

The cleanliness of the sealed package appeals to the daintiness of a woman.

She knows that it protects the contents from dust, dirt, odors and moisture.

She will be doubly pleased with our new waxed board package—which we have adopted after several years of testing—because it is stronger, more secure and more completely air-tight; altogether the best container for tea that has yet been devised.

Ask your grocer for Red Rose Tea in the sealed carton.



Red Rose Coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea

SILVERWARE that is Protected where the Wear Comes



CHOOSE HOLMES & EDWARDS Flatware for Christmas Gifts then you can rest assured that the recipient of your gift will never be disappointed. HOLMES & EDWARDS spoons and forks are protected where the wear comes. In the "Silver Inlaid" line the wear points on handle and bowl have a piece of Sterling Silver welded right in before plating, while the whole of the spoon is superplated. In the "Super Plate" line the protection is given by an extra heavy coat of pure silver at all wear points.

Be sure to look for the name "HOLMES & EDWARDS" on the back of all spoons and forks. Many beautiful patterns including the "Jamestown", handily used for Christmas Gifts. Have your jeweler show you these.

Set of Six Teaspoons—Silver Inlaid, \$4.25; Super Plate, \$3.25 Other Pieces in Proportion

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You can get the same flaky lightness in your Pie Crusts, Tarts and Cookies, with

BEAVER FLOUR

as you can with any pastry flour. Beaver Flour is milled of the famous Ontario fall wheat, strengthened with western spring wheat.

And more than that—Beaver Flour makes a loaf of bread that is a joy to eat—with fine, even texture and a delicious, "homey" nutlike flavor, unknown to those who still use the tough, tasteless, western spring wheat flour. Make the change today—order a barrel of Beaver Flour at your grocer's and have really delicious Bread and Pastry.

DEALERS—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

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Heat's the blessing that's caressing men when winter's winds blow chill—so why not call upon us today and investigate the proper heating equipment needed for your home and have us install it without delay. Come in and we will tell you what it will cost you. phone 393-J.

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The Woman who Loved — And Earned

BY JANE PHELPS

A Modern Story of Home and Business

CHAPTER III.

Then one night, walking home from the movies, Robert asked me to marry him. I was happy, Oh, so happy! because I loved him. I had pretended to Mary Ryan that he was no more to me than others, but it wasn't so. He meant all the world to me, all of happiness. And I told him so, and in the telling felt no shame. Why should I? Why should any girl, once she knows the man to whom she has given her heart honestly loves her and wants to honor her for his wife?

I have no patience with the sickly sentimentality that makes a girl make pretence of holding her lover off because he might think her anxious.

So I told Robert I would be his wife in the fall. It was the last of July when he asked me.

Throughout the daylight hours of August and September I worked doubly hard in the shop, and devoted the evenings I did not spend with Robert to getting my simple trousseau ready. The time slipped by almost imperceptibly, so happy and so busy was I. Mary Ryan helped me in every way.

"If you are bound to make a goose of yourself, why I might as well help even if I don't like your getting married," she had grumbled as she stitched away on a negligee.

"It won't make any difference in my feeling for you, Mary, so don't be so grumpy about it, I replied. I couldn't help feeling a little hurt that Mary should object to my marrying.

"Oh, get out! Don't I know that when a girl gets married she might as well be dead for all the comfort she is to anybody but the man she marries—sometimes she isn't even to him! Here I was plannin' how we would live together when we got old, the fine times we would have leavin' to cook"—she stopped in pretended surprise, "goodness, Gerry, you can't get married! You don't know a blessed thing about keeping house, or cooking."

"I am not going to keep house," I said.

"What are you plannin' to do? Hire a housekeeper and cook on a ship clerk's salary?"

"I am planning to keep my position, Mary. I shall go on working just the same. And Mary, please do pronounce your g's. I hate to keep telling you."

"Maybe I don't wish I had gone to high school like you, before I had to work to keep from starving," Mary said. "You know as much as I do, more about some things—the shop, etc."

"Don't think I am a fool enough to swallow that, Gerry Frost. I ain't like a fool what don't know the real thing when they see it; I have got senses if I ain't got education. And I know you was all to the merry first day you come to the shop. I'm going to work like blazes and some day I'll be a saleswoman too, you see if I ain't."

"You surely will if you try. You are naturally much smarter, you much cleverer than I am," I assured her, "and I will help you learn to speak more grammatically if you will let me. I should study too, and so we will be helping each other." I was little anxious as to how Mary would take my offer. She was proud, and high spirited.

