

**With All My Worldly Goods**

By S. B. HACKLEY

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The snow fell, heavy, continuous; the February afternoon was as dark as the soul of Bluebeard, but it was no more somber than the spirits of the two young women who occupied, respectively, the hyacinth-perfumed sitting room and the vanilla-scented kitchen of David and Eloise Hollingsworth's bungalow.

David and Eloise were gone to their work as newspaper editor and city librarian. Theresa, David's dainty young sister, crocheted and wept alternately, and Ishta Matilda Gumm's smart hands expressed the feeling of her suffering soul in the long-continued beating that made her egg-kisses things to call forth stomachic peans.

"Thump do love me," Ishta murmured; "but dat lump o' taller inside his skull is dat money-crazy I's feered he's gwine ask dat yaller Anna to marry him, whilst he's dazelt wit de accounts she givin' him o' de plunk she makes! Oh, Lawd, ef I jest had some property Thump could see now!"

Greedy for gain was the dynamic force of the soul of the widowed teamster, Thumpus Cleaves. He owned his home and a bit of ground at its rear; he kept hens, fed them from garbage scraps (this was in the "good old days" when the American garbage can was not lean and ill-favored)—and sold eggs at 50 cents the dozen all winter. In the afternoons he did janitor work, and at odd times toiled at anything that brought him money.

Two weeks before, however, outside of property, Ishta Matilda had apparently been all in all to Thump, but now she believed he had his "eye on" Anna Justice, a maid in the fashionable High Street school, a permanent position with wages largely in excess of Ishta's.

Money, too, was making Theresa miserable. Two years before, Great-Aunt Theresa Cass Bossier had succeeded in getting payment from the government for a parcel of land Great-Uncle John had sold in Civil War times. There was \$12,000 of it, and Great-Aunt Theresa had died a month ago and left Theresa every penny of it.

Only two persons outside of her family, in the town in which she lived with her brother, had as yet heard of her inheritance and one was Ishta Matilda. The other was Park Collins, whose property, outside of his slender law practice, was less than nothing.

Tessie had told him. She had wanted to hear his joyous exclamation over her good fortune; but wanting to hear had been all. Park had congratulated her with all indignity, then had gone home and hadn't been back since. But Theresa loved him until the stars in the evening sky were not stars at all, but his blue eyes.

When she finally wiped her eyes and went out to the kitchen, Ishta sat with a newspaper propped in front of her.

"Lawd, why couldn't dis fool niggah a been white jes' fuh dis occasion?" she heard her mutter. Then the newspaper fell to the floor, and Ishta wept aloud. "Ef I was jest white now I could git de man I wants!"

"I am white," thought Theresa, "and I cannot get the man I want."

Ishta mopped her eyes with her skirt tail and pointed to the paper's first page. "You kin read good—read dat!"

"Leap Year Opportunity! Don't Be Shy, Girls—Pop the Question Now!" ran the headlines of the article. "That Free Marriage License Offered Yesterday Still Awaits One Who Makes First Proposal. More Offers Are Made! Minister Jones and Justice Will Make No Charge for Tying the Knot."

Beneath these lines were the material offers to the first bride who "popped" the question. The photographer offered to make free one dozen wedding photos, and to frame (in fumed oak or imitation mahogany) the marriage certificate; the horse and mule dealer offered a free mule (age not told); the coal man a ton of coal (actual weight); the furniture man, a bed (guaranteed first-hand).

"Ef I was a white woman I'd go out and tell dem folks I'd deposed marriage and been accepted by de man I loves," commenced Ishta. "Ef Thump could jest see I had a whole lot o' things fuh housekeepin', he'd run after me like a hound after de meat wagg'n, but I ain't! Oh, Miss Tessie, I jes' knows Anna Justice'll git him!"

Possessions! Oh, possessions! Theresa resolved that if she could not be happy because of them she would see that Ishta was not unhappy because of a lack of them.

"Ishta!" she touched the shaking mountain of misery—"If you'll promise me you won't shed another tear I'll have you married to Thumpus before tomorrow evening."

