

A DRESS REDUCED TO \$9.98

MILDRED NOBLE was expecting a letter from her mother, and when she found nothing but a small catalogue in the mail box that afternoon, she was so disappointed that she felt like crying. It was one of those raw, wet March afternoons which engenders in one a feeling of depression. Mildred did not need any disappointment. What she needed was diversion. The catalogue might prove amusing, although the cover did not promise much. She sat down to look it over.

The catalogue, however, had been evolved from some one's clear knowledge of woman's curiosity. It employed the same method that an intriguing story does when it leads you on from chapter to chapter. Though the format was as dull as the door of some houses, you no sooner entered in than you were enthralled. And the back pages were the best. They were in colors! And they exploited barmaids.

There was one dress that was intended to arouse the imagination of a much duller person than Anthony Noble's little wife of two years. It was a blue taffeta dress, embroidered in soft colors. The artist had done so well that one could fairly see the sheen on the fresh folds of the skirt.

"I'd look lovely in that," Mildred told herself. "I wish I had it. I need a new dress to wear when we go to visit Anthony's sister. And this is so reasonable. Only \$9.98!"

She studied the description and with every instant the longing for the dress grew upon her. She must have it. It was just what she wanted.

"If I hadn't used up all my house-keeping allowance I'd send for it this afternoon," she thought. "I'll have to ask Anthony for the money. When he gives it to me I'll go right down to the post office and get an order."

She felt quite cheered. A blue taffeta dress for \$9.98! Well, that was luck, indeed.

She could hardly wait for Anthony to come home. It began to rain toward six o'clock, and when she saw him turning the corner he was bent over trying to keep the storm out of his face.

"I'm glad I've got something nice and hot for supper," she thought as she opened the door. The wind and Anthony fairly swept her off her feet.

"Hello!" cried Anthony, as he kissed her. "Well, isn't this real weather?"

Anthony was as tall as Mildred was short, a thin, dark young fellow, full of common sense and energy. Mildred was as glowing as a small pink rose. And tonight she had never seemed prettier.

"Anthony, darling," she began. "I've got something to ask you. But first I want you to have your supper."

"I want my supper, of course," said Anthony, whom his father had nicknamed "Hollow-legs" on account of his appetite. "But also, I want to know what you're going to ask."

"Wait till you've had some coffee and goulash," insisted Mildred.

Ten minutes later as she saw a slowing down of Anthony's use of the fork, she leaned across the table, her eyes sparkling.

"Anthony, I want \$10 to send and get me a dress with," she said.

"Ten dollars?" Anthony's face changed. "But why send? Don't the stores here have dresses?"

"Not so cheap as this one. I'll show you." She ran to get the catalogue. Anthony glanced at the picture with a cold eye.

"I like to see things I buy," he remarked.

Mildred bit her lip.

"You can see this—plain as day." "Pictures are mighty deceiving sometimes. And, anyway, Mil, I'm short of money. I don't see how I'm going to let you have \$10 just now." Tears sprang to Mildred's eyes.

"Oh!" The simple word had refused her money.

"I'm sorry," he laid the catalogue aside with a finality that there was no mistaking, and went on with his supper.

Mildred went back to her place and picked up her fork. But she could not eat. She could only sit looking at Anthony. She had been warned before she married him that the Noble in him must come out. And it was coming out! Anthony was going to be stingy, set in his way, utterly careless of the small needs of a woman's soul. Such was his father before him.

If she was ever going to make a stand for her rights she must begin now. Anthony's mother had waited until it was too late. This dress was a crisis. All depended on the way she handled this crisis. She would have the dress. Mrs. Totten would lend her the money, and she could pay it back out of her housekeeping allowance. Anthony was sufficiently generous with that. Until she had paid Mrs. Totten she would cut down their bill of fare. That would teach him if anything could.

After supper Mildred went to Mrs. Totten's and borrowed the money. From Mrs. Totten's she went to the post office and ordered the dress.

Next day she began her new schedule. Lunch was a negligible affair, dinner scarcely better. But Anthony said nothing that day. The following day, however, he inquired mildly into such a pronounced succession of hamburger steaks.

"I'm economizing, that's all," Mil-

dred replied. "You like economy, don't you?"

"A reasonable amount of it," Anthony replied.

"That's the Noble of it," Mildred thought. "Economy is all right until it touches him."

The fifth day her dress came by parcel post. She was in a flutter. Lucky that she was alone in the house and could gloat over it to her heart's content! Her fingers shook with impatience as she tore off the wrapping. Then something seemed to pause within her.