"Honest, Gerry Frost, do you mean that?" Mary's eyes suddenly overflowed. "I never thought anyone would care enough about me to learn me anything."

"Of course I mean it—that is, if you won't mind being corrected. "Mind!—not on my life! But I reckon it will keep you pretty busy."

So it was settled. Mary was to learn to speak correctly. I was to teach her—"learn her," she persisted in saying.

She was quiet for a moment, then. "Say, Gerry, does Robert know you are going right on working at the shop?"

"Yes—that is, we haven't talked much about it. At first he objected. I made him see how foolish it would be. I earn as much, almost, as he does." (I earned fully as much, but I would not let even Mary know it for fear she would not think quite so well of Robert.)

CHAPTER IV.

"Say, Gerry, did you see Madame's brother sizing us up?" Mary asked me the next day. Mr. Leets, the brother of the proprietor or manager of the store, often came in to talk



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MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDERS

things over with his sister. It was his money that ran the business, we all knew, and in consequence we were a little in awe of him. "I didn't know if he was going to ask one of us to marry him, or if he was going to fire us. I never stopped looking at yours caught him."

"Nonsense, Mary. You are far better looking than I am," I replied and with truth. Mary Ryan was a typical Irish beauty, and was also very striking because of her height, and the way she carried herself. The girls in the shop had nicknamed her "Queenie" because of her regal way of holding herself. I was just ordinary size with nothing to distinguish me from thousands of other quiet-looking girls but my masses of red hair, which Madame had counted an asset because it set off her hats, especially black hats which were really becoming to me.

"Oh, if being big and awkward and thin as a shad, is being good looking I'd take the prize at a country fair along with the other big animals! But I'd rather look the real fellow like you do, and let the other fellow have the prizes. I like quality, and I am only quantity."

I laughed until I almost cried. Mary was always amusing; no one could be blue when she was around.

"Haven't you ever heard about the girl who was tall and divinely fair, Mary? You are very pretty, and I believe you know it. Then you look so stylish in everything you put on; while I never look smart, I am too short."

All nice things are done up in small bundles of earth. And I'll bet a nickel that Robert of yours tells you so." Then, more soberly: "Honest, Gerry, are you going to stay on at the shop?"

"Honest, Mary."

"Where will you live?"

"Why, we'll board of course."

"What's the use getting married if you ain't going to have no home?"

"Why—why—how funny you are, Mary. You ask such queer questions. I stammered, but I had no answer ready. I loved Robert dearly. I had been so busy making a living I had had little time to either think of, or to devote to young men. Robert had rather swept me off my feet. My commonplace little self had in a way been transformed into a castle-building individual. Although, as usually practically, I had in this case not reasoned out my problems; I had simply refused to see them."

"Well, I hope it will be all right, Gerry, you know I do, but I feel sort of afraid for you. I ain't been in this big town for five years for nothing. You get you eye teeth cut mighty quick here. And it seems to me that a married man that don't got no home is just like any other Johnnie, and will be running around like they do."

"Oh, Mary, do stop! If you keep on, I shall be almost afraid to get married!"

After Mary left me I was conscious of curiously mingled emotions. She was worried, anxious about my marriage. While I was so happy because Robert loved me, I loved him, that I had scarcely thought of anything else since I had promised to marry him. Everything else seemed so inconsequential. I had known him only six months, but I was sure that had it been six years I should have known him no better, loved him no more devotedly.

I was proud of Robert, too. He was tall, well built, although slender, with dark brown hair and grey eyes. He had a certain air that made you feel he was to be trusted so with a shrug I dismissed Mary's forebodings and went to bed. But just as soon as I closed my eyes they came back, and also I recalled what Mother had said so long ago. I was only 18 then—7 years ago. Among other things this one sentence stood out:

"Men need something to fight FOR to arouse the fighting instinct in them; to goad their ambition."

And I was ambitious for Robert. Would I kill his ambitions if I took away his incentive?

V.

I was young and optimistic, also I was proud of my success. I had entered the shop in a lowly position, with a salary of five dollars a week. Now I was one of the head saleswomen, earning thirty dollars, and I was sure, rather than let me go, Madame Leets would raise me.

So the next day after my talk with Mary I forgot all about her anxiety, even about Mother's opinion. I knew Mother was old-fashioned about many things; she had said that perhaps she was hopelessly old-fashioned in her ideas of marriage. I decided that she must be. Women had changed; their status in the business world had also changed. It was no longer only the women who were compelled by necessity to work who were in business, or occupied subordinate positions; but many wealthy women and girls preferred to be in some sort of business, and have their independence. So with a shrug I dismissed the matter, and went on with my preparations.