Ishta's face dried like a lime kiln. Every business man of Ashton to whom pretty Theresa confided the fact that a friend (color not specified) had proposed marriage, willingly, nay eagerly, promised something toward the setting up of the "friend's" household. And that same afternoon, with the mayor's heartily given permission, she hired Thumpus Cleaves to haul the gifts haulable to the mayor's big newly finished barn.

By night the barn held a varied collection of physical necessities and some luxuries. The unusual appearance of some of the articles was due to camouflage, but in the main everything was new and first class.

Besides the fulfillment of the paper's printed offers there were, one five-pound stick of peppermint candy, twenty pounds of sugar, six sacks of flour (wheat), three pails of lard (genuing hog), two boxes face powder (pink), one box of face paint, and one hair-curling iron, one washing machine and tubs, three fat hens and one rooster (age uncertain), one turkey (stunted), one cook stove, used (camouflaged by high coat of polish), donated by second-hand goods man; one copy "How to Be Happy Though Married" (old edition), a bridal bouquet of red roses stored in a crock of water.

There were other things—a great many other things—last of all a tombstone!

The restaurant man promised to send the next afternoon to the mayor's house cake and ice cream sufficient for the bridal couple and a dozen friends, and the mayor had agreed to set a table in his kitchen for the refreshments.

The mule dealer promised to have the gift mule hitched in the mayor's barn.

In the dusk Tessie came home with the bride's gift wedding dress and shoes, a bundle of white mohair brilliantine, and the largest pair of women's white kid slippers to be found in the city or out of it.

Ishta Matilda, in a daze of joy, submitted to the fitting of the white mohair, then mysteriously disappeared. An hour later she burst into Tessie's sewing room, her face working, her bosom one vast heave of joy.

"Thump's done accepted me, Miss Tessie! His eyes tuck in all what de merchants gwine gib me, and when I told him about de mule and de cart he most 'thowed a fit! He say de tombstone'll jest come in right to put at his fust wife's grave, and I told him I's shoah glad he kin use hit dat way. Thump say he bein' lovin' me all de time, only his mind bein' jest a little obscured! Oh, Miss Tessie, I's so oppressible happified, my hide jest hardly will hold me! I wishes you was in de same fix as me!"

At ten that evening, after the last fitting of the white mohair, Ishta Matilda bore down upon the young lawyer's office.

"Is you a lovin' Miss Tessie Hollingsworth?" she demanded, without preliminaries.

"I—I am!" Collins was surprised into confessing.

"Den why'n't you axin' her to marry you?" she demanded. "Da she is a lovin' you like a house afah, and you a quiltin' her on account of a few misabul old coppers! Be shamed! You otter be rejoicin' caze she's got dat money."

Collins reddened. "I—I am glad she's got it!" he stammered. "I am more than glad, Aunt Ishta."

"I mean you otta be glad for yosh wife to have hit," she went on. "Sposen you married and ten or twelve young uns bein' sent on you, and den you gits down and ups and dies! Wouldn't you look back and rejoice caze her and de young uns had somepin' to keep dey moufs a gwine wid? I hates to see Miss Tessie gwine down de incline she is on account o' yosh foolshness. Good evenin', suh!"

The next afternoon Park Collins stood on the Hollingsworth piazza, holding Theresa's hand and watching a wagonload of household furnishings go by.

Atop of the load sat Thumpus Cleaves, driving with one hand; the other arm was about what looked like a white-topped mover's wagon, a vast creature in a costume of shining white mohair. A bay mule tied to the wagon's tailboard slowly pulled forward the cart to which he was harnessed, his drooping lip touching now and then the "first wife's" tombstone.

