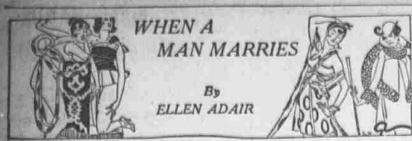
WOMAN AND THE HOME—PRIZES OFFERED FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS AND SUGGESTIONS



Bachelors Who Should Never Become Benedicts

carefree, happy-go-lucky life of the ir- the prettiest little thing imaginable, and responsible Eachelor for the sober duties she hasn't a notion that he is a married and responsibilities of the Benedict. To man! Nor will she, if he can possibly be more accurate, that is what he should help it." do. But between what a man should do, Some men make the excuse that they and what in reality he does do, yawns a wary wide guif. Herein lies the root of the same time. This may be so, Man is a many a matrimonial upheaval and many a polygamous animal, as the ancient philosdomestic earthquake.

The Bachelor who is about to become a certainly is a noose. Nowadays, however, for him, depend upon it. the matrimonial noose has certain gossamer qualities which render it peculiarly liable to be broken at any moment.

There is a certain type of man who end in upsetting the wagon.

The male firt, for instance, should never marry. For the confirmed firt is quite incurable, and he will continue on his firtschapter. Nor will any matrimonial cords hold him back.

I always feel sorry for the wife of the bit undignified, to say the least of it. She is rung up so often from the office at the last frantic moment when the dinner has been ready and waiting for quite an hour. only to be told that her better half (the detained very late by press of business.

And she believes him, the trusting, unsuspicious little soul that she is. That in the pathos of it. How wives can be so utterly guilible surprises me intensely. little wife has a dreadful time of it, and ancient, threadbare excuse of late time away wrath is called into requistion every work at the office. It would be cruel to other minute. She has to act as buffer, undeceive them. Imagine saying to some too, between her husband and the chiltalk to me about the long hours John has Groucher has no bed-of-roses career to to work! He isn't down at the office at look forward to. all, he is having a glorious time of it with a whole crowd of other men, playing cards a few good resolutions, and then stick and drinking at the club! Don't be so to them. Marriage is as much of a comsimple as to believe that ancient office pact as any business proposition and excuse!" Why, it would be too cruel. And should be entered into in a spirit of comshe wouldn't believe it, not she!

band is playing the Gay Bachelor tonight and the partnership to end-not in bankand is off on a jolly little theatre party, ruptcy of money, but in what is assuredly acting as fourth in a delightful little worse-bankruptcy of love

Myery so often I receive a letter from

a homemaker who asks me my opinion

en the personal allowance question. Do

I believe that the woman who manages

the home shall have a set fee for her

services? Do I believe that a wife should

receive a set sum of money monthly with

The situation cannot be settled by

simple yes or no. Let me first give my

idea of the relationship between husband

and wife as copartners in the business of

home-making, whose profits both share

equally. I know an actual business of

two partners run like this: One partner

A goes out "soliciting" business, "landing

accounts," "on the road" and setting the

contracts which mean the money to run

that business. The other partner, B, has

the "inside job"; he oversees the stenog-

raphers and employes, plans the details,

lays out work, but never leaves the

office routine. When it comes to dividing

the profits they follow the plan of pooling

the earnings, paying commonse expenses

and dividing the surplus profits. Does

This actual business arrangement is my

personal ideal of the way family finances

should be adjusted. The husband is out

"on the road" bringing in the money, just

Hits the soliciting partner; the wife is the "inside" man, attending to the man-

agement of the business, and supervising

employes. Why not pool the family earn-

ings, deduct the joint expenses of shelter,

operating, clothing, advancement, etc.,

and share equally in the savings or sur-

plus, which may be in the form of a bank

account, a pleas of property, or life in-

This view is totally opposed to the

"personal allowance" idea that one part-

ner shall have a set sum for her own

separate needs. In my opinion this is

totally opposed to the needs of the fam-

fly as a whole. It makes for selfishness

and often blinds the woman to the future

needs of the partnership. In addition, it

appears to me just like saying to a woman, "Here's your money (or your bone); take it and be satisfied. You aren't able to understand my business affairs and I give you this little sum to keep you pacified." Now, doesn't this meen the view of such a situation?