I would be no parasite wife. I would help my husband by keeping right on working. Our hours were the same; we could be together just as much as if I gave up my position and remained at home washing dishes, etc.—work I knew nothing about, but instinctively hated.

Mother and I had boarded. I was in school and her little income was just sufficient to keep us going. Unfortunately it ceased when she passed away. So I had had no chance to learn any of the household duties which come so naturally to girls reared at home.

But I had an idea that washing dishes, scrubbing, and work of that sort took all romance out of life. Had I felt we could afford a maid, I might have listened to Robert's plea that I leave the shop. But I knew that we could not on his salary, and for me—well, strong and capable (as I knew I was) to spend my time doing what I then considered mental work was not to be considered for a moment.

I had told Robert that he was behind the times; that it was now considered perfectly all right for a married woman to keep her position,



Will the folks think to give me

A Gillette For CHRISTMAS

"I certainly need a razor of my own, and the Gillette Safety Razor is the one I want. Dad says there is nothing like a factory-sharpened, wafer-thin blade for a clean, comfortable shave. He said goodbye to his strop and hone long ago!"



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NO STROPPING—NO HONING

and quoted several places of which I know that were managed or owned by some "Mrs."

"But, Gerry dear, you don't know if they are happy or not. You know nothing of them their domestic lives."

"They don't have any!" I replied, laughing.

"But their lives together, I mean. You know nothing of how they live, if they get on together."

"Why should success in business make a woman hard to get on with silly?" I asked, then kissed him. The first time I had proffered a caress unasked.

"Have it your own way, sweetheart," Robert returned as he put his arms around me. "I don't want to quarrel about you, work, neither do I want to be unreasonable about it. Yet somehow I can't help feeling that it means more to me—to us, than you seem to think. Can't you

give it up, dear—to please me?"

"No, Robert, not even to please the dearest boy that ever lived. Why dear, it would be madness. With what we both earn we can be ever so comfortable. We can do things; go to the theatre and other places without feeling all the time that we are extravagant."

"But we will have no home—no place to receive our friends. I had sort of planned on that, sweetheart. I'm a social soul you know; and some of my friends have entertained me in their homes—especially Weed and Murphy. I had often heard him speak of these two young men who about a year before had married. He sometimes spent the evenings with them, occasionally had dined or played cards, and he had told me of the supper he had—how good it tasted."

"We will take them to some nice restaurant. It will be just as cheap,

they keep house. No, Robert, you and more of a treat for them now that will have to think up something better than that to make me change my mind."

"All right, sweetheart, have your own way. But what would you do"—he stopped, and a dull red flush crept up over his face.

I looked at him in amazement. Then once more there flashed through my mind something Mother had said in that last confidential talk we had had together. She had said:

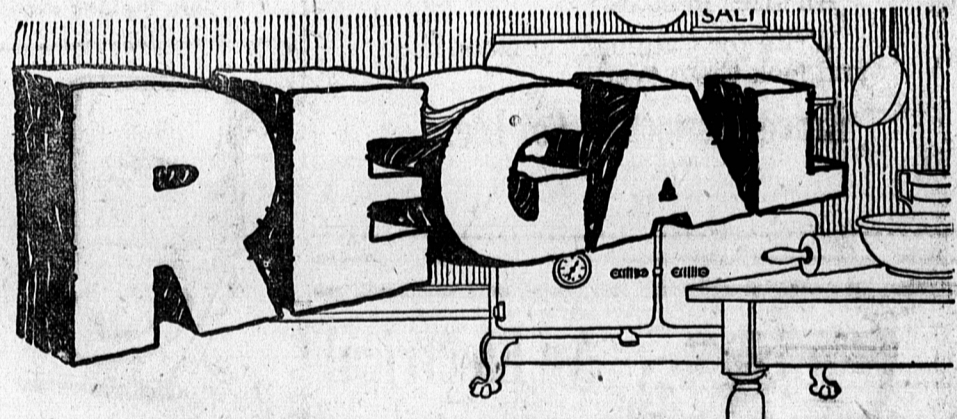
"The women who go on working after they are married are not anxious for their children's."

Could that be in Robert's mind? Perhaps—after a few years—perhaps.

CHAPTER VI.

We were married the first week in October. I told Robert that I had

(Continued on Page Nine.)



The Big Value in FLOUR

IN THE KITCHEN, the big event is baking day. And the important thing on baking day is to use "REGAL"—the ideal flour for bread. "REGAL" means bread of uniform texture, lasting freshness and wholesome qualities.

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