

As she saw Fred she gave a gasp and dropped her bag. As Fred saw her he sprang forward and caught her hands in his.

"Helen! To find you here!"

Mary Carman merely stood and stared.

"Well, this place happened to be on Peg Payne's route and—"

"But what on earth are you doing here with my mother?"

"Boarding, dear child!" Helen Branch smiled over her shoulder at Mary. "We had to board somewhere. Of course I didn't know this dear little lady was your mother, even when she told me her name. And, anyway, she had a card up, and Peg was half sick with that awful cold."

Mary came forward.

"And you're just as tired as you can be, my dear. Don't you see she is, Fred?"

"Well, it's hard work selling tea," Helen said. "I wouldn't choose to do it for a steady job myself. But I had to help Peg out. Besides, I thought I might see your mother if I came down this way. I thought it would be a good thing for us to get acquainted without any assistance from you, Fred. If she'd had your picture anywhere I would have seen it and known, but there was only that—she pointed to the wall, to a faded crayon—and that doesn't resemble you much now."

It was all very surprising and delightful after the first crowded moment. For Peg was better and Fred was there and Mary Carman found Helen Branch was just as lovable as the unknown Scotchy had been. Besides, Fred was coming back to go into business with the money he had saved and he and Helen were to live with his mother in the old house.

Next morning early passersby noticed something different about Mary Carman's house. The card, "Boarders wanted," was gone from the front window.

Bourgeois Not Meant as Term of Contempt

The middle class, as a dominant social body, is a comparatively new thing. From the days of Coriolanus to those of Louis XIV, if you wanted to hate any large group of people, you directed yourself to the sweaty rabble, the great unwashed. The bourgeois of those times was, as the name indicates, a town dweller, a citizen, and what is more, he was usually a free citizen.

That, perhaps, accounts for the fact that the word, which is used in other countries as a term of contempt, is still in good odor where it originated. "Cuisine bourgeoise" on the window of a French restaurant is the equivalent of "home cooking" only in France it really means home cooking. The word they resent is not "bourgeoise" but "people," which would correspond to "the peepul," as William Jennings Bryan used it.

The French Romantic poets, with Victor Hugo at their head, did their best to cast a shadow over the name of burgher, bourgeois or citizen. "We must stir them up," they cried; "we must shock them out of their stupid complacency." It was then that the contemporary form of boob hating began, and if you look in a French dictionary you will find that the bourgeois is "anti-liberal, anti-artistic."—Gilbert Seldes in the Saturday Evening Post.

French Women as Porters

Nearly all old women do the heavy work of porters in Dieppe, France, in the fish markets and on the beach, where they carry loads of stone weighing 150 to 200 pounds on their backs.

These women plod from the fishing boats to the market and from the beaches to the dumping grounds, carrying heavily loaded baskets. Their cheery countenances indicate that they are not overburdened. The stones are exported to England for the manufacture of porcelain. They must be carried through sliding shingle up a steep grade to the carts. Here the carriers dump their loads by making a deep bow and allowing the stones to rush out over their heads.—Exchange.

Clock Plays Many Tunes

A clock that plays tunes has just been put on display in London. Every part is handmade and engraved, and the timepiece is believed to be the only one of its kind in the world. It is a perfect timekeeper, chiming every quarter of the hour on eight bells and at the hour, after striking, plays one of six tunes on 14 bells, concealed in a gilt wooden box. The tunes are "An'd Lang Syne," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Robin Adair," "Callier Herin," a Scotch reel and the Scotch national anthem. The clock was made in Glasgow, and required two years to construct. Some of the parts are minute, and are perfect in detail.

Long Silhouette on Fashion List

Individuality Is Being Asserted; Mode Must Suit Personality.

With interest keen in what will establish the high lights in the fashions, notes that come from Paris are being followed with more than ordinary care. There will be many departures from the former modes and there will also be many old points retained.

In general, it is noted that skirts are creeping downward. At any rate, individuality is being asserted and the mode must conform to personal desires. It is no longer smart to have every skirt well up to the knees—if not above them. The bouffant gown that is so chic for evening is responsible in a measure, but it is also establishing its own silhouette and that varies greatly. There is a certain smartness given to a coat or dress that follows a longer silhouette. It gives variety to the mode. The short skirt is not, and undoubtedly will not, be eliminated from the sartorial field. But it no longer exerts an unlimited power in defining chic. Skirts will vary in their lengths. The short skirt plays an extremely important role in certain types of frocks and coats and will undoubtedly be predominant in the winter modes. However, here and there an appearance of extreme chic will be noted when the skirt or coat is long.

Flares and the uneven hemline have much to do with creating an uncertain length of skirt. It is seen in many of the new models that longer

Winter Coat of Plaid Cloth; Fox Fur Collar



A prominent motion picture actress poses in this handsome winter coat. It is a sport model made of plaid cloth with brown fox collar. She wears with the coat a chic tan felt hat with brown grosgrained band.



Coat That Is Long and Flared; Beaver Trimming.

sides, fronts or backs give an added length. In other cases flares that finish below the ordinary hemline also tend longer lines.

