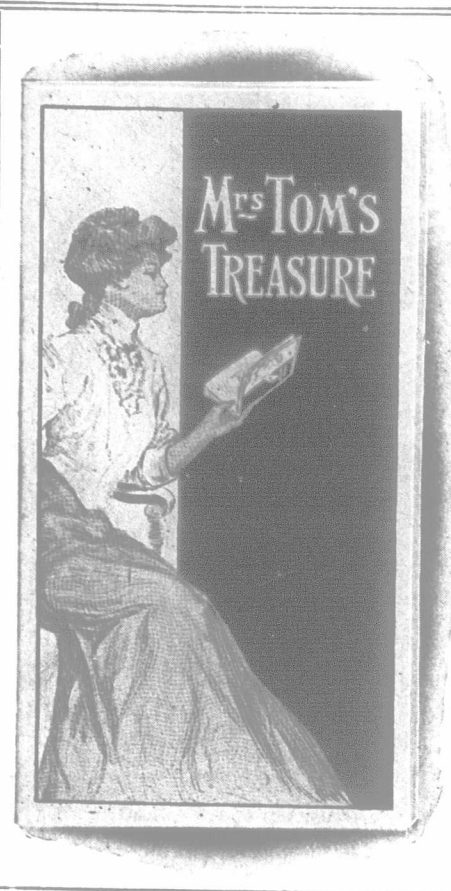




FREE FOR THE ASKING

Mrs. Tom's Treasure is a booklet issued by this firm from year to year, and its contents are so interesting both to the stove dealers and housekeepers that we have to increase the issue every year to supply the demand.

It deals in a very interesting manner with a model kitchen, describing the wall, floors, sink, tables, kitchen cabinet, etc. It describes a complete outfit of kitchen furniture and utensils which every kitchen should contain. **Table of weights, equivalents and proportions** in cooking are fully described.

AVERAGE TIME IN COOKING.—A complete table is given for average time in cooking roast and boiled meats, vegetables, bread, pastry, puddings, etc., which is very valuable information for the cook.

ECONOMIES IN COOKING MEATS.—This is a very good talk on how to prepare meats for boiling or roasting.

MARKETING POINTERS.—This deals with the proper kinds and most economical meats to buy, and the kinds not to buy.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—Describes very extensively the different ways of working in the kitchen, how to clean copper kettles, make blacklead stay on ranges, removing grease from ranges, etc.

THE BOOKLET also gives valuable information about cooking ranges, both in cast iron and steel, and a full line of **TREASURE STOVES** and **RANGES** are illustrated in same.

This firm has gone to a good deal of trouble and expense in getting out **MRS. TOM'S TREASURE**, which ought to be in the hands of every housekeeper, and will be sent absolutely **FREE** by sending a post card to:

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Do Mothers Know Their Daughters?

By Laura Douglas White.

If every mother who reads these lines would face this question honestly: "What do I think of my own daughter's manners?" and then follow it by another: "Is the girl I know the one her friends and schoolmates know?" and not only ask these questions, but obtain an honest answer, there would be many a heart-ache saved in the years to come! For I contend that the average American girl in her teens to-day is a girl her own mother is to blame for, and one of whom she would be deeply ashamed did she know what her daughter often does and is.

The average girl between fourteen and seventeen years of age as you now find her in America is a different girl from the one her mother knows. And why? We, as American mothers, have—consciously or unconsciously, God knows!—taken the stand that, because our daughters are American girls, the laws of parent and chaperon guidance which safeguard the girls of other nations are not necessary. Our daughters may be "free and easy" with men and boys—that is but their high spirits, since as they are American girls—it could be nothing more!

Their lack of discretion, their common habit of dropping into the business places of their men friends on various pretexts, the equally common habit of writing to and meeting any actor who will give them the opportunity, their free use of the telephone in calling up Tom, Dick or Harry—all that is but typical of the times, you know. No harm in that!

No harm to be the ones to get up dances and theater parties, and then ask men to be their escorts. No harm constantly to offer carriage and auto rides to their men and boy friends. Merely an American girl trait, an example of her freedom from the petty laws that hedge in the girls of other lands. No harm!

