

**Dark Days**

By  
**JESSIE ETHEL SHERWIN**

(Cop. right, 1917, by W. G. Chapman.)

"We're shut up. Go away!"  
Thus John Wylie, gruff, almost vicious, he who had never in his life before spoken an unkind word or refused a favor or a kindness to human or animal.

There was some excuse. John was at the end of his rope—financially, physically and mentally. Life had gone hard with him. He had finished all but one year at a medical college, when the bank failed in which he had deposited the means of finishing his college course and a surplus to float him into practice in a modest but respectable way.

He knew considerable of therapeutics, however, and he qualified as a prescription clerk and secured a very good position in a downtown drug store. He scrimped and saved, for he had an ambition to be his own master. The chance came. He saw the advertisement of a druggist forced to sell out "on account of ill health." John looked glibly at him and viewed the locality. The store was located in a wretchedly poor tenement district. His plausible predecessor painted a glowing picture of lots of sickness, therefore a steady demand for remedies. "Of course it's a dime at a time," he observed, "but there's a steady stream of them."

So John became a proprietor. Business was quite "steady," indeed, but at the end of the month he looked solemn and dubious. The volume of business had not been so bad, but half of it was on a credit basis. John, unused to the wiles of human nature, was easily played upon. All kinds of promises and excuses led him into the trap. Then, too, there were forcible calls on his sympathy from people who could never pay. His sympathetic heart went out to these. Who could refuse health, possibly life, to a penniless mother or a dying child?

It was now the end of six months and John had balanced, or rather unbalanced his books. The result was appalling. His stock had dwindled to one-quarter of normal and he had



"The Murdering Villain!"

neither the cash nor credit to replenish it. He was too honest to sell out to a dupe.

"What's left will barely pay what I owe," he groaned dimly. "I've got to close up shop."

So, at eight o'clock that evening he turned off all of the lights, crawled into his clean, but dreary bed under the counter and lay there, miserably going over the wretchedness of his tangled business affairs and seeing no way out.

Tap-tap-tap!  
John buried his head in the bed-clothes, resolved to be impervious to intrusion, no matter what the motive.

Tap-tap-tap! patient, but insistent, John was obdurate. Then he became angry. The summons continued steadily, expectantly, John roused up, aflare. He rushed to the door of the shop. He unbolted and tore open the door. "We're shut up. Go away!" he roared.

"Please sir—" "M—!" observed John, taken aback and cooling down magnificently. There stood a tiny girl, poorly clad, shivering with the cold, her big wistful eyes woefully crushed, but pleading.

"Please, sir," she said simply, "Miss Walton is dying. The doctor wouldn't come, 'coz she can't pay him, but he sent her a scripshon. Won't you please make it up, 'coz she's awful sick and can't pay, but they say you're a good, kind man—"

"Who says it?" snapped John. "All the poor people you've given credit to."

"Bah! Rot! I'm a bear! I'm—ouch! Serve me right. Come in."

John had stumbled over the door check and stubbed his toe. The little girl sat down on a stool. He pushed a jar of candy towards her. Then John examined the prescription.

"The murdering villain!" he burst forth. "Soda and aqua pura for a suffering woman! Here, you lead me to this woman you talk about. I'm only half a doctor, but I can do better

than that fraud who gave you a prescription to get rid of you. Fill your pockets with that candy. Now then, lead the way."

It was to the meanest of a row of tenements his guide took him and to a dreary room, sparsely furnished, where, upon a bed, lay the patient. At a glance John read better days in the face of a young woman, full of loveliness, wan and thin as it was. Her eyes were closed. He lifted her hand to feel her pulse. The expressive, intelligent face, the dainty molded hand told a common story of a girl of refinement and culture brought to the saddest phase of poverty and destitution. Now all the desperate toasting for life and humanity left the man's nature. He roused up to the true philanthropist that he was, as a realization of the patient lives of the poor swept across his mind. A tear dropped from his sorrowing eyes. The patient started slightly. Her eyes opened, their glance meeting his own. She smiled sweetly, as though half-conscious, as she saw the tear that haloed the moment where a kind soul had come to her rescue.