The dress was a very good dress for \$9.98, but it was not the dress that Mildred had visualized. She stared at it in growing distress. Then hope came—a single candlelight of hope glimmering through an immense density of gloom. She could send it back! And they would refund her money!

She took it to the post office, walking all the way through a sousing rain. Her spirits were as damp as her skirts before she returned. But within her was a growing conviction that Anthony had known better than she had.

She stopped at the market and bought chops for dinner. Anthony should have something to his liking tonight.

When, damp and subdued, she entered the house, she found him reading in the living room.

"Why, how long have you been home?" she cried.

"Half an hour or so. You ought not to go out in such weather as this, Mil."

"I had to," Mildred sighed.

"Well, hurry into something dry," Anthony advised.

Mildred took her parcel to the kitchen, removed her hat and coat and went to her room to change her skirt.

As she entered the room she gave a cry. For across the bed lay a dress, beautifully blue and exquisitely embroidered!

"Anthony! Where did this come from?" she screamed.

Anthony appeared at the door, smiling.

"Why, I ordered that for you at Blakey's over a week ago. It just came today—a little surprise," he explained.

Mildred ran to him and flung her arms about his neck.

"Oh, darling! Shall I ever understand you?" she sobbed.

SWEET POTATOES IN TWO NEW WAYS

Pleasant to Vary Manner of Cooking Occasionally.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sweet potatoes appear so often in the winter menus that it is pleasant to vary the way of preparing them occasionally. Here are two suggestions from the bureau of home economics:

Sweet Potatoes and Pineapple.

1 medium sized sweet potato, 4 tbs. melted butter.

1 can crushed pineapple, 1/4 tsp. salt.

Select a dry nearly variety of sweet potato and cook in the skins in water to cover. When tender, cut in slices or rounds of uniform thickness, and place on a flat buttered baking dish. Pour the pineapple over the potato, sprinkle with salt, and add the butter. Bake in a medium oven until light brown on the surface and the sirup of the pineapple has thickened. Serve from the baking dish.

Baked Sweet Potato With Raisins.

1 medium sized sweet potato, 1/2 cup raisins, plumped, 1 tsp. salt, 2 tbs. melted butter, 1/2 cup seedless raisins.

Wash and cook the potatoes in their skins. When tender, scrape off the skins and mash the potatoes or force them through a potato ricer. Mix the milk, melted butter, and salt with the potato and beat until light. Pour hot water over the raisins, and let them stand for a few minutes until plumped; then drain, and add to the sweet potato. Grease a baking dish and pile the potato lightly into the dish. Put in a medium oven to heat through and brown lightly over the top. Serve from the baking dish.

Fried Bananas Served With the Meat Course

Fried bananas are usually served with the meat course. As they contain considerable starch, potatoes or other starchy vegetables may be omitted, but cabbage, spinach, or some other leafy vegetable should be included as usual. The directions for preparing fried bananas are from the bureau of home economics.

4 ripe bananas, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 egg, 1 tbs. sugar, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup crumbed Lemon Juice

Select ripe bananas, remove the skin, scrape off the stringy portions, and cut the bananas in half lengthwise. Dip the pieces of banana into the batter made from the flour, milk, sugar, egg, and salt, and then roll them in the bread crumbs. Fry the bananas until a golden brown in shallow fat, and drain on paper to remove excess fat. Serve hot and squeeze lemon juice over the bananas.

Something Nice

Six carrots, three oranges, and one lemon, cut up, measured, sweetened with two-thirds as much sugar, and cooked until clear, will make a delicious marmalade.

Keep the Juice.

One way to retain every bit of the juice in a beefsteak is to brush it with blended butter and flour before you stick it on the broiler.

Don't Hurry Cooking.

Whenever you are cooking custards or any mixture in which eggs are the main ingredients, a low temperature is most satisfactory.

Cauliflower au Gratin Is Especially Favored

Almost any vegetable that is good with white or cream sauce may be still further enhanced by being served "au gratin," with grated cheese and buttered crumbs sprinkled over the top and delicately browned just before the dish is sent to the table. Cauliflower is especially good prepared in this way. The bureau of home economics tells how to do it.

1 cauliflower, med-1 cup fine bread crumbs, 1 cup milk, 4 tbs. butter, 1/4 cup grated cheese, 1/4 tsp. salt

Select a close white head of cauliflower. Remove the green leaves, and retain the most tender ones to cook with the cauliflower. Break the head into flowers, and wash thoroughly in cold water. Drop the cauliflower into enough lightly boiling water to cover, and cook until tender, about 15 minutes.

