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Woman's Sphere

Recalling Your Wedding Vows.

How long has it been since that eventful day when you were at the same time happy, sad and scared to death? I mean your wedding day. It was all too good to be true; at least, it seemed that way, and you felt inclined to pinch yourself to see if you were dreaming. Wasn't it funny to see the big husky fellow you loved, mostly for his very strength and manliness, become panic-stricken with fright Why, his knees popped together like a schoolboy's when he makes his first speech. And you were scared too, but somehow it sweetened the episode for the two of you to be nervous. It is neither here nor there as to whether the preacher included the word "obey" in the ceremony, but when he asked you if you would cherish and comfort the man by your side, your "I do" sounded mighty sweet even to the spectators. How it must have thrilled the noble fellow by your side!

The question I am about to ask you is not put in a critical, taunting, sarcastic spirit, but purely for your own sake and for the sake of the happiness of your husband. When the minister asked, "Do you promise to love, cherish and comfort this man in sickness and in health?" your "I do" sounded mighty sweet. Now, the question I want to ask in all good-nature is, Have you kept that promise? I believe that in a great measure you have. I venture to assert that you have fulfilled your "I do" as well and perhaps better than Husband has.

Household responsibilities are so numerous, so monotonous, so nerve-trying that much allowance must be made for little omissions, and for a degree of what might be called occasional oversight. But if necessity compels us to be a trifle negligent, let's see to it that our negligence is not directed at Husband. In fact, let's allow everything to go wrong before he is slighted. Oh, I don't mean "slighted" as to his meals or his clothing or as to a comfortable bed, but slighted in those little loving attentions which are such trifles, but which are the very life of a husband. Call men over-grown babies, say they are spoiled and unreasonable, or what not, the fact is and will always be that they not only like to be "made over," but must be made over if you get along with them. One of the sweetest traits of a sweet woman is to recognize this little whim of her husband and humor it.

Authorities on the subject say that it is the man's business to do the wooing before marriage, and that the wife should do so after marriage. Most men will respond to a little loving. They are few, far between, and "freakish" who won't thaw out under its influence. Where married life has become a cold, sordid, matter-of-fact proposition, it is because the flower of romance has been choked and smothered by the cares and irritations of daily life. These unseemly weeds must, as far as possible, be pulled up by the roots. When you get them out of the way you will doubtless discover the little flower of romance struggling to grow. Help it along all you can. Water it, enrich the soil in which it is planted. Keep the hurtful weeds pulled up from around it.

It is impossible to lay down any but general rules for the treatment of a husband, and the first one is treat him in accordance with his temperament. Don't try to make him over. Love him as he is. If he is a smoker, light his pipe or cigar for him, and let him knock the ashes anywhere he pleases. You love him better than you love your house furnishings. Let him know, every chance you have, that you didn't marry him merely to make you a living. If he is not adapted for such things (and many men are not) don't complain at him because he doesn't assist you in cleaning up the dishes or nursing the baby while you are busy or doing anything that is properly a woman's job. No matter how busy you are while he is at home, keep up a lively conversation all the while. Cultivate an interest in what he loves to talk about. Let there be lots of harmless fun, innocent joking and playfulness every day. Originate some nonsensical byword. Oh, the value of these little nothings in holding two people together and endearing them more and more to each other! We can make our lives one continued love-story just the same as we can make them cold, dreary, sordid and scarcely worth the living.

Revive An Old Art.

The art of story-telling suffers from neglect. A story is likely to have more influence on children than many injunctions to be good. Children can distinguish right and wrong more clearly through the means of a story, than they can in any case where they themselves are actually concerned. It is best to allow them to draw their own conclusions without suspecting that the story-telley is "preaching" to them. Let the ideas that one wishes to impress upon the listeners be put in unsuspected, and have the children give their own views about the right and wrong of the matter. Then you will come to know them more intimately.

Long before schools or text-books were invented, instruction was given through stories told to children grouped around the mother's knee, and hundreds of these stories have come down to us in the traditions of the races. Many of the old tales are worth telling to the children and will open a new world to them. But whatever the story, it should be a wholesome, happy world they view. Stories of wild life in wood and field interest children besides developing their observation and making them kinder to all creatures. The test of a good story is the children's desire to hear it again. Intersperse good poems with the stories; children grasp more of the meaning of these than is suspected and may remember them through life.