The woman was, indeed, ill. For two weeks she lay almost inert, for two more convalescent. Food, quiet, constant medical care the sympathetic John brought to her, overjoyed at her recovery—and loved her! And she? There were expressions on her face at times that stirred him strangely. His business was daily growing more hopeless, yet he seemed to care little for that. His mind was wrapped up in the patient, whose distress had roused him from the lethargy of misanthropy.

"Say, you must be an awful rich man!" commented the little ragged girl messenger.

"Rich!" John smiled desolately. Yet his senses spurred up. He was rich in a new emotion that made the sordid world as dross to him.

"She's gone," were the words that fairly stunned him one day from the little child. "Oh, it's like a play! Her sister, oh! so rich and beautiful and in a grand automobile came this morning and took her away. It seems that our Mrs. Walton had quarreled with her folks, who had lots of money, and had made up her mind to be an artist, and they just found her and have taken her away."

And this was the end of the little romance, then? Moody John spent the last few days of his occupancy of the little shop. He sat on a broken stool in the denuded store, the day its creditors came to cart away the few physical assets left of the dire business wreck. His face was sunk dejectedly upon his breast, his eyes closed, his mind groping aimlessly to scan the future.

There was a slight rustle and two ladies entered the place. John opened his eyes as upon either cheek a warm, glad kiss was planted and he staggered to his feet to confront Miss Walton and her sister.

"You true, brave friend!" spoke his patient's sister. "Idalia would come, weak as she is. And what does all this mean?" and the speaker swept the empty store with a questioning glance.

"It means that he neglected everything to care for me," spoke Idalia, and her voice was full of emotion.

"How soon we will mend all that!" came the vivacious pronouncement. "Forget it all, dear friend," directed the charming woman, "all except that we owe to you the crowning joy of life."

And Idalia read in the man's true, tender eyes love, and her own glanced back at him gratitude and hope, sweet harbingers of the golden future that was to bless them in unison.

**Learned Latin in Day.**

A writer in St. Nicholas has an interesting sketch of Mary Lyon, the famous founder of Mt. Holyoke seminary—a school for girls established when it was not considered necessary or desirable for girls to have an advanced education. Her own education was gained from private instructors and this story is told of her first recitation in Latin: "On Friday she had been given the first lesson of Adams' Latin grammar to commit to memory. When she was called up early Monday afternoon, she began to recite fluently declensions and conjugations without pause, until, as the daylight waned, the whole of the Latin grammar passed in review before the speechless teacher and dazed, admiring pupils.

"How did you ever do it?" she was asked, and this was her reply: "Well, really, I'll have to own up," she said, with some reluctance; "I studied all Sunday! It wasn't so very hard, though. I soon saw where the changes in the conjugations came in and the syntax rules are much like English grammar."

**What Great Rain Means.**

Something of what a great rain means has been calculated by the Commonwealth meteorologist of Victoria, New South Wales. Last September, in the region's greatest rainfall for half a century, the maximum downpour in ten days was 27.6 inches at Uladulla, New South Wales, and over an area of more than 400,000 square miles. This average was nearly four inches. This was about 400 tons per acre—a total for the whole area of roughly 100,000,000 tons of water. A lake 50 miles long and 20 miles wide would be filled to an average depth of 123 feet by this quantity, and it is more than 100 times the amount held by the Assouan dam on the Nile, the world's largest dam.

**His First Name Fortune.**

"What reason did Mr. Hunter give for wishing to break the engagement?" "He said the report that he was engaged to me had not extended his credit nearly as much as he expected."

**One Phase of Coat Fashions**



In those sections of this country where the greatest amount of moneys is spent on clothing, the top-coat is needed nearly all the year round. Therefore it taxes the resourcefulness of manufacturers and costumers to provide new and interesting features in its design. Up to the last of May the separate coat is a necessity, and its usefulness is extended through the summer months for those who go to mountains or seashore.

