

and that twin sister of Love, who is often mistaken for what she is not, Pain, Relief, Envy, drab-faced Jealousy, with the glinting eyes of green, sweet Consolation, frank Friendship-all, all, she sees them all.

the blossoming plant, she marked the fruit as it ripened, and now she sits

- She knows Love too well, and, although she laughs to remember the joy of it, she shudders when she thinks of its pain, and she is glad that absorb-
- "The roses die in October," says my friend who loves all the seasons and

She does not attempt to be at the head of a household, like 35, or to

She sits serene, untroubled-the keeper of all the secrets, the peace-

She is not miserable trying to turn the hands of the clock back to spring,

or even to gorgeous summer-not when it is striking fall-and when winter

comes she will not pull down the curtains, light all the lamps and try to

make herself believe that it is June in the garden and the butterflies are

weigh out justice with even hand, as the woman with a family must try to

do along about 40, when the boys grow up and want to cut the apron strings

maker, the pourer of oil upon troubled waters, the counselor, the friend, the

grandmother, and she does not try to make her grandchildren call her

if I'd been asked whether or not you had it in you before it happened I should likely have said no." Mary was very quiet. Then her eyes met mine quite without reproach. "You've always misjudged me, Peter, I think, since the day I married you." Istared at her aghast. "Of course I've always cared. I'm sorry you ever doubted. But a husband can't keep his love uppermost as a fool-ish boy does. When you have to worry about the rent and the bills—" "But even then," said Mary wistfully,

quisitorial torments, if they happen to

have hopped from the Scylla of a Dr. Hirshberg will anewe The have hopped from the Scylla of a diseased person to the Charybdis of a susceptible one, the iggered victim will fall ill. The modicum of venom of the igger nips you much after the fashion of the female mosquito. The bite of a flea, a sandfly, a gnat, a caterpillar, a moth, or any other pest diately treated in some way with amolia or baking soda. That bane of

Condensed by

AUGUSTA SHELBY.

DR. HIRSHBER

"Drosophela"-the fruit fly-is one of the most interesting and tamest of

upon the clothing, to which as Soon or themselves by their forepaws. Soon or late, they crawl into the skin, where they burrow down into the perspiratory canals and irritate body and soul. No hornet, scorpion, or ugly customer of the mosquito clan could keep you awake more easily. Other Insect Enemies.

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges.

THE SEASON OF THE LITTLE AND BIG. Peter's Adventures in Matrimony By LEONA DALRYMPLE

and Cruel Anxiety and deep and tender Love, that was a pain, too, as well

sorrows left her, too, and the responsibilities. And now she can sit serene and watch them all in the procession that passes like a dream before hergreat Joy, great Sorrow, great Anxiety, great Failure, great Success, Love

She Grows with Time.

- Jealousy cannot sting her now, nor bitter Disappointment. Those are for the women who are still living in spring and summer.
- She does not try to look like 30 and to feel like 20

frost is in the air!

"The warm room, the leaping fire, the good old books, the bad new magazines, the letters to write to old friends and plenty of long, shut-in hours to write them; the red geranium in the window, the evening lamp, the children gathered around it doing their school work; the wind howling in the chimney, the sleet against the pane, and in the house love and comfort and quiet comradeship and memory. I don't know which I love the best of all the seasons, but I think, somehow, I believe, that after all, winter is about the best, for me.

and while I looked at her I loved her and thought how wise she is.

as so many restless, unhappy souls are wont to do.

she, who loved her, to keep the sorrows out of her life, and to meet old sourfaced Responsibility at the door and turn him away before the girl could realize who it was that knocked.

Then, as she grew older and the great and thrilling joys departed, the

She is arriving at the harvest time of life. She sowed the seed, she saw

When she was a girl she lived the life of a girl, with some one older than

When she was a girl she began to know Sorrow, too, just a little, but not yet Responsibility.

