

girls who read this will recognize that picture, for it is my favorite way of entertaining girls. We sit in front of the fireplace and build castles—now these are substantial castles. All castles in the air do not fall, especially when we start them with a foundation of ambition, imagination, sincerity, morality and truth and have far-sighted vision. Besides, all castles must be built in the air—if they are dug under the ground they are dungeons. At any rate, I am going to build air castles till I die. So I like to sit in front of the fireplace and help the girl in the opposite chair build air castles. But I am wandering. I must tell you what Dr. Nan Sperry said:

Two fifteen-year-old girls—twins in a family—were up before the Juvenile Court. Mrs. Sperry became interested in them, and went to their home. They tried to be quiet for a time, but when their sixteenth birthday drew near, the mother told Mrs. Sperry that they were determined to go to a public dance to celebrate it. But Mrs. Sperry told the mother they would get into bad company again. Those twins, however, were determined to go.

Mrs. Sperry asked: "Can't you have a party for them at home?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the mother. "But we're going to have it there just the same," answered Mrs. Sperry.

So they moved the bed out of the front room and all of the other furniture that was in the way and they had a party there. The father and mother became interested in those girls, and after that night those girls had their company at home and such good times that they told Dr. Sperry some months later that they spent nearly all of their evenings home and did not care to go to the public dances any more. Then the big brother complained to Mrs. Sperry one day that the twins were giving their mother more money than he was. So he got a new position to try to help the family more than the girls.

Dr. Sperry urged parents to plan good times for their girls at home. Then she told of her own experience at sixteen—the mysterious beau. You know, every girl at that age has one. I had one my-

self, and my father whipped me for writing to him. Of course, a girl at twenty would never marry the one she liked at sixteen. Girls at sixteen see only through the romantic lens of their eyes. The more drama there is in it the better. The only thing to do is to touch the pride of the girl. Make her feel that "he" is not good enough for her.

Well, Dr. Sperry had exactly the same experience that I had—just because every girl has. If girls can only keep their heads through their teens they will come out all right but, oh! how they need wise mothering at this age to guide and love them through. Alas, many nag them to destruction. Nearly all girls start out good at heart, but the lure of adventure and romanticism urges them into such low places that they bump their heads. Dr. Sperry said she was looking for a small town for her home, and when she finds that town she will live there. It is a town with no cliques, no sets, no snobs.

Then she told of a woman in a little brown house in her girlhood town. Mrs. Sperry said she herself was a snob of the meanest kind, and so were many of her friends, and they never noticed the woman in the little brown house because she did her own washing. One day a tragedy came into the little brown house. The son was dangerously injured—so Mrs. Sperry went down to see if she could be of any assistance. Finally she was left all alone in the afternoon, and she was so lonely she picked up a book. At first the book was dry, so dry she could not read it, but she made herself read through several pages, for she had to do something to kill time. Soon she became interested—she discovered beautiful gems of thought, and she read on and on. Then she thought: "Is this the kind of reading this poor little woman understands? What an experience!" She learned that this woman in the little brown house had a mind so full of beauty and art that she had no time to bother about the snobs. So at that time Mrs. Sperry resigned her interest in cliques and snobs, and began to enjoy the real philosophy of life—that the only life worth living is the one that recog-

nizes one humanity, one brotherhood, one sisterhood. I wonder if there is any other town where the inhabitants snub the woman in "the little brown house."

Reluctantly I came away from that chautauqua. And I thought I had heard men and women representing many walks in life—representing the very pulse of a nation. What did they all emphasize? The Home Life.

Of the Woman movement I heard one or two casual remarks only—but they all plead for the home—the good, pure home where father and mother unite in parental affection in controlling boys and girls.

"What is wrong with the home? What is the matter with the American mother?"

Where are our home-makers? These were questions asked again and again by the different speakers. The home-maker? She who puts soul into a home. The woman who makes a real home is a maker of happiness. She is working not for herself alone, not for her family alone, but for her country, for all humanity. Every boy, every girl, who has a cheerful, happy home, is a magnetized unit for the advancement of the general happiness and well being. The true home is nourished only by friendship, love and human sympathy—and these spread out to the ends of the earth, even from a tiny shack on the prairie. I visited a tiny little house—but it was full of love—there was a home. We wanted to stay.

I visited a great big house and walked from room to room. Love was not there. It was not a home. I wanted to leave.

Records show that few girls who have an ideal home go wrong. The most beautiful occupation in life, says Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "the most interesting and uplifting, is the creating of a home where neatness, order, system, comfort and beauty make themselves apparent to even the casual eye."

