

*the more Nylons - the merrier!*

Sheer Nylons - Sheer Delights!

1.40 to 2.50

**The GLORIA**  
LADIES' WEAR  
179 Grafton Street

**Lonely Parade**  
By Fannie Hurst

"I want marriage and security and position and all the things Leonore rubbed out. I know what I'm doing throwing over Jean-Jacques. I'm taking on life instead. Charlottetown knows what I mean. She sees through me. She always has. I'm good for your father, Sierra. I haven't any illusions about young love and romance. That, somehow, has passed all of us. I want my man and my home and my peace and my security, even though I've got to compromise on the fixin's. The demon woman knows what I want—don't you Charlottetown?"

"Does John Baldwin?" inquired the Charlottetown dryly.

"Not—yet—all—the way."

"Then see that he does, and quickly," said Sierra, rising and kissing Kitty on her pale hair that scarcely showed its gray.

Chapter XXXI

The letter which Erna received from Rolfe was written on lined paper and enclosed in one of those stamped envelopes obtainable at post-office windows.

Dear Erna, The wife and I and the kiddies will be in New York Tuesday of next week. We are on our way from Tulsa, Oklahoma, where I have been on a project for several years, to a bridge construction job near Brattleboro, Vermont. We will only be in your town between trains, but we would like to come and see you, since I want the wife and children to see you and the lady friends of yours. They have all heard so much about you all. Once when we were living in San Francisco, during the Golden Gate Bridge project there, we went to see the troupe of European Dancers, which my wife, who is more given to those things, enjoyed. If you will answer us to the address enclosed, it will reach us. Looking forward to seeing you and having you meet my family, with best regards, your old friend, Rolfe.

They arrived at tea time about four days later. A bridge table of refreshments was laid out in Erna's small room, which had a day bed and semblance of sitting room to it. At Charlottetown's instance, a dish of Viennese candies to which Kitty held agency rights, some of the same firm's lebkuchen backed in the shapes of animals and fancy sweet sandwiches also designed for children, made up quite an elaborate refreshment.

It was a diffident meeting between Erna and Rolfe, both flattened by the years, as a nail on a streetcar track is flattened by the passing over it of the iron wheels. Probably unconscious of it himself, Rolfe had married only a slightly varied edition of Erna. Almost identical in coloring with the sagebrush country, where she had spent the greater part of her married life, Mildred might have been sister to Erna. Women like Erna and Mildred were right for men like Rolfe. Bony, good tollers, fairly immunized to monotony, they were also immune to the monotony of the Rolfes who fell to their lot. Sisters under skin and in pigmentation, Mildred's gauging youngsters might likewise have been either hers or Erna's.

The implication of a bony-jawed fibrous farm woman, which always hung over Erna, especially in the Pragonard setting of Twenty-one East, came out in italics as she sat at the tea table beside Rolfe and his gawky family. The children, nondescript, wrangled about the sweets, appealing constantly to the parents for arbitration.

"Mama, make Butch stop."

"Aw, Pop, looka Ellie! The yellow cake was mine!"

"Hush!"

"Mama, c'n I have another? Ellie took my yellow."

"Drat those kids! Can't you make 'em behave, Rolfe?"

Tired, white-faced and high-voiced, her clothing bearing mussy evidence of nights in day coaches, Mildred, once the door of Erna's room had closed on the alien formality of remainder of the house, became as much herself as if she were talking over an Oklahoma back fence or paring potatoes on the steps of their one-time box car residence on the edge of the Mojave Desert.

"Looks like we ought to reach other by first names from the start, don't it, Erna?"

"Certainly does."

Here one of the frequent inter-positions of the children intervened as Ellie, aged six, scrambled aboard the bony lap of her bony father, thrusting toward his face a sticky tea cake. She was plain knobby child of knees and elbows with the faculty of seeming to thrust herself, like a cactus with arms, across the vision of her mother.

"Ellie, get off your papa with those sticky hands! You give everybody the jim-jams."

The child held herself protectively against Rolfe, vowing the yellow led cake. "Want a bite, Daddy?"

He caught the small hand and slid the child off his knee. "No, go give your mother some."

