

GENE STRATTON-PORTER SAYS: 'One Way to Make a Home'

House and Furniture Do Not Make a Home—Tolerance, Respect, Real Love Are the Basic Essentials.

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER, Famous Author of "Freddie," "The Girl of the Limb," etc.

Granting that a combination of personal necessities and the finest architecture possible has evolved a building large enough for comfort, small enough for convenience, and appealingly attractive, still it is not a home.

Its potentialities bear just as heavily toward the divorce court as toward the haven of contentment, unless it is used in the right way by the right kind of people.

Personally, I am a firm believer in the Master of the House.

My father was my ideal man, and he was most essentially the master of his home.

He performed most of the work that brought the money.

He knew what he could afford to spend on a given occasion.

He had a very definite idea as to the position of the mistress of the home.

He knew exactly how he wanted the children reared and educated.

He laid down the law, and no one obeyed it quite so proudly and so gladly as my mother.

In all my life I never heard my father speak an unkind or an ill-advised word in his home.

I never saw my mother treated with anything short of the most scrupulous deference.

She was always consulted about

when the bride said to him: "Now, Bishop, you might as well change that 'obey' clause. I have not the slightest intention of obeying my husband."

And the bishop answered: "My child, you little realize the blessings obedience. If I perform your marriage ceremony, the 'obey' clause will stand, and you will pledge yourself to keep it."

Lawless Husbands and Wives.

A great deal is being written in the present days about children who show no respect for their parents and who are rude and disobedient. Such a state of affairs is quite impossible in a home where husband and wife obey each other, show each other consideration and respect, and treat their children in the same manner from their birth.

The Keynote.

I never have been intimately acquainted with any women who found more joy in this procedure.

It is quite true that she obeyed my father more quickly and willingly than we children obeyed him; on the other hand, it is equally true that he obeyed her when she issued any command in her province.

This, perhaps, was the keynote of the situation: each had a definite but a distinct province, and neither made any effort to encroach on the prerogatives of the other.

I think the whole matter lay in the nutshell that my mother had the good sense not to request that my father do anything which would conflict with his religious, political or social principles.

He knew her convictions equally well, and respected her intelligence in the same way.

I was personally acquainted with the bishop who was rehearsing a bridal couple for their marriage.

Gene Stratton-Porter Says:

Personally, I am a firm believer in the Master of the House.

Polished floors, artistic decorations, and modern conveniences do not constitute a home, since these really form only the shell.

It makes no difference whether a newly-wedded couple are beginning life in the mansion of a millionaire or in the tiniest apartment. If they do not start with mutual respect, with mutual love, with a united purpose, they will never evolve a real home.

It is the lawless husband and wife who think it smart to spar, to be saucy, without the least regard as to how deeply it may cut, who have rude, disobedient children.

Children are imitative little beings. They behave in public as they have been allowed to behave in their homes.

My mother had the good sense not to request that my father do anything which would conflict with his religious, political or social principles. He knew her convictions equally well and respected her intelligence in the same way.



I am well aware that these conditions are not met with so frequently in these days as they were among our forefathers; but I am also aware that if we want our nation to be the power among other nations, to which our courage, achievement, wealth and intelligence entitle us, we must get back closer to the old standards of home life, since the home is the foundation stone upon which our nation must stand or fall.

Where the Wife is Silly.

The ideal conditions outlined above produce the sane, level-headed, reasoning men and women who are standing firmly for things of good report in our country today.

In those unfortunate homes where the man is ideal and the woman is a silly, irresponsible and extravagant creature, there comes the old problem of the man's having to do the best in his power by himself; but it seems to me that in many such cases, if a man would have patience, if he would be what his name implies—a man—he might win his wife more nearly to his ideals, and he might be able to fashion his home life more nearly to his desires and in accordance with the needs of his country.

Conversely, there are many splendid women with big hearts, sane heads and strong bodies, married to immoral, irresponsible men, wholly lacking in business ability.

In such cases, the burdens fall on the woman. She can only do all that lies in her power to evolve from her surroundings something as nearly as possible her ideal of a home, which, frequently, involves finding a way to pay the bills, not only for herself and the children, but for her husband as well.