I know of nothing else which will do so much for the girl whose ambition is to have a home of her own as the keeping in mind her ideal of what a home should be, and training herself with this ideal always in view.

A Matter of English

Mr. Steele, the principal of the high school, was well known in town as a "stickler" for pure English. He taught correctness of speech in hours and out of hours. Different people acted differently under his advice. Some resented it, some took it meekly. A few did not take it at all. "I don't want to keep on being told what I should say," said Clark, the druggist, one evening to his wife. "I got through school all right long before he ever came here, and I guess I can read a prescription, and write one, too, in good Latin."

Mrs. Clark said nothing, being an excellent wife as well as a tactful woman. She knew that the time would come when she might express herself with effect. So she waited.

She did not have to wait long. One day her husband returned from his work with a green card in his hand, which he thrust before her.

"There," he said, "read that, and tell me what the matter is with the English! Steele stopped in to-day and made some sort of objection to the way it was worded—said people would think I was joking or something. I don't know what his point was; guess he didn't have any, anyway."

He sat down, quite out of breath. "Read it," he said to his wife again. "I'll leave it to you if there is anything wrong. I don't see it, for one."

Mrs. Clark re-read the placard carefully:

We Guarantee

All Drugs used to be of the Best Quality.

"Well, what are you smiling about?" demanded her husband. "I can't see anything funny, for the life of me. What is it?"

"What did you intend to say?" asked Mrs. Clark.

"Why, I just wanted to give the idea that we guarantee that our drugs are the highest quality on the market. Haven't I said it?"

"Now listen, John," said Mrs. Clark. "I'm going to read this out loud, just the way it is written. 'We guarantee.' That's one sentence the way you've got it, because you've put a period after it."

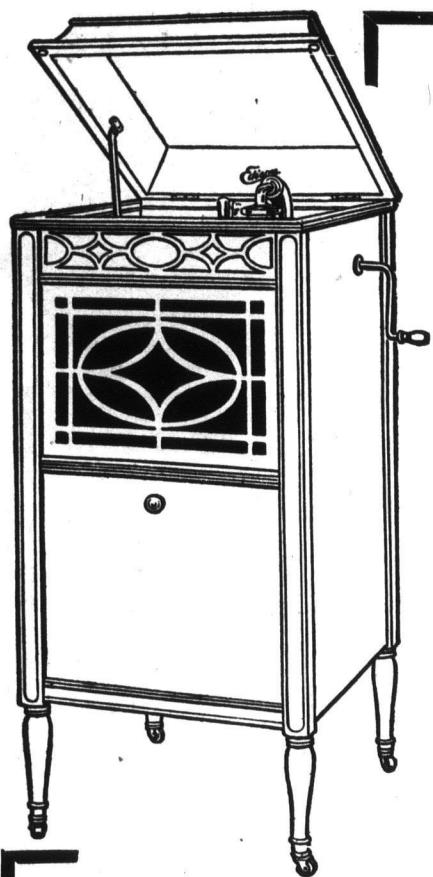
"Then the next sentence says, 'All drugs used to be of the best quality.' 'Used to be,' means 'were once, and aren't now.' Don't you see how it really looks?"

"All people aren't as learned as Mr. Steele and you," said Mr. Clark, slowly.

"No," replied his wife, "not all persons are."

Don't Be Funny

A good story is told of Rev. Samuel Bradburn, the Demosthenes of Methodism, and a contemporary of John Wesley. He was journeying to a distant appointment by stage coach, and while the horses were being changed, walked up and down in front of the inn, profound in his meditations. A young lord, with his valet, were taking the same coach, and noticing the clergyman, asked the landlady who he was. Upon being told, he said, "Oh! a Methodist parson. I must have a little fun with him." Going up to Mr. Bradburn, the young man, who stuttered badly, said, "P—p—pray sir, c—c—can you t—t—tell me h—h—how it w—w—was that B—b—Balaam's ass s—s—spoke?" Seeing the situation in an instant, and realizing that nothing is so confusing to a stammerer as to make him repeat his question, Mr. Bradburn put his hand to his ear as though he were deaf, and said in stentorian tones: "I beg your pardon, sir!" The young lord commenced again, "W—w—would you p—p—please, sir, t—t—tell—" and he got fairly purple in the face trying to get out his funny question. The valet, standing near, came up and shouted into the preacher's ear: "If you please, sir, my master would like you to explain how it was that Balaam's ass spoke." "Oh!" said Bradburn, a look of intelligence lighting up his countenance. "I don't know, excepting that Balaam stuttered so badly that he had to get the ass to speak for him." And he turned and walked away.



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