She married, and then she had them all-Joy and Sorrow and heavy Care as a pleasure, as all great pleasures always must be.

serene and sees how the others work to make their gardens grow.

She isn't in love with Love, not she.

- ing Love has gone at last, tempestuously, out of her life.
- lives them, each in its turn, "and so do the snakes."

and the girls are beginning to demand their share of the family rights.

in the kitchen. looking out, now at I think, since the day I married you." the rain-soaked It was my turn to color. I felt my the rain-soaked

Answers to Health Questions.



lamilton

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ERMS EX.

COUPON

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Different Version om That Geneported.

10, by wireless to minister of the in-Duchy of Baden," n Karlsruhe to the ency, "on confercialist deputies, ancrops soon would ease in bread porease in prices. The to crop, he said, is e near future prices peace level.'

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acres playing and d infirmary, with d by the Physical iculation) 7. Pass on application to



M.A., PRINCIPAL



57



sweet 16.

"aunty" either.

3 Sept. 8.

winging from rose to lily in the streaming sunshine. What a wise woman she is, my dear, dear friend, and what a comfort to every one who knows her. Dirt, they say, is only matter out of place. If we can only grow, each of us, to fit our own particular places and be happy in them as we grow older, what a relief the process will be to us and

to all who love us. Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

-By SYLVIA GERARD-

Making a Practical Coat of French Cretonne.

HE girls at a summer resort where of my fall from grace was Olive How

Teverybody knows everybody else, are, as a rule, very clannish, and dress as much alike as peas. The minute one of their number appears wear- summery garment and so simply mad ing something a little out of the ordi-tion to duplicate it. Mother bought a generous supply of

to get the same thing, with a slight modification, perhaps.

Instead of resenting the fact that you Instead of resenting the fact that you are "copied" you "sort o' swell up with pride" that they like your hat, frock or coat well enough to want others like it. When I first noticed this fact I re-from the scraps left from the hangings

and cushions in mother's room. Olive loaned us her coat to use as pattern, and we soon had ours well under way. They had to be cut rather like a smock, hanging full from the shoulders to form deep folds about the

I made mine slightly different fro Olive's by shortening the coat in front and making a square rolled-down col lar instead of a rounded one. Just by way of a little contrast I used plain cream-colored cretonne for the belt, cuffs and collar, fastening the belt with a flat button covered with the plain ma

The sleeves caused me a lot of trouble for I had cut them too wide to fit the armhole without gathering them a trifie. armhole without gathering them a trans This fulness seemed to spoil the coal so I had to rip them out after having finished them with three rows of machine stitching, and cut them smaller. Then I added a patch pocket to one side, and strapped all the seams with

seam binding to give the inside of th coat a neat appearance. Olive's coat is fastened with whit

frogs made of braid, but as I had noth-ing of the sort here I had to improvise fastenings from bullet buttons of white heart. porcelain ripped from my linen froch strips of plain cretonne. and narrow attached a button to each end of a strip

and slipped it through the buttonholes idered on each side of the front. Five of these fasteners were needed to lose the coat.

ever they become solled soap and water will make them like new. They can be lined over the plate like new.

Cretonne Coat in Vivid Colors. Solved to be the exception to the rule and not be a "copy cat," but this year May besides all this they are loads of Cretonne Coat in Vivid Colors. Solved to be the exception to the rule and not be a "copy cat," but this year May besides all this they are loads of Cretonne Coat in Vivid Colors. Solved to be the exception to the rule and not be a "copy cat," but this year Solved to be the exception to the rule Solved to be the exception to t my resolution was broken. The cause fun to make.

face grov world, and thinking of our night of mis- "Show you Care."

hap in the forest, now at our coats and hats drying in said. "I resented the gulf between the sexes, and didn't try to bridge it." hap in the forest,

the warmth behind the stove, Brink the stove, Brink "I always believed in you," went on Mary. "If you had tried to believe in me instead...."

