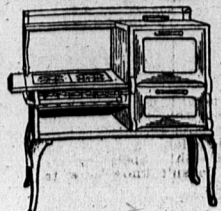


Use Old Dutch Cleanser



Polished and Hygienically Clean!

Use Old Dutch for thorough cleanliness. It quickly and easily keeps every part of your stove clean and bright; saves time and labor. Cuts the burnt-in crusts and grease from oven, drip-pan, porcelain sides, cooking and baking utensils.



Made in Canada

THE OUTLAW

The Story of a Girl Who Didn't Want to Marry

By ETHEL LLOYD PATT

Chapter XVII

Before I could collect my thoughts, about a dozen people had rushed in in answer to my scream. I had been seated there alone, pasting some samples of cloth in a sample book. Absorbed in my task, I had not heard my employer's son tiptoe across the floor to the back of my chair. Suddenly he had kissed my neck. As I sat with bent head...

I stood there rigid, beside the table at which I had been working—my fists clenched and my face flaming. My employer's son stared at me wistfully. Five or six of the salesgirls had rushed up at once; a couple of women from the factory in the rear; and behind them, Dora the telephone girl—the one friend upon whom I could count.

Neither the youth who had frightened me, nor I spoke for the moment. It was one of the little group of employees who broke the silence.

"My goodness! Nell!" said a girl "what's eatin' you? Why did you scream like that?"

"He frightened me!" I explained a little weakly, nodding toward the paralyzed young man who stood near me. "He—" I paused and stammered "he—kissed me."

"My Gawd! Ain't that awful?" remarked one girl mockingly. "And at that instant the door from the hall into the showroom swung open, and my employer himself entered."

"What is all this?" he asked of the group before me.

The girls stepped back a little. Unconsciously I waited for the boy beside me to make some sort of explanation. It seemed to me that he was bent more upon stepping back behind the other employees than remaining at my side.

"What the dickens are you doing?" asked my employer, and at last I found my tongue.

"Your son kissed me," I said simply. "He frightened me. I screamed. I guess everybody ran to see what was the matter."

"My son—?" began my employer. The boy broke in at once now.

"Aw, I did nothing of the kind!" he said. "Why! I never saw the girl before in my life! I didn't even know she worked here. She was sitting here alone, and I was n't here two minutes before she screamed. Gee whiz! the woods are full of them—dirty little black-maller, that's what she is!"

I stared at the boy, my mouth open.

"Why!" I gasped, "that's not true!"

"Oh, it ain't—ain't it queried. He turned with a broad rough gesture to the others facing us.

"Say!" he asked, "did you ever even see me speak to this girl before? What would I want to kiss her for? Say, there are plenty of girls to kiss, without going after her kind."

"That's right," murmured a girl standing near him.

My employer's face had grown white. Perhaps he knew what his own son was like; perhaps he didn't. I don't know. Now, anyhow:

"I'll settle this argument in short order," he said. "It won't occur again. Nell Birney, you can go! Go on, get your hat and things. The day is Tuesday; you won't be paid for the week."

For the moment I was to be paralyzed to move. I was scarcely conscious that Dora had stepped forward ahead of the other girls.

"Say, what are you doing?" she said. "This kid's no blackmaller. Don't be a fool. She needs her job, too."

"My employer turned on her. 'Oh, she does—does she, miss?' he asked. 'Suppose you mind your own business. I suppose I can fire a girl if I want to, can't I? You want to look out, or you'll lose your job along with her.'"

"Don't make me laugh!" said Dora, as she turned on her heel. "That for your job, as she snapped her fingers. Then to me, over her shoulder, as she went away. 'Stop at the switchboard, kid as you go. I can give you a little advice.'"

Chapter XVIII

When the tailor for whom I worked dismissed me summarily because his son had kissed me, I was too angry to cry.

As I left the little group of staring girls who had witnessed the scene, my throat felt dry and hard—my eyes were burning. Later I knew the tears would come. But for the moment, I walked stiff and straight, possessed by a rage that gave me courage.

