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All Sorts of Items

In order to save metal a New York physician suggests that women go without corsets for one year.

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The Interference of Bess

By AGNES G. BROGAN

Billy frowned down into the bowl of his stubby pipe, while the girl watched him solicitously.

"But may be," she encouraged, "it is not as bad as you think."

"Dad!" exclaimed Billy wrathfully, "why would I be, if dad married again? Do you think he would put me through college and start me out on my career, if he were interested in a new establishment of his own? No, indeed, his second wife would take my place, and my coming wife's place, in the home. The thing to do, Bess, is to stop the affair in the bud. After a while it will be too late. Dad doesn't realize yet, that he's really in love with the girl."

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Blakeslee, "he isn't."

"Oh! No!" Billy sarcastically responded. "Then why does he spend every spare moment of his time in her company? Riding for hours with her in the park, glowering at a fellow if he interrupts a sentence at the office. Dad was never like that with any of his other stenographers. And this one is a doll, you must admit that, Bess. You've seen her?"

Bess nodded her head. "When you pointed her out to me, I—I don't like her, Billy."

The boy smiled shrewdly. "Scheming looking?" he asked.

"That's what I thought."

"Dad has quite a bit of money. Some of it ought to come to me, but will it if he has a second wife? You know, Peaches, that you and I are going to be married some day, just as soon as the little doctor's shingle is over my door and—" he threw out his hands despairingly—"that's why I want to stop this fool affair of dad's."

The girl flushed, avoiding his eager eyes. "That 'some day' of yours is far away, Billy," she said.

"Not so far away as you think, perhaps," he replied. "Bess—his voice coaxed her, 'you don't want to see my future wrecked, do you?—all my beautiful plans gone to the dogs? Somebody's got to interfere. Dad will not listen to me, won't you go to him?'"

"I—I?" the girl gasped, astonished.

"Yes," he nodded quickly. "You could make him see things as no one else could. You've such a way with you, Bess."

"Billy, Billy!" smiled the girl, but her eyes regarded him thoughtfully. "It's mother's money," said the boy defiantly. "I ought to have it."

"I wish that I could help you—"

"You can, you can," cried Billy jubilantly. "You're the most wonderful pleading eyes in the world."

"Have I?" asked the girl. She arose impulsively. "We shall see," she said.

"I'll run you down to the office," Billy excitedly agreed, "and leave you just around the corner. Send in your card. Dad's heard enough about you, even if you've never met. Dwell strongly upon my career, Bess, and how we've counted upon coming home together."

The girl laughed softly. "You, boy," she said.

"I'm twenty-one," he declared, "and older than you, child, if you have an extra year."

The infectious enthusiasm which had sent Miss Blakeslee forth on her mission as intercessor died suddenly as she awaited her lover's father. "Why on earth had she come, and now that she was here what should she say?"

The young woman who haughtily took the card from her trembling fingers was the dread charmer whom Billy feared. What influence could one have against the fascination of such tenderly curling hair or crimson lips? Bess sighed, and tried vainly to compose an introductory speech. She had just got as far as "Mr. Powers, I am here in the interest of your son," when the charmer beckoned, and she found herself in the presence of a gravely smiling man, whose hand was outstretched toward her.

"I am glad," he said, "to meet Billy's friend." And then all at once the set speech vanished, and Bess sitting in the wide office chair, was joining interestedly in a conversation touching

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upon Gott, automomones and similar. Billy's father was so much younger and better looking than she had expected that she could sympathize more in the feelings of the blonde stenographer, perhaps after all, her's was not merely a mercenary affair. . . . There was a certain movie actor, with whitening hair about the temples, who much resembled Billy's father. The thought of this actor's many troubled love affairs brought Bess abruptly looking back to the purpose of her present visit, but how to start the subject tactfully.

"Billy," she began tentatively, "takes me much into his confidence. He is terribly anxious to get through college and begin the practice of medicine. He has so counted upon starting in his own home—your home," she paused lamely, then leaned forward with sudden confidence, "and he has been so worried for fear you may marry and spoil his career. But of course you would never do that, a man of your age must live his life. This is Billy's chance, Billy's time for success, and joy, and—love."