LEONA DALRYMPLE found sleeping "But the thought has come, Mary, that you and I are growing away from the friction of the first readjustment. We rooms. They were tireder than we. "And what," Mary said, "did you have are growing closer." Mary's eyes looked a little tearful. to say, Peter? You remember you spoke

of it at breakfast." "I'm so glad to hear you say that Peter. For so often I've wondered—" "Wondered what, Mary?" "Whether you did really care for me I was quiet for a minute. "Yes.' Then: "It was just this, Mary. It came over me with a sort of shock that you It came -you were so different all at once." or not.

C O Mary and I

sat by the fire

'Yes. Like a flower that has been unfolding all along, but all at once you realize that it is there in perfect bloom."

What Peter Said:

Mary "a Woman." Mary stared at me. I don't think she quite understood what I meant. "I mean," I said, "that you are no

longer so female as you are feminine." "Peter, dear, you're talking in riddles."

"Peter, dear, you to an other total the gives a search it is an easy matter to keep at a seam, it is an easy matter to keep at a seam, it is an easy matter to keep at a seam, it is an easy matter to keep into women. You are growing into a 'the thimble firmly under the hole. This plan prevents pricking the fingers, and plan prevents pricking the fingers, and . . .

"That is very nice," she said, "but, Peter, why on earth-"

Peter, why on earth ______ "I know. You're wondering why on During the summer months ironing is earth I should say all of this now. It's a trial, but if you can manage to do it just that I was so proud of you last under the kitchen window, where there night when the rain came and we were marooned there on that God-forsaken, lonely stretch of shore. You weren't is plenty of fresh air and light, you will find your task lightened tremendously. Cool air will have very little effect afraid-you were able to think and plan. upon the irons, and if they do lose just a little heat, the benefit you obtain will natient-

. . .

kitchen regions.

"Oh, Peter," protested my little wife, atone for it. "in the sto be all of that in emergency." "It isn't that." I said. "It's just that Here is a plan that is very useful for

Advice to Girls = By ANNIE LAURIE ===

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: **D** I am a young woman of 31 years, but do not look to be that age. I am a blonde, and considered real good looking and attract quite a lot of attention in the opposite sex when

out to parties and dances. I met a very attractive looking boy ecently, and became very much fatuated with him at first sight. He has another girl friend. I have a boy friend, too, with whom I have a been going for over a year. My new acquaintance tells me that he will discontinue going with his own friend entirely if I will go with him. Although he is nine years my junior I love him and could be forever in

shrink up. gar has been added, will freshen up the would you advise me to give my would you advise his to bore own friend up, as he seems to bore me now? He says he will do some-thing desperate if I stop going with him. He has a very jealous disposi-tion. What shall I do, dear Annie tion. What shall I do, dear Annie

Laurie? Don't tell me to give up the one I love, as it would break my ETHEL.

E THEL: The very fact that you fear I will "tell you to give up the one you love" proves beyond the shadow about \$350,000. Otto of roses is produced by distilling of a doubt that you, yourself, realize the oil from the surface by means of a way down deep in your heart that that | feather.

There is no end to the wear one can get from a coat of this type, for when-Nine years is a great difference in ages, Floating mines have figured in naval warfare for nearly 350 years.

From deep water to deep water the Panama canal is 50 miles in length.

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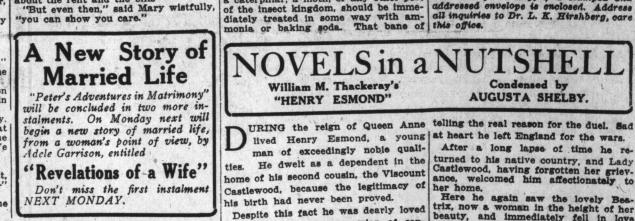
ODD FACTS