I busine tamilies which have for 10 years

I know families which have for 10 years clowed my partnership ideal; the income he husband earns is resarded jointly; he house appraise and the expenses of

s house expenses and the expenses of an are drawn from the common fund. In laying in mind future needs and vings. If he needs an overcost, it is ught without question; if she needs a t. the same holds true. Neither self-life takes a petry sum and says, "This mine; I can do anything I want with and you can't know about it. The ly time I would tolerate the allowance nears to with a wife that was extravent and near-nightful or with a husband.

suranco?

any one disagree with this plant

the privilege of expending it entirely on

personal needs?

When a man marries he exchanges the | quartet. His partner for the evening is

can love two women whole-heartedly at ophers assure us. And they ought to know. But the man who professes to be Benedict had better pause and consider be- in love with two women at the same time fore putting his head into the noose. The is something more than a fool. He will word noose has an unfortunate ring to it, get all the trouble that is coming to yet, although the poets do assure us that him, too, for when his two loved ones the chains are flowery ones, marriage meet they will make things pretty lively

The selfish man should never marry, either. Of course, this is taking the adjective in its intensive form. All men hours. While wet, wrap round a bottle, are more or less selfish; but I refer to or smooth china surface, being careful to have the edges well picked out and the the exceptionally selfish—the ultra-egotis—to have the edges well picked out and the norsh smooth. When dry, your lace will should fice from matrimony as a bird out the exceptionally selfish—the ultra-egotisof the hand of the fowler, To continue tical. Unless a woman is prepared to the mixing of metaphors, he is incapable sink her entire individuality beneath the of running in double harness and will only selfishness of the type she should remain an old maid all her life rather than ruin her own happiness by giving it into the keeping of any such masculine nonentity The selfish husband is a veritable tyrant tious pathway till the very end of the and his petty kingdom is the hearth-

The man with a roving disposition should avoid marriago-unless he has married firt. Her position is just a little plenty of money and can take his wife along, too. Otherwise she may find herself in the proud position of deserted wife, and be forced to earn her own living and that of her children.

The man with a perpetual grouch should expression is absurd, by the way) will be never marry. A certain type of husband making of ices. Is always merry and bright where the outside world is concerned, but by his own hearthstone he is as disagreeable as a bear with a sore head. His unfortunate little wife has a dreadful time of it, and the percetual soft answer which turneth while still was is always merry and bright where the bear with a sore head. His unfortunate Over and over again they will believe that the perpetual soft answer which turneth while still wet. loving, trusting little creature: "Don't dren. No, the wife of the Perpetual

When a man marries he should make radeship. Otherwise, as in any other part-Or imagine saying to her: "Your hus- nership, the affair is apt to be a fallure

If it needs an "allowance"

a homemaker realize that she is

pendent" something is wrong. The allow-ance plan is only a childish makeshift,

wife. Why not a disnified, equable part-nership in the family, as in other rela-

The Economical Housewife

Do you waste bread? To waste bread

is a sin; this is one of the first rules of

the kitchen. It is the way you make

use of the little scraps of bread, stale

toast, ends of loaves, crusts cut from

bread and such that shows the skilful

housekeeper. All these scraps should be

used to the best advantage, and this re-

quires a definite method of disposing of

The day's needs must first be dealt

with, with the crumbs or croutons re-quired sorted out and put on one side, Every left-over scrap should then be cut into fairly uniform squares, placed in a

baking dish and baked carefully in a slow oven to a delicate golden-brown shade. It so often happens that the care-

fully saved crusts issue from the oven as charcoal that it is a good scheme never

to quite close the oven door when bread is drying, so that you can tell by the

odor how things are progressing.
You can make use of your extra
crumbs in a variety of ways. The wise

housekeeper knows that all fried foods are more digestfule if they are coated before cooking with a thin coating of egg

are finely powdered. Fish cutlets, croquettes of all kinds, calves' brains, scallops, all will require fried bread crumbs.

and it will save you time to have a far of them at hand. They are really deli-cious sprinkled on belied ham, bacon, and

with cheese, eggs, tomatoes, etc., cooked

To test the proper baking of the bread.

break one of the thickest pieces; if it snaps orisply the bread is ready to be taken from the oven. With a rolling pin and baking board the bread can soon be made into fine crumbs and may after-

ward be sifted if uniform fineness be de-sired. A good many housekeepers use the minding machine with good results in

making bread crumbs. It is well to re-member that bread should be made into crumbs as soon as it is baked, for it

loses its crispness when it stands in the air for any length of time. The cook who rescues her scraps of broad from the ashbin and turns them

into the golden outer rind of delicious and appetising food is the original "efficient" cook. Bread so treated is bread saved

Delicious Eggs

against a possible day of want.

and bread crumbs. The thin jacket

matter whether applied to man o

Shall the Home-maker Have a Personal Allowance?

