

of tenderness crept into her voice. "The prairie! Look at it!"

She swept her arm round in a wide half circle.

"Look at it," she went on. "How could a man ever leave it, ever help loving it? The freedom and the greatness of it all—to ride and ride and the thud, thud, thud of your pony's feet, and the clear fresh wind in your face. Oh, I love it all."

Her companion laughed at her. "Wouldn't you like to see a good play again?" he asked, half teasingly.

"No!" she flashed at him, almost resentfully. "No!"

"Well, I would," went on the Prodigal serenely. "Gee! wouldn't it be fine to wear decent clothes again and to hear real music, and see the glamor and witchery of lights and pretty women!"

She disengaged his hand from her arm. "Oh, don't," she said. "Don't spoil everything. I don't love you. I can't love you. And don't spoil everything. Let's just be friends."

As if by mutual consent they turned their horses back to the ranch again and for a while they rode in silence.

Presently she touched his arm.

"Cheer up, Harry!" she said. "Sure I'll cheer up," he told her, "and you'll forgive me for having said anything, won't you?"

"Sure I'd forgive you," she replied—"if there was anything to forgive."

And by that time they reached the house again they were chatting like old friends, no further word being said of the afternoon's ride.

Only, deep down in the Prodigal's heart the hurt was still there—and how



Monk Rasputin who was Responsible for the Fall of the Romanoffs

Pictures of the Monk Rasputin have been very hard to obtain and during the great Russian crisis very few publishers could print in connection with the news a picture of this remarkable man. With his mysterious death came the fall of the Russian Royal family and the picture herewith is interesting to the millions who have not seen the likeness of the man who will hence forth remain in Russia History.

She looked at him for a minute before saying: "I think you're horrid to-day, Harry."

"Oh, well, he told her, 'a person takes streaks once in a while. And as for loving the prairie, why I could never leave it for long now. I don't think anybody could. You grow to love it—and there's something else I've grown to love, too.'"

She looked at him quickly, as if dreading to hear his next words.

"Little Pal," he said, and his voice grew suddenly husky, "Little Pal—my heart's desire!"

"Oh, don't, Harry, please," said the girl.

"Little Pal," he told her, "I want you so badly, dear, I want you so badly."

bad that hurt was, of course, none of us could know, for Harry was not of the talkative kind. And then, three days after his refusal came a letter in the mail from the Prodigal's father, asking him to come back home and take a share in the management of the business. Harry showed me the letter and in every line of it you could see the old man's hunger for his son.

"I shall go back," said the Prodigal, almost without hesitation. "After all, that's my real life."

He met her on the veranda when he went to say good-bye.

"Well, Little Pal," he said, "I'm going home."

"Home?" she repeated. "Isn't this home?"

**THOUSANDS
UPON THOUSANDS OF
HEALTHY BOYS & GIRLS EAT
Grape-Nuts
AND CREAM EVERY
MORNING BECAUSE
WISE MOTHERS KNOW
"There's a Reason"**

Children's Litter

By Sada Ballard

Every order-loving mother knows the annoyance caused by clippings, scraps of cloth, string, cards, spools and the many other things that young children play with for a time, then tire of and leave around on the tables and chairs. No mother wishes to rob her children of their possessions, however trashy they may seem; yet oftentimes they feel compelled to destroy much of the litter, if the home is to be kept in a tidy condition. How much better to do so in a way that leaves sunshine instead of shadow behind. One mother has taken the pleasant way of buying many of the trifling things which her children hoard. When she discovers piles of clippings accumulating, boxes and drawers getting over-crowded, and a reign of disorder at hand, she brings

forth a few pennies and offers to buy—with the privilege of destroying—all of the stuff they are willing to part with. Usually she can purchase all the trash one child has for a cent, but if there seems to be a clinging desire for what really is rubbish, another penny is offered for the remainder, and usually it is accepted. The child is then encouraged in saving the pennies to buy some desired toy.

Apple or Raspberry Dumpling—Two cups of sour cream, even spoon baking soda to each cup cream, salt, just sufficient flour to roll. Lay fruit on and roll. Leave space in pudding bag for expansion. If there is no cream use one-half cup shortening, or a little better than one-quarter cup and two cups sour milk. Boil to two and one-half or three hours.



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For further information see the Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison Advertisement on Page 43