Among suggested books on the subject of story-telling are Sara C. Bryant's "How to Tell Stories to Children," and "Stories to Tell Children," "True Bird Stories," by Olive Thorne Miller; and "Among the Meadow People," by Clara D. Peirson.

Make a Bead Necklace.

A pretty bead necklace may be made of sealing-wax thus: Heat a good-sized steel knitting-needle over an alcohol lamp and press carefully into a piece of sealing-wax about the size of the bead desired. Hold the piece of wax which is on the needle above the flame, turning it slowly until an even round bead is formed, then dip it in water to cool. If the beads are to be made in blended colors, heat each stick of wax in turn and dot a little wax on the cool bead; then hold the bead over the flame again and turn. The colors, when warm, will flow around the bead, intermingling and forming pretty stripes and designs. Cool the bead as before in the water; dry and pass over the flame again to restore the lustre. If you wish the beads to have a raised surface, apply the colored wax when the foundation is hard. To remove the bead, heat the needle on each side of the bead. When the bead is loosened, slide it back and forth on the needle before taking it off, leaving a clean-cut hole. The beads are then strung on colored silk cord, and kept in place by knotting the cord. The beads can be made round, flat, oblong or square and in and endless variety of colors. The necklaces are usually finished with a tassel or with a pendant made of sealing-wax over a cardboard foundation.

Dye Faded Sweater Skirt, Draperies in Diamond Dyes

Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery a new rich color that will not streak, spot, fade, or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waists, skirts, dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything!

Preserving Butter.

Place the butter in crocks that have been scalded with boiling water. Use one or two-gallon crocks. Pack the butter in firmly, then wrap each crock with muslin, sterilized by boiling. Place each crock or several crocks together, in a larger crock that has been scalded, and let cool. Pour over the crocks containing butter, a brine made of water, salt, sugar and saltpeter. Make the brine strong enough to float an egg. For every three pounds of salt, use one pound of sugar and one-fourth pound of powdered saltpeter.

Measures Air.

Resembling a gas mask connected by a rubber tube with a device registering on a dial is a French doctor's invention for accurately measuring the amount of air breathed into the lungs and expelled

Town on a Bed of Hot Water.

The town of Carlsbad seems to rest on a vast bed of boiling water.

In the Bermuda islands water is supplied by rain water from cisterns, there being only three or four wells on the islands.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

THE TEST OF TIME FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS HAS PROVEN

Dobson New Life Remedy

Is a positive Remedy for Acute, Chronic and Muscular Rheumatism in all its various forms.

COUNTLESS GRATEFUL TESTIMONIALS and Repeat Orders received during past 25 years.

DOBSON'S NEW LIFE REMEDY is not an experiment but the product of a quarter century of study and research. Pleasant to take. Does not upset the stomach. No harmful drugs.

DO NOT BE PREJUDICED. Dobson's New Life Remedy will give you a new lease on life by freeing you of pain. Thousands of enthusiastic customers have written us stating that after years of failure with other medicines, electric belts, etc., they were cured by Dobson's New Life Remedy.

One bottle for One Dollar. Six bottles for Five Dollars.

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The Boss's Bounty

BY WILL PAYNE.

PART III.

There were some preliminary matters—testimony of the physician who had examined the body, identification of the deceased, statement of the first policeman on the scene. Then Donavan took the witness stand and the oath, mechanically gave his name and residence, briefly described the situation in his office just before he heard the shot.

And something happened without his being aware of it. He had gone up to the witness' chair in a strange kind of inner palsy, which permitted him to walk steadily, yet set up a trembling all through his body. The scene blurred before his eyes. At the first answer his voice faltered and he wet his dry lips. Then, without his really knowing it, all that passed away. Somehow his tortured spirit, which had been ceaselessly wrung for hours, escaped the rack and floated at ease on a full, steady current.

"Yes, sir, I recognized him," he answered readily. "It was Handy Andy Hatch."

The Assistant State's Attorney, combing one wing of his curly mustache between thumb and forefinger, noted that the young man was playing his part smoothly.

"Do you see him here now?" came the question.

"Yes, sir," said the witness; "there he is," and stretched out his arm, leveling a forefinger.