By MRS, CHRISTINE FREDERICK | must be tolerated because the parties



A CHARMING AFTERNOON FROCK

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor."

Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harptres School, of which John Erleigh is head master. John and Anna are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Meriet, uncle of Guy Wimberley, warms John that there is a plot to put the boy out of the way. Dick Meriet, a cousin, and in line for the inheritance of the great Wimberley estates,
is concerned in the plot. The other plotters are Vertigan, a science master at
Harptese, who has a hold on John Erleigh,
and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs.
Travers was deserted by the man she
laved, and this man was accidentally
killed by John Erleigh, Mrs. Travers does
not know that her own brother killed the
father of her child, James.

James Travers and is now with Gay's
sister Joan. In an automobile accident he
seves her life, but loves his right hand,
and his career as a planist.

Mrs. Travers sees Vertigan and informs
him that if he expases Erleigh, she will
expose him Wimberley takes his motor
car for a trip home. The car breaks down.
After walking half a mile Wimberley
trips over an obstruction. When he
awakens he finds himself in an old barn.
Bending over him is Doctor Anderson, of
John Erleigh's school. Doctor Anderson,
and an assistant attempt to transport him
ocross a river. In a struggle Wimberley
draws his revolver, free and makes his
escate. Meriet, a cousin, and in line for the in-

Ellen Adair,

have the freshness of new.

cold cream.

pe. prid Arthur discovers Vertigan wound-He says he was following two men had attempted to kidnap Guy Wim-

ricy,
Lord Arthur disbelieves the story and
mands from Brieigh that Vertigan be
tmissed. The truth is that Doctor Andern, who attempted the kidnapping, is in a
of of which Vertigan knows nothing.
James Travers is deeply in love with
the Mexico James Travers is deeply in love with Lady Joan Merict. Her mother and his mother agree that the children must not be encouraged. Without warning, Guy Wimberley dis-

appears.
Erleigh tells Anne that the boy has run
away. After Lord Arthur's accusation
against Mrs. Travers, Erleigh poes to Lon-Mrs. Travers denies all knowledge of the boy's whereabouts. Fifty thousand pounds is demanded for the return of Gny. Lady Anne agrees to

pay it.

Lord Arthur and Denham take the money to an island and wait.

A bout drifts to them. In it is a dead

CHAPTER XX-(Continued) Then he turned to Hussell. "About this

and Vertigan?" he queried. "Vertigan has never left his lodgings all the time, Murary-not even for a walk. He has been ill. What about Mr Richard Meriet? You folk have been watching him."

"Yes-but he gave us the slip." "And you don't know where he is"
"I think we can find him," said the
detective guardedly,

"But you don't know where he is?" "Certainly I do not."
"When did you lose sight of him?"
"The day after you took the money to

"He was in his rooms that night?" "Yes—the house was watched all night and he was seen in the morning. He went out about 2 o'clock and then he gave us Well, I must be off now,

and bread crumbs. The thin jacket thus formed around the food helps to retain the flavor of the food and prevents undue absorption of fat. If you cannot obtain eggs, a little milk may be used in their place. In both cases the fatproof jacket will prove more efficient if the crumbs are finely recorded. tiemen. I have to catch a train to Lon-He took his departure, and Lord Arthur and Russell were left alone in the private sitting room at the Meriet Arms. "This is a shocking business, my lord," said Russell. I-I hope her ladyship is bearing up."

"She does not know all the truth, Russell. I have told her that the money is to be paid over a month from today. But she is ill-very ill. Good heaven, Russell, I'd give a hundred thousand pounds to get this boy back safely again."
"I'm sure you would, my lord. Now, if I may venture to give you a place of ad-

He paused and stroked his mustache He Paused and street in interest thoughtfully.

"Well, what is it, Russell?"

"You'll have to be very careful, my lord. You may be the next."

"You think the boy is dead?"

"I'm afraid so, my lord. I'd be very careful, if I were you."