Prepare a cream sauce of the flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of the butter, the milk, and the salt. The remaining butter should be melted and mixed with the bread crumbs. Place the cooked cauliflower in a greased baking dish, pour over it the cream sauce, cover with the grated cheese and the bread crumbs on top. Bake until the crumbs are golden brown. Serve from the dish in which it was baked.

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Fight Over Milk Costs Lives of Three Men

Hondo, Texas.—An argument over a quart of milk cost the lives of a father and his sons here. L. Barrientes, a merchant, and his sons, Joe and Alfonso, were shot dead in the father's store. Louis Arcos surrendered to authorities in connection with the shooting. According to Sheriff J. F. Bader of Medina county, the shooting grew out of an argument over a quart of milk which Arcos said was spoiled and which Barrientes had refused to replace.

TELLS OF WEIRD PACT OF DEATH

Former Wife Agreed to State Killing Man.

San Francisco.—An amazing story of a death pact by which Garland Williams, twenty-eight, was to kill his former wife and then submit to execution by the state was related to police by Williams after his arrest on a charge of murdering the woman, Mrs. Lorraine Ambrose, who was found choked to death here.

Williams said Mrs. Ambrose had begged him to turn on the gas so they might die together, but he had refused, saying he could never commit suicide.

"I agreed to kill her and then give myself up so that the law would take care of my death," police said Williams told them. They added that Williams' story had the ring of truth, although several points required investigation.

The prisoner said he had "several little things to attend to" and had deferred surrendering until his affairs were in order.

Williams asserted he and his wife were happy together for four years, until they were separated by "a double crossing friend" who carried tales to Mrs. Williams.

"She left me, and I did not follow or molest her," police quoted Williams as saying. "The other day she came to my room and wanted to talk things over."

"Two days later she called me on the telephone and asked me to visit her. We went to my room."

"She tried to coax me to turn on the gas so we could die together, but I told her I could not kill myself."

"Then I thought of letting the police take care of me. She agreed to that plan."

"Be sure and do a good job," she said. "Good-by, Bill."

"She just lay still while I choked her. Then I cut her wrists with a safety razor blade."

"I fooled around there for an hour or so, made myself a cup of coffee, and then left. I was going to give myself up as soon as I made a few arrangements, but the police got me before I was quite ready."

"It doesn't matter, though, because I am ready to die. She's waiting for me, and there won't be anybody to come between us over there."

Kills Pal in Triangle Causing Four Deaths

Joplin, Mo.—A series of eternal triangles in the lives of four with the death recently of John Cole, thirty-five years old, near Baxter Springs, Kan.

The latest killing was laid to D. L. Nutt, friend of the victim, who is held in jail here with his nineteen-year-old son, both charged with first degree murder. The son is said to have grappled with Cole while the father, who has but one arm, fired two shots into Cole's body after Cole was found with Mrs. Nutt.

Nutt killed a man twenty years ago when he found him with his wife. He was acquitted. Ten years ago Cole killed two men for making advances to his wife, and was acquitted.

Cole had lived with the Nutt family for years until several weeks ago, when Nutt's wife left Nutt, presumably because of a friend. A reconciliation was effected, but shortly afterward Nutt found Cole and Mrs. Nutt together in the Nutt home.

Lied About Age of Son, Pays Fare 20 Years Late

Dallas, Texas.—A woman, who 20 years ago lied to a conductor, telling him her son was too young to pay fare, walked into a railroad office here, and handed a clerk \$35.00, fare for the child plus interest. The name of the woman is being kept secret.

"My husband was sick and money was scarce, but this always hurt me, and I am glad to make restitution," the woman explained.

Aged Woman Hangs Self

Chicago.—At the age of eighty-four Mrs. Anna Luman felt she was "in the way." So she hid the members of her family good-by, climbed the stairs to the attic, and hanged herself, being found dead.

Strangles on Toy

Binghamton, N. Y.—Swallowing a toy balloon, Margaret Robinson of this city strangled to death en route to a hospital.

Blinded by Own Arrow

Hartford, Conn.—Struck by an arrow shot from his own bow, Henry Lello of this city, lost the sight of his right eye.

How Hunters Repulsed Charge of Elephants

One large elephant in a rage is enough to paralyze the bravest hunter, but when seven of the monsters charge two lone hunters it is only a miracle that saves the men. W. S. Chadwick recites his one and only elephant charge encounter in Field and Stream.