Astute Abe Truman stared, scandalized, like a stage manager when an actor speaks the wrong lines. Hatch's cousin turned an indignantly questioning look upon Truman. Hatch himself opened his lips as though to utter an objurgation and protest. Mangler in real surprise, ceased combing his mustache. The witness' forefinger was pointing straight at Handy Andy Hatch—not at the cousin.

"Yes, sir; that's the man; I'm sure of it."

Nothing could shake him from that, and his patient, invincible stubbornness carried conviction. It had the indubitably veracious air of a bulldog with set teeth in a leg. Astute Abe Truman presently perceived that he was damaging his case by pursuing this young blockhead, and gave it up. Such was the impression produced by Donavan's testimony that Hatch was held to answer a charge of murder.

Donavan did not go back to the paymaster's office after the inquest, nor go home. Something had happened to him, and he wanted to be alone. He held the private opinion that his wife was very pretty and slim and youthful for the mother of a big two-year-old girl. The idea of not trusting her in anything would have seemed absurd. But something had happened to him that he could not talk about even to her; he had no words for it. There is the "I," way down deep, beneath every other tie and obligation, that no one can really share with another. This thing that had happened was about that "I." * * * "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Somehow his soul had been saved; but it was impossible to talk about it to anybody; he had no words for it.

The little family's slender cash resources disappeared. It was subsisting on credit at an indulgent grocer's while Donavan tramped the streets, telephoned, and wrote letters in search of any sort of job.

Then he found a job of a sort in a dun and cavernous warehouse that flanked the river, his job being to stand on a platform, exposed to weather, and check bales, boxes and bundles of merchandise which flowed across the platform all day. He performed the duties of the position faithfully, but with no particular distinction. It had been said of him that he had no talent in any respect, but was just a good, steady, stick-in-the-mud plodder.

Meanwhile Handy Andy Hatch lay in jail. He had an alibi, but his astute counsel was in no hurry to oppose that alibi to blockheaded young Donavan's positive identification, which had such an inconveniently veracious air.

Two months passed. Winter came. Donavan wore an overcoat as he stood on his platform, pencil in hand, checking bundles. Sometimes snow fell on his pad of paper, smearing the figures. The days grew short, but the hours at the warehouse were long for bill clerks. Often the last two hours of his day's labor was performed under electric light. Then he trudged along a mean, badly paved, poorly lighted street to the trolley track, where he jammed himself into a packed car and rode home. Of course, it was good at home—warm with love there. Yet the family was tight pinched to get through the weeks on $35 each Tuesday, and that distressed him. It was going to be a lean Christmas.

Once, homeward bound, Donavan approached three men on a shabby street corner. They were not men whose appearance invited confidence, and Donavan felt a tightening of the nerves, as when the hairs on a dog's back stiffen. It came to him, wordlessly, that there was trouble at hand. Nothing happened, but his nerves were tingling when he got by.

The next Sunday genial Gus Whelpley telephoned an urgent invitation and Donavan went to see him. Gus wished to save a brand from the burning and argued the case with him earnestly—like a kindly man seeking to rescue a wayward friend from the consequences of his folly.

"You're keeping Andy Hatch in jail, Gene," he urged, as though that were a quite unreasonable thing to do. "'Tain't doing you any good, nor anybody else, far as I can see. I could fix it up for you—transportation paid, some money down, and a good job when you get there. Of course, this'll all be forgotten in six months—public never remembered anything longer'n six months. By and by you can come right back here if you want to. It would get the old man out of a bad hole, you see, and you, too. If you're out of the State there's nothing to hold Andy Hatch on."

Donavan should have had a new overcoat that winter. He looked rather seedy. And he was unfeignedly grateful to Gus Whelpley for his friendly intentions. But with a humble and rueful little smile he replied:

"No, Gus. I've thought it all over. I don't want to make trouble any more than you do. But I'm going to stick. I can't do anything else." An incorrigibly stubborn young man, doggedly bent on destruction.

"You ain't doing right by your family," Gus accused, with the license of a friend.

Certainly the family was not flourishing, but Donavan simply couldn't help it.

Gravely, Gus tried the last shot. "You know you're in the way, Gene. Handy Andy Hatch's got plenty of friends—some of 'em reckless enough, too. They know you're keeping him in jail. I'm afraid they'll bump you off one of these days if you ain't reasonable."

"Well, I can't help it, Gus, I've got to stick."

Genial Gus, regretfully, gave the blockhead up.

The family had their Christmas at an outlay of $2.50.

