

The Smallest Gold Piece

THE smallest gold piece in the world is the gold franc, one of which was specially minted as a standard for the use of the League of Nations, and afterward presented to Sir Eric Drummond.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the abolition, in 1862, of the Louisiana Lottery, which had for years been run with the sanction of the State. Opposition to gambling forced the surrender of company's charter.

Fannie Hurst's Dramatic Story BACK PAY A Film Drama By Cosmopolitan Productions

A Serial of a Country Girl Who Seeks Happiness in the Maelstrom of the Metropolis.

"Back Pay" has been made into photoplay by Cosmopolitan Productions; direction of Frank Borzage; scenario by Frances Marion. It will be released as a Paramount picture. Screen Version Novelized MIDNIGHT was striking when the door closed on the last guest. Hester went to bed; not to sleep; visions of Jerry came flitting before her! Jerry's face, reproachful, stared at her from the ceiling; she woke with a scream. "The maid came running: 'What is it, Miss Wheeler?'" "Look up there—on the ceiling; what do you see?" "Don't see nothing, Miss Wheeler."



Hester Arranges to Pay the Funeral Expenses Weekly From Her Slight Earnings.

again; and that night she lived through new torments. She remembered Kitty's cynical remarks about the river; the river that was like a saving hand for such as she, and in the extremity of her terror, her delirium, she tried to throw herself out of the window. The frightened maid got her back into bed, but in the quiet of her room or in the crowded streets there was no rest for Hester. "It's not to late," the small voice kept repeating. Hester paused before her elaborate wardrobe of evening gowns preparatory to making up her mind what to wear. And there came into her view the little dress she had worn for the last time when she quitted the downtown office. A simple little affair, and in the pocket the twenty-five dollars—her salary for that last week long ago. "It is not too late," the small voice kept repeating louder and louder. Hester motioned the maid away; in ten minutes she was arrayed again in the plain serge suit. She took off her rings and placed them in the jewel case in her dressing room. But the wedding ring, the ring that Jerry had worn about his neck, she put on her finger, and in her pocket the medal in its velvet-lined case. "Tell Mr. Wheeler I'll call him up," she said to the mystified maid, and walked out of the door to freedom. Back from the old block from which she had passed long ago, back to a hall bedroom so different from the luxurious boudoir she had so enjoyed, back to peace of mind and sleep. Smiling eyes in the face of Jerry looking down on her now; smiling eyes and brave in the face of Hester as she met his fearfully. And at the office—the same men

Read This Story Here Day by Day; Then Watch for It at Loew's Palace Next Week

in charge a little older, but just as kind and glad to have her back—no questions asked. A week, but proud Hester who presented herself before the man who had arranged Jerry's funeral; he listened to her and gallantly agreed to accept payments as she could make them. She sent back to Wheeler the deed to the country house, everything he had ever given her; he protested, he sent Kitty to protest. No avail; he wrote her a letter, such a letter as he might have written his fiancée. She was walking along Broad street one noon when they met. Wheeler lifted his hat. "How well you are looking; it's nice to get a glimpse of you; the best of good luck." The old days were dead. Wheeler knew it; he liked Hester better for it. They might have been more acquaintances as they parted; there was peace in Hester's heart; the vision of Jerry was exalted there. She looked at the ring on her finger, symbolical of trust, unending, and her mission was clear. In whatever she did to be worthy of Jerry's high love; to have given everything; she had everything to give. THE END.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES INTERESTING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle. When Newspaper Serials Have Won a Big Popular Success. WE drove along in silence after Mabel Storrs had told me why it was that she felt bound in honor to serve Jim. Our silence was not awkward, however, for it held much of real comradeship and understanding. When we arrived at her apartment she asked quietly: "Will you come in for a little while, please? There are still things for me to say to you—things I think you have a right to know now, though once I might not have thought it safe—right?" As I followed her into her trim, neat little apartment, I thought how splendidly it reflected her own personality. Its very trimness managed to be ornamental. Its simplicity wasn't expensive, but it had an air of distinction. Added to this there was the absolute sweet cleanliness which seems almost fragrant. She parted the pillows of a deep wicker chair into an inviting nest. Mabel left me for a moment—and I fell into a sort of reverie. "Anne, what would you say if I told you that I'd known all along that Dick West was right here in the city? Would you think I'd done you an injustice in keeping it from you?" "I probably won't think so after you've explained your motives," I replied. "But what if I don't explain them?" she insisted, a shade wistfully. I thought for a moment. I wanted to give her the assurance she craved. But I wanted still more to establish our friendship

Exercise and Health

By Brice Belden, M. D. WITH the value of physical exercise as a means of maintaining health we are fairly familiar, but its importance as a restorer must be borne in mind in the presence of actual illness, particularly certain forms of nervous disorders. It has been discovered that many nervous patients, as well as cases of mental disorder, do not know how to play, and have to be taught. It has been said that dignity is the refuge of the inefficient. Many people, particularly women, seem to think that there is something ridiculous involved in such physical activity as is called for by certain games, and yet some kind of lively play is necessary to a normal existence. They do many really absurd things for quacks promising miraculous cures and advertising the possession of mysterious curative powers, but they hardly ever think of engaging in curative play on their own account. Yet exercise is exactly what most of our depressed, pessimistic, melancholic, nervous individuals need. There is nothing better than the playing of games calling for great physical activity to relieve the emotional tension which so often exists in nervous disorders. The interest and stimulation aroused soon puts to rout the physical exhaustion or debility which has existed, and clears the mind of demoralizing cobwebs. Following this we see an improvement in digestion and nutrition, so that in a short time our rundown individual is able to seek still greater physical recreation, which also means mental recreation. The abnormal fatigue noted in so many nervous patients is frequently nothing but a sign and a proof of a discreditable inertia. And lack of confidence can hardly be expected not to exist when one never engages in the friendly competition afforded by games.

