

The Road To Home Sweet Home.

Words by
GEORGE V. HOBART.

From The Modern Play
"Experience"
Booth Theatre, New York City.

Musie by
SILVIO HEIN.

Andante.

There's a With your

big Road in the Ci - ty that they call the Great White Way. Where the pock - ets lined with mon - ey you can walk the Great White Way. It's a

bright lights, star - ing white lights, turn the night - time in - to day. But you're fine road, song and wine road, it's an end - less hol - i - day. But when

lone - ly when you walk it, For you want once more to find, In the once your gold has van - ished, In the cold gray dawn you'll find. That it's

shad - ows in the dark - ness That old Road you left be - hind. It's the de - ar - y, and you're wa - ry For the Road you left be - hind. It's the

Copyright MCMXIV by T.B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter, New York. No. 459
All Rights Reserved. Used by permission, Murray Music Co., New York. International Copyright Secured.

Moderato.

Old Road — back to Home - land — It's the out - casts on - ly

goal, — Where the cv - er cru - el white lights — Throw no

shad - ows on your soul. — It's the Old Road — back to Child - hood.

It's the Road you want to roam, — With the stars a - bove to

guide you, It's the Road to Home, Sweet Home.

MAN'S RIGHTS

I had been keeping house for Bob for about a year when I decided to take a short holiday. So I announced one morning at the breakfast table, "I'm going up to the city to-day, Bob, to see Mary Price."

"Good for you!" Bob's smile is the pleasantest thing you ever saw. "How long are you going to stay?"

"It says Tuesday morning. I had had 'Tillie' (Tillie on Monday, and we had washed and scrubbed until the house would bear the closest inspection. I am so proud of the fact that I am pointed out as a housekeeper above reproach. Indeed, poor father used to say I was daffy on the subject of cleaning and so on, I mean, but when father was easy-going and contented 'fusing.' When I came to make a home for Bob I was dreadfully afraid he was father all over again, but I got him in line quickly, and now he is as great a lover of order as I am."

But, going back to his query, I answered, readily: "I will be home on the seven o'clock train evening. I'm entertaining the ladies of the guild on Monday. Now, I figure that by coming home Friday I'll have Saturday for cleaning. My even criticism of our dining-room. As I helped him on with his overcoat I began:

"Now, Bob, when you poke the furnace mornings don't forget to carefully sweep up the ashes. You're careless, you know, and they do track up the steps into the house. As I'll leave the broom where it can't escape you. And whatever you do, don't let the cat follow you up. And don't you dare let Rufus in the house! You'll remember, won't you, dear? And you'll keep everything so clean!"

He seemed in such a desperate rush I let him off there, and he hurried around to the kennel. Bob never leaves in the morning without a talk to Rufus. He is ridiculously fond of that terror. I suppose that's the bachelor of it, though Bob always did have a dog as a boy. We almost clashed over Rufus when we began housekeeping, for Bob actually wanted to allow him the freedom of the lovely new home. Of course, I could not understand that although I am a firm believer in allowing a man to have his own way in his own home (so long as that way is a right one), and I pounded away at it until Rufus and Bum, the cat, found their proper places.

I arrived in the city early in the evening. I found it quite entrancing, and enjoyed my ride through its busy streets to Mary Price's. But after my arrival there and Mary's surprise and our mutual friendliness had cooled she steered me into the living room. I was distinctly shocked! If you will believe me, the atmosphere in that artistic spot was so thick with horrid, smelly cigar smoke that you could cut it. When I recovered from the fit of choking which assailed me I found my hands imprisoned in Jim Price's, and he was apologizing profusely for the annoyance his smoking had caused me. Nevertheless, I noticed with intense surprise that after Mary and I got down to a good old talk he lit a fresh cigar and puffed away imperturbably. And the reckless way in which he allowed the ashes to drop down on Mary's beautiful rug set my nerves tingling. And Mary's attitude amazed me, it was so blissfully unconcerned. Now, before her marriage she had been the soul of order. I decided that Jim Price had turned out to be a tyrant, and that to keep peace she allowed him to do as he pleased. I pitied her! When Jim became lost in the European situation I voiced

way intoain shrdlu emfwp emfwp my sympathy.