Every night as he left the warehouse—sometimes with big snowflakes sifting thickly down through the field of light shed by an arc lamp, sometimes in a barrage of sleet, always in the dark, Donavan wondered whether the bumping off would happen then.

He had no illusion about that. Had he chosen to cast in his lot with Uncle Frank, the boss' powerful, informal government would have protected him against the formal law like a shield of brass; he would have been in no danger. But the formal law was only a shield of tissue paper against the vengeance of the invisible powers. He might be "bumped off" as snugly and safely as one tosses away an apple core. * * * Yet, somehow, week after week passed and he wasn't.

At the spring elections the Martindale-Brophy-Cochran-Hanson machine won easily.

The following week Hatch was put on trial for murder; and Donavan rather wondered at the strange postponement of that bumping off. He gave his testimony as he had given it before. But Ollie Dunn now swore that he had been at the corner of the building when the second robber ran out of the paymaster's office and—positively—the man had a black mask over his face, completely concealing it except the eyes. Hatch had an alibi, also, and was acquitted.

Commenting upon the acquittal, Gus Whelpley observed, "Well, Gene made a devil of a lot of trouble, first and last, and that's all he did do. He might 'a' known it. He's a good fellow at heart, but a fearful sucker—stubborn's no name for it."

(The End.)

For Nervous Headaches

IS THE RELIEF from headache or neuralgic pains worth one cent to you? That's all it costs for an application of "Vaseline" Mentholated Jelly. With the first indication of a headache rub a small amount of it gently on the forehead and temples. So convenient, effective and economical!

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Relieves soreness by warming and circulating blood

Stop those dull, insistent aches, by relieving the painful congestion. Sloan's does this. Without rubbing, it quickly penetrates the sore spot, stimulating the circulation to and through it. Congestion is reduced, soreness allayed, the pain relieved.

Sloan's relieves sore, aching muscles, banishes the pains of rheumatism and neuralgia. Breaks up colds in chest. Stops suffering—wherever congestion rouses pain.

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Sloan's Liniment-kills pain!

STAMMERING or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
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KITCHENER, - CANADA

Jamie's Part.

One day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands and the teacher said to him:

"Jamie I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled. What would you say if I came to school with soiled hands?"

"I wouldn't say anything" was the prompt reply. "I'd be too polite."

Minard's Liniment for Warts.

One to Practise On.

Young Wife—"The trained nurse is going to teach me how to give the baby its bath."

Young Husband (anxiously)—"Don't you think we'd better send out and hire another baby?"

It takes a gallon of milk to make a pound of cheese.

At the present rate of decrease, France's population, now 39,000,000, will be 35,000,000 in 1940.

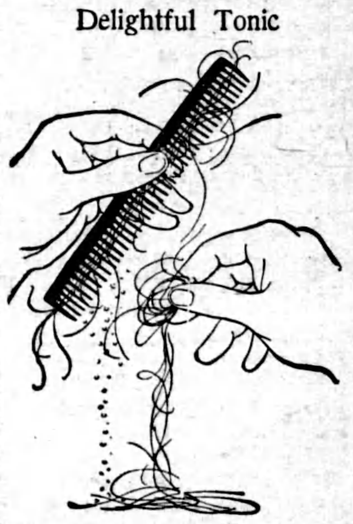
Campana's Italian Balm

Prevents chapped hands, cracked lips, chilblains. Makes your skin soft, white, clear and smooth.

All druggists sell it

A SIN TO LET HAIR FALL OUT

35c "Danderine" Saves Your Hair—Ends Dandruff! Delightful Tonic



Hurry! It's your duty! Each day you see a little more hair falling out and you are making no effort to avoid baldness. What a pity. Falling hair means your hair is weak, sick,—possibly dandruff is strangling it, or the hair root pores in the scalp are not firm and tight, thus wasting the hair-growing oils.

Danderine almost instantly stops falling hair of men or women and cleans every particle of dandruff away, then the hair takes on new life, vigor and strength to grow strong, thick, and long.

Danderine is delightful—not sticky or greasy. Go to any drugstore now and get a bottle. Use it Have healthy, heavy, beautiful hair and lots of it.

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificate being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a make-shift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. To be used whilst you work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down. Send your name and ten cents, coin or stamps, to-day, to PLAPAO CO., 765 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., for trial Plapao and the information necessary.