Of course, I didn't dare really to think. Already my mother had come to depend on the three dollars and a half I brought her each Saturday. My father now knew that I worked and that I gave as much of my wages as I possibly could spare toward the maintenance of our home. In consequence, he had spent just that much more on liquor. So now, the loss of my position was not only a blow to my pride, but an actual financial loss to the whole family.

Also, in common with all young persons who start to earn their livelihood, I lived in terror of never being able to get another position, once I lost the one I had.

At the end of the scene which had culminated in my discharge, Dora, the telephone girl, had told me to stop and speak to her on my way out. I obeyed her request automatically. Anyhow, she was the one friend I had in the place. It was natural for me at least to say good-bye to her.

With my hat on any old way, and my gloves clutched tightly in my fist, I dry-eyed, I stopped at Dora's switchboard. She looked me up and down. Something very like respect came into her glance.

"Gee kid," she said, "I've got to hand it to you. I expected you would bawl."

"Cry?" I said furiously between my teeth. "Cry! And let that horrid old man see me do it? I'd little quiver in my voice: 'It was unfair! It was horrid and unfair! die first!!!!' And then, with a 'Of course,' said Dora easily, 'you didn't expect anything else, did you? You're old enough to know better than that. You didn't expect any man to be fair to a pretty girl, did you? If they don't, you one way, they'll do you another.'"

Borden's ST. CHARLES EVAPORATED MILK

No ice required - keeps until you need it. Pure and rich - With the cream left in.

ing girls who had witnessed the scene, my throat felt dry and hard—my eyes were burning. Later I knew the tears would come. But for the moment, I walked stiff and straight, possessed by a rage that gave me courage.

Of course, I didn't dare really to think. Already my mother had come to depend on the three dollars and a half I brought her each Saturday. My father now knew that I worked and that I gave as much of my wages as I possibly could spare toward the maintenance of our home. In consequence, he had spent just that much more on liquor. So now, the loss of my position was not only a blow to my pride, but an actual financial loss to the whole family.

Also, in common with all young persons who start to earn their livelihood, I lived in terror of never being able to get another position, once I lost the one I had.

At the end of the scene which had culminated in my discharge, Dora, the telephone girl, had told me to stop and speak to her on my way out. I obeyed her request automatically. Anyhow, she was the one friend I had in the place. It was natural for me at least to say good-bye to her.

With my hat on any old way, and my gloves clutched tightly in my fist, I dry-eyed, I stopped at Dora's switchboard. She looked me up and down. Something very like respect came into her glance.

"Gee kid," she said, "I've got to hand it to you. I expected you would bawl."

"Cry?" I said furiously between my teeth. "Cry! And let that horrid old man see me do it? I'd little quiver in my voice: 'It was unfair! It was horrid and unfair! die first!!!!' And then, with a 'Of course,' said Dora easily, 'you didn't expect anything else, did you? You're old enough to know better than that. You didn't expect any man to be fair to a pretty girl, did you? If they don't, you one way, they'll do you another.'"

"But why?" I protested. I wasn't doing any harm. I didn't pay any attention to him. Why should he want to hurt me? Why didn't he let me alone?"

"Aw!" said Dora, "they can't do it, that's all. They just got to be making love to you or devilling you. Let me tell you something, kid. Don't you ever believe any of this equal suffrage business and all that. There ain't no such animal as a woman. You're a girl, you learn: if you don't get men under your thumb, they'll get you under theirs. Why, look at me! I don't need my job. I don't care whether that old dog fires me or not. That's why he doesn't do it. No, no! He picks on some little kid like you—who's got to stand his nonsense or lose her little pay envelope."

I drew a little closer to the girl. "Say, Dora," I asked wistfully, "don't you suppose there are any good men in the world?"

Dora's face was grave for a moment. Then she laughed. At the sound, involuntarily I stepped back again.

"Maybe there are some good men—somehow. Only I've never met them that's all. No, kid, this is a lesson to you. Use 'em and use 'em quick, before they can use you. Make eyes at 'em till you've got 'em crazy. Then laugh at 'em and snap your fingers in their faces. Maybe some of them are nice for a while; but it never lasts. You've got to look out for your future, haven't you? I'm telling you, I've been through it all and I know."