Lord Arthur abrussed his shoulders.

careful, if I were you."
Lord Arthur shrugged his shoulders.
"If they'd wanted to get rid of me," he said, "It would have been easy that night—on the sandspit."
"Perhaps it did not suit them, my lard,

on his way up from the station. They've has happened," he went on, "that all the found what they believe to be your car, world blames me. Well, I shall suffer, and I want you to come along with me The school will suffer—" found what they believe to be your car, and I want you to come along with me and identify it."
"Where?"
"Just outside London; if you're quick "No, Jack dear, no; how could you

we can catch this train."
"Right you are," said Lord Arthur.
I'll come along with you now."
They hurried off to the station and were

just in time to catch the train as it had begun to move. "By Jove!" gasped Lord Arthur, "that was a near thing." "Yes, my lord," said the detective with a smile. Then he turned to his subordi-nate, a fair-haired young man with a

small mustache "Where did you say the car was, Hardy?" he queried. "Richmond Park, sir; they'd run it

right up on the grass by one of the plan-tations."

tations."
"Is it all right?" queried Lord Arthur.
"Yes, sir—at least it looks all right.
No attempt has been made to move it."
"Any other news, Hardy?" said Mr. "Only about Crane, sir."

"Crane?" queried Lord Arthur. "Wno he? Oh, yes, of course; the yokel who was driving the cart and gave a stranger a lift and got knocked on his head for his kindness. What about Crane?" "His story was a pack of lies. The

man gave him a couple of sovereigns and the fellow just lay in a ditch for an hour and smoked his pipe.

and smoked his pipe."

Lord Arthur laughed. "Upon my word," he said, "it's difficult to get the truth out of any one nowadays."

"Yes, my lord," said Murray, dryly, but we usually get hold of it in the long

CHAPTER XXI. "He is dead," mouned Lady Wimberley; 'he is dead."

John Erleigh took her in his arms. His face was white and drawn-more terrible to look on than the face of the woman who had lost her child. For there was more than grief in his heart—there was shame and dishonor. But for his own cowardice, but for his fear of Vertigan the science master would never have been allowed to remain at the school, and in all probability the conspirators would not have been able to lay their plans for the kidnapping of Lord Wimberley. And as he held her close to him confession was

on his lips.

"Anne, my dearest," he whispered,
"God will give him back to you. I will
do all in my power—the whole of Eng-land is against these men. How can they ascape? Anne, dear, you must be "There is nothing left for me in life,"

on his lips.

e sobbed, "nothing."
"Yes, Anns, dear-even if Guy-there

is Joan—and I love you—''
She freed herself from his embrace.
"You do not understand," she said passionately, "how I loved him-how he was more to me than anything else in the world. I would give everything-everything else-if he could be given back to

'Everything else, Anne-everything?"

"Yes, Jack-my health, my life, my happiness-everything." He walked to the window of the library and stared out at the grey waters of the lake. It was raining and the clouds were being driven across the sky like smoke from a furnace. It was nearly dark, but there was still enough light to see the dreary landscape. A month had passed since Lord Arthur had gone on his fruitiesa errand to Bartsea. And there was still no news of Guy Wimberley. John Erieigh was breaking

down under the strain. "You mean." he said after a long pause, "that if—let us suppose, Anne, that you had to choose between me and Guy—no. I have no right to speak to you like that. You know that I would give my life to bring you happiness—yes, my life." She came to his side and laid her hand

upon his arm.
"Jack, my dearest," she said in a low voice, "you know how I love you. You must not be unkind to me-must not talk

"The school will go down. The work of all these years will be broken to pleces. Parents will say that I'm not fit to have charge of their sons. All Eng-land is talking of it now—already I have had letters. Well, I can take my punish-ment. If the good of the school demands it I will reaign."

it I will resign."

"No, Jack, no—you must not do that."

"If Guy is not found I shall resign,"
he said sternly. Then he suddenly caught
her again in his arms.

"Anne," he said passionately, "I'm a
brute to talk to you like this. What are
my own troubles to yours? The boy shall
he found. I'll give my life up to the
work."

"Jack, dear, do not talk like that. What can you do?" "I don't know. But I'm sure I can do something. There is a man they suspect
-one of the masters in the school. The
police are watching him. But they will
not find out anything. I will see the man

A few exercises given below will assist myself-force the truth from him-force it from him-with my hands at his

He spoke wildly, incoherently. Lady Wimberley, looking at him, thought he had taken leave of his senses. His face was flushed and the veins stood out on his forehead. Then before she could say word he had left the room. She follow-d him, and called out to him, but he did not seem to hear her voice. The hall door opened and closed and he had gone. (Continued Tomorrow.)