"Love?" repeated the man quickly, "and you are my son's mistress? Can it be possible, then, that you are also interested in Billy's career?"

The hot blood rushed furiously to the girl's face, as she sat beneath his searching gaze. "I want Billy to be happy," she stammered.

"And I want to be happy," the man answered impatiently. "I do not agree with you that my life has been lived." Billy's father smiled a strangely winning, pathetic sort of smile. "The past has been none too happy," he said. "I am hoping that the best is yet to come. So I make no false promises. You may tell my son that from me, little intercessor."

She looked back, vaguely troubled, as he bade her good afternoon, at the elevator door. Later, as Billy drove her home through the park, they came upon the big Powers' auto, stationary, near a wide sweep of meadow. Billy's father was in the front seat, and beside him the pretty stenographer. Bess glanced up sharply at Billy's muttered ejaculation, and she fancied the trace of a smile as his father's eyes met hers.

"Darn the luck!" cried the boy dejectedly, "if you couldn't make him see the folly of this thing, Peaches, somebody's got to talk to the girl."

"I don't," she told him.

"All right," answered Billy determinedly, "then I will."

Bess came upon the two not long after that in her favorite tea room. Billy's father was talking earnestly, rapidly, while the girl listened silently attentive. Bess seemed to immediately lose her appetite for luncheon—it was all so hopeless for Billy.

And presently, when the little stenographer had smilingly left him, Mr. Powers came over to her table.

"Well," he asked pleasantly, "how are affairs and Billy?" And when he offered to drive her home Bess decided to accept, and taking advantage of the time, to make a final plea. But Billy's father proved such an agreeable companion that she abandoned her plan on the way, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour. After all it was hard that a man so congenial and kind must spend his days alone in a great vacant house. Of course there would be Billy, and later, Billy's wife, but the more Bess thought about it—well, strange to say, the more her heart ached for the father.

Billy, too, grew morbid—disheartened. She couldn't quite make him out. For hours he would sit pulling away on that ill-smelling pipe, only to jump up suddenly and rush away. She supposed he was realizing the discouragement of the situation. Often, and still oftener she met Billy's father in company with the blonde stenographer. And when he would leave the girl to come over and speak to Bess, a pleased light seemed to linger in his eyes. Then, one never-to-be-forgotten night came Billy's voice over the telephone-wire, and when he had finished speaking, Bess sat there dazed and white. She smiled presently, a queer twisted smile at the heartless selfishness of him.

"Bess," he said, "you take the message to father."

She, of all people, to take the message—but she went. The maid had sent her in to the big fire-lighted room unannounced. So, for quite a time Billy's father did not hear her; he bent absorbed over a photograph, and there was in his eyes the "light of dreams." Though she could not see the pictured face, Bess discerned the outline of a girlish figure, and she trembled at the pain she must inflict.

"Mr. Powers," she said at last. In an instant he was on his feet.

"You!" he murmured unbelievably.

"I've a message," Bess began breathlessly, "a message that will hurt. It's from Billy." The man waited.

"Yes!" he said.

"Billy is married. She rushed on: 'He was married tonight to the stenographer—your stenographer.' It seems

she tells him she has never loved you and she has learned to love him. So it was her suggestion, not his, that they marry quickly, and tell you afterward." Bess's voice broke. "Oh! I'm so sorry for you," she said, "sorry."

Billy's father spoke up very quickly. "It was foolish of Billy, of course," he said, "but why should you be sorry for me?"

Bess's eyes widened. "Because you loved her," said the girl, "it was she whom Billy feared you would marry."

The man stood looking down upon her. "I think I'll explain to you," he said, "what I never troubled to explain to Billy. I am writing a book. The stenographer took my dictation. Sometimes it was absolutely necessary for me to get away to the solitude from every creature, in order to think. She went with me, and wrote. That's all. As for love and marriage I never had a thought until—" he smiled his tender quizzical smile—"until you came into my office that day to interfere."

There was a moment of vibrant silence, then Bess pointed to the photograph. "And that?" she asked. He placed it in her hand; her own face smiled back at her.