"Mary," I whispered, "I know this incessant smoking is a great trial! Your curtains and your beautiful furniture (that upholstery is imported, I know) will be ruined."

"Right," "For goodness sake," she exclaimed, "are you the same old bundle of orderliness?"

Rather tartly, I am afraid, I informed her that, at one time, she had considered orderliness a most desirable virtue.

"Oh, lord, it!" she laughed. "Order must be observed in a home, I know; so must something else—a man's rights, my dear." She looked at me keenly. "Surely you let your brother smoke in the house?" she demanded.

"Bob prefers to smoke in the basement," I answered loftily.

"See whiz!" I had Jim staring at me by this time, and, really, I was becoming quite angry. "Well, I'll bet he spends precious few evenings at home!" Jim's voice was queerly indignant.

"Indeed, you're wrong!" I retorted. "I remembered I was visiting, and curbed my rising temper. He's home almost every evening. He loves it in the basement. It's warm and electric lighted, and he fools with Bum and has Rufus in, and thoroughly enjoys his after-dinner smoke there." I ended with a triumphant smile.

"And his pal, Phil Bruce. Does he have him there?" Jim asked.

"No—no earthly reason! I found myself coloring. Phil Bruce? Why, we don't see much of him. He—He broke off lamely. To be perfectly frank, I have wondered myself why Phil does not come up often, but I didn't intend the Prices to know; because they must well remember that at one time Phil used to visit my old home rather frequently.

From some cause the atmosphere was rather chilly for the balance of the evening, and I was quite relieved when bedtime came.

Mary was lovely next day, and took me about the city, which was most enjoyable, but in the evening I felt curiously uncomfortable, though Jim did not light a cigar, and there was no smoke and ashes to worry me. But he was so grouchy! I'm sure Mary was deeply humiliated. I do hope their marriage is not proving a failure.

And, do you know, I didn't stay my visit out? I got worrying over all I had to do to prepare for the guild, and decided to go home Thursday. I arrived there on the nine o'clock, quite unburdened. I knew Bob would be so pleasantly surprised.

When I turned into our street I was quite amazed to see a light in our drawing room. My brother had planned the room for a living room, but as I simply detest the new-fangled notion of having no spot set aside for company, he had cheerfully agreed to reserve the room with its artistic fireplace for special occasions. Presumably one had arisen this evening.

A fire was burning in the grate. Before it, on my cherished Oriental rug (my only one) lay Rufus. Bob sat on one side of the fire with his legs comfortably stretched out on my

beautiful antique ottoman. On the other side, similarly sprawled, was Phil Bruce. Between them, curled into a ball on the velvet cushioned seat of a rocker, was disreputable Bum, lost in happy cat oblivion, I suppose of terrifying broomsticks.

I was boiling. "I was on the point of rapping sharply on the window pane through which I peered when Bob's voice reached me:

"Phil," he drawled, "Isn't this great—like old times—when we used to lounge before the fire at Mrs. Brown's, dreaming? Great dreams, eh?"

"You bet." Phil emptied his pipe into my car, refilled and relighted it, adding, when he settled back in his chair and puffed a moment: "And, like most dreams, mine went up like that, old man." He drew his back and the coils of smoke he sent upward slowly vanished into nothingness.

Then they were silent. I felt they were dreaming now, and experienced a queer, choky, new sensation. Bob murmured, at last, still staring into the glowing coals: "What's become of the woman in your dreams, Phil? She was not merely a dream woman like mine."

Phil's feet came down with a bang. You're wrong. She was very much a dream woman. Now, see here, cut it out!

Another silence, broken this time by Phil. "Say, old man, you would have a peach of a home here if it was always like this. I mean, you know that is—oh hang it all, you know what I mean! You haven't home comforts, such as a man looks for. Why, I have you skinned a cat in our old room at Mrs. Brown's. Now, why in the deuce do you give into a woman's tyranny?"