**Beauties of the Deep Sea.**

A large number of fishes are phosphorescent. Some even bear in their heads searchlights like those of a motor car, which they can cause to shine at will. Others, lucky enough to possess a living bait attached to a long thread, light their lanterns and thus go fishing. But there are even more perfect representatives of this singular sort of fauna. Within their eyes, which are voluntarily extensible, like marine glasses, are set true lenses whose convexity varies according to the focus, while diverse colors shimmer in the sheaves of luminous rays which they project to a distance. The whole world of deep-sea life is illuminated by a fairy-light which it itself produces in default of solar rays. Very often, too, the inhabitants of those abyssal depths glow with the most brilliant colors. There are fishes clad in azure velvet, crustaceans with cuirasses of opal or emerald, sea-urchins tinted with ruddy gold, of transparent vermilion, sponges reflecting the hues of the sapphire.

**Harness Inner Forces.**

Every man has inner forces that need harnessing. Every fellow that amounts to anything has imagination, enthusiasm, energy and the various ways in which it is expressed. Each of these is a great human power that needs harnessing. Left to run wild they develop abnormalities. Harnessing they make possible the increase of talents and the resultant benefits to mankind. Like horses, few men really take naturally to the harness. It has to be put on them. And even then they often try to get out of it. But the wise man knows that the harness now will mean comfort and happiness later. It will mean advancement and that by the easiest steps.

**NEW VERSION OF SPORTS STYLES**



Just what will happen next to sports clothes is a fascinating subject for speculation. The new weaves in silk have intrigued them into beautiful extravagances, and other unusual fabrics have lent them originality. All sorts of materials, from leather to cricket flannel, with a company of sturdy woollens forming their main dependence, invite designers to become independent. Cleverness is at a premium, nothing is considered erratic and there are sports clothes and sports clothes; some of them for actual sports wear and some of them merely versions of sport styles.

For actual sports wear, coats and skirts of wool, or heavy cotton, are plain and cut on boyish lines. Skirts wide enough and patch pockets big enough are their sensible outstanding features. The sweater and sweater-coat, in greater variety than ever, reappear, entitled to more service stripes than any other garment. One of the new, short slip-on models occupies the center in the group of three sports costumes pictured here. This is a very popular model and is made

in many gay and brilliant colors.

At the left of the picture a very handsome suit reveals a plaited skirt of silk in which a plain satin stripe and a crepe stripe alternate, the satin stripe in white and the other in light green. The jacket, of white taffeta, has a quilted pattern on the collar and cuffs, and forming a border at the bottom, having the stitching done in green silk thread. Stitching covers the narrow belt and defines the pocket, proving a very original and beautiful embellishment.

Roshanara crepe makes the unusual dress at the right of the picture. It has a straight panel at the back but achieves the effect of a loose cut-away coat at the front, with flaring sleeves that are split up the back. Crepe georgette is used in facings that extend beyond the edges of the sleeves and coat drapery. It took audacity to add a sash of the same material as the dress, to this design, but it is here and vindicates its presence by finishing perfectly a smart and comfortable sports dress.

**For Youthful Wearers**



It takes considerable discrimination to choose suits for girls who are not quite grown up or for those who are grown, but still in their teens. It is not half so simple a matter as it seems, to express youth by varying the cut and finish of garments' just enough to take them out of the young woman class and place them in the young girl company. Generally, in suits, this is accomplished by making coats vague as to fit and simple as to line and by following current fashions, as becomes youth, at a distance. The two suits presented in the picture are examples of good designing to meet the needs of the miss from fourteen to nineteen, and they are recommended for young women who affect youthful styles, providing their figures are girlish enough to suit these models.

Jersey cloth, serge, duvetyn or any of the standard suitings will make the smart suit shown at the left of the picture successfully, but the firmer weaves appear to be the best choice for misses' suits. This one is of beige colored serge trimmed with rows of narrow silk braid to match and insets of navy blue taffeta. The skirt is noticeably wider than those in vogue for older women and is gathered in at the waistline. Five short bands of braid in rows at each side simulate pockets. The coat in this suit hangs from the shoulders in lines that are straight

at the front and a little flaring at the sides and back. In this particular suit a deep cape collar replaces the small turnover that is so youthful, worn with a tie of silk, for the younger girls. But a smaller collar would not admit an inlay of taffeta such as finishes this one. The braid on the sleeves is put on in rows but not in straight lines and a curved inset of taffeta is placed above it. The sleeves are especially good.