There was a little silence. "I'm afraid you're right, Dora," I said, "only I don't know why, but I hate to do it. I don't see why a girl can't go on without men at all—just work and earn her own way."

"Well, you can't," Dora told me. "That's all there is to it. They won't let you. Go on now, don't look like that. I want to tell you why I wanted you to stop. I was thinking—when you stood there so mad, with the color in your face, that you were awful pretty. You're a little thing, but you're kind of cute. I was thinking, maybe they could take you in the movies. I know a guy in the advertising department of the Champion Film Company. Wait a minute. There's the address. You go see him to-morrow morning. I'll phone and tell him you're coming. You can't tell, kid—maybe you'd make a movie queen!"

Childlike, my imagination was caught at once.

"Oh, Dora!" I said, "I'm afraid I'm not pretty enough, but I could go try. Wouldn't that be wonderful? They say some of those girls get a hundred dollars a week! Dora, if I ever do, I won't forget you. You'll see whether I'm grateful or not."

But, on the way home in the train the wheels seemed to be saying over and over again: "Use 'em—use 'em!"

At last the tears came to my eyes.

"Oh, I don't want to use people I don't like—take things from people I hate! If they'll only let me work and earn it!"

And then the wheels again: "You'll have to use 'em—use 'em," they seemed to say.

Chapter XIX

Mother was terribly upset at my talk of how I had lost my position. But she was even more upset when I told her what I was going to do next morning. For I had not yet learned the art of concealing things from her.

I had gone straight home on the night of my little cataclysm; and then her story just as it was. Then I had explained to her that Dora thought it possible I might get a minor part in a moving picture company. That Dora had offered to 'phone to a friend of hers in the Champion Film offices to tell him I was coming to see him.

"But, Dora," said that girl who introduced you to those horrid men the night you were out, dearie; isn't she?" mother protested. "Oh, Nellie, girl, I don't like to think of you being a play actress!"

"But these are the movies, mother!" I explained. "That's different. 'Is it dear?' asked mother. 'Of course, she didn't know any more than I did. 'But it sounds the same to me. Nellie, I think I'll like to have you in a nice, clean store, or something like that.'"

I cuddled my head down on mother's shoulder. "I don't know what to do," I said. "If I work in a store a hundred years from now I may get twenty dollars a week. With the children growing up and all, even twenty dollars wouldn't do us. But, if I could make good as a movie actress, I'd have a hundred dollars a week, just as easy!"

Mother stared at me a moment then: "I wouldn't believe that, Nellie, dear," she said. "That's more like what a bank president would get. You mustn't believe me. Well, anyhow mother," I pleaded, "let me try. It won't do any harm to go see Dora's man. And if I tell you all about it and every thing you won't worry will you?"

My mother's arms closed around me. "Of course I worry, Nell," she said. "I don't know much of the world, so I'm not much help to you. I'd rather you didn't work at all, if I had my way. I'd just like you to marry some good man and settle down, and keep house and have your children."

"Goodness, mother!" I exclaimed. "Not work at all? What do you call that?"

I kissed her lightly on her cheek and shook my head at her.

No, thanks, dearie," I said. "I think I'd rather take my chance at anything rather than that."

Next morning—my shabby little shoes well shined, the bow on my hat brushed and straightened, and my suit neatly cleaned and pressed, I went to the city and to the address Dora had given me.

It was in a loft building, on the eighteenth floor. And, by the time I had the elevator, much of my courage had departed. I was jammed in at once with a crowd of cigar-smoking men, who all kept their hats on, in spite of my presence, and who were talking loudly of "reels" and "releases" in a way I could not understand.

When the elevator stopped at the floor upon which were the offices of the Champion Film Company, I got out and stood staring about me. There was a space in the centre of which was a desk, and behind it a small boy. A semi-circle of glass doors made the enclosure. Many of them were marked "Private" and "No Admission."

I knew I didn't want to see the little boy who was behind the desk and so I stood still—hoping some one would come out to ask me whom I did wish to see.

For a few moments the boy paid no attention to me. Then: "Well," he said, "what are you staring at? What do you want?"

I went toward his desk. "I want to see Mr. Seeley," I told him.

"Got an appointment?" he enquired laconically.

