

UP IN MRS. REED'S ROOM

(By D. J. Walsh.)

OLD MRS. REED lay in her mammoth black walnut bed with the carved urns on the headboard. Thick goose-feather pillows in starched covers were under her head, propping her up so she could look over the footboard and see what was going on. An old-fashioned counterpane with a design in candle-wicking covered the bed and across her feet was a handwoven blanket in blue-and-white yarn.

A more comfortable bed than Mrs. Reed's could not be imagined, and the rest of the furniture in the room kept it company. Ponderous and heavily carved, which had been seasoning for a hundred years, it was worth a fortune and looked as if it weighed a ton. Mrs. Reed had furnished her room when she was married fifty years before. She expected to die there, though there was no hurry about that. The doctor said she need not worry, she would be out in a few weeks, but injured hips must take their time. Meanwhile Mrs. Reed lay impatient and unresigned, angry with the whole world and angriest with herself because she had foolishly missed her footing and tumbled downstairs.

Downstairs in the kitchen Mary Searles kept the house, but she only came to Mrs. Reed's room once a day, when she received her orders. Mary Searles had said at the beginning that she could not be expected to fulfill the duties of both nurse and housekeeper. Besides, she knew nothing about nursing. Mary had lived with old Mrs. Reed for years and she knew a thing or two. She stuck to her kitchen with a purpose; she was safe there.

Upstairs a succession of nurses came and went, for no one of them suited Mrs. Reed long. Miss Crane was there now. She was staying into the third day, but she might go any minute. Indeed, Mrs. Reed was making up her mind to this very fact now. Reaching cautiously, she got hold of the heavy cane that leaned against her bed and pounded upon the floor with it. There was no answer. She pounded again, scowling, and the door opened and Miss Crane entered.

"I want the furniture moved round," Mrs. Reed ordered.

"It was moved yesterday," replied Miss Crane. Her large face flushed.

"I know it was—the day before—and the day before that. But it hasn't been moved today. Add I want it moved."

Miss Crane looked into Mrs. Reed's compelling black eyes.

"I got a crick in my back yesterday morning moving this heavy stuff," she said. "I'm sorry, but I can't move it today. It is all nonsense anyway," she added under her breath.

"It is, is it?" said old Mrs. Reed. "I heard what you said, Miss Crane, if I am supposed to be a little deaf. Now here's something that isn't nonsense. You can pack up your duds and go."

Miss Crane stiffened.

"I'm sure I'm very willing," she said, and left the room. Within fifteen minutes she was gone.

Mary Searles took Mrs. Reed's supper up to her on a tray at five o'clock. "For heaven's sake, Mary!" cried Mrs. Reed in exasperation. "Can't you or the doctor get me a nurse that will stay with me for one whole week?"

Mary Searles gray eyes twinkled.

"Well, we've been pretty well over the ground," she replied. "Let's see; you hurt your hip three weeks ago yesterday, and you've had five nurses, trained and otherwise. Is that right?"

"I guess it is," agreed old Mrs. Reed, reluctantly.

"There's just one more person I can think of," Mary said. "And she ain't a regular nurse. That's Jenny Fuller."

There was a curious silence. Then—"Jenny Fuller, eh?" said old Mrs. Reed. "Well, get your Jenny Fuller. Get her tonight."

Mary Searles left the room.

An hour later Mrs. Reed awoke from a nap to find that she was not alone. There was a young person in the room with her, a slight, straight girl with red hair, softly coiled, a pointed, pale face and grave eyes. She was dressed in a limp little black dress with white cuffs and collar and a white apron. This young person was trying to do something to the lamp, which would burn too brightly.

"There! Let it alone!" commanded old Mrs. Reed. "I like it the way it is. Now come and snatch this bed into that corner. I'm sick of facing that way."