Dark blue serge makes the chic suit with bloused coat, at the right of the picture. Narrow braid in the rows finishes the collar, the sleeves, and the skirt of the blouse. Silk cord and round buttons account for the fastening in the best way and form a finish for the close-fitting sleeves. The collar in this suit is the style best liked for girls.

*Julie Bottonby*

**Satin Floor Cushion.**

Big floor and divan cushions are covered with colored satin, in a tone to match the room furnishings, and are finished with double ruffles of the fabric. Two colors are used, one on one side, the other on the other side of the cushion, and the double ruche shows both colors.

**INDIAN THIEF HAD INGENUITY**

Remarkably Clever Stratagem by Which Piegan Escaped With His Booty of Stolen Ponies.

Among the many interesting stories told by members of the Canadian mounted police is one that has to do with the cleverness of an Indian.

One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. A band to go in pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more, till it entered a river and headed for a little wooded island.

Smoke was rising from the trees, and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Piegan Indian showed himself in front of the opening. At his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Piegan looked up, glanced about him for a moment and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds, another Piegan came round the rocks and also went in; then another, and another and another. The Crees lay silently in the bushes, counting, till upward of fifty Piegans had come round the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last seventy men had disappeared in the cave, the superstitious and cautious Crees, concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when re-enforcements came, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island.

That night, however, one Cree, less credulous than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave, he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a single camp fire, the ponies were gone and not an Indian was in sight. The ingenious Piegan thief, by making the circuit of the passage, and the end of the island seventy times, had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.

**Want to Rent Old Castle?**

If anybody wants to buy a ruined castle, described as "of great historical and romantic history," now is their chance, according to advertisements inserted in the British papers.

It is not exactly modern, dating, as it does, from 1066, and the advertiser states that "considerable outlay will be required to reconstruct it." The purchaser is assured, however, that it reconstructed, "a unique and charming home would result."

Nothing is said about ghosts, but it stands to reason that a castle of this age must have a large and lively flock of such insects. So here's a chance for some of America's millionaires to acquire at small cost a castle—and all that goes with it.

An added inducement is that there is good trout fishing near by, so that when tired of gazing at his unique and charming home the purchaser can rest his mind by going fishing.

**British Land Changing Hands.**

Land in the British Isles is changing hands at the rate of 100,000 acres a week, well-informed real estate dealers estimate. By the end of this year some \$100,000,000 in land deals will have been completed.

Large estates are being sold, mostly in small lots. One of 10,100 acres in Durham fetched \$430,000 when cut up into 96 farms. Syndicates are getting in their work. One estate, valued at \$500,000 was sold to a syndicate for \$750,000 and the latter disposed of the land to another syndicate for \$1,000,000. Only 3,000 acres were involved.

Tenant farmers are pressing for opportunity to own the land and large landowners are availing themselves of the chance to "get out" at high prices.

**Big Demand for Diamonds.**

The demand for diamonds all over the world so far exceeds the supply that the stocks of importers and cutters are practically exhausted and they are unable to fill the orders of their retail customers. This condition was attributed by New York jewelers chiefly to the prosperity of the country. The war-time period of bonanza wages has made the working people the nation's greatest diamond buyers. This class, it was said, had absorbed a large portion of the small stones on the market, but the rich man is as badly off as the man of moderate circumstances, because the larger and more valuable diamonds are scarce and higher in price.

**To Make Mother-of-Pearl.**

The secret of another German key industry has been discovered, the manufacture of artificial mother-of-pearl. J. W. H. Dew, a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, found the process after much patient experimenting. Doctor Dew was engaged during the whole period of the war in reconstructing, step by step, the method of manufacture.

Artificial mother-of-pearl is used for making fancy buttons, dress trimmings and many other articles. Before the war most of it came from Germany.

**Farmers' Loan in Jamaica.**

The agricultural loan bank movement was initiated in Jamaica in 1912 to provide relief for the small planters of sugar, bananas and coconuts whose holdings were injured in the destructive hurricane and drought of that year.

**BIG POTATO YIELD**

Western Canada Man Raised 600 Bushels on Two Acres.

He Thinks He Did Pretty Well, but There Were Even Larger Crops in the Neighborhood—Live Stock Men Prosper.

As a by-product the yield of potatoes on the farm of Ben Pawson of Coaldale, Alberta, was somewhat of a paying proposition. Coaldale is in the Medicine Hat district of Alberta. Medicine Hat is a place, pictured in the mind of many Americans, where the weather man holds high carnival, and when he wants to put a little life or spirit into the people just moves the mercury down a few notches. The rascal has thus given Medicine Hat a rather unenviable place on the map. But it isn't half as bad as it is pictured. Anyway, Ben Pawson likes it. Last year he grew six hundred bushels of potatoes on two acres of land that had no special preparation, and only the usual precipitation, or rain, as the less cultured would call it. When he couldn't work at his hay or grain, because of the damp mornings, he gave them some attention. And then evenings between supper and chores and bedtime he gave them some work. Anyway his yield was six hundred bushels, and he sold the whole lot for \$285. Ben is satisfied. Still there were larger yields than this in the neighborhood.

If one might speak of hogs in the same breath in which you speak of potatoes, there is nothing in the ethics of literature that would create a debarment. Taking advantage of this license it will not be out of place to state that large potato yields are not the only feature of interest in this new and interesting country. Amongst other hogs are having a good deal of attention. Not long ago, hogs reached the \$23.00 mark on the Calgary market. It doesn't cost much to raise a hog and very little to bring him to a weight of 200 pounds. Don't cost much! Certainly not. But what about the man who recently paid \$350 for a Duroc Jersey Boar? That was all right. That man knew what he was doing. He was doing what a great many other farmers in Western Canada are doing today. He is acting on the old "saw," that "it costs no more to raise a good critter than a poor one." That is the reason that Western Canada is looming large in the live stock world. The best is none too good. The same may be said of horses, cattle, yes, and sheep, too. The very best sires and dams of the best breeds are purchased. And while big prices are paid, it is felt that the demand for pure-bred stock at home and abroad will bring returns which will warrant any reasonable price that may be asked.—Advertisement.

**Looking on the Bright Side.**

Old Lady—That parrot I bought yesterday uses most violent language.

Dealer—Lady, I don't deny that he does swear a bit, but you must be thankful he doesn't drink or gamble.

**"CAN I BE CURED?" SAYS THE SUFFERER**

How often have you heard that sad cry from the victims of disease. Perhaps the disorder has gone too far for help, but oftener it is just in its first stages and the pains and aches are only nature's first cries for help. Do not despair. Find out the cause and give nature all the help you can and she will repay you with health. Look after the kidneys. The kidneys are the most overworked organs of the human body, and when they fail in their work of filtering and throwing off the poison that constantly accumulates in the system, everything goes wrong. GOLD MEDAL Hazleum Oil Capsules will give almost immediate relief from kidney and bladder troubles and their kindred ailments. They will free your body from pain in short order. But be sure to get GOLD MEDAL. Look for the name on every box. In three sizes, sealed packages. Money refunded if they do not help you.—Adv.

**With Her Tail.**

"Whadja spillin' all that there good milk fer, Mandy?"

"Flossie kicked jest awful, Hiram."

"Gol darn it, she never even raised a hoof."

"An' who said she did, Hiram Fodder?"

**Cuticura Comforts Baby's Skin**

When red, rough and itching with hot baths of Cuticura Soap and touches of Cuticura Ointment. Also make use now and then of that exquisitely scented dusting powder, Cuticura Talcum, one of the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio.—Adv.

**Yielding to Superstition.**

Wife (to husband)—There were two hats that I liked—one for \$13 and the other for \$18.

Husband—Which one did you finally decide upon?

Wife—The \$18 one. I'm a little superstitious about the number 13.—Stray stories.

A spinster says a stolen kiss is better than no kiss at all.

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