"I think so—that is, a friend of mine 'phoned to him that I was coming."

"Gimme your card," said the boy. "I haven't any," I whispered because half dead with embarrassment.

"Gimme your name, then," he demanded in a businesslike way.

"Nell Birney," I told him. "Without another word the boy disappeared behind one of the glass doors. I stood alone in the enclosure, twisting my hands together."

Chapter XX

Two or three men, with pencils behind their ears and papers in their hands, hurried past me—as I stood in the outer office of the moving picture company—but with not noticing me. Presently a young woman, with rouge on her cheeks and high laced white kid shoes, came out. She was chewing gum and she was looking at her watch. She went to the boy's desk and rustled about a pile of papers that was there.

"Where's 'Freddie'?" she said.

"I looked around. When I saw that there was nobody else near us, I concluded, she was addressing me. 'I don't know who Freddie is,' I told her.

The girl stopped chewing gum a moment and stared at me. "Well," she concluded, "you don't know much do you? Then she went again behind one of the swinging doors.

I wasn't offended. I was only curious; anxious to find out how this new world, in which I found myself, operated.

There was another long wait for me. And then the boy, who had been behind the desk, came back—scuffing his feet as he walked and whistling.

He started for his desk, paying no further attention to me. I hesitated. "But where shall I go?" I asked him.

With that, he gave me quite a vindictive look; stalked toward the door he had just entered; held it open for me grudgingly, and started down the hall.

"My gosh!" I heard him say, between his teeth, "these numskulls run a fellow's legs off—don't know nothin'."

At the end of the hall, the boy knocked imperatively upon a closed door. He turned to the handle and called at once, before the man inside could call "Come in." And I entered, to find myself in the presence of Mr. Seeley.

Chapter XXI

He was a youngish man, stout, and with heavy shell-rimmed spectacles. He looked up at me, as I came forward timidly.

"I'm Nell Birney," I began.

"Yes, I know," the man interrupted. "She 'phoned me yesterday. Then he stopped and permitted himself to appraise me as calmly as though I were a dog or a cat."

To my surprise, Mr. Seeley answered heartily.

"Sure!" he said. "You might be all right, with a little fixing up. You want to do your hair different. Curl it, and all that. We pay three dollars for a girl to walk on in a crowd at a ball, or something like that. We could use you—let's see—three days from now, if you come to the office at nine o'clock."

I showed up my hands happily. "Oh, I said, 'that is good of you!'"

"That's all right," said Mr. Seeley easily. "You be here, three mornings from now—nine o'clock—and bring along a swell evening dress."

I stood frozen to the spot. "Swell evening dress!" I repeated after him.

"Sure!" said Mr. Seeley. "It's a coronation scene. Swell thing. Better go the whole hog—satin slippers and all."

"Oh!" I said again "but I haven't an evening dress! What shall I do?"

"Say, look here!" Mr. Seeley told me. "That's none of my business. You asked for a chance, and I'm giving it to you ain't I? I guess any friend of Dora's can scare up an evening dress. Run along now, kid. Show us here—ask for me—nine o'clock."

I turned on my heel and left his office. Somehow I found my way back again down the long, dark hall to the front office, where still sat the boy behind his desk. He looked up and grinned at me as I came out.

"Who are you, Little Bright Eyes?" he asked. "Geraldine, the Child Queen of the Movies?"

"Please, I said pitifully, 'please don't tease me.'"

Chapter XXII

I went back to my mother discouraged, after seeing Mr. Seeley of the Champion Film Company.

He had told me that he would give me a "try out," as he called it, in a coronation scene in three days; but that I must come to his office with a "swell evening dress and satin slippers and all."

I supposed his demand would have seemed comic to me. Where in the world was I to get such a costume. For years my mother had even given up going to church because she had no "Sunday dress." But youth is hopeful. All the way back in the train to my home I showed myself that somehow I would find a way.

And yet, there I was—unpaid for my last week's work, my trip to the city having taken half of my dollar which was my only capital. I said to myself, between my teeth—"I will!"

And so, when I reached home, I poured out my tale to mother.