The girl came obediently. She got behind the bedstead and hoisted and coaxed it forward until it arrived at the proper position. Then she shifted the rest of the furniture into new places as Mrs. Reed pointed. She breathed heavily, but she said not a word. Neither did the old woman, but it was evident each had her thoughts.

hips and shoulders. She neither protested nor commented. Nor did she, after the second day, wait for her patient's order. She merely inquired, "Where would you like your bed placed this morning?" and then proceeded to put it in the spot designated. As there were only four corners to the room there were apparently only four places for the bed to be in, but Jenny invented new places.

"Where did you get that idea of putting everything kitty-cornered?" Mary Searles asked.

The eighth morning when Jenny made her usual query old Mrs. Reed shook her head.

"You needn't change me today," she said. She said the same thing the next day, and the next.

"What's got into her?" Mary wondered. "What have you done to her? You must have done something. She's getting meeker than Moses. Why, you'd think I was offering her nectar and ambrosia the way she took her breakfast this morning."

Jenny could not answer this question.

That afternoon Mrs. Reed called Jenny to her.

"Sit down on the bed," she commanded. "Now tell me about yourself. Where did you start from? Whom do you belong to?"

Jenny told her briefly. Her father had died when she was little, her mother had struggled along, doing everything by which one may live honestly, scrubbing, sewing, washing. At last when she could no longer do such hard work she had taken up practical nursing. This Jenny had learned from her. For the last year she had had to apply her knowledge of taking care of sick folks to her mother. Her mother was gone now and she had gone on nursing as the only way she knew of earning her support. Mrs. Reed was her second "case." The other had been Mrs. Larrabee.

"I've heard she is a mighty good-natured woman," said old Mrs. Reed, watching Jenny.

"Well, she was," Jenny admitted honestly. "But I prefer you. You're not near so—so finicky."

Old Mrs. Reed looked pleased.

"I guess you'll do, Jenny," she said. "I've been looking for somebody just like you. How do you get along with Mary Searles?"

"Fine!" Jenny's eyes sparkled.

"Humph!" said old Mrs. Reed. "That's all now, I guess. But when you go down stairs send Mary up. I want to see her."

Five minutes later Mary Searles appeared.

"What now?" she asked, with that twinkle.

Old Mrs. Reed had a twinkle of her own.

"You can fix up the bay window chamber for Jenny," she said. "She's going to live here for the future. And, Mary, if you don't think ten dollars a week is enough for her give her more. Give her fifteen."

"Ten dollars is enough now she isn't wanting furniture every day!" replied Mary. And, bending over, she patted old Mrs. Reed's hand gently and understandingly.

Few Brave Enough to Defy Old Superstition

In the downtown section of Providence yesterday, a window-cleaner pursued his vocation at the top of a tall ladder. At the foot of the ladder was a colleague of the window-cleaner standing by and casually observing the stream of passersby. Very few of these passers went under the ladder. Some of them approached it as if they intended to do so, but at the last second shifted to the other side.

In order to avoid going under the ladder it was necessary for them to crowd through a narrow space between the man who steadied the ladder and an automobile drawn up at the curb. But they preferred this to flouting the old superstition.

This is the Twentieth century and we think ourselves sensible and all that. And to a philosophic observer on the other side of the street it seemed as if the only person in any possible danger was the man at the top of the ladder. But still the crowds refused to go under it. Will somebody tell us why? It is not sufficient answer to say they were afraid the ladder would fall on them.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Floral Oracle

In France a curious experiment with another plant that will open for a while and simply live on air is practiced with the common houseleek, which the French call herb of St. John. They drive two hooks or long, projecting nails into a wall about half a yard apart in a horizontal line. Across them in early June they lay a budded stalk of leek. Gradually the leaves along the stalk dry up and fall off at the end near the base and new ones put out near the tip; the flower buds swell and finally open in a pretty rose-colored corymb of blossoms. When the leek is first placed on the wall a wish is made; whether or not it will come true depends on whether or not the leek blossoms before the 24th of the month—the date of the feast of St. John the Baptist.