The tendency of our social life and of the day is toward the breaking down of the barriers of reserve that restricted our grandmothers. And the daughters of to-day do and say things—questionable things—that none of our ancestors would have considered compatible with common decency! If you do not believe this,

Poultry Fencing that is Stronger than Seems Necessary

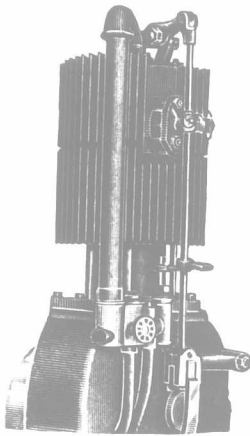
We make our poultry fencing close enough to turn small fowl—then we make it extra strong, so it will last for years and keep the cattle out. The heavy, hard steel top and bottom wires hold it taut and prevent it from sagging.

PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE SAVES EXPENSE

It is well galvanized so as to protect it from rust. It makes such a firm, upstanding fence that it requires less than half the posts needed for the ordinary poultry fence, and that means a big saving to you. Write for particulars.

We make farm and ornamental fences and gates of exceptional quality. Agents wanted where not now represented.

The Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
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THE PREMIER

has sufficient cooling surface, and will work for hours on a 20% overload. When writing, please state the uses you intend putting the engine to.

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The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL Speech. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

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look about you. There is plenty of proof! And for this the American mother is to blame!

THERE IS UNBELIEVABLE CORRUPTION IN THE SCHOOLS.

In our high school a teacher picked up two notes, one written on the back of the other. The first had been written by a girl of thirteen. Her father was on the school board. Her mother was a woman of the noblest principles, but she closed her eyes blindly to any possible fault in her children. When her elder daughter was expelled from school, the father brought about her reinstatement and the teacher's dismissal. This younger girl was wilder than her sister, but the teacher was unprepared to find even in her the depravity that this note revealed. It was filled with the vilest of expressions. This boy of fifteen had replied in kind, and mentioned similar letters he was sending to other girls, showing that many were concerned in this indecency. This is no uncommon occurrence, and mothers would be horrified did they know of the subjects that are talked of between their daughters and their boy acquaintances. The teacher tore up this note and said nothing, knowing it useless to show this mother even such proof as her daughter's own writing. The girl became one of the worst in the town, and at fifteen had to be sent away from school because of her reputation! Had that mother not been so foolishly blind, what might she not have done to help her daughter!

In one of our large cities, a girl of sixteen was out every night with a crowd of boys and girls. Where did they go? Did the mother of this girl know? When complaints of this "merry crowd" reached an aunt of the girl, she went to the mother with these same questions. She did not know, but: "Alice is old enough to take care of herself anyway. Let her go while she's young!" When the aunt told of the complaints the mother became very indignant at her for daring to repeat such things. Later, a park policeman reported to the father indecent actions on the part of his child in the park. Again the mother would not even question her daughter, nor did she curtail the nightly liberty at all. It was not until this sixteen-year-old child eloped with a boy of eighteen that she was brought to her senses, and then, her only cry was: "Oh, how could she deceive me so!" It was not the mother who was deceived. It was the girl—betrayed by a mother's love that offered no protection nor safeguard to the girlish nature! On whose head, think you, should rest the blame?

It is not necessary, however, to look for such extremes as these in your daughter. Look at her every-day speech and manners. Has she grown into the loose, slangy way of talking that is common among the average young people to-day?

In the small town in which we live, bi-monthly dances are given in the Opera House. These dances are the social events of the winter, the mothers and fathers attending as well as the sons and daughters. It is at one of these really exclusive affairs that a young man slid over to the girl sitting beside me.

"Hello, there, Fossie!" (Her name was Lilian Foster, that being too much for him, he abbreviated her surname.) "Anybody got a lasso 'round your neck for the next dance?"

"Sure, Mike!" she promptly replied. "What do you take me for—a wall flower? Get busy and sign your fist here for the twelfth, and consider yourself lucky!"

This girl's mother was as refined and cultured a woman as I could wish to know. Why could she not see what her daughter was in danger of becoming? And this style of talk is not rare. The pity of it is, that it is the common thing, not among the poorer and uneducated people, mark you, but among the young people of our good families!

And now, let me go back to what I asked as a second question: "Is my daughter as I know her, the one her friends know?"

I asked one mother that, and she said resignedly: "Oh, in a way, I suppose not; but I am sure of Helen's principles, and she can not go very far wrong. Her mannerisms, and possible silly doings she will overcome herself in time. I do not