Bille Dove, the "movie" star, who delights in creating unusual appearances, is seen wearing a stunning example of the new mode in her film, "The Stolen Bride." She wears a coat that expresses all the new points in the mode. It is long, flared and is of light beige trimmed with twin beaver in an exotic way.

Red Has Gained Renewed Popularity for Dresses

A color vogue once started is often hard to stop. The popularity of red is a surprise to everyone not actually in the secret of how color styles are made. Women with red costumes may continue to wear them with the knowledge that they are up to the minute.

Many women who resisted the lure of the rich burgundy colors are ordering them this season. Dark red velvet is one of the loveliest of the new materials. It is used for many things, from suits to afternoon and evening dress. Red, with a tinge of orange, is good for evening wear.

Tunics Are Lengthened; May Grow Still Longer

Tunics have lengthened until they threaten to become dress length. Some are perfectly straight, except for a slight drape on one side of the waistline. Others subscribe to the circular Russian tunic. With some of the French tailored suits, tuck-in blouses are worn, but these seem unimportant—until spring, at least. It is the tunic of various lengths that is of current interest, both as a means of establishing an ensemble and as a means of introducing a colorful and often very elaborate fabric.

Tea Gowns of Velvet for Afternoon Wear

Tea gowns are tea gowns, and nothing is more charming than one of the new velvet afternoon costumes when a woman receives her friends. The skirts of these frocks have an uneven hemline and are sleeveless, with a moderate boat-shaped neckline. The charm of the costume depends on the material rather than on its trimming.

Plenty of Bags That Match Woman's Costume

No longer is a woman excused for carrying a bag that does not match or fit in with the remainder of her costume, for the shops everywhere are showing bags in a variety of colors and styles. They have been collected from the best houses and vary so in design and price that almost every taste can be suited.

For traveling the huge envelope bag is still the popular choice, and one model that is receiving a great deal of attention is made with extra pockets and sections on the inside. The bag itself contains a good-sized purse securely attached, as well as an extra concealed pocket, which is designed to hold important papers. These new bags depend upon their smart lines and tailored finish for distinction, and are given a style value by their new color combinations. For instance, bright red pin seal is lined with black, beige with dark brown leather suede, navy blue with gray or beige, and light gray with black suede.

A bag that would be suitable for the smart matron is from Vienna and shows a wealth of detail in the exquisite workmanship used in the four handings that circle the body of the bag. On a brick-red background a gold scroll design is worked out with fine tracings in black. Although the bag opens on top, the little tab is replaced by an oblong pendant of wood covered with embossed leather. This bag may be carried over the arm or as an under-arm bag, for the double-strap handle is adjustable. In addition to being made of walrus leather, it gains in practicality by being lined with black moire and having fittings of leather.

Skirts Longer in Paris; Some Doubt in America

The day has gone when Paris or London can say what women will wear. All Paris can do nowadays is hope the model shows will prove popular. Once American women went to a Parisian dressmaker the same as to a doctor for a prescription. Now they go to a druggist to have their own prescription filled. That is what is worrying Paris with regard to the length of skirts. Skirts there are longer, but it still is uncertain whether the majority of American women will accept the change.

Shoulder Straps That Launder; Easy to Make

Ribbon shoulder straps for slips are pretty but do not wear very well, unless attached to snap fasteners and washed separately, which is some trouble. Instead of ribbon use thin, washable saten, in flesh color or to match the slip. Cut the material one inch wide, on the straight edge of the goods, and roll the edges. At each end put an inch of elastic to take the strain. Such straps look like ribbon, launder nicely and will last as long as the slip itself.

Box Plait Is Favorite With Paris Dressmakers

The big box plait is the most popular way of inserting fullness into sports skirts in the new Paris winter styles. Inverted plaits are still extensively used and there are many small plaits to be seen. But the newest and smartest style is the box plait. Sometimes circular skirts are skillfully arranged in simulations of box plaits. Chantrel has a circular skirt of dark brown tweed of the type.

Chic Buckle

Many a new gown buckles its way to chic, using as a focal point some intricate and stunning buckle for the belt drape or bodice ornament.

Whose birthday comes next? Will there be a party? Whisper to mother that you want to treat your guests to a fine cake made with Monarch Cocoa, Monarch Teenie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwiches and Monarch Teenie Weenie Pop Corn.

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Encouragement for Women

Irvington, N. J.—"For several years I was troubled with feminine trouble. About six years ago I was so bad that I had three doctors—the last a specialist. He looked at me and said he could do nothing for me without an operation, but I would not consent. I thought I could do no more than try Dr. Pierce's remedy so I bought a bottle of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also one of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and a box of Dr. Pierce's Suppositories and followed directions. In less than a week I was able to get around."—Mrs. Clara Wilson, 63 Union Ave. All dealers.

Teaches Popular Game

A futility search for gold in Alaska brought Mrs. Virginia Tubbs and her husband to Chicago 12 years ago. Six years later, widowed and inexperienced in business, she turned to bridge as her only means of support. Today Mrs. Tubbs earns more than \$1,000 a month teaching Chicago's Gold Coast residents how to play bridge. She had learned the game during the long evenings in their isolated Alaskan home.

Ker-Plunk!

Mr. Frog—I can do one thing that the airplane does, anyhow.
Mr. Kingfisher—What's that?
Mr. Frog—Hop off!

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