Sometimes these conditions grow so exaggerated that it is better that men and women should separate and remove from the sight of their children and parent who is feather-bedded and parent who is feather-bedded.

'Obey' Is a Necessary Part of the Marriage Contract—Must be Both a Master and a Mistress.

He may be the good in each one of us. He may be the invisible hand that evolves and governs the universe. He may be a great personality sitting on a far throne, ruling the worlds inexorably.

Whatever He is, He is truly the spirit of worship that is born in the heart of every living creature when it begins to palpitate as a separate entity.

Country's Greatest Need.

I was deeply moved by the story of a little boy who stood entranced listening to the exquisite, pulsing, throbbing, maddening song of the cardinal grosbeak.

A woman came by and stood listening with him. She said to the little fellow: "What do you think the bird is saying?"

He studied the matter very seriously for a minute, and then he answered her: "I think he says, 'Keep the home fires burning.'"

This is the best message that anyone can convey to the boys and girls of our nation as they approach manhood and womanhood and begin to take up the responsibilities of life. The one thing above all others most essential to our progress as a nation is to "keep the home fires burning."

He may be the good in each one of us. He may be the invisible hand that evolves and governs the universe. He may be a great personality sitting on a far throne, ruling the worlds inexorably.

Whatever He is, He is truly the spirit of worship that is born in the heart of every living creature when it begins to palpitate as a separate entity.

Country's Greatest Need.

I was deeply moved by the story of a little boy who stood entranced listening to the exquisite, pulsing, throbbing, maddening song of the cardinal grosbeak.

A woman came by and stood listening with him. She said to the little fellow: "What do you think the bird is saying?"

He studied the matter very seriously for a minute, and then he answered her: "I think he says, 'Keep the home fires burning.'"

This is the best message that anyone can convey to the boys and girls of our nation as they approach manhood and womanhood and begin to take up the responsibilities of life. The one thing above all others most essential to our progress as a nation is to "keep the home fires burning."

"Up From the Death Cell" The Story of a Man Who Won a Fight Against Big Odds

BY JOHN W. KANE.

Curly Kane Again Enters the Penitentiary, This Time Under the Name of Convict No. 1666

SYNOPSIS.

This is the true story of an adventurous youth, Curly Kane, once cowboy and Philippine campaigner. In a western state he kills two street carmen while trying to hold them up, is betrayed by an older criminal, and escapes lynching by being hurried from jail in disguise. His first step toward regeneration is a confession. He is convicted of murder and sentenced to die on June 24, 1904, being given his choice of hanging or shooting. During 12 months in Murderers' Row in the penitentiary he hears the shots that legally and the life of another condemned. He wins a new trial and is sentenced to life imprisonment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Within one hour from the time of sentence I was entering the state prison gates. While I had had a prison number during my sixteen months' stay on Murderers' Row, it had not been on my clothing—merely on the records opposite my name. That time, however, I was entering as a regulation time-serving convict, which called not only for a large, stencilled number upon the back of my coat and shirt, but for that coat to be on the regulation round-and-round-striped order.

Before the striped suit of clothes was brought to me, I was ordered to remove my other clothes and step upon the scales. My weight without clothing was but 148 pounds. I had lost an even 14 pounds in the 22 days of my sojourn in the county jail during the trial just finished. Because my food had been reasonably good, I attributed the loss to that severe strain of three weeks.

My first meal in that convict dining-room happened to be one of the best served during the week. It was good roast pork, white bread, brown gravy and black coffee. The evening meal of that day though was what I thought terrible; it was made up of codfish boiled in straight water, bread and a cup of stuff called tea—which liquid had in it neither milk nor sugar.

In doing my part in "the old serpent"—the long lock-step line of striped convicts—I marched next behind a very short man. In front of him marched an unusually tall fellow. So the ridiculousness of that mad parade portion of the line might be imagined; the short fellow having to reach up in order to lay his hands

salute these fellows?"

