

THOSE CANCELED CHECKS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

THE sign, "Call for statements today," near the door of the bank prompted Marion Rutledge to stop at the statement window. John always called for their monthly statements, but he was out of town and she would take them. The girl behind the window pushed the two cards through for her to sign and Marion smiled a little as she compared John's flowing handwriting with her own round school girl hand. The two envelopes and canceled checks swelled her handbag to awkward proportions.

It was raining and after luncheon she sat in John's big chair and prepared to balance her bank account. John insisted that she take care of her own checking account, and had shown her a systematic way of checking the returned checks against the check stubs, and figuring her balance against that shown by the bank.

She shook the checks into her lap and immediately recognized John's handwriting on all of them. She had opened his envelope by mistake, and was about to return them to the envelope, when she noticed one endorsement in a woman's hand, written in an irregular scrawl: "Lizette Anderson," Marion turned the check over. It was duly made out to Indorsee in the sum of \$75. She drew in her breath quickly and shuffled through the remainder of the pile. There was one more, dated just ten days before, for the same amount—\$75—\$150! One-hundred-and-fifty dollars.

Lizette Anderson! She clasped her hands until the knuckles stood out white. Lizette Anderson. Now she knew the reason for his frequent absences from home; the reason for that telephone call during dinner about two weeks ago, the guarded conversation, and John's lame excuse when he hurried away, although the Morrows were coming to play bridge.

The dinner hour passed and still Marion Rutledge sat before the fireplace, the coals in them fading from rosinness to gray ash. Lizette Anderson! Was this the end of seven years' married life? Was this the end of the dear close companionship that had meant so much to her, and which, she had thought, meant so much to John? Did it mean that John did not care for her any more? She had sometimes thought of that . . . and had wondered if it would ever come to her. Seven golden years stretched behind her . . . seven years of happiness, and this was the end!

Blind fury succeeded the hours of agony and she walked the floor until midnight. Never once in all these years had John given her reason to believe that he did not care, and it was for that reason she had been so blind . . . blind. And tomorrow was their anniversary! He would be home tomorrow noon. Seven years to-morrow that she had stood with John before the tall white-haired minister in the little parsonage parlor and given her life and love into his keeping. Seven years to-morrow since they had gotten their first dinner together in the tiny little kitchenette of the spick and span apartment over on Locust street. Tomorrow he would be home after a week's absence on business. Tomorrow they would face the inevitable. One-Hundred-Fifty dollars. Lizette Anderson!

When a pale dawn stole through the window and brought out each dear familiar object in the room—dear for the memories associated with them—she had made her decision. She would not—could not see him—today. She would go to a hotel and stay until she could face the matter more calmly. She would be fair with John. She would not hold him if he did not want to be held. She would leave a note and tell him the reason she had gone. Marion was honest . . . there would be no deception . . . she shivered at the word, Deception!

As she packed her suitcase she visualized Lizette Anderson. She would probably be tall and slender—and blonde. John had always admired blondes, although he had told Marion once that he would have loved her if she had been a brunette—he just couldn't help loving her. She smiled grimly. Tall and slender and blonde—Lizette Anderson. Marion was neither tall nor slender. In fact John sometimes called her "Stubby." Tall and slender—and very fair.

She placed her house in immaculate order. Six lovely big chrysanthemums nodded over the edge of a crystal vase on the dining room. She had bought them—yesterday morning—for the center of the table—their anniversary dinner. The ice box was well stocked. She had gone to the market yesterday before she went to the bank for the canceled checks. She shook out the cushion in John's chair and placed it where his head would rest. Then she started to pack. The coral sleeveless frock she had worn to the New Year's party last year. John had given it to her for her Christmas present, although she had insisted he could not afford it. Afford it! She had suggested a fur coat this winter when he had received his promotion . . . she thought it would be more economical, because she could wear it five or six years and he had asked her to wait until he was better able to buy one. She had been willing then—had even considered wearing her brown cloth coat that winter—the coat she had worn for four years. Then there was the blue voile with the organdie collar and cuffs. John said she only

needed a sunbonnet on her arm to make her an old-fashioned girl; the trim blue serge, and the black satin which had been her best dress three years ago.

On the top of her suitcase she put the picture of John that had stood on the dresser in its silver frame, flanked on one side by his silver-back military brushes, on the other side by a ridiculous satin flounced doll over a powder box. John called the doll "Oh, me, Oh, my."

She carefully placed the envelope containing his bank statement and canceled checks beside the note she had written, on the top of his desk. The suitcase was heavy and she would call a taxi . . . leaving home—on her seventh anniversary. Just as she raised the receiver from the hook, the door bell rang. Could it be John? No, because his train was not due until 11:40 and it was just 9:30. The bell rang again shrilly and she went to the door.

A short frowsy middle-aged woman stood on the porch, carrying a very large suit box. Hair dyed that peculiar purplish black peeped out untidily from beneath a queer little red hat and when she spoke she displayed three missing front teeth.

"The coat for Mithter Drake," she lisped in a broken accent. "I brought it up myself so it would get here as I promised him. Will you thign thith paper, Ma'am?"

"There must be a mistake. Mr. Drake has not ordered a coat."

"Well, I guesh I know what I'm talkin' 'bout. I made the coat myself out of them skintle he brought to me," expostulated the woman testily, as she broke the cord that tied the box. Marion watched her as she laid back folds of tissue and lifted out a squirrel coat.

"There!" triumphantly. "Thee? 'N he told me to have it here thith mornin' and I brought it myself." She held the label up before Marion's eyes. "Lizette Anderson," it read, "Furrier." "N I'm Lithette Anderson, mythelf—I am."

An hour later the door bell rang again and Marion Rutledge went into her husband's arms, her face radiant above the soft roll of the coat collar. "Oh, John . . . John darling . . . it is so beautiful. So—beautiful! I just cannot believe it is mine. Our anniversary, dear! And dinner is now ready. I just have to look at the coat ever so often to make myself believe . . ."

Over the stove a few moments later she called out to him.

"I was at the bank yesterday, honey, and got our statements. Yours is on the desk. And oh, John, isn't Lizette Anderson a perfect lamb? I—I—why, I just felt like hugging her when she told me who she was . . ."

Doctrine of Cynicism Would Change World

A vast amount of trouble in the world could be avoided if we were only blessed with the gift of cynicism. If it were the business of a cynic to make converts and outline a program with which to lure customers one might dwell on some of the manifold advantages which would automatically follow conversion. Ernest Boyd writes, in Harper's Magazine.

Death would lose its terrors because it would be accepted without the faintest thought or hope of reward, punishment or survival. Life would lose some of its horrors, for no army could be enlisted from recruits cynically convinced that militarism and pacifism were equally absurd and a hero's grave the most undignified imaginable; no politician could orate, because cynical laughter would greet his preposterous rodomontade; no government could be elected along popular lines because cynicism and adult suffrage are incompatible terms.

Minor amenities resulting from a world inhabited by convinced cynics are too numerous to mention. The marriage problem would be solved without the aid of Judge Lindsey, because jealousy and domestic sentimentality are emotions unknown to the disillusioned affection of cynicism.

Follow-up letters, sales talks, fraternal orders, Mother's day, publicity agents, radio programs, law enforcement, non-refillable bottles—but why enumerate all the varied and variegated strains upon human credulity which are so profitably used to beguile the tedium of the average life between one slaughter and another, between the unwanted cradle and the unremembered grave? Seek ye first the serenity of cynicism and all these will be added unto you.

Human Voice Carried for Long Distances

The distance to which a man's voice will carry depends upon many different circumstances. The condition of the atmosphere is one—damp will slow down the sound-waves, while a dry, crisp air will forward them easily. Wind is another factor—so is the height of the speaker in regard to the number of objects, rocks and so on in front of him. The number of competing noises also has to be considered. Under ordinary circumstances, few voices will carry intelligibly much over a couple of hundred yards, but this distance has been far exceeded with exceptionally favorable conditions. In the stillness of the frozen north, for instance, a voice will carry for over a mile. And a song, as rendered from a mountain top, was once heard at a distance of four miles.

Good Opportunity

Bore (telling long story)—Walt now; I'm getting ahead of my story. Friend—Fine. Why not rest for an hour, then, and give it a chance to catch up?

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

"Well," remarked the authority, meditatively, "there is a distinct cheerfulness in the patterns for the printed velvets of the present season. And those fascinating little dips in the skirt line, don't forget those."



Grace J. Austin, remember, without quoting exact words.

Scarf collars made right on the gown are new, and might be as meek-looking as Priscilla Alden's white shoulder-shawl—only they aren't! They have a ruffly touch which adds completely the modern spirit.

Silk crepes are to be immensely in favor—and the new shades are winning. To think of dressing in "tawny birch," "old wine" or "spark blue" is poetic, even to dream about, while good old faithful black will be as good a leader as any other.

Ever since Dame Fashion learned about one of the loveliest brides she ever knew having a "peacock train" on her wedding gown, that word "peacock" has been running in her head. And now you watch with Dame Fashion and see if you do not find that peacock motif in many a one of the new styles. There will be evening capes that will float out with the pretty encircling of the spread peacock tail. There is a promise of dipping drapery at the back of many a gown this winter. Do you approve of calling them "fish tails?" Dame Fashion certainly does not. They are altogether too pretty. So why shouldn't they be "folded-peacock-tail" trains?