"Oh, hold on, Phil, that's pretty hard on the little woman!" (Dear, loyal old Bob!) "She doesn't mean to tyrannize. You know, she is a great housekeeper and—well, when she has recovered from the shock of father's death, I'm going to kick. Then Rufus, Bum and I will live once more. Meanwhile smoke up! We'll give the room a seasoning while we have the chance."

I slipped away into the darkness with a quick choking of the breath. I wanted to escape before Bob knew; before I spoiled his "chance." Strange to say, Phil's words did not infuriate me. Instead, I was cowed by a dreadful burning shame. I hurried along, thankful of the darkness that hid my crimson cheeks from the passerby. I went to Mrs. Sherwood's and told her I was going to spend the night. I didn't

mean to care what Bob or her mother thought.

I lay awake all night and had it out with myself. By morning the supreme decision I had come to was: Bob was an angel; I was an old cat.

I went home as soon as I felt he must have left for the office, and the first thing I did was to yank all the linen "shrouds" off the furniture in the sacred room. I couldn't find a sign of the celebration of the night before, for the old dear had cleaned as well as I could myself. Then I hauled in an old Morris chair (a relic of the days at Mrs. Brown's), brought pipes and the like from the basement, and then I telephoned.

"Yes, I took an early train, Bob," I answered. "Oh, I just wanted to, you come home to dinner early, will you? And bring Phil out. Remember!"

I was quite cool and collected, but when I heard their voices at 6 o'clock that evening I thought there was a volcano within me at the point of eruption. But the meeting was not so bad as I expected because their eyes were taken up by the miracle before them. Rufus leaping up and down, Bum rubbing familiarly against my skirts.

After greeting Phil hurriedly, I threw open the "living" room door and switched on the lights. They both stared, that was all. Finally, Bob managed to articulate: "What under the sun does it mean?"

I walked slowly toward the fire.

"The beginning, Bob, of man's rights in this house. I smiled brilliantly at both of them. "Don't you think it's about time? I've learned many things—in the city."

Phil's eyes searched me. They were full of disbelief. I found I could not stand their scrutiny, so I hurried him, with Bob to the dining room. And I gave the dinner to delight the heart and palate of men. There were fruits and scallops, and a dish I set before Bob, was a favorite of Mrs. Brown's—beefsteak with onions.

All through dinner and afterward, when we three dreamed into the fire in the living room. I had a dreadful time avoiding Phil's eyes. They were so curious. Well, he knows all about it now, for he is my husband. He says his home is infinitely better than his dream one.

A Tasty Dinner.

Many amusing experiences has John Burns had during his parliamentary career. When it comes to a question of argument it usually happens that Mr. Burns scores off his opponent as the following story shows on one occasion. Mr. Burns was taken down very nicely. He was out walking in Battersea Park when he saw a man in conversation with a policeman. Suddenly the man put his hand in his pocket and drew out something which he handed to the constable. Mr. Burns, thinking he had discovered a flagrant breach of the regulations against tipping, approached the policeman and ordered him to hold out his hand. The man in blue obeyed at once and extended his open palm before the indignant M.P., but in it there lay, not the expected coin of the realm, but—merely a cough drop.

WAR IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT COPPER.

This Metal In Some Degree In Need of All War Material

This has been called a gold war; and so it is in a sense. But it is even more emphatically a copper one. Cut off the supply of copper, and sooner or later nowadays a war comes automatically to an end.

This is because the red metal enters into the composition, in a greater or less degree, of nearly all the munitions of war. Take, for instance projectiles from big guns. Round the base of each one of these is a band of copper, which when the gun is fired, expands, and grips the interior rifling of the weapon, causing the projectile to rotate.

It also serves another, and a very important purpose. By its expansion at the very moment the charge ignites, the explosive gases are held in check, as it were, and forced to expand all but a tiny fraction of their energy in driving the projectile through the bore of the piece.

