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Her Dream Came True

By MARGARET BROWN.

PART III.

When the great day arrived Miss Cornelia did not go to the station. She could not bring herself to face the idle, curious crowd. But she pressed her face against the rain-washed pane and, with wildly beating heart, watched old Henley's ancient "hug" toll through the mud. Then, almost before she knew it, she had opened the door, and her face was down against a wet overcoat, and a deep voice was saying, "Why mother! You're crying!" "No, I'm not," she denied. "Stand off and let me look at you."

She looked in every detail while the hazel eyes smiled at her, and a big hand held hers. He turned the hand over with meditative pucker of his brow and then raised it and kissed it gently squarely in the palm. There was no embarrassment or self-consciousness after that.

"Seems like," said old Mary, in her later smiling from the kitchen door at the gray head and brown one. "I remember above an old album yours. You've been here before, and before."

The hazel eyes smiled back at her, and again, "I belong, Mary?"

The ceremony of unpacking a child's belongings was the big event of the happy day. Mary unhooked and untied and explained over her flaming shawl and laid it carefully away.

"But," protested the boy, "that shawl's for everybody. You mustn't put it away like that."

"Ray" was the spirited rejoinder, "that shawl is too good for everyday. I'll wear it to the Sewing Circle on Wednesday afternoons and to church on Sundays. So there!" Ray retired from the encounter, hanging his head and placed in Miss Cornelia's hands a beautiful little gauze shawl.

"That was the thing," he explained, "that I wouldn't tell you about."

"But Ray, it must be awfully expensive."

"I imagine it is," and his eyes met hers again. "I don't know?"

"Now Mother Cornelia."

She looked at him quickly. "It was given to me," he explained slowly, "by a man in India who was sent to me."

"Why was he grateful?"

"I saved his life."

"She put out her hands quickly as if to draw him from some peril, and then laughed softly to herself.

"I must not be foolish. I have to remember day and night that you face danger or the possibility of danger—and not be foolish."

So they went through the happy hours together. He showed her the things he had collected by land and sea and together they fitted up the north room. She touched all his possessions with reverent, loving hands, arranging and rearranging, suggesting, talking a little, laughing softly, sometimes pausing with a little intake of the breath, to look at his broad shoulders or note his sure movements or listen for his "Mother Cornelia". The joy in the little white house might well have brightened the walls.

"See," said Ray, standing at the window, "our happiness has spilled over into the rainy day outside and has made the sun shine through the clouds."

It was there at the window, watching the sun-bright across the wet leaves, that they spoke of the thing that had lain in the minds of both. It was with a joyful surprise that they discovered that they had both thought of it. The delicate flush rose in Miss Cornelia's face as she said:

"I was afraid you would think me presumptuous!"

"My Heavens!" exclaimed the boy. "I am the presumptuous one. But I have wanted it all the time—to be legally your son."

"And you know," she suggested slyly, "I have some property."

He turned quickly.

"Mother Cornelia, could you think?"

"Oh, no, I didn't, truly dear," she protested, taking hold of his coat.

"But can't I be just a little glad that there is something?"

"I have sometimes wished," he responded, "that you were downright poor so I could support you."

She laughed gaily.

"And I am so blessed thankful that I am not. Your burdens will come soon enough," she continued soberly. "I want the rest of your years to be as beautiful as life allows."

When the long evening with its music and songs and over-seas tales was ended, Ray turned at the foot of the stairs to inquire:

"Will you come and tuck me in, Mother Cornelia?"

About the House

Milk-Fed Kiddies.

"Why don't you keep a cow?" asked Aunt Anne the morning after her arrival at her niece's house, as she heard the rattle of milk bottles five of them—on the verandah.

"I would," gaily answered her niece, "if only we were back in the country, instead of temporarily housed on a fifty-foot city lot."

"But who in the world ever drinks it all?" persisted the aunt.

As if in answer to her question, into the room bounced the two poly-poly youngsters, Teddy, the four-year-old, and two-year-old Belle, bright and smiling and ready for breakfast.