"Just think, mother," I said. He says he'd give me three dollars only one day's work. Why that's almost as much as I could earn in a week with that tailor! Oh, if I only could get the chance! Why, mother! Suppose I worked every day! That would be eighteen dollars! I'd think of it, mother, that's right! That's as much as I'd get in a store after I'd worked for years and years. Oh, mother if I only could get an evening dress!"

My mother had been listening to me gravely.

"But Nellie, girl," she said "don't you understand? Even if we had the money, I think a really handsome dress like that would cost \$20 or \$25! It would take us so long to pay for it, dearie; it doesn't seem good judgment."

"Oh, mother," I said again, and wrung my hands, "I know I could make good if I got a chance. I could pay for it in a couple of weeks. Couldn't we borrow the money? Couldn't we get it somehow? Wouldn't father give us the money? Oh, isn't he mean? Why doesn't he save?"

The woman who uses Magic Baking Powder has the positive assurance that it contains nothing injurious, and that her food is made more wholesome and nutritious by its use.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

It is a pure phosphate baking powder, and it is a well-known fact that phosphate is a necessary constituent in food, while alum is a dangerous mineral acid. Magic Baking Powder contains no egg albumen or other added ingredient for the purpose of making unfair and deceptive tests, and which have no value as a constituent of baking powder.

MADE IN CANADA

Suddenly I looked at my mother with eyes that saw her for the first time in weeks. Her face was so much thinner. Deep shadows were beneath her eyes. "Oh, mother, you look so sick! Just think what \$18 a week would mean to us! Darling," I said, and put my arms around her, "it would get you good food and somebody to help you with the washing. Oh, mother, please ask father for the money!"

"I can't do that, Nellie, girl!" mother told me quietly. "It's no use, dear. I've asked so often when we needed it for things more important than this. He wouldn't understand. It's no use."

chance when they want to take it. "There was a little silence. I began to sob convulsively. Suddenly I felt my mother's hands close very firmly over mine. "Nellie, girl," said mother "you shan't say that. If you want your chance, dear, you're going to have it. Maybe it isn't fair, as you say if our father won't give it to you, I will. I have an evening dress, dear; you shall have it." "You've got an evening dress, mother," I repeated wonderingly. She nodded. The tears were in her own eyes now. "Yes, dear," she whispered, "it's my wedding dress. I've had it put away so many years. But its good, and we can cut it up. Mother will sew and make it pretty or you. I was saving it, darling, to be laid apron—how can you say that? How can you say it won't cost a thing?"

Upon The Flour Depends The Baking

HAPHAZARD choice of flour brings failure. The housewife who uses careful judgment in her selection of flour, and asks for

HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR

achieves the greatest success with her baking.



An all-purpose flour of pure blend and from the best grades of wheat—it is a favorite with thousands of Canadian housewives.

Hunt Bros. LIMITED LONDON, CANADA



Your Grocer thinks well of King Cole Tea and confidently recommends it. He has intimate knowledge of its persistently increasing sale, and his experience tells him that back of this must be genuine merit in the tea itself. "You'll like the flavor"

for lame back which usually comes from strained or over-worked muscles. Absorbine, Jr. is highly recommended. Briskly rubbed in at the sore spot, Absorbine, Jr. will take out the pain and stiffness quickly, and restore the muscles to their normal, healthy condition. Absorbine, Jr. is clean and wholesome and leaves no oily residue. \$1.25 a bottle at most druggists W. F. YOUNG, Inc. 344 St. Paul St., Montreal

Prince George Hotel TORONTO In Centre of Shopping and Business District 250 ROOMS 100 with Private Baths EUROPEAN PLAN W. WINNETT THOMPSON, GEN. MGR.

HORSEMEN We have 2 CARLOADS of heavy plump reclaimed FEED OATS In warehouse and on the way. These Oats weigh 42 lbs. to the bushel. Arrived too late for Seed. We are selling them at special prices in 25, 50 and 100 bushel lots. Every owner of a HORSE should see these Oats. WHOLESALE & RETAIL Carter & Co., Ltd. FLOUR FEEDS

Use Mentholatum for this! It soothes tired burning feet

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY Best of all Fly Killers 10c per Packet at all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores