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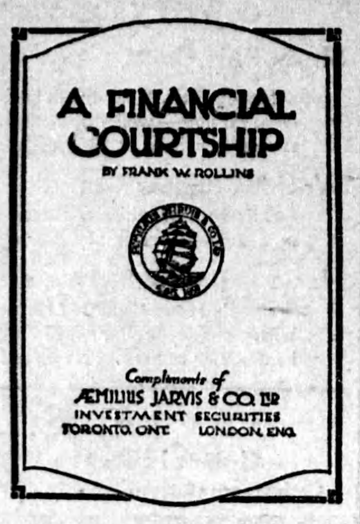

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The Failure of Success

BY FREDERIC BOUTET

(Translated by Wm. L. McPherson.)

"My dear master, we come to ask your assistance. Your goodness and your generosity, all Paris knows, are as great as your talent, and it is with the certainty of being well received that we have ventured to disturb you."

The painter Destranges made a polite and benevolent gesture of protest. They didn't disturb him at all. He invited his visitors to take seats in a comfortable corner of his big, sumptuous studio. They were both art critics—Sergy, with an established influence, and Belt, younger and less able, but still highly useful. They were people well worth cultivating.

"What can I do for you?"

"My dear master, our errand concerns a case of suffering which must be relieved at once. An artist, a veteran, who twenty years ago was doing very interesting work, is now in a desperate condition—sick, almost blind, stripped of everything. If he has not already starved—I am not exaggerating, my dear master—it is due to the wonderful devotion of his wife, a heroic creature, who, to keep the wolf from the door, has accepted the roughest sort of work. But human forces have their limits. This unfortunate woman is worn out."

"I am entirely at your service," Destranges answered, with the same polite benevolence. "And believe me, gentlemen, I am grateful to you for calling this unfortunate case to my attention. But don't you think that some immediate relief——"

"Undoubtedly. We have collected a little money, but only in the form of loans. I must go to-morrow to Montrouge. But I have neglected to tell you the name of our protege, who will now have in you a much more powerful protector. Perhaps you remember him? Some of his canvases, I repeat, attracted notice twenty years ago, about the same time that you yourself were making your mark. His name is Louis Chandier. Do you know him, my dear master?"

Destranges gave a start. But it was hardly noticeable. He answered calmly:

"I know him slightly, it seems to me. Louis Chandier? Perhaps I met him once or twice. But that is of no consequence. What you have told me has touched me deeply, and if you will consent, Monsieur Sergy, I will accompany you to-morrow on the visit you expect to make. I can then see better what is to be done."

"My dear master, I shall be only too happy. Will you allow me to come for you early to-morrow afternoon?"

The callers got up. Destranges conducted them to the door of the studio and then returned to his chair and lighted another cigarette. He tried unsuccessfully to clarify his feelings. In spite of his habitual coldness he had been deeply stirred on hearing that name—Chandier. What had he felt? Sorrow, joy, anger? He shrugged his shoulders. No; nothing of that sort. It was only a memory of past emotions—older even than twenty years.

Now he recalled calmly the time when he had been in love with Marie-Anne Deloire. She was the daughter of an architect whose house he and Chandier had frequented. She had rejected him to marry Chandier, whom she loved. That was all. For Destranges it had been a blow, certainly. More than that, it was a sort of mystification. That love should enter into his life, altogether consecrated to work and ambition, was for him a cause of astonishment. He could not understand why the young girl did not accept him at once. He felt a deep and bitter grudge against Marie-Anne. At each success he obtained, at each step he made toward celebrity and fortune, he thought: "She was wrong. She must see it—too late."

At the end of a long, dark street near the Barrier the auto stopped before a shabby house. Destranges and Sergy climbed five flights of stairs and then a sort of ladder.

They knocked at a door, which opened into a bare studio, with cracked and peeling walls. The harsh light from the mansard windows accentuated the poverty within. It was, however, a clean and self-respecting poverty. At the back, in an alcove, shut off by curtains, Chandier lay in a bed, asleep. Destranges looked at Mme. Chandier, who had opened the door for them. How faded she was, how thin, how much older! How she must have suffered! Nevertheless, he discovered in her saddened face some traces of her former beauty. The blue eyes had paled—washed out by vigils and tears—but they still had that same, slow, deep and sincere look. Mme. Chandier had fixed it on Destranges only for a moment when Sergy presented him. Surprised, doubtless ashamed and perhaps indignant, she had given no sign of ever having known her caller.