"Salute nothing!" he answered my last question first, eyeing me eloquently. "Now, you don't salute unless you get a chance to salute one of 'em with a club. Just go on 'rta that door there and you'll see an old bald-headed settin' over across by a window. He's the one you want to report to, see?"

"All right—thanks," I returned, walking on and wondering if the fellow who had advised the club salute was as tough as he looked and talked. A little later I found that he was really tough—he had killed another convict with a knife some three years before.

I walked straight across to where the bald-headed personage was seated. He looked scornfully at me. "I was told to report here," I said. "I don't know."

"Well, I know," he informed me. "You came to work for me."

"For you?" I questioned, wanting him to say enough for me to classify him some way.

"Yes, for me—are you mad about it?"

I had him sized up, and believed it a place for diplomacy.

"No, sir—I'm not mad about it," I answered, looking him straight in the eye without a smile. "I believe I'd rather work under you than under any other man I've seen around here."

"Some of 'em don't think that way," he chuckled, "but I think we'll get along all right. Come this way, Kane." And he started diagonally across between some long tables, where convicts were tying up socks, and I followed.

A few of the shorn-headed convicts looked up at me as we passed, but most of them appeared to be interested in their work in a way indicative of a desire to beat the other fellow. A little later I found out the reason for their haste.

At the Sock Machine.

My bald-headed conductor stopped by a table and addressed a small, stoop-shouldered fellow:

"Rogers, take Kane here and show him how to make socks." And then the spokesman turned back to me.

"Now just be patient, Kane—sock-making is something that isn't learned in a few minutes. Rogers will give you all the ideas about it, and it will be up to you to do the rest."

With that the bald-headed man, who was in fact the superintendent of the shops there—where socks, clothing, shoes, brushes, saddle cinches, etc., were made—walked away.

Have you ever worked one of these things? Rogers inquired, as he took a cloth from over what appeared to be a kind of miniature cider press. "It's a new business to me," I answered.

"Well, I can't say that it's worth learning," He reached for a rib—the top part of the kind of socks that I was to manufacture for the state. "But here we go."

I watched him as he began to attach each little loop at the end of the rib threads over a small upright darning-needle contrivance; and when the whole thing was made fast, two cotton threads were attached so that by turning a small crank the knitting process was put into action. There was a way of lowering certain needles to make the narrow places in the sock, also a way of running in different colored threads for the heels and toes. All of it was to me so

built up as nobody would dream of."

"How much money would it take to begin with?" was my next inquiry.

"You know, twenty dollars in here," he laughed, glancing toward the bald-headed superintendent across the room—"that's equal to several thousand outside."

Our talk was cut short by the approach of the superintendent.

"How's Kane making out?" he asked my instructor.

"Seems to have trouble in getting the loops over—his eyes water a bit," Rogers told him.

"Perhaps I've been reading too long at a time," I suggested, quick to sense my instructor's idea of helping me to get away from that job. "No doubt my eyes will get better soon."

The old man watched me for a moment, then, without another word, walked away.

I Am Promoted.

"I'll put you next to something now," Rogers spoke in a low and confidential tone. "They sometimes put a high-strung fellow on this job just to try him out; that is, to see if he'll do whatever he's told. You're gold" at it just right. The old man likes you—any time he calls a guy by his name rather than his number, he likes him—and the chances are you won't be here long. Stick it out a few days, or even a few weeks, if you can."

I did manage to stick it out for a few weeks—a little over five. Then one afternoon came the first change.

The old man watched me for a moment, then, without another word, walked away.

I Am Promoted.

"I'll put you next to something now," Rogers spoke in a low and confidential tone. "They sometimes put a high-strung fellow on this job just to try him out; that is, to see if he'll do whatever he's told. You're gold" at it just right. The old man likes you—any time he calls a guy by his name rather than his number, he likes him—and the chances are you won't be here long. Stick it out a few days, or even a few weeks, if you can."

I did manage to stick it out for a few weeks—a little over five. Then one afternoon came the first change.

The old man watched me for a moment, then, without another word, walked away.

I Am Promoted.