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Mrs. Caroline Earle White

It was a very cosy library where Mrs. Caroline Earle White, our noted philanthropist and anti-vivisectionist, was seated. Her large, dark eyes showed the intelligence and determination of a woman of thirty. You would hardly have believed that she had celebrated her golden anniversary several years ago unless she had told you yourself.

"I am very busy just at present," she said. "We have so many holidays nowadays that they add to the work we already have to do. I am still attending to some of my Christmas duties. Just at present there is a great deal of legislative work to be attended to. We are busy preparing for the retrial of Doctor Sweet. You know the jury disagreed last spring. "Don't you think that it is more or less

justifiable to inoculate animals for the benefit of human beings?" "No, I do not," was the decided answer. "I think that it is wrong to harm an animal. Of course, they are not so im-portant as human beings, but they should never be cruelly treated. The doctors know the organism of an animal better than any one else, and they can devise the cruelest tortures for dogs especially. The dog is the most faithful of animal-

The dog is the most faithful of animals and it is inhuman to hurt him in any way, no matter how good the object."
"Do you believe in suffrage?"
"Yes, indeed, I do. I have always believed in votes for women. Of course, I don't favor the English methods, but I believe that all who are governed by the laws should have a vote in mutant. laws should have a voice in making the laws. The Constitution says that "all just governments derive their power from

Just governments derive their power from the consent of the governed."

"But don't you think the ought to be an educational qualification? Do you think that every immigrant should yot?"

"Of course I do! Why not?" replied Mrs. White quickly. "A woman has the intelligence to know what is best, whether she is educated nor not. She still has the power to decide for herself. No, indeed, I don't believe in limitations of any kind."

Tapioca and Fruit



A Pretty Lace Frock for the South

really I feel perfectly exhausted after so much rushing about with her in the wild | theatre. pursuit of clothes, clothes and more

hurried round the stores in pursuit of lace frocks. But we could see nothing in the least suitable. It is so tiring not to find just what you want, that Elinor and I gave up in disgust. We happened to just about to close, but the salesgid meet Tony Thompson, a very nice boy, who seems to have ample leisure from his office to roam the streets at all hours, and he invited us boh to lunch. We accepted with the most flattering this morning.

Yesterday we went into town early and

slacrity. I was so hungry that I would have eaten anything and with anybody, too. But we both really like this youthso off we went. I cannot remember all we ate, but I know that it was a delightful little lunch, and lasted quite two

It was almost 3 o'clock when he rose from that little "table a trois," and set forth on our shopping expedition again. But really, the fates were quite against us-or, rather against our shopping, for pink rose. The whole tellette is exe Tony Thompson met a man he knew and ingly smart, and the very thing for an invited us all four to go with him and see | South.

Elinor leaves today for the South, and a plature show. We simply couldn't a sist, and all trotted off to the pe

However, a very lucky thing happened On leaving the picture place, the way first thing I spied in a store winder

was a lovely lace frock, just exactly to sort of thing that Elinor needed. So we hade a hurried goodhy to me escorts and hurried inside. The store was exceedingly pleasant and kind, and at lowed Elinor to try the gown on.

It only needed a very slight alterance and they sent it out to her house early The frock is of Valenciennes lace, um a short tunio, long, tight-fitting sleen

and a high, unstanding collar. It is to at the throat in a deep V, and the sking very full. The cutest little bodies a cornelet effect, lacing down both sides, b worn with this in a lovely shade of ress. Elinor has a parasol of just that shate edged with black, and a pretty white her the crown of which is circled with blag

velvet ribbon and finished with a large



What Deep Breathing Will Do

Deep breathing will expand the chest, ward rub in a little tissue-building cress, fill out the hollows in a thin neck and using massage movements—upward and make the throat round and full if one will gently bathe the neck with lots of cold fill out the hollows in a thin neck and make the throat round and full if one will but take the trouble to learn how to water. breathe correctly. If you will try it for just one month you will be surprised at the result; and if you will cultivate the habit of breathing through the nostrils constantly the neck hollows will be filled out without any great effort.