Dowager Queen Alexandra draws an

annuity from the British government of

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man of exceedingly noble quali-ties. He dwelt as a dependent in the home of his second cousin, the Viscount Castlewood, because the legitimacy of his birth had never been proved. Despite this fact he was dearly loved and received every expression of con-sideration from the entire family, which consisted of Lord Castlewood, his beau-tiful young wife, a son, Francis and a lovely daughter, Beatrix. These were children of a former wife, however, for Lady Castlewood was not a great deal

children of a former wite, however, del Lady Castlewood was not a great deal killed in a duel



hay and grain, for he was a very prosperous frmer.

for them: Turn the rugs upside down and wet the backs with a broom dipped and shaken out in cold water; then pranks, helping Mother Nature do her work, and doing good deeds for the unfortunate.

a few more if the mats are inclined to Gray-do all the ploughing and harvesting.

One day a brownie wandered to the farm and saw how the farmer kept the Warm water, to which a little vinehorse working from morning until late at night, so he concluded to come and live olors in almost any kind of carpet, and in the farmer's barn for a while and see what he could do to help Dapple Gray.

place, and you stay here and rest," and he touched the horse with his cap and immediately the brownie became Dapple Gray, and the horse became the brownie.

the cart with more grain than the animal could pull. When the horse could not move it the angry farmer raised his whip to beat the patient beast, but something knocked the whip from his hand. This occurred several times, and finally the farmer was forced to remove some of the sheaves of wheat from the cart. Then the horse started and drew the load to the barn.

The farmer soon discovered that whenever he was kind to Dapple Gray that he did his work willingly, but as soon as he was cruel and started to beat the animal his arm became helpless or the whip was knocked from his hand. When the brownie had worked in Dapple Gray's place for a week the farmer

when the browne has worked and being and into a kind, gentle one. He bought further events. had changed from an impatient, cruel man into a kind, gentle one. He bought further events. Esmond had large plantations in Vir-Thirty years ago a drought in Austra- two more horses to help Dapple Gray with the work and would never even think o more horses to help Dapple Gray with the work and would never even think beating a horse again. As time wore on he grew richer and richer, for the brownie continued to live As time wore on he grew richer and richer, for the brownie continued to live of beating a horse again.

in his barn, and wherever a brownie was there good luck was sure to be also.

Lady Castlewood was not a start day killed in a duel. Lady Castlewood was not a start day killed in a duel. I clean knives by rubbing with a cork dipped in slightly damp knife powder, and polish with dry powder, and they will last far longer than if cleaned on a knife board. Jam-making time is beginning, and if you are wise you will take my tim. Lat This caused the failure of the project



Subsequent Events Led to a Duel Fatal to Castlewood.

and Henry, learning of the prince's unfaithfulness to the friends who were willing to risk their lives for him,

willing to risk their news for him, challenged him to a duel: After satisfying Henry's demands the Pretender returned to France and the fair Beatrix soon followed him. Then Henry suddenly discovered that the affection that he once had for Bea-trix had changed to a strong love for

her stepmother, despite the fact that she was eight years his senior. This tender, lovely woman found a corresponding love aflame in her own heart and they were married without

world.



you are wise you will take my tip. I al-ways well grease the bottom of the pre-which the former was killed.

By ANN MARIE LLOYD When mending a glove, if you put can be use your finger into a thimble and then into the former. | can be used without fear of harming

Hints for the Housewife

removing the disagreeable odors of cook-ing from a room. Take a few pieces of brown paper and soak them in salt petre water. Remove them and allow them to dry. When necessary, take a piece of the paper so treated, place it on a flat tin, and put a handful of dried avender upon it, and apply a light. The aroma is very refreshing and agreeable, and will quickly do away

NCE upon a time there was a farmer and he had a large barn filled with rugs that have become creased and shabby looking, this is the treatment

In those days little folks called brownies went about the earth playing

and secure the four corners with rust-less tacks. It may be necessary to use horses to do the work on the farm, and made one horse-faithful, willing Dapple

That night he said to the tired horse: "Tomorrow I am going to take your

When morning came the farmer drove the horse from the barn and loaded