This floral oracle of St. John was a serious affair, seriously believed a century ago.

Matter of Wave Length

"New York is a blasé city," says a magazine writer. "Proclaim something from the housetops and the man in the street won't even listen." How can he listen to what he cannot hear? It's a long shout from the average New York housetop to the sidewalk.—Farm and Fireside.

Pastel Tints for Chic Formal Wear

Mode Demands Delicate Fabrics With Traceries of Gold and Silver.

The formal note that ushered in the winter season of evening gowns is undoubtedly responsible for the beauty of the fabrics that fashion the formal frocks still so popular. There is a sophisticated elegance to the lines that is matched by the exquisite workmanship seen in the new materials.

These fabrics, gossamer sheer, are yet firm enough to hold traceries of gold and silver and opalescent metals.

The outstanding characteristic of these lovely metal cloths is, of course, their sheerness, whatever the ground be. Sometimes it is a crepe velvet or chiffon. But this ground is merely a lovely but essential foundation for the magic of gold-and-silver threads worked into designs of rare beauty.

There are sheer materials worked with bright-hued flowers; spun silver and gold tissues plant as a wind-blown flower; all-over printed designs lending their opalescent colors to the gold-and-silver basils lending many hues to the fabric; there are brocades more closely patterned than precious metals.

The delicate pastel-colored metal embroidered cloth that is an example of artistic workmanship is the outstanding fabric. With its frosted tracery and pastel tones it is indeed



Charming Evening Gown Demonstrating Beauty of New Fabrics.

a marvelous cloth to fashion the beautifully draped gowns of modern lines. Lois Wilson, the featured "movie" actress, in the picture "French Dressing," wears an evening gown demonstrating the sheer beauty of the new fabrics. The model is of sophisticated simplicity and charming lines.

Curly Locks Are Useful for Trimming Headgear

Parisian women have discovered that their own rebellious locks make effective hat ornaments.

Those who are letting their hair grow make a virtue of necessity and have their back hair trained to curl softly from beneath cloche hats purposely cut longer in back. Others encourage a few ringlets to cling to the upturned brims of close-fitting sports hats.

At least one milliner is offering cloth hats with hair ringlets sewed to them. There is a fashion among the schoolgirls and young women just now for pushing hats well off the forehead so that their bangs will show to advantage.

Four-Piece Costume Is Classy for Sports Wear

The classic sports costume of the year is the four-piece ensemble, according to a current magazine. "A topcoat without fur, a plaited skirt, a cardigan and jumper," says the women's monthly, "form the working principle of all these smart outfits, with the variance in the details. The ensemble is usually beige and brown tweed, with a beige jersey pullover. There are envelope pockets, with buttoned flaps on cardigan and coat. The latter is worn in the new way—not wrapped but open—and it is longer than the frock, for, to whatever lengths other types go, dresses are short for sports."

Fear Upward and Inward Trend of Belts, Girdles

Women whose waistslines are no longer of Venus de Milo proportions view with growing concern the upward and inward trend of belts and girdles which every day become more obvious in Paris.

Normal waistlines are the general rule now for costumes with flaring silhouettes. Even straight silhouettes are sometimes broken by a pulled-in belt placed well above the hips. Despite the prevalence of the higher-waisted dresses, it is usually the slender women who wear them. The others are waiting for style trends to force them to it.

Accordion Plaits Add to This Spring Suit



This attractive spring suit, worn by a prominent "movie" star, is made of tan crepe. The tunic jacket and the skirt are made almost entirely of accordion plaits; the blouse is of printed crepe, and the sash matches the blouse. A tan and brown silk hat is worn with the suit.

On Rearing Children from CRIB to COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of "CHILDREN, The Magazine for PARENTS"

A father who has one hour's really thoughtful talk with one of his children has made, or could make, as important an impression as if he stayed at home all day.