"It was my only comfort," he told her. "I found the picture in Billy's room." Quickly he raised her face to his, searching it long with eager eyes. Then suddenly, closely, he clasped her to him. "Oh! dear girl," he said, "tell me that my life has not been lived, that the best is yet to come."

Radiantly Bess smiled up at him. "And we'll give Billy his career, too," she said.

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Package Goods Expensive.
That package goods are more expensive than goods bought in bulk is shown in a chart of comparative food values recently published. The chart shows that canned peaches cost three times as much as dried peaches, and the food value in calories is three times greater in the dried than in the canned variety. Canned pork and beans cost about twice as much per unit of food value as dried beans. The canned goods are ready for immediate use and the dried require preparation, but to persons interested in reducing the cost of living these facts are worth taking into consideration.

Red Cross "Pretend" Costume.
For the little girl who loves to "pretend," a welcome gift would be a set of Red Cross nurse's clothes, consisting of a big apron (big for a little girl, although in reality quite small), a Red Cross veil, and a big bag on which there is, in red calico, a big red cross applied. This would serve well for the play costume for a nurse or for the play costume for mamma away at work at Red Cross rooms.

New Ideas.
Wearing bright colors is a war time duty. Dyes, remember, are a by-product of coal tar, which is used in the manufacture of munitions. Nor do not underrate the psychological effect of cheerful colors.

Chilean Won Marathon.
As a result of the recent Olympiad held at Buenos Aires, the Athletic Federation of South America has been formed, with headquarters at Santiago, Chile. The president of the new organization is Leopoldo Falconi and the secretary is Carlos Fariña, both of Santiago. The next Olympiad will be held at Montevideo in April, 1919.

The chief event of the recent Olympiad was the Marathon race in which there were nine entrants from Chile, Uruguay and Argentina. The event, 42,000 metres, was won by Juan Jorquera, a Chilean, in two hours, 23 minutes and 53.5 seconds, which is reported as a record. Jorquera is a noted runner and has won many matches in Chile.

On his return from Buenos Aires with the record he was acclaimed throughout the republic and given an ovation equal to that of a national hero.

Poppies and Battlefields.

Apparently there is a strange relation existing between battlefields and wild flowers. Macaulay tells how after the battle of Landen, in the Netherlands, in 1693, between the French army and the British under King William III., where more than 20,000 men were left unburied on the field, the soil broke forth the following year into millions upon millions of scarlet poppies, covering the entire battlefield as if with a vast sheet of rich blood.

An identically similar occurrence is reported to have taken place 120 years later in the same region, when in the summer of the year following the victory of Waterloo the entire battlefield was ablaze with scarlet poppies.

To Avoid and Relieve Influenza

By DR. FRANKLIN DUANE.

Many people have been frightened by what they have read or heard of influenza. The more you fear the disease, the surer you are to get it. Go right about your business and forget it. As the disease is spread principally by contact thru sneezing, coughing or spitting, many health authorities have advised that everyone wear a gauze, which is daily washed and saturated with a one to five hundred solution of zinc sulphate in water, and then dried before wearing over the nose and mouth. You should avoid crowds, common drinking cups and public towels. Keep your strength up by taking lots of exercise in the open air and plenty of nourishing food.

If you have any of such symptoms as chilliness, nasal obstructions, flushed face, headache, feverishness, restlessness, weakness, or irritating cough, give up work at once and go to bed. This will save your strength to help overcome the disease. Put your feet in hot water for fifteen minutes. Thoroughly loosen the bowels with some such mild and non-irritating physic as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Drink principally of hot lemonade and then cover up with plenty of clothes in bed so as to get a good sweat. When sweating is free and the fever reduced take a dose of two Anuric Tablets every four hours, followed by drinking at least a glass or two of hot water. Anuric Tablets help quickly to relieve the soreness of the muscles and bones from which most patients complain and help the kidneys flush out the poisons.

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Influenza weakens the patient's resistance to disease, so that there is danger of bronchitis and pneumonia developing. To combat this tendency and fortify the patient's strength insist that he keep in bed at least two days. Probably nothing will at this stage hasten the recovery and strengthen the patient more than an iron tonic tablet called "Ironite" or that well known herbal tonic, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which has been used by thousands in the past two generations.

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