

## Paw Tries Out the "Teria" Idea

By Edith G. Bayne

Paw Brownlow has always been boss in his own home. There are reasons for this. First, he isn't naturally the hen-pecked type, and second he is a creative genius, and the creative instinct seldom brooks restraint or interference of any kind. Paw Brownlow, though a farmer, is thoroughly alive to new ideas and retains an open and unprejudiced mind, and he possesses in a generous degree, as well, that divine discontent which is said to be the motive power of all great enterprises. He is prominent in all good works, is secretary of the cheese board and treasurer of the school board, is deacon of his church and local justice of the peace, and in between whiles he manages to operate successfully a quarter-section of land. If he hadn't elected to become a farmer he would just naturally have ended up in the class of Edison, Hoover, McAdoo, Geddes, Northcliffe or Lloyd-George, for from his earliest youth he was slated to be a leader—a leader of men that is.

It is only when Paw attempts to give Maw and the girls advice that he "gets in bad." As Maw says, it's all right for Paw to have ideas—she'll give him his due—but when he insists on forcing these ideas on the domestic sector of the line, then she feels it is overstepping his jurisdiction.

"Every time your Paw goes to Winnipeg or Saskatoon," she tells the girls, "I get a terrible sinkin' feelin' (as the nerve-pill advertisements an' testimonials say), for I jest know as well as anythin' he'll come home with a whole grist o' new ideas!"

And she shakes her head mournfully.

Paw paid a visit to Winnipeg recently—the first in quite a long time—and when he got home he started right in to tell about some of the brand new wrinkles he had run across. They were new to him, but not necessarily a novelty to the "wimmen folks" however, as they shortly told him.

"Jest think, girls! They got places to eat where you don't sit down to tables an' be waited on at all!" he burst out, as soon as he had put his valise down.

"What do you do then?" demanded Millie, not catching on at once. "I suppose he means those high marble counters, Maw, where you have to climb up on a tall stool and keep your feet on a brass rail—"

"No I don't any sich thing! Listen now, all you wimmen, an' I'll tell you; first you go in at the gate or door, or whatever it is, an' gen'rally you'll find you're at the tail end of a long grub line—"

"Paw Brownlow!" exclaimed Maw, in horrified accents. "Do you mean to say you were in a—bread-line?"

"Sh-h, Maw!" interrupted Tillie, "thank heaven we've brought him up to know better than to bum a meal! Paw's got the floor. Go on, Paw."

"—You foller the person ahead an' do just as he (or she) does—"

"Oh, it's a mixed crowd!" Maw put in, suspiciously.

"Well what'd you s'pose it was—a stag party?" demanded her husband, testily. "Now pay attention so's you'll all know how to act when next you go to the city. You keep movin' up an' soon you see a pile o' trays an' a pile o' paper napkins an' a pile o' knives, forks and spoons, an' you jest help yourself—"

"Aint there no cop watchin' to see you don't slide some spoons into your pocket?" Maw put in innocently, but Paw took no notice of her.

"—an' as you move along you grab up a cup an' saucer, a tumbler of water (drawn from an ice-cold filter), a patty of butter, a bun, two hunks o' bread, or as many as you want, some plates an' things, an' this fetches you opposite a row o' heaters. Behind these heaters stand two or three dames dishin' up the hot part o' your meal—meat an' vegetables an' gravy—an' when you get what you want you pass on to where

the desserts are all set out. You can have four or five kinds if you like to pay for that many. Well, you head for a table—oh, no, I nearly forgot! You have to pass in front of a checker first an' she counts up, after a careful inspection, the cost o' your dinner an' picks off a ticket from a rack with a number on it. This she puts on a tray with the number down—I s'pose so the guy behind you don't see it an' size you up for a poor prune—"

"Or a reckless spender!" Millie interjected.

"At the cafeteria where I eat," said Tillie, with a slight yawn, "they punch your price on a slip of paper."

"Cafeteria! That's the name! I was tryin' to remember what they called it," said Paw. "Well, this number is the price the cashier is goin' to stick you goin' out, but if you don't take a peek at it afore you eat you can make out a purty good meal. It pays you to lick up all the crumbs anyhow, or if you feel too full you can slip a bun or a piece o' pie in your pocket. You've paid for it—or you're goin' to—an' you may as well get the benefit o' the last scrap. Passin' out you leave your empty dishes on a counter an' hand over your money to the girl in a square cage, helpin' yourself to a toothpick while she makes change. Now the groceteria is jest the same, only different. Say you want a can o' coffee, two pounds o' rice, a box o' matches, six bars o' soap an' a box o' raisins. You pick these things up an' move along to a checker an' a cashier an' if you like they'll lend you a basket, which if you brought back you can get a refund on. If it was me I'd carry my own or else one o' them there string bags. Well, you get your goods parcelled, interview the cashier, settle the damages and pass out. Ain't it simple?"