It is akin to the peacock idea to think of the all-feather hats which are increasingly good this fall. There isn't an inch of anything visible on them except coque feathers, and they are in black or tan.

Always, if there is a chink of time, Dame Fashion delights in listening to whatever she may learn at a button counter. Probably about a million women, back in the summer, when they saw the picture of the victorious Helen Wills, the tennis champion, arriving from Europe, wearing a stylish beret for a hat, with a pretty fox scarf hanging on her arm, and her one-piece tweed frock having as its only adornment a close row of buttons all down the left side, resolved that one of these days they would have just such a gown.

The more Dame Fashion studies the history of fashions, the more respect she gets for Queen Elizabeth. Such a lot of clothes things date right back to her time, and yet are still in effect today. But then a period that could produce a Shakespeare would be a poor thing if it didn't do something memorable in the costume line. At any rate they say the buttonhole was invented in Queen Elizabeth's day, and that before her time, while many buttons were used, they were just held to be ornaments; rosettes of gold, silver, or even of cloth, sewed on where most effective.

"But, Dame Fashion," put in an objector, "then we have gone back to Queen Elizabeth's time, for aren't buttons now mostly for ornament? And don't you warrant there was a good, sensible row of patent hooks on the under side of Helen Wills' button row, down to the waistline, or perhaps below it?" And Dame Fashion, adorer as she is of Queen Elizabeth, could not deny it.

(© 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Manuve Chiffon Velvet Coat for Autumn Wear



Showing a very handsome coat for the fall season. It is made of mauve chiffon velvet and is trimmed with chinchilla fur collar and cuffs.

Transformed From Day to an Evening Dress



In these days of multiple activities it is well to have a dual dress that will serve for more than one occasion says the Woman's Home Companion. This frock, for instance, may be worn in the afternoon or evening for the sleeves are made on a gumpie that is removed easily if you stay in town for dinner and the theater. Not only is it simply transformed from a day to an evening dress but it is easy to make. The frock itself is straight with set-on ruffles which are cut square so there are no seams and no shaping. The tassels, which are newer than bows, are a Paris origination made of plaited material.

Brilliant Sports Duds Offset Sombre Shades

The new season is to be a black-and-tan one in so far as it is possible to generalize on color tendencies in the clothes Paris dressmakers are showing.

Black and brown might be a more accurate description, since coats and dresses for daytime are more apt to be black or some shade of brown than anything else. Offset against this basic principle is a vogue of brilliant sports apparel. Modernistic sweaters are gay with red, green, white, yellow, brown and many shades of blue.

Cinnamon brown is a favorite shade for sports dresses. There are short reefer jackets of beaver or a new beaver cloth which looks much like the real fur to wear with the wool sports dresses. Such jackets are also shown in white for wear with black costumes or a black sport skirt and white sweater.

Black costumes are not always enlivened by touches of white, though they are apt to be. Some lynx fur is used to trim black coats and flat furs, broadtail and lamb remain in great favor.

The black street suit, of slick finished broadcloth, worn with a white satin, high-collared blouse, promises to make a strong bid for favor. It sometimes has a matching long coat, making an ensemble costume.

The tendency of the showings seems to be toward the molded form of the nineties. One designer shows many costumes with the demure and ultra feminine line of molded or basque bodice and nearly ankle-length skirt draped to sempamplers on the sides or drawn back to fullness and the suggestion of a bustle in back.

Use of Plenty of Pins to Prevent Stretching

Before basting, place pins the entire length of the seams, at intervals of four inches, at right angles to the seam line. This will keep one side from stretching more than the other. If one side is bias, hold that side on top, when basting. This will help prevent it from stretching.

If French seams are to be used, baste the garment right side out, so that it will not have to be turned before the seams are stitched. When making a garment, baste the shoulder seams first, then test the balance of the underarm seam before basting it.

The back edge of the shoulder seam is longer than the front; ease this in, holding the longer side on top. Very thin or soft materials must be basted carefully or they will stretch out of shape.

It saves time in basting and fitting, to test each seam, before basting, using pins freely to adjust it to place.

Lack of Trimming Is Fall Fashion Feature

A notable theme stressed in the informal Paris openings was the comparative paucity of trimming. It appears that this winter's femininity will reach its goal principally through silhouette, material and ingenious fabric manipulations despite the accustomed rule of embroidery in all past phases of feminine fashions. This year's smart dresses will have considerably less trimming than had been anticipated.

for Sleeplessness—

Nervousness, Nervous Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Neurasthenia

DR. MILES' NERVINE

Sleeplessness is usually due to a disordered condition of the nerves. Dr. Miles' Nervine has been used with success in this and other nervous disorders for nearly fifty years.