The last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, in a well-ventilated room and while you are in your nightdress, is the time for practice. It will take only about ten minutes of your time and is well worth while. To begin, place the fingers in the hollows on each side of the collar bones and take a deep breath, through the nostrils, with the mouth closed, until you feel your lungs can hold no more, and when the lungs expand the hollows can be felt by the fingers filling up. Hold your breath until you count five, and expel through the nostrils slowly. Practice this ten times at first and gradually get up to 25, and stop there. By that time, if you have practiced faithfully, you should breath entirely through the nostrils and deep

breathing has come to stay. You will feel so much better and brighter when this is accomplished, for

A few exercises given below will assist in making the throat round and full: Take a deep breath, bend the head slowly forward until the chin touches the neck; exhale and relax the muscles entirely. Take another deep breath, then stiffen the muscles and slowly raise the head; bend backward as far as possible, exhale at once and bring the head back to its normal position. Repeat this ex-ercise ten times, and by that time you will feel tired. Do this for five nights and then add the following: Breathe and exhale as described above.

and bend the head to the left and then to the right. Repeat this only five times. After using these two exercises for five nights, add the third and last: Take a deep breath, making the muscle

of the neck tense, and turn the head looking backward over the right shoulder as far as you can. Exhale and re turn to the natural position. again and turn the head to the left and

These three exercises, if used faithfully, will accomplish all one needs. They are safe and will develop the neck, as well as permanently preserve the youth-

Cleanaing cream should always be used before you begin to exercise. After-

Across the Counter

The smallest kind of a platinum person with a diamond in the centre cost \$20. This does not include a chain. A new tollet set, consisting of a combrush and mirror, of mahogany with a silver circle in the centre for a mougram, is \$6.50.

A fine quality of plain, white heavy writing paper sells for 50 cents a quire. Crepe promises to be very popular the season. A lovely variety of machine-ex-broidered cotton crepe sells for \$1.0 s yard. This is done in almost every colst. Belts are seen on every fashlonable co-tume. One shiny leather style is abost an Inch wide, and has a silver buckle. I

costs 50 cents.
A blg, broad suede belt, comes only h black, and is \$1.50. Hand-embroidered pique kid gloves a all-white and white-and-black etyles, on \$3.25, in the 12-button length.

You can get orange and violet handker chiefs with the edges scalloped in black. They are 75 cents apiece.

The Tommy Atkins veil with the while border is only \$1.50 in one of the Chestral street shops,

A GREAT MUSICIAN'S HAIR SECRET

we were talking, but every woman

will realize the value of his answe to our question, "What makes you hair so abundant and so lustron 'Just simple care, madam. I am at good to it as I am to my hands It was just his way of saying, "I keep it perfectly clean." Since then we have found that regular care and perfect cleanliness means had health and beauty. It is not and visable, when shampooing, to me a makeshift, but always use a preparation made for shampooing on You can enjoy the known for about three cents a shampoo by getting a package of canthrox from your druggist; dis-solve a teaspoonful in a cup of he water and your shampoo is ready.
After its use the hair dries rapidly
with uniform color. Dandruff, escess oil and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair wibe so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its lustre and softness will also delight you, while the stimulated scalp gains the health which insures hair growth,

Fortunate Arrivals Cotton Dress Fabrics

As these goods are particularly choice and since future deliveries may be difficult to secure, you will doubtless appreciate the importance of immediate selection. Notable numbers are

for 1915

In White

40-inch Grenadine Voile, \$1.00 and \$2.00. 40-inch figured embroidered Voile, 50c to \$3.50. 40-inch Neige, plaid and striped, 75c and 85c. 40-inch Golfine at \$1.50.

With a Touch of Color

36- and 40-inch plain Crepe Volle, 45c to 75c. 40-inch figured Crepe and Volle, 75c to \$1.50. New Swiss Dots, 82- and 40-inch, 60c to \$1.26. Eflure, figures and stripes, 45c Cleopatra Crepe, very attractive, 25c.

the usual fine assortment of new effects in Printed Irish Dimities, 25c; and the famous Anderson Ginghams, 45c.

J-B-SHEPPARD & SONS 1008 CHESTNUT STREET

most not be unkind to me-must not talk about my choosing between you and Guy. I love you both—one as much as the other."

"No!" he broke in flercely. "I am nothing to you are you would not say that there is nothing teff for you in all the world when you know that as long as I live you have my love."

"Jack," she said piteously. "Jack, you must not talk like that."

"I know that you himme me for what and there were complications, I've no loubt. They're at war in their own camp, Deviled Eggs - One-half dozen hardboiled egge, one tablespoonful of butter, sait and mustard to tasts. Cut lengthwise, remove the yolks and mash, adding sait, pepper, mustard, butter and enough vineger to make a posts. Bub smooth and return yolks to whites. The door opened and Detective Inspector Murray was shown into the room, "Helio," said Lord Arthur, "You back Yes; I met one of my men just outside