"Then the native behind us carelessly trod upon a rotten stick," says the article, "and at the sound the two bulls and five cows came into line, facing us. At that moment they stood with lifted trunks searching for our scent, and then with screams of rage they started toward us."

"Stand steady," I heard Ben say. "Alm at the center bull and give him all you've got! Work your bolt like hell!"

"From behind us I heard the native call: 'Look out, master! They're going to fight!' and the sound of naked running feet showed his effort to efface himself."

"The next two minutes are rather blurred in my recollection. I felt as a beetle might in the shadow of a great boot, or a man bound to the rails in front of an express train. It seemed impossible to stop that mighty oncoming force! But I worked my rifle bolt desperately and placed shot after shot in the chest of the center animal of the line, while beside me Ben's express roared unceasingly."

"At perhaps thirty yards the two center animals—a young bull and a cow—leaped drunkenly against the animals on their right. The two on the outside left closed in, and like a troop of soldiers on parade they wheeled to the right into the forest, the left flank animals passing within twenty-five paces of us!"

Peabody's Great Gift

The Conservatory of Music in Baltimore is George Peabody's gift to the city of his adoption. The founder was born in Massachusetts in 1795, a poor boy. At the age of twenty he went south to seek his fortune and settled in Baltimore. Here he laid the foundations of the great wealth he was some day to possess. His death was in 1869, and during his life he gave away from eight to nine millions of dollars. Students now come to this conservatory from 34 states, China, Hawaii, and Philippine islands.

Phosphorus and Life

Everything that lives draws the elements necessary to its life from what surrounds it or envelops it. These elements are found in a free state, as, for instance, oxygen or in mineral forms or water. Two of the fundamental elements are carbon and nitrogen. These, with phosphorus, are indispensable to the maintenance of life. Phosphorus is found in the state of phosphoric acid, combined with different metallic elements; in arable ground its common form is phosphate of calcium.

Evident

The teacher was trying to explain to a member of the class what the word "collision" meant, and tried to illustrate:

"Now if you and Fred ran together out on the playground what would there be?"

"There probably would be a fight then and there," was the unexpected answer.

HOW TO STAND WHILE MOPPING OR SWEEPING



Good and Bad Posture While Mopping or Sweeping Floor.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

How do you stand when you mop or sweep or oil a floor? Erect and square on your feet, with your back straight, bending, if at all, from the hips, your head in a normal easy position for inspecting your work? That's the correct posture for mopping or working with any long-handled implement on a floor. The picture shows a farm woman demonstrating good working posture to other members of her club in Hampshire county, Mass. The subject of good and bad posture in doing various household tasks was introduced at a home demonstration meeting by the county extension agent, and followed by a series of interesting poses illustrating good and bad positions at several sorts of housework, such as washing dishes, handling food at the oven, and sitting to peel vegetables, as well

as the job of mopping or sweeping. It is being more and more widely recognized that there is an important connection between good posture and avoidance of fatigue in doing any sustained piece of work. Poor posture strains the muscles of the neck and back, hinders the circulation, cramps the chest, and often forces the abdominal organs out of place, and after a time may result not only in fatigue but in poor body condition. Farm women are especially interested in whatever knowledge can be applied to their problems to make their work easier and their possession and enjoyment of leisure greater. Compare the good posture in mopping with the bad one, in which the hips and abdomen are thrust forward in such a way that the shoulders are slouched and the head is out of line with the body and the neck muscles are stretched.

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Two Species

What is described as a walking fish from Africa has been brought to Boston on a visiting ship. Humorists may now do their worst in comparing the peripatetic fish from overseas with the poor fish who already walk Boston streets.—Boston Transcript.

Their Mistake

"Where's your new license?" demanded the officer, eyeing the 1928 plate.

"Why, officer, we're just on the way to the courthouse now to get it," exclaimed the grass widow and widower in the car, with one voice.

If all the statisticians were placed end to end they would reach another foolish conclusion.

For Colds -



How many people you know end their colds with Bayer Aspirin! And how often you've heard of its prompt relief of sore throat or tonsillitis. No wonder millions take it for colds, neuralgia, rheumatism; and the aches and pains that go with them. The wonder is that anyone still worries through a winter without these tablets! They relieve quickly, yet have no effect whatever on the heart. Friends have told you Bayer Aspirin is marvelous; doctors have declared it harmless. Every druggist has it, with proven directions. Why not put it to the test?

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