"My, don't these children look well!" exclaimed Aunt Anne, greeting them with a hug and a kiss. "To think, he asked for that! Oh, Mary, I wish we were little, little! And my heart is just bursting with joy because he is so big and strong."

She laughed a bit at herself and folded away her embroidery and went to stand before the fire. The whole room bespoke some new presence. A pair of big gloves lay on top of the piano; the music had been left scattered about, the fire-tongs were out of place, the soft cushions had lost their usual primness; and the whole room bore the air of having been wakened up and used.

Miss Cornelia smiled happily at the disorder and stopped half way up the stairs to say:

"Don't straighten things up, Mary. I want to see them just that way in the morning. I want to be sure it is all true."

In the long talk that followed, she learned that the boy's few simple ideals were deep rooted, that the thoughts of her son were clear-cut, simple, and natural and explained once her flaming shawl and laid it carefully away.

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ant milk is to her children's health, and realizes that a dollar spent on milk for them could be invested in no better way, she will teach them to drink milk and they'll never acquire a distaste for it and think it just for babies.

"You are right about our children not having especially healthy parents to take after, but we are bringing them up right, and, Aunt Anne, do you know any healthier children than these?"

"Indeed I don't. I always said how lucky you were to have such healthy children. Now I know it wasn't luck, but good care and milk."

"How about telegraph?

"Save an old white kid or chamois glove if your corset steels and bones

have a habit of wearing through. A mend with a bit of this will last a long time.

"When the little girls' dresses of embroidered flouncing are too short, lengthen them without taking off the band, in this way: Stitch to the under side of the scallops a double fold of lawn or batiste about three inches wide. This gives the appearance of

banish the Fly.

The approach of warm weather brings with it the discomfort of fly-time. During the season this household pest thrives and multiplies by the millions, and quickly. The housewife must wage a definite war against the fly if she wishes to banish this, death-dealing, disease-breeding parasite.

The fly not only carries poison, but also typhoid, infantile paralysis and many kindred disease germs. Food that is exposed in warm weather favors a very desirable breeding place for this dangerous pest.

Clean up the premises and yards and see that all garbage cans are disinfected and kept covered. Do not allow any piles of rubbish or waste to accumulate. Do not take a chance on leaving the windows and doors open in warm, sunny weather, without placing in the screens. See that all windows and doors are securely screened. Cover all foods that are exposed with wire or mosquito netting; these screens can be made by removing the ends of a box and then proceeding to cover it with wire or netting.

Do not permit milk vessels, or cooking utensils to stand around, near water instead? They'd drink just as easily!

"Truth is, Aunt," her niece laughed, "water is refreshing, but it hasn't very much food value. They drink plenty of water between meals. At present, they are having breakfast."

"But how can you afford to let them drink so much with milk costing what it does here in the city?"

"Because I know how necessary it is for the children's well-being. I know that nothing so well provides all the necessary elements of growth for the young child as milk. Therefore, I make it their mainstay. The cost per quart is high, I know, but when breakfast and supper consist almost entirely of milk—I usually make cream soup, creamed toast or some other such dish not only for their supper but for our own—so few other foods are used that the cost is greatly reduced. Practically all, cakes, crackers and cookies, which altogether may many children make a practice of filling up on are excluded entirely. If a lunch is required between meals a slice of bread and a glass of milk suits them admirably, while milk desserts take the place of pie at dinner and a glass of milk reduces the quantity of meat consumed."