Was she dominating her feeling or had she really none—too worn out by the daily struggle to have any pride left? Destranges let Sergy do the talking. In a low voice, so as not to disturb the sick man, the latter told of their plans. Destranges eyed Marie-Anne furtively. Now he had only pity for her. He found that he had overdone his triumph.

After fifteen minutes' conversation they got up to go. Destranges let Sergy pass out first. Then, to atone for the cruelty of his visit, he said to Mme. Chandier with genuine compassion:

"Count on me, madame. I will do everything in my power to relieve your situation."

She looked him straight in the eyes and cut him short.

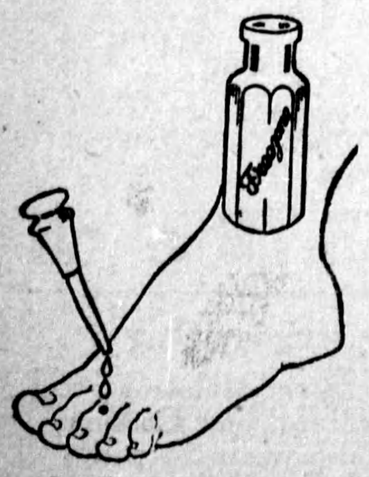
"I have no regrets, you know," she said in a low, firm, almost hard voice.

He started, blushed and remained for a moment nonplussed. He thought of what she was to Chandier, of all her love, all her courage, all her devotion. He thought of what his own life would have been with such a companion. He felt suddenly alone, useless, side-tracked. He answered humbly:

"I regret you."

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the callus, without soreness or irritation.

Woman's Sphere

A Culinary Romance.

A Flapper, light and fluffy, kept a Tea Shop, and her cakes
She served with such descretion that she never made mistakes.
She gave the Baker doughnuts and the crusty folks a tart,
The Drivers roly-polies (she served them a la carte).
The Grafter wanted sponge cake and the Miser asked for gold,
How many rolls the Sailor had can never now be told.
The man who deals in Real Estate and owns his tidy cot
Was there; I don't know what he ate except it was a lot.
The grave and stately Lawyer (assure me that you knew it)
Put in a plea for raisin cake richly baked with suet.
The people from apartments were alert for layer cakes;
Reporters like the kind of cooky pressed and stuffed with dates.
The Politician sought the kind all brown and full of plums;
The Gossips ate the spice cakes up and even liked the crumbs.
The man who raced his aeroplane just made the drop cakes fly;
The Florist wanted seed cake and the best that he could buy.
The Idlers liked the loaf cakes and the Prudes had angel food;
She gave the wise ones cocoanut and hoped it was not rude.
The Sculptor asked for marble cake, which was no idle whim;
The Smart Set wanted currant cakes to be in Fashion's swim.
The Football Boys had jumbles and the Carpenter some "pound";
The cup cakes went to any one who happened to be round.
The Chauffeurs never tired of her cakes with caraway,
And batter cakes baked for the Nine she found a clever play.
And then came JACK the daring, and nothing would he take,
He asked the pretty Flapper to give him Wedding Cake;
She said: "Now don't be flip, Jack, but if you mean it true,
Just sip your tea until I rise and make the order 'two.' "
She gave him Lady Fingers and a "kiss" or two for fun—
The Flapper's "Mrs. Flap-Jack" now —and so this tale is done.

—Stella Knight.

Dishes You Will Like.

Liberty raisin bread—1 cup buttermilk, 1 egg, 1 cup whole wheat flour, 1 cup corn meal, 1 tsp. salt, ¼ cup sugar, ½ tsp. baking powder, 1 cup seedless raisins (floured), ½ tsp soda (with 1 tbsp. flour). Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add well-beaten egg, buttermilk, and shortening. Blend well. Add raisins. Beat vigorously. Bake in a shallow pan for 80 minutes.