The best models shown recently are in plain weaves and solid colors. Colors include gold-mustard, brown, blue, black, plum and green in the beautiful tones of this season and the tans which are always good. Nothing hand-somer than coats of cover cloth have appeared, but the liking for soft, glove-finished surfaces puts the coat of this material somewhat in the background; nevertheless it is a good buy. The coat in the picture is of wool velour and is shown in several colors. It hangs in straight lines with a wide double box plait at the back, forming a panel, and has a straight, loose front. A belt starting at each side of the panel in the back, buttons in front and confines the coat a very little, to form a long waistline. A big, flat button, covered with cloth, is sewed on each side of the panel at the terminations of the belt at the back. A wide cape collar and turned-back cuffs have, for decoration, parallel rows of fine silk cord that simulate machine stitching. On the collar each row terminates in a small bone button. Saddle-bag pockets are stitched to the coat and each has a turn-over flap with the edge decorated with simulated machine stitching. The collar may be brought up and buttoned about the throat if needed. The designing of this model shows excellent judgment in the selection of materials and style-features of the season, and in their management. The coat is attractive and practical for general wear as well as distinguished-looking.

**Fairylike Frocks of Swiss Organdie**



Here is one of those pretty frocks of embroidered swiss-organdie in which little misses look so fairylike. This crisp and very sheer material is made in wide flouncings that make them particularly well suited to little girls' dresses. The simpler and finer the embroidery the better it is for children's wear and, in the little dress pictured, there is merely a scalloped edge with small flower sprays in the scallops.

Fine, narrow val edging or dainty home-made laces are used for finishing neck and sleeves in these frocks. Nine times out of ten val lace is chosen for trimming the sheer petticoats that must be worn under them to get the best effects. Batiste and organdie skirts are made in exactly the same length as the dress skirt and often two petticoats are joined to one body made of a heavier material.

The little frock illustrated is made with a long waist set onto a short yoke. Lengthwise strips, with scalloped edges brought together, form the back and front of the waist. The sleeves are pointed flouncings of the organdie, edged with val lace. Two flouncings make the short skirt which barely covers the knees. They are full and gathered with a narrow band that joins waist and skirt.

There is just one way to put the best of all finishing touches to a little dress of this kind, and that is by providing it with the right kind of girle, wide, soft ribbon in pale pink was

used for the girle pictured and instead of a bow at the back, a rosette shows off the luster and lovely color to perfection. The same ribbon is used for the quaint hair bow that is poised like a butterfly on the head. White socks and black patent leather slippers finish up a toilet in which any mother is warranted in taking pride.

*Julia Bottomley*

**A Trim Figure.**

The girl who is not necessarily stout but who delights in the low-cut or girle-top corsets will find the following hint a saving on brassieres. She can sew into the top of her corset a piece of stout lacy lace—torchon or imitation cluny will answer. It should be darted as closely as possible and a casing allowed for tape or ribbon at the top if the lace is not open enough of itself. When this addition to the corset is drawn up tightly it acts as a bust support and insures against the showing of the corset line, so ugly under thin blouses and frocks.

**Porto Rican Work on Slippers.**

A new idea for bonior slippers is to have them of Porto Rican embroidered linen, upon which the linen threads have been drawn so as to leave a pansy pattern.

**The KITCHEN CABINET**

The power of evil habit is deceptive and fascinating, and the man by coming to false conclusions argues his way down to destruction.

**SEASONABLE DISHES.**

Eggs are again becoming more plentiful, so that we need not feel extravagant to serve them occasionally in place of meat.

**Cheese Eggs.**—Take three-fourths of a cupful of grated American cheese, six eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, a few grains of paprika, a teaspoonful of salt, a fourth of a cupful of crumbs and milk or cream to moisten. Butter a baking dish or individual ramekins; spread half of the cheese in the bottom and slip in six eggs, being careful not to break the yolks; dust with salt and pepper, add the remaining cheese and crumbs well buttered, then barely cover with cream. Set in a pan of hot water and bake slowly until the eggs are set and the top is brown.

**Chicken Croquettes.**—Take two cupfuls of chopped cold chicken, a half cupful of chopped English walnut meats, a fourth of a teaspoonful each of salt and celery salt, a few grains of cayenne, a few grains of nutmeg, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a few drops of onion juice, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a cupful of thick white sauce. Mix the ingredients in the order given and mold in cork-shaped croquettes, using a tablespoonful of the mixture for each croquette. Roll in crumbs, dip in egg white diluted with a tablespoonful of water, then roll in crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Serve with white sauce or mushroom sauce.