Through Erna, sitting there congratulating herself that she was well out of it, a paradoxical chill of exclusion rattled. No look passed between Mildred and her husband, no texture of tenderness, for that matter, in the words, "No, go give mother some."

Not that their talk was much else besides blight after blight of dream after dream. The engineering project in Guatemala that was to have made their fortune and which had never materialized; the foreclosure of the homestead they had acquired near Pueblo, where another project had failed to come to anything. This small nomadic family of uncertain and meager income, indifferent health, looked all of its liabilities.

To be continued

**Ellen's Diary**  
(Continued from Page 2)

now — the cattle are coming in!" She has been an eager onlooker on recent evenings when we have door-kept for James at a stable or herded "that roan ox in — which one you ask? But you should know Ellen, the one that goes beside this heifer!" This is a pleasing-out we do in the younger farmer's absence to have this, at present, baffling choring done before the daylight fades. It occasions us sighs and chuckles. James joins us at times in the former but we laughed together at granddaughter this evening, when she, obviously enjoying the spirit of excitement prevailing, but then dying, called out in a spirited tone from a safe point of vantage nearby: "Look, granddaddy, Nanna's got herself stuck in the road again." And altogether our days are good, and indeed "running over."

Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night . . .

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**DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS**

**Dorothy Dix Says —**  
Continued from page 3

she knows that he is doing the very best he can, she has no just cause to divorce him, and she is a poor sport if she does not play up to him and do her part as cheerfully as she can.

The real silver lining to your cloud is your children. It will not be many years now before they will be able to help you, and that will turn your liability into an asset. Nine-tenths of the successful men of today are the sons of fathers who did not know how to get along in the world. Cheer up and carry on with your job and you will yet ride in your limousine when your boys are grown.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a young man about to be married. I want my wife and my mother to be fond of each other. How can I secure that blessed state of affairs?

ALFRED A.

ANSWER: By not trying the disastrous experiment of having them live together. Separation is the solvent of the in-law problem. In the case of mother-in-law and daughter-in-law an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Experience has shown that not once in a hundred thousand times can a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law live in peace and harmony under the same roof. Almost invariably they make each other perfectly miserable with their jealousies and suspicions, and they tear to pieces the poor men over whom they fight like snarling dogs over a bone.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer problems of general interest through her column.

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**HOW TO MAKE SURE OF HIGH HATCHABILITY**

Below are 10 time-tested rules that are guided many successful Canadian poultrymen. The net result of observing them is almost bound to be a high level of fertile eggs that hatch strong, healthy chicks. Whether you breed to build up your own flock or to sell to hatcheries, check to see if your present method can be improved by any of the profitable steps outlined.

- Use breeding pens of a hundred birds or less. This practice has been found to give the most satisfactory results.
- Eliminate from the breeding flock all slow-in-maturing pullets, as late maturity is often associated with undesirable hereditary characteristics.
- Select birds which have proven good layers during fall and winter months. They are more apt to produce chicks with the same ability.
- Change from Miracle Hatching Mash from six weeks to two months in advance of the time that eggs are collected for incubation.
- Select good cockerels for the breeding pens, and where possible only males from R.O.P. or progeny-tested stock.
- Allow males to run with the birds for at least three weeks prior to the time hatching eggs are required.
- Seven or eight cockerels to the hundred birds in light breeds, and nine to ten cockerels in heavy breeds, are usually sufficient in cold weather. During the Spring and Summer fewer are needed.
- To allow the breeder better selection, and also allow for any necessary substitution, two or three extra males should always be purchased per hundred birds.
- In cold weather care should be taken to see that the combs or wattles are not frozen or frost bitten as this will always result in poor fertility for a period.
- Males should get all the feed they need. A good plan is to attach a feeder on the wall too high for the hens but accessible to males. Miracle Hatching Mash should be fed to both roosters and pullets.

One of the most important rules is No. 4, which suggests putting hens on Miracle Hatching Mash six weeks to two months in advance of when eggs are collected for incubation. Miracle Hatching Mash contains the elements needed to ensure increased vigour and stamina in both male and female birds. In addition all the nutrients needed by the developing chick embryo are put into the egg by Miracle Hatching Mash. Chicks hatch out big and strong. Make your own tests by feeding Miracle Hatching Mash to your breeding birds. Order it from your Miracle dealer.

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