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'Tis seldom you combine such Style with such Comfort as DOROTHY DODD SHOES afford. This sought-for combination has been found by the makers of

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Under any and all conditions, you think first of Appearance in foot-wear; not of the hard wear, the heedless knocks, strains and exposure. Such a stylish, dainty product as a woman's shoe is expected to stand up under all this, yet keep its shape and beauty—and it does so when it bears the DOROTHY DODD trade mark.

For many years the discriminating, well dressed women of St. John's have been purchasing their foot-wear from us, and the satisfaction they obtain we put down largely to the fact that we hold the exclusive agency in this country for DOROTHY DODD. Prices range from $5.00 to $10.00.

Who is She?

MYSTERIOUS LADY WHO CLAIMS ANCIENT COLONY AS BIRTHPLACE.

Miss Pauline McLanty of 44 Morton St., New York, sends the following to The Evening Telegram. Who is "Ma" the subject of this article who claims to have been born in Newfoundland?

I MADE ALL MY GIRLS SWIMMING CHAMPIONS.

(By "MA" BERLO.)

I am all for swimming, although I never swam a stroke before forty! I am their mother and swimming doctor, I speak for all the Berlos—Ida, Lily, Annie, Kitty, Madeline, Ida, Florence, Pauline Barbara. Swimming kept me young and gave my daughters bodies to be proud of. All kinds of exercises are important for health. Swimming is particularly good, because every muscle in the body is made to work. I am sure I owe only swimming to thank for the fact that although I am over sixty—sixty-two to be exact—I am still active as my youngest daughter and haven't a gray hair in my head—I don't use dye either.

All the Berlos swim but my husband. He never liked the water. This gave rise to a parody that some made up. I don't remember it exactly, but it is to the effect that "Everybody Swims but Father." George, our eldest son, must have inherited some of his father's distaste for the water. He swims well enough, quite well as the girls, but he's never fond of swimming and diving his profession as the rest of us have.

The story of how I learned to swim is very different from that of anyone else, except that I flopped awkwardly about in the water for the first time when I was forty, and now have a reputation for swimming the Hudson and diving off eighty-five foot cliffs. Until forty my fame was as a woman with a lot of children." We were living in South Boston, not far away from the ocean. I used to take my children down to bathe every day. I wanted them to learn to swim, though I myself didn't know how, for I thought it an excellent thing to know in an emergency. It would also make their little bodies strong and healthy. One day I was in the water with them, showing them what I thought was the accurate thing. They, with the natural buoyancy of youth, learned how to swim by my directions, although I myself had not yet attempted to take my feet off the ground.

There was a Miss Powers, a school teacher, who swam the breast stroke very well, that is, her arms and legs moved in unison. I remember she said, "Isn't it marvellous! How I'd love to swim that way." Then I heave a sigh and added with resignation, "But I'm too old. I'll never be able to learn to swim!" I made the effort, however, with the result you all know. You have ever seen me flop into the water at the Hippodrome.

My clumsy diving and swimming is all right. I like it and I'm liked for it. My bones aren't what you call "doppety," and sixty-two is about as good a time as any to go home to my chicken, dog and cat, which I am seriously considering doing next year. You see, I am kind of lonesome now that all my children are gone. The last two married just a few days ago. Of course, I must make the best of it. Of course, that, I am a free woman. They don't worried while you have gone. I must admit, however, that I miss having them. I spent the first years of my married life with them. I think I can honestly say those were the happiest years I have known.

I believe in big families. Women nowadays won't have even one child. I can't understand them. They must have the maternal instinct somewhere in them. I think I can honestly say in them. I don't think it's right to suppress it. My daughters know my point of view. And I am proud to say that the third generation of Berlos is well on its way.

Perhaps I was happiest when rearing my little ones because they were never sick. I have no doubt but swimming has done that for them—given them their splendid health, I mean. I know swimming has done that for me. I've never known one day of illness. Of course, I must have been pretty hardy in the first place, or I could never have stood the strain of diving from bridges and swimming all winter in water filled with floating blocks of ice. I swam across the Hudson from the Palisades to Manhattan when I was fifty-three. And I must have been pretty nearly fifty when I dove off the eighty-five foot bridge in Minneapolis, turning two somersaults on the way down. For an old mother, I don't think I compared so badly with my daughter Lil, who managed to turn three before she struck the water.

The year that I swam the whole winter we were living on L Street in South Boston. Our home wasn't far from the beach. Every day after I shipped the children off to school, I used to go down for my dip. The first time I did it, it was snowing, and I had my daughter on hand to tell me what she thought of me swimming through the winter. The first shock of the ice-cold water was awful. But soon I loved it. When I came out, the doctor said that he didn't see how winter swimming could make anybody hardy, since you would have to be hardy to do it in the first place. Then he looked at my skin and lips and noticed that they were both glowing red. He warned me that if either turned blue I ought not to continue my winter swimming. I swam every day that whole winter without once turning blue. Since then the girls have tried swimming in ice-cold water too. A few winters ago we swam in the Hudson in a hole cut in the ice.

It is strange to think now that I had another profession when I was young. I was born in Newfoundland and, true to the English tradition, I played cricket and rode horseback, but I never swam. Few people in Newfoundland swim. They say the water is too cold. I must go back there next summer and show them how it isn't at all cold.

Before I was married I was a dressmaker. Being a dressmaker then was a very different thing from making dresses now. Now they just cut a hole out of a piece of cloth, jump into it and tie it almost in the middle. In my time gowns had to be fitted snugly over tight corsets, which meant a million little seams and darts in just the right places.

I never thought when I was dressmaking that twenty-five years later I should be expert at a profession so very different from dressmaking. In the fifteen years that I have been doing these things on the road, there is one time that stands out in my memory more than any other. I think it was the prettiest sight I have ever seen in the water. That time we were all swimming together, my nine children and myself, in an daily exhibition in Boston. My youngest child, Twinnie, that is Barbara, was only four years old. Twinnie, by the way, does not remember the time when she did not swim. There was a splendid sunset, and the water, reflecting the colors in the sky, was a million colors. Exactly in line, their gleaming arms rising rhythmically above the water in perfect overhand strokes, eight of my children swam abreast. I followed close behind with Twinnie on my back or occasionally swimming along at my side. It was really one of the prettiest things we ever did.

I have several grandchildren, but none are yet old enough to carry on the Berlo tradition. Soon, however, their training will begin. They will be taught that to be a Berlo they must be able to swim and dive with the best of them.

Flaked halibut is nice creamed, served in scallop shells and decorated with mashed potato put through a pastry tube.

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Nerves So Bad That She Would Sit and Cry

Mrs. Mary Hocking, Madoc, Ont., writes:—

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has done me a wonderful lot of good. I suffered from general weakness and was so run down and my heart and nerves were in such bad shape that I would sit down and cry and not know what I was crying about. I also used to have weak spells. Thanks to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, however, I am real well now. I shall always keep a box of the Nerve Food in the house, and recommend them to my friends; they are a wonderful medicine."

(Mr. J. W. Vince, Druggist, of Madoc, Ont., says: "I have sold Mrs. Hocking your Nerve Food, and the medicine has done her much good.")

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When combining ham with potatoes and vegetables to make hash, a little lemon added will improve the flavor.

MUTT AND JEFF— JEFF WAS TAKING NO CHANCES. —By Bud Fisher