We'll send a generous sample for 5¢ in stamps. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

\$1.00 at your Drugstore

GOOD AND POOR POSTURE SHOWN

Correct Position to Be Assumed for Housework.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

These two pictures, demonstrating good and bad sitting posture, are almost self-explanatory. They were posed by a farm woman in Hampshire county, Massachusetts, in connection with a series of talks on posture given by the county extension agent for women. The woman in the first picture is sitting peeling potatoes in a position frequently seen for such tasks. It causes her head, shoulders, and abdomen to slouch forward, while



Bad Sitting Posture While at Work.

her feet, rather tensely wound around each other, will soon add to the general sensation of fatigue produced by her posture. In the other picture she is sitting correctly, well back in her chair, her feet firmly on the floor in a position that enables her to retain her good posture without effort. Her back and shoulders are straight without strain, her head held so as to see what she is doing without its being



Farm Woman Demonstrating a Good Sitting Posture.

pushed forward, her lungs are not cramped, and when her task is finished she will not be distressed or tired as she would be had she sat as in the first picture.

Studies of correct posture for doing various household tasks have been made in this country by farm women under the direction of the home demonstration agent.

By PERRY T. ALLEN, Springfield (Mo.) Attorney

MILK IN BREAD MAKING IS AID

Useful to Supplement Proteins and Minerals of Flour.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In making white bread the use of whole or skim milk to supplement the proteins and minerals of wheat flour is strongly recommended by the United States Department of Agriculture. Since bread is a staple food-stuff, the use of milk in bread would insure a better nourished population. Dry skim milk may be used in bread making with good results. In addition to supplementing the nutritive value it improves the general appearance of the bread loaf and enhances its ease of manufacture.

There are, however, certain differences in flours and in their reaction to skim milk in the dough which influence the ease of bread manufacture and necessitate special attention to certain stages of the process. In order to determine what these differences in flours are and how they affect the handling of bread made with dried milk, a study was made by the bureau of dairy industry of the United States Department of Agriculture.

It was found that the hard spring wheat flours used in the experiments reacted more favorably to the use of dried skim milk than did winter wheat flours. The range of fermentation time in which doughs give good bread is increased by using skim milk. This adds to the ease of manufacture and is a very important property. The lactose of the milk imparts a desirable golden-brown color to the crust of the baked loaf. The texture and color of the crumb are also improved.

Hawaiian Housewives to Get "Aunt Sammy" Talks

Hawaiian housewives will have a new radio friend during the 1928-29 broadcasting season. "Aunt Sammy," the radio spokeswoman of the United States Department of Agriculture, whose daily broadcast programs, the "Housekeepers' Chats," are the household guide of millions of home makers in the United States, will supply her programs to Station KGU of Honolulu, starting October 1.

The "Housekeepers' Chats" is prepared by the Radio Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. The homemaking facts which are flashed out in the chats are supplied by the bureau of home economics and other bureaus of the department. The chats are broadcast as a public service by announcers of some 50 co-operating stations.

Limp Rugs Are Greatly Improved by Re-Sizing

If the rugs are too limp to lie flat on the floor, or if they curl along the edges and corners, they will be greatly improved by re-sizing. Lay the rug, right side down, on a bare floor in a room where it won't need to be disturbed for a day or so. Tack it down securely and sprinkle evenly with a generous solution made from dissolving flake glue in hot water. Use about a fourth of a pound of glue to a half-gallon of water.

Empty Opened Cans

The practice of allowing foods to stand in open cans is not good house-keeping. After a can is opened the contents should be stored in a clean vessel preferably of earthenware or porcelain. However, it is fair to say that the danger of a tin can is usually exaggerated. The inner surface of cans used in packing foods is treated with a shellac which is insoluble in ordinary food juices. It is only when a flaw is present that acid foods may attack the container.

The modern youthful criminal is not the product of poverty and want, but the result of unrestraint. They seek the thrills, look for some new experience that will offer a "kick" and do not falter at the most brutal and nauseating crimes. They are prideful of the notoriety given them because of it, and glory in their misdeeds as an accomplishment which places them above the other mortals.

Eighty per cent of the youthful criminals of the United States come from divided homes—homes that were broken up by divorce or abandonment. The others come from homes where the break exists, but where it is not shown publicly but known to the child.

To meet the world, coming generations must be prepared individually. Fire is necessary, but the child, to know that it will burn, need not be dragged through the flame. A child taught from the day it is born until it reaches the age of twelve years the meaning of discipline, the difference between right and wrong, and is given the correct example by his parents, knows no other course but the right.