If Germany merely wanted enough copper to enable her to make these bands for her big-gun projectiles, she could probably supply the demand within her own borders—she produces about 25,000 tons per annum—or, at all events, she would be able to smuggle in enough from possibly neutral neighbors. But there are other demands for the metal which are far more insistent, and notably that in connection with small-arm ammunition—that is to say, rifle cartridges.

These are made of solid drawn brass; no other substance will do, because all others are liable to jam in the barrel. Now ordinary brass contains three parts of copper to two of zinc, but the fine brass from which cartridges are made consists of one part of copper and only one of zinc.

Experts state that thirteen tons of copper are required for a million rounds of small-arm ammunition. Consequently every cartridge contains rather less than half an ounce of copper. One has only to bear these facts in mind, and to remember also that it has been computed that on an average about thirty millions of cartridges are being fired away daily in the various theatres of the war, to realize how absolutely vital it is to the German Government's efforts of copper should not be materially interfered with.

But this is what is happening. The British fleet commands the seas, and copper has been declared to be contraband of war. One result of this is that the German Government is now offering the huge price of \$500 a ton for the metal, the price in England being somewhere about \$225 a ton, while in America the price is ever lower. The bulk of the copper comes smuggled into Germany from the provinces of neutral countries, whither it is carried by skippers armed with false bills of lading and faked manifests.

King George has scratched all his horses entered for the Lincoln and Liverpool meetings this week. During a great storm two big German merchant steamers were lost off Denmark.

Constipation, Indigestion and Horrible Backaches

Searched for a Cure for Years—Advised to Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and Was Cured.

Where there is poison there is pain. This is a provision of Nature to warn you against conditions that are likely to prove serious.

Constipation of the bowels is one of the greatest sources of disease and suffering. By using one of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at bed-time an often it is necessary to keep the bowels regular you can cure constipation and the consequent indigestion, and remove the cause of backache, rheumatism and other painful diseases.

"Daily movement of the bowels is the greatest law of health," Dr. Chase's

Kidney-Liver Pills will help you to form the habit, add to your cheer, and bring comfort in old age.

Professor A. T. Smith, 181 Charles Street, Montreal, and formerly of Boston, Mass., writes:—"I suffered for many years from indigestion, constipation and horrible backaches. I have been treated by many doctors, without any result. One day a friend in Boston advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes I noticed great improvement, and after the fourth box I was completely cured. My digestion is good. I never feel any pain in the back. My head is clear, and I feel like a young man. I think Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are one of the best medicines on earth."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill is given, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.



PROF. SMITH.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Terrible mental suffering. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.



SEAL BRAND COFFEE

Ask your Grocer for Seal Brand to-day.

—Have this delicious coffee for breakfast tomorrow.

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL 154

CATARRH of the BLADDER relieved in 24 HOURS

SANTAL MIDY

Each Capsule bears the MIDY name.

Beware of counterfeits.

No increase in Price.

SOWARDS

Keep Coal and Coal Keeps SOWARDS

DR. JEVAN'S FRENCH PILLS

Keep Coal and Coal Keeps SOWARDS

ANNOUNCEMENT !!

The spring season for ladies' tailors has arrived. I am better prepared than ever before to give perfect satisfaction to my customers. Lowest prices obtainable.

L. WINSTON 159 Wellington St. PHONE 523

WOMAN'S MOST SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE

Known All Over The World — Known Only For The Good It Has Done.

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or received so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In nearly every community you will find women who have been restored to health by this famous medicine. Almost every woman you meet knows of the great good it has been doing among suffering women for the past 30 years.

Fox Creek, N. B.—"I have always had pains in the abdomen and a weakness there and often after meals a soreness in my stomach. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am stronger, digestion is better and I can work with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. WILLIAM S. BOUTWELL, Fox Creek, N. B.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, many of whom state that it has saved them from surgical operations.



King George has scratched all his horses entered for the Lincoln and Liverpool meetings this week. During a great storm two big German merchant steamers were lost off Denmark.