Bran muffins—1 cup flour, 1 tbsp. shortening (melted), 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. soda, ½ to 2 cups sour milk, 2 cups clean bran, ¾ cup seeded raisins and chopped nuts, ¼ to ½ cup sweetening. Sift together the flour, salt and soda and mix with this the bran. Add together the sweetening, melted shortening and part of the milk; then mix with the dry materials. Add the raisins and nuts dusted with flour, and enough milk to form a batter of such consistency that it will drop but not pour from a spoon. Bake in greased muffin pans about one-half hour.

Excellent lemon mincemeat—½ cup shortening, 2 large lemons, 1 tsp. powdered cinnamon, 4 apples, 1 tsp. powdered ginger, 2 cups currants, 1 tsp. salt, ½ cup chopped nut meats, ¼ pound chopped and candied lemon peel, ½ tsp. powdered allspice, ½ tsp. grated nutmeg, 1¾ cups sugar, ¼ tsp. powdered cloves, ¼ cup seeded raisins. Extract juice from lemons and remove pips. Now put lemons into saucepan, cover with cold water, and boil until lemon feels quite tender. Change water at least twice, drain and pound peel to a paste, add apples (cored, peeled and chopped), lemon peel, shortening, currants, raisins, salt, spices, lemon juice, nut meats and sugar. Put into a jar and cover. This mincemeat is excellent for pies and tarts. Sufficient for four pies. All measurements are level.

Down town veal stew—1½ pounds lean veal, 4 tbsp. vinegar, ⅛ tsp. ground cloves, 2 tsp. horseradish, ⅛ tsp. ground cinnamon, seasoning of salt and pepper, ⅛ cup seeded raisins, buttered bread crumbs. Place the veal, which has been cut into inch pieces, in a casserole and stew slowly so that it will cook in its own juice without burning. When it is nearly done, add the vinegar, raisins, cloves, cinnamon, horseradish and seasoning of salt and pepper. Thicken the sauce with the buttered bread crumbs.

Date salad—1 cup dates, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tbsp. seeded raisins, 1-3 cup cheese (grated Amer.), 3 tbsp. walnut meats, ½ cup boiled dressing. Mix together the cheese and the chopped nut meats and raisins. Stuff the dates with this and allow to stand for several hours. Slice the dates, dice a cupful of celery and add all to the dressing, mixing thoroughly. Serve in nests of lettuce. An equal quantity of sweet or sour cream may be combined with the dressing if desired.

Fruit tapioca—½ cup pearl tapioca, ¼ cup almonds, 2½ cups cold water, ¾ tsp. salt, 1 inch stick cinnamon, ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup currant jelly, ¼ cup citron, ¼ cup sherry wine or fruit juice, ¼ cup seeded raisins.. Soak tapioca in cold water over night or for several hours. Cook in same water in double boiler with salt and cinnamon until transparent. Remove from range and add currant jelly, sherry wine or fruit juice, almonds (blanched and shredded), raisins (cut in pieces) and citron (cut in thin slices). Sweeten to taste. Turn into a serving dish, cool slightly, and serve with thin cream.

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NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Spank—and be Slender.

Slap! Slap! Slap!

No, all the children aren't naughty. It is just mothers, aunts, and, yes, even the grandmothers trying to get thin. The latest way is to spank the flesh off. With the palm of the hand slap the offending part briskly and firmly. Don't mind if it stings a little. That is the protest of the fat cells as they are battered down. Of course they don't want to go. Who doesn't know that better than the fat woman. Hasn't she been coaxing them for years to leave her figure to its youthful curves?

It is best to begin at the bottom and slap your way up on the too-fat arm. That objectionable roll of fat at the back of the neck must be slapped with each hand alternately. Slap at the middle of the neck, and slap out toward the shoulder. For the too-large abdomen lightly pinch the flesh away. Lifting it between the thumb and the forefinger give it a good pinch and then go right on to the next spot.

When you reach your hips and thighs you may slap until your arms are ready to drop. Some women who want to reduce in a hurry use little wooden paddles that beat the fat away in no time. Don't be overzealous. If you bruise your skin you will have to wait until the black and blue marks go away before you can resume the patting. The fat cells don't wait. They come back just as fast as they can. And when you are ready to resume your treatment you will find all the former work undone. That is the danger of going too fast in reducing.

There's another danger—wrinkles. The skin, you know, reduces more slowly than the cells of the body, so look out for ugly, pouchy lines. Once a day bathe your face in a special lotion that looks like strained honey and caraway seeds. It braces up the flabby flesh and keeps the skin firm and taut over the vanishing fat cells. Or else try the white-of-egg mask.

