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brings City Styles to Country Homes

FLEET FOOT Shoes enable women and girls on the farms to wear the same smart summer footwear as their sisters are wearing in the cities.

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ALADDIN Homes



"Aladdin Homes" The Home Builder's Book

Every man should read "Aladdin Homes," a beautiful book with a message for those who contemplate building. Completely illustrated with pictures and plans of over 100 houses, this book has helped thousands save money in building their ideal home.

"Aladdin Homes" tells the whole story of Aladdin Read-Cut Houses. Tells how they save you money by eliminating waste in material from the raw state to the finished home. Tells how all costly waste time and labor is done away with.

Let Aladdin save you money in building. Send stamps for "Aladdin Homes." Send stamps to-day for Catalogue W-14.



Canadian Aladdin Co., Limited

C. P. R. Building, Toronto, Ontario

U. S. A. Address: THE ALADDIN CO. Bay City, Mich.



Justin could find nothing to balance his scale of decision while his wife's unexpected encouragement robbed him of everything but surprise. He dashed back to his work, for the time, just an overgrown boy with the prospect of an alluring holiday dancing before him.

The next morning after he had gone, began a most eventful week. From an old trunk in the attic, Marcia dragged forth all the equipment that had belonged to her college course in household decoration—plans, sketches, color suggestions. All through the happy morning she worked, rejecting, deciding. Then pinning on her broad hat she went into the village, where at least they carried a full line of paints. From the somewhat bewildered paint man she hurried back home just as the hired men were leaving the fields. She watched them wander away, until only Jim, who had always been her staunch friend, was left.

"Come on in, Jim," she invited. "I've got the coolest lemonade you ever drank."

She smiled her most winning smile, a quirky smile that brought out a dimple in her chin, and Jim, obeying the smile, followed her into the long kitchen where he proceeded to drink countless glasses of the quenching drink and consume large quantities of Marcia's golden sponge cake. When his inner man was satisfied, Marcia told him her plan.

"I want you to help me, Jim," she said. "You're handy with a hammer and saw, and that's really all that's necessary. I expect the wallboard to-morrow, and the house simply must be finished by the time Justin comes back. Will you help me?"

Jim turned a fiery red at this plea from his divinity.

"Bet your gosh-darned bottom dollar I will," he chuckled, and swallowing excitedly, he hurried off to get his tools in shape.

He was as good as his word. With a boy to help, he and Marcia started work the next day, laboring from early morning till the late summer light failed them, but it was work that went so easily and with so little effort that only satisfaction followed in its wake. The panels were soon nailed in place over the old, disfigured walls, and the few partitions she had decided upon quickly installed. Then followed the painting in the artistic colors that Marcia had chosen.

At last it was finished. Every chair was in place, and each lamp lighted. In a new white dress, with her hair in the soft, loose way Justin liked best, Marcia waited for her husband and their guest. She felt all aglow. Something had happened to her, she scarcely knew what,

but once those ugly walls had disappeared, that uglier barrier that had built itself between her husband seemed crumbling. She forgot that one sore point on which Justin had been stubborn, and remembered only how dear he had always been. She wanted his arms about her, wanted him to share in her happiness.

They were coming. She heard the station's one auto bus at the gate; heard Justin's step on the porch. He was coming for the lantern. She opened the door to his startled eyes. "Don't let Ellen know it's new," she whispered, hysterically, and then ran down to the waiting guest.

Justin stood rooted to the spot. Was this his house—this lovely, gracious place? Was this the living room he had left a week ago—a mere place to rest tired limbs, and found now a place to rest a tired soul? The same chintzes hung at the windows, the same old mahogany was in its accustomed place; on the floor he saw the dim colors of familiar rugs. But the background! Softly lighted, the room threw back warm, buff tints from its smooth, gleaming walls, and in a new harmony even the chairs and tables took on a changed aspect and dignity.

He wandered into the next room. It was a dining room. They had never had a dining room before, as the huge kitchen had served the two purposes. Magic partitions had now appeared, and he gazed at lovely, dull blue walls, and glimpsed beyond what Marcia had always dreamt of—a shining, white kitchen. A lump rose in Justin's throat. He had robbed her of all this, that her heart had hungered for, and she had got it without him. He had lost a precious chance for bulls and tractors and a farm. Could he ever get it back? He stood there blindly, lantern forgotten, and then he heard Ellen exclaim:

"Marcia, how lovely, how perfect. I knew you would be the queen of a charming home."

And then Marcia's dear voice with laughter and tears together answered: "Queen? But what's a queen without a king? Justin, dear, where is the lantern?"

She came through the doorway, smiling, radiant, in her white dress, so like the bride of a few years ago.

He turned to her wistfully, and felt her warm arms about his neck. He laid his rough cheek against her shining hair.

"We'll begin all over again, Marcia," he whispered, but she only came closer. "Let's not," she murmured contentedly, "let's just go on."

How We Do The Work: a side light on Modern Photography

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale
Illustrated by the Author.

NO doubt my readers, in The Western Home Monthly, have wondered just how we do get the hummingbird with the fluttering wings extended, the eagle shuddering in its dive, muskrats fighting in the water, decoying ducks with wings tantalizingly set, myriads of flying birds on one plate, leaping fishes, spouting whales, timid deer, all snapped in the one thousandth of a second. Now firstly—as our good friend would say—I advise any young man or woman who seriously contemplates doing press photography to buy the best and highest priced camera then on the market. The one which took the accompanying illustrations has by now cost as much as a nice small cottage would, but it's just next door to human. Let the camera man do all the advising, but get your lens as big as one and a half inch for a four by five plate. Use films (plates are better but too heavy.) My 2500 films would weigh, if on glass, a prohibitive amount.

Our full outfit consists of one made-to-order Reflex Graflex style camera that will bellow open sixteen inches, with a focal plane shutter and Film Holder, also one Bullet, or Bullseye (also Kodak make) four by five, box camera, for still life and time and concealed pictures. One six foot tripod (brass) and a first class passenger ticket all over the continent.

"Let's make a different picture, just for fun," suggested Laddie Jr. The day was a scorching hot one in August, and we were at our main shanty on the Beaver. "We've done all sorts of stunts with the maskinonge," he went on, "most drowned me too doing them, what about a picture with a bass?"

Well, we laid our heads together, you know the old saying about two being better than one, and the next thing was, the boy, all dressed nicely as a city boy going a-fishing should, with rod and line and landing net, and nice white ducks daintily trying for bass off our wee wharf. By golly! he's got one!—and I pictured him landing it still the nice clean little city boy.

Within ten minutes he ran along that same wharf—Billy to an inch, bare feet, "cow's breakfast," faded cotton sweater, just as you see your neighbour's boy dressed when he's off "goin' fishing."

Twiddling his toes, cool and comfortable, he baits his hook with a big worm and flops it in for a bass—nothing doing—the young rascal grins—stiffens—stares at the tugging line and in hearty country boy fashion throws out a big black bass clear over his head—I am re-setting like mad—over the wharf he stumbles, like hard overhead throw overbalances him and—splash!—he strikes the water. I admit we had to do that splash over again