**Duck en Casserole.**—Clean, singe and cut up a five-pound duck, roll each piece in seasoned flour and brown in beef drippings. Pack into a large casserole in layers, alternating a mixture of half a can of peas and a cupful of mushrooms mixed; cover with a quart of well-seasoned soup stock, a half teaspoonful of onion juice and a teaspoonful of powdered mint. Bake slowly for three hours in a moderately hot oven.

**Queen Victoria's Favorite Soup.**—Heat a cupful of minced roast chicken in a pint of chicken broth, well-seasoned; add a cupful of cream and thicken with three hard-cooked eggs yolks sifted fine.

A dish of asparagus in alternate layers with grated cheese and white sauce, then finished with buttered crumbs, makes a most nourishing escalloped dish. If cheese is not desired hard-cooked eggs may be substituted. If a cupful of cooked asparagus is left from a meal, add it to the scrambled eggs for luncheon. This will add variety and make the dish more tasty.

Without virtue and without integrity the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect and conciliate the esteem of the truly valuable part of mankind. —George Washington.

**A FEW COMPANY DISHES.**

When company comes or is planned for, we are happy to make extra effort to have something that will be both pleasing to the eye as well as to the palate.

**California Salad.**—Take half a cupful of sliced ripe olives, four hard-cooked eggs finely chopped, a half cupful of broken walnut meats, two pimentos, all mixed together just before serving. Add any desired salad dressing and serve on lettuce.

**Caramel Pudding.**—Caramelize three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and dissolve by adding a cupful of boiling water, add a cupful and a quarter of sugar, 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin softened in cold water, add another cupful of water and mix all the ingredients together until dissolved, pour it boiling hot over four egg whites beaten stiff and mold. Serve with a boiled custard.

**Brown Almond Sauce.**—Blanch and chop a fourth of a pound of almonds, brown in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and salt and pepper to taste, then add a pint of thin cream, pouring it in slowly. Cook until thick, and serve with an omelet.

**Yum Yum Sandwiches.**—One cream cheese mixed and blended with two cupfuls of minced ham; add the leaves from a bunch of watercress, and when well blended spread on buttered rye bread.

**Grape Punch.**—Combine the juice of three lemons, one orange and a pint of grape juice, add a cupful of sugar and a cupful of shredded pineapple. Let stand several hours, adding a quart of water and ice as needed when serving.

**Amber Marmalade.**—Cut in thin slices a well-washed lemon, grapefruit and orange, remove the seeds and cover overnight with twelve cupfuls of water. The next day cook the fruit until tender, then set away again overnight; the next day add ten cupfuls of sugar and cook until it is thick. Put in glasses and seal when cold. This is a most delicious preserve to serve with toast and tea.

*Nellie Maxwell*



**Government Issues Warning Against Fly Poisons**

Following is an extract from "The Transmission of Disease by Flies," Supplement No. 29 to the Public Health Reports, April, 1915.

"Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made, merely for a purpose of condensation, of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the resemblance of arsenical poisoning to summer diarrheas and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly-destroying devices which are rated as extremely dangerous, and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand."

106 fly poisons cases have been reported by the press within the last three years. As stated above this number is but a fraction of the real number. Protect your children by using the safe, efficient, non-poisonous fly catcher.

**TANGLEFOOT**



The O. & W. Thum Company  
GRAND RAPIDS MICHIGAN

**Service.**  
"Would you marry a man who would try to use matrimony to avoid military service?"

"Sure I would," replied the girl with thin, hard lips. "That's the kind of man you could soon teach to make up beds and wash dishes."

It is a bad well into which you must pour water and he is a tiresome friend who is always looking to you for support.

There is no harm in a man's posing as a genius if he is self-supporting.

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FOR TORPID LIVER.  
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**SICK HEADACHE, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.**  
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Why suffer from excruciating neuralgia pains when an application of Yager's Liniment will give quick relief?  
This liniment is good too, for rheumatism, sciatica, headaches, pain in chest or side, sprains, cuts and bruises.  
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**Men and Women**

Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine, is highly recommended by thousands. Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that so many people say it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands of even the most distressing cases. At druggists in 50c and \$1.00 sizes. You may receive a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post, also a pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

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