Here's nearly the end of the article and I think I hear sighs of relief, "She hasn't written one word about diet." Of course I haven't. I would rather write about creams, lotions, soaps, and salts that can reduce. They are much more interesting.

The Child Born Deaf.

It is hard to say which is the greater handicap to a child, total blindness or total deafness. Fortunately, neither congenital deafness nor deafness acquired in infancy from any disease except meningitis, which destroys the nervous mechanism of sound-wave appreciation, is ever total. Though sufferers may hear no ordinary sounds at a distance of more than a few inches from the ear almost all of them can hear words spoken clearly an inch or two away.

People who have to do with the education of deaf children usually classify them according to the age at which the deafness began: those who are born deaf, in which group are included those who become deaf before acquiring speech and intelligence; those who become deaf between the ages of six and sixteen; and those who become deaf after the age of sixteen.

Children of the first class will grow up to be deaf-mutes unless taken in hand early and taught by scientific methods to articulate. Members of the family should speak to them loud and distinctly close to the ear. The whole family must be made to realize that here is an opportunity to do great good, and that, if they selfishly refuse to take the trouble to speak loud and distinctly, the child will grow up with the enormously greater handicap of inability to talk properly—and they will be responsible for his condition just as much as if they had cut out his tongue!

Those who become deaf during school age will have learned to speak, but if neglected will never learn the speech of educated adults and may even forget much that they have acquired. Those who become deaf after sixteen or seventeen are in the class of the adult deaf and must in general look to themselves to acquire new knowledge and to retain what they already possess.

The Reason.

Every day since they had started housekeeping his bride had given him the same kind of breakfast food, and finally he mustered up courage to make a gentle inquiry.

"How does it happen that we have this every morning?" he asked.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "they give blue coupons with each package, and for one hundred coupons you can get the loveliest rocking chair! You have only to eat ninety more packages!"

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!

First English Lawyeress.

Miss Monica Cobb not only has the distinction of being the first woman lawyer to appear in the Eiglish courts, but won her first case as well.

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Removes Tight Can Lids.

A tool has been invented to remove tight fitting milk can lids without damaging them.

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OUR NEW SERIAL

The series of short stories that have been appearing in this column during the past few weeks will be followed next week by the opening chapter of a serial from the pen of Colonel John Buchan, who has written some of the finest romances of the Great War. Our readers will find "Greenmantle" a story of engrossing interest, a real "thriller," a splendid tale told with masterly art. No lover of great fiction can afford to miss a paragraph of it. Watch for "Greenmantle" next week.

After EVERY Meal

give your digestion a "kick" with WRIGLEYS.

Sound teeth, a good appetite and proper digestion mean MUCH to your health.

WRIGLEY'S is a helper in all this work—a pleasant, beneficial pick-me-up.

D39

To be young and poor is a blessing and an asset. To be old and dependent is a calamity. In order to make sure of a competence and independence for old age, we must make the first part of life take care of the last.

Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds

When men cease to improve themselves and their conditions, society is in danger.

Shallow men believe in luck, strong men in cause and effect.

Campana's ITALIAN BALM

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

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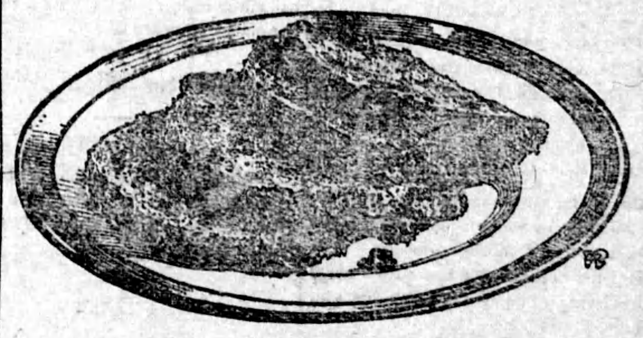

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That rich, fruity luscious cake that doesn't crumble and dry out.

The kind that you have always liked—the kind you mean when you say "fruit cake."

You can *buy* it now—get just the kind you like—and save baking at home.

These plump, tender, juicy, thin-skinned raisins are ideal for cake. Taste the cake you get and see.

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