"But I fail to understand," continued Aunt Anne, "how you get them to take it so well. Most of the children are very keen about milk after they have seen detectable milk after they have seen detectable

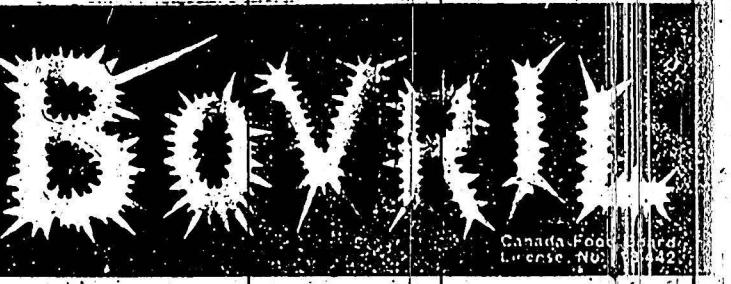
children living on dairy farms."

"Yes, I know," replied her niece, "but it's the mother, not the children, who is to blame. Weaning time to most women means jumping from babyhood to manhood, skipping childhood altogether, so far as diet is concerned. As soon as baby begins to take solid food, the mother decreases the milk supply. She lets him have tastes of all the victuals the grown-ups have, and his stomach gets too full for milk. Yet all he has eaten is not half so beneficial as a much smaller quantity, supplemented by a glass or so of milk."

"Of course, if a child really dislikes milk it may be necessary to do a little coaxing, but a little ingenuity and patience will usually have the desired effect. Let the mother make cocoa or cereal coffee entirely of milk, using only sufficient boiling water to dissolve the powder, and offer it to the child in winter. In summer, a bit of sugar or syrup with a few drops of flavoring, and the milk alone wouldn't

"One mother I knew used to paste a pretty picture on the bottom of a tumbler, then fill the glass with milk. Her little girl gladly drank the milk in order to see the new picture. Another mother induced her children to drink milk by using pretty, odd-shaped tumblers and cups, while still another kept on hand a supply of small hard candies, one of which she dropped into each glass. You can readily believe the children never refuse to drink the milk when the last swallow meant a piece of candy."

"After all, it rests with the mother entirely whether or not the children drink milk and grow strong, rosy and healthy, with a look of pride toward pink-cheeked Teddy and Belle. If she understands how vitally important



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cut them in as long and thin strips as possible, it is easier to do this near at hand, and so does it over indefinite spaces at a speed of 300 miles or over an hour.

A wire brush with some gritty cleanser, cleans the roasting pan in two minutes.

Save an old white kid or chamois glove if your corset steels and bones have a habit of wearing through. A mend with a bit of this will last a long time.

How about telegraph?

"The 'notions' counter in most shops has remade button holes to offer. They are sold in strips, and are great time and labor savers. But for pick-up work there is nothing like having a strip of button holes of your own making on hand."

"A time comes in most men's lives when the bell rings for peace, and unhappy are they who, when it does, have nowhere to carry their heavy load."

"Cane-seated chairs that have been broken can be tightened by wash them in hot water and soap, and rinsing them in clear water. Dry them in the open air."

NEWS WONDERS EXPECTED

Marvellous Inventions Inspired by War May Be Surprised in Peace.

Subjects of increasing interest are telephoning without wires and flight by airship across the ocean. Both ideas are in such a hopeful way that they may be said to be virtually assured and likely to be soon put in operation. These matters are better worth thinking about and spending money on than in poison gas or an armament race.

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The recent war Paris was saved by twice battles on the Marne, which was quite as near as hostile batteries could be allowed to approach. In proportion as the spirit of militarism is banished from the world, the constructive forces of peace get to work. Their possibilities were never more interesting.

It is hard to say how rapid the march of important inventions will be when nations agree to go forward amicably instead of with deadly cross purposes. Carrying on a conversation audibly between distant points anywhere on the globe is almost

First—Keep the house screened. Second—Kill each and every fly in the house.

Third—Do not allow food to stand in an exposed condition.

Fourth—Keep the garbage pail well covered.

Fifth—Disinfect the garbage can twice a week.

Sixth—Do not allow rubbish to accumulate.

Seventh—Repair all breaks in screens and doors, as soon as they appear.

Eighth—See that the screen door has a good catch for a quick closing.

Ninth—Fresh air, sunlight and clean premises prevent disease.

Household Hints.

Children require a special diet up to ten years of age.