"I'll put you next to something now," Rogers spoke in a low and confidential tone. "They sometimes put a high-strung fellow on this job just to try him out; that is, to see if he'll do whatever he's told. You're gold" at it just right. The old man likes you—any time he calls a guy by his name rather than his number, he likes him—and the chances are you won't be here long. Stick it out a few days, or even a few weeks, if you can."

I did manage to stick it out for a few weeks—a little over five. Then one afternoon came the first change.

The old man watched me for a moment, then, without another word, walked away.

I Am Promoted.

"I'll put you next to something now," Rogers spoke in a low and confidential tone. "They sometimes put a high-strung fellow on this job just to try him out; that is, to see if he'll do whatever he's told. You're gold" at it just right. The old man likes you—any time he calls a guy by his name rather than his number, he likes him—and the chances are you won't be here long. Stick it out a few days, or even a few weeks, if you can."

I did manage to stick it out for a few weeks—a little over five. Then one afternoon came the first change.

The old man watched me for a moment, then, without another word, walked away.

I Am Promoted.

"I'll put you next to something now," Rogers spoke in a low and confidential tone. "They sometimes put a high-strung fellow on this job just to try him out; that is, to see if he'll do whatever he's told. You're gold" at it just right. The old man likes you—any time he calls a guy by his name rather than his number, he likes him—and the chances are you won't be here long. Stick it out a few days, or even a few weeks, if you can."

I was called from my sock machine and told to go to the shop office. There I found both the warden and the deputy warden.

"Kane, how are you?" asked the warden, who had the appearance of a United States senator, and had—learned later—an appetite like Philip the Seventh of Spain.

"Fairly well, thank you, warden," I answered.

"I sent for you, Kane," he went on, "to tell you that you're to be transferred to the bakery. That will be a much better job in every way, and you'll be transferred to the first grade at once. Now our rule ordinarily is to keep a man in the lower grade for the first three months, but we want to begin with you by meeting you a

little bit more than half-way if we can. So you may consider yourself relieved from the shop work, and you may go and move all your belongings to the first-grade cellhouse immediately."

"I appreciate that, warden," I replied, "and it shall be my effort to try to show my appreciation."

"All right, Kane—we'll remember that," he returned.

A moment later I was walking across the inner court, conscious of the fact that I was already gaining ground.

I STUDY LAW.

CHAPTER XXIV. MONDAY.

(Copyright, 1923, in the United States and Canada, Great Britain and South America by the North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.)

THE Mutual Life of Canada has acquired an experience of over half a century of life insurance. It has studied the results of thousands and thousands of policies. Our experience convinces us that for the average family man the most useful and economical form of insurance is the profit-participating, long-term, endowment policy. This policy matures at a specified advanced age, but is of course payable at prior death if that age be not attained.

Annual dividends are paid to holders of these policies and results will surprise those who have not realized what Mutual profit-participation can accomplish towards lessening the cost of life insurance. On some of these long-term endowment policies, taken out in youth, policyholders at maturity have actually received in cash 100% more than they have deposited with the Company as premiums!

This form of insurance provides against both premature death and helpless old age.

Accident and Disability Clauses

For a small additional premium, the Company will add the provision that should the assured at any time be overtaken by permanent disability no further premiums shall be payable, and furthermore, the Company will pay the assured a monthly income during the continuance of such disability. And if desired a still further privilege may be secured—namely, a double indemnity in the event of death by accident—that is, the Company will pay the face value of the policy.

Mutual Long-Term Endowment thus furnishes fourfold insurance protection—first against death, second against old age, third against disability, and fourth against accident. At the same time profits so reduce the cost of insurance as to make this policy an investment yielding not only all that it costs, but all the way from 25 to 100% more according to age and length of the endowment term.

Fill in and mail the coupon below and we will send you particulars about this policy.

Fourfold Protection for a Family Man

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Please send me detailed information as to the Mutual Life of Canada, particularly concerning the plan of policy I have specified below.

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____ Province _____

Policy Plan _____ Age _____

POST'S

BRAN FLAKES

A LAXATIVE FOOD

Now you'll like Bran!

At All Grocers