The wise mother allows the two-year-old to pull off his own clothes, to try to put them on, even though they go on backward and upside down, to feed himself, even though he does some spilling, or occasionally breaks a dish. She gives the baby pencils and crayons very young, and gradually teaches him what he may mark on, and what not, nor does she feel that a tragedy has happened when he tries scribbling in a book or on the wall paper. If wisely treated, he will not do it often, and he has to try it some time. Scissors and hammers in the hands of two or three-year-olds seem even more menacing to household treasures, but these tools, too, the young child will learn to use legitimately, if he is given the right things to cut and hammer. No child can be brought up without taking some chances.

Timidity and excessive shyness can best be overcome by indirect means. Forcing bashful children into the limelight only increases their difficulties.

That "something" which the child not infrequently gets in his eye is likely to be cinders, dust particles or sand. Tears which follow often will wash it out, but in case nature does not come to the rescue, have the child close his eye so that the tears may accumulate, washing the particle into view, so that it can be removed. If this fails, pull the upper lid over the lower as the particle will sometimes attach itself to the outside of the lower lid. Never let him rub his eye as this will work the particle into the delicate eye-covering. If, after these precautions, the dust or cinder has not been dislodged, examine the upper and lower lids and after locating the particle remove it with a clean handkerchief or a bit of clean cotton rolled on a toothpick or match stick. If the particle is not easily removed in this way, make no further attempt but take the child immediately to a surgeon.

The test as to the success of any punishment you inflict upon your child is—what kind of character is it building?

Every child is assumedly entitled to some vital religious experience. And this, he it remembered, he can get best by an unconscious observation of the lives of his parents. The influence of a truly religious mother can hardly be estimated. Man is incurably religious, and a child must inevitably arrive at some sort of religious understanding. Happy the child whose mother's religion is one of love.

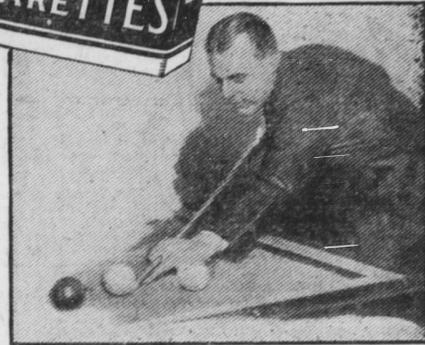
(By "Children, The Magazine for Parents.")

Popular Suit Returns for Women's Spring Wear

If you're in doubt whether you may buy a suit for spring with confidence in its smartness, you'll be interested to know that suits, this year, are even more important than they were last spring. Manish mixtures and men's-wear tweeds with a decided gray or blue cast are far most often seen and promise to be smartest for spring.



The Cream of the Tobacco Crop



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Champion Billiard Player

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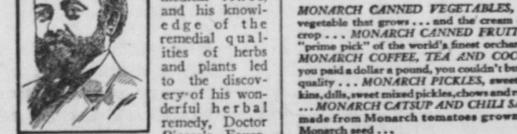
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Earthquakes Made Study

Earthquake studies are to be conducted on a large scale in Soviet Russia, according to information received in Washington. One hundred seismograph stations are to be constructed and equipped with the latest type of instruments. Inasmuch as the whole vast interior of European Asia, the scene of frequent earthquakes, is now virtually without facilities for the study of these phenomena, it is expected that the completion of this ambitious program will result in substantial additions to the world's earthquake information.

A Benefactor

A physician who reaches out to benefit humanity leaves a record behind him that is worth while. Such a man was Dr. R. V. Pierce.



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Shirt Made Souvenir

A white shirt front bearing the signatures of Chaplain and other celebrated artists who appeared at a concert in connection with British music trades convention at Folkstone, England, was sold at auction five times and realized 300 guineas (\$1,500). The shirt front was autographed by the artists while being worn by a member of the convention.

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