"What if I wanted a broom, a washboard, fifty pounds o' sugar, a tub an' a jar o' vinegar?" asked Maw, thinking to stump him.

"Why they'd send them, that's all. Now, girls, what do you think of the 'teria' idea?"

"Old stuff," remarked Millie, serenely. "Is it only now you've discovered that we had such handy arrangements in our cities and towns? Oh you Rip Van Winkle!"

"At the last W. G. G. A. convention

I made acquaintance with the 'teria' idea," remarked May, coolly. "So you ain't springin' nothin' new on the old woman Paw."

"Well, well, I ain't tryin' to make any o' you out green. It's only that I got a first-rate idea!"

"Another one!" moaned Millie. "Tillie, get the ice-bag an' put it to his head!" said Maw, with a sigh. "He's got another spell of inventiveness!"

But Paw wasn't to be damped so easily.

"I vote that we give this 'teria' scheme a try-out right here to home," he suggested, with enthusiasm.

"How here?" demanded Maw, "ain't you satisfied with the way we dish up the grub?"

"Now, now, don't get het up, Maw. Course I'm satisfied. I jest thought this new gag would save you folks work."

"Save your grandmother! If you think you're goin' to save us work by sech a fool idea—"

"A procession at every meal!" interjected Tillie, wrathfully. "The grub spread out all over the place and everybody using a tray! Nix! You must wait for another think, dear Paw."

But look at the work an' the steps it'd save you wimmen! Gosh girl, ain't you livin' in an age o' science an' inventions? This here is a step towards that emancipation o' wimmen that you're always harpin' about. What's more you don't need to stop at a cafeteria. You can incorporate the idea into the work o' each day in the week. Mondays there would be a washateria, Tuesdays an ironateria, Wednesdays a bakateria, Thursdays, a scrubateria, Fridays a cleanateria, an' on Saturdays a churnateria."

"An' Sundays we'd all have hysteria," said Maw, with a moan of suppressed anguish.

"Now Paw you beat it," said Millie, firmly. "If you're so struck on the teria notion go out to the barn, and between you and Jake maybe you can organize a choreteria."

"Well, all right for you!" remarked Paw as he hung up his felt hat and took down his trusty straw cow's breakfast. "Next time, I try to show you girls a labor-savin' device you'll know it!"

He went out to the barn and after having given Jake a piece of his mind because he had neglected to have the old set of harness mended, and the broken slats in the cowyard fence fixed

The late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who died recently, enriched American literature with numerous poems. Perhaps the following is one of her best known efforts.

### THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE

(Written on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral)

The Queen is taking a drive to-day:  
They have hung with purple the carriage-way.  
They have dressed with purple the royal track  
Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labor as she goes by  
On her last appearance to mortal eye:  
With heads uncovered let all men wait  
For the Queen to pass, in her regal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way  
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day.  
Kings and Princes and Lords of the land  
Shall ride behind her, an humble band;  
And over the city and over the world  
Shall the flags of all Nations be half-mast furled,  
For the silent lady of royal birth  
Who is riding away from the Courts of earth.  
Riding away from the world's unrest  
To a mystical goal, on a secret quest

Though in royal splendor she drives through town  
Her robes are simple, she wears no crown;  
And yet she wears one; for, widowed no more,  
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,  
And crowned with the love she has left behind  
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low your heads—lift your hearts on high—  
The Queen in silence is driving by!

and the east field plowed and the garden dug he relapsed moodily on to a bench outside the tool-house and began to ponder the feasibility of organizing the barn help along teria lines. He didn't usually give the city fellows much credit for enterprise or industry, but this was one instance he admitted to himself, where they had won out ahead. At the end of an hour he began to wonder what on earth those women were putting in their time at. It ought to be dinner time. Another hour passed and Paw was just beginning to get real mad, thinking about it, when at last the dinner-hour sounded. Jake and young Bill, the two hired men, started on a run for the house and beat Paw to it by a go!

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