THE WINE OF LIFE STORY OF AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG SCULPTOR.

By ARTHUR STRINGER. Well-Known Author and Novelist of Country-Wide Reputation. STOIRROW felt alone in the world as he knew the woman at his side to be. Life, he felt, still owed him something, though he was unable to define the nature of that debt. Yet the thing was all wrong, he reiterated, as his thoughts went back to other and earlier days. As he stared down at the girl's hand, roughened by wind and water, hardened and calloused by toil, it struck him as equally tragic that she might demand nothing more of him than this same remnant of a wasted life, that she might stand ready to be doubly cheated, by herself as well as by him. And that filled him with a vague pity which prompted him for a moment to cover that three-fingered hand with his own, almost protectively, before he turned and walked out of the room, without a spoken word. But the ice had been broken. The silent compact of intimacy had been established. It was only too easy, when they sat alone and idle again, for him to reach over and draw her passive head down against his boulder. When he kissed her, this time, he did so with less hesitation and less self-torturing exhumation of memories. It was less impersonal, that kiss, and less meditative. Yet even then, and still later when he kissed her still more impetuously and more frequently, he felt sorry for her. He was haunted by the impression that he was doing her a vast injustice. But their meals, as they sat on each side of the scrupulously white covered table became more animated with talk. Through the lengthening autumn evenings he fell into the habit of reading aloud to her as she sewed beside him. And in that companionship he found a completeness which was even disturbing, hinting as it did at the immaterial masonries of self-sufficiency which were slowly and insidiously invading them from the rest of the world. The completeness of the divorce came unexpectedly home to him when the mail brought to Pine-Brae the heavily embossed announcement of Charlotte Kirkner's marriage to Chester Hardy. Along with it came a letter from Charlotte herself, a brief but blithe letter telling him they were off to Capri for the winter and that if Owen would meet them in Naples about the end of March they could all have a wonderful Easter together in Rome. "You've had bad news," said the

Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis. Problems. THINGS grow darker every year, problem plays inform us; every one's a little queer, foolish folks alarm us. Schemes of living all are wrong; note the rolled-down stockings; skirts should be full twice as long; evening frocks are shocking. Problems—problems left and right rising to confront us. Is the price of beef a steak right? Will the homebrew stunt us? Problems—problems here and there are our daily ration. Should the flappers bob their hair? What of immigration? How we vex our inmost souls fretting for our brothers, stewing over Yaps and Poles, Singalese and others! Things grow darker every year? Tut! we don't believe it; with such troubles on this sphere folks would haste to leave it. If we had believe the things problemers are telling, we would pray for sprouting wings and a cloud for dwelling. Problems always have been here since earth's first revolving; but we still have loads of cheer though things do need solving. If we had no mooted points always hanging over us we'd grow rusty in our joints; life would sorely bore us. Problems give us exercise, keep our jawbones working; talking of 'em sounds so wise none need fear our shirking. Deafest still than eat or drink problems that perplex us: What about the missing link? Will the Peace League vex us? Yes, they fill our thoughts with glee, always something doing; Einstein's Relativity, matters of home-brewing. They are here from sun to sun taking all our leisure; bless our problems, every one, they're our greatest pleasure!

FOSTER HOME LOVE HOW TO DEVELOP HOME LOVE

By Loretta C. Lynch. AND what preparations are you making for your home to be? I asked the Engaged Girl. "Why," she smiled, "I'm not going to have a home—we are going to live at a hotel. In the first place, keeping house is SUCH a bother, and to tell you the truth, I don't know a single thing about it." Here was a fine girl. She had ideals, was well educated, save that she had never been brought to realize that the strength of a nation depends in great part upon its homes. And because she did not know "a single thing" about home-making, was perhaps, the reason she considered it SUCH a bother. How, then, can the average busy working mother of today, who, perhaps, is allowing herself no time for real home-making, in-still into her girls that love of home which is so necessary to patriotism and national prosperity? The answer is—through the Camp Fire Girls and Girl Scouts Organizations. The Camp Fire Girls stand for seven different things which they feel is necessary to the best development of every girl. It tries to develop in every girl a LOVE of Home, of Health, of Nature, of Camping, of Handcraft, of Business and of Patriotism. "The love of home is developed by concentrating upon the things which go toward the making of a happy home. Health is the first essential to a happy home. A woman who is not in good health CANNOT put her best effort into home-making or anything else for that matter. The girl who has learned to love nature through her sunset and her flowers and her snow can find both satisfaction and entertainment and real joy in the health-giving walks—quite as much as 'the untamed finds in the expansive though crude and tawdry camps." In the camping parties organized by the Camp Fire Girls, a city girl has a chance to get away to the country. And it makes no difference how wealthy one's father may be IN THE CITY, now how great a social position she occupies IN THE CITY—if a girl cannot cook the catch of the day nor make up the beds or her own feet in the camp—why she does not count. A girl's imagination is made to take concrete form by applying it to the various forms of handicraft—bookbinding, embroidery, and so on. Given this important girl's imagination is not so apt to wander into unwholesome channels. Camp Fire girls are taught to make a budget. This is done in a most practical manner by having the girl work out the problem—"How much did it cost father and mother to keep ME last year?"

PAINS SO BAD WOULD GO TO BED

Two Women Tell How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Stopped Their Suffering

Iron Mountain, Mich.—"I had terrible pains every month and at times had to go to bed on account of them. I saw your advertisement and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with very good results. I can work all day long now at my sicktime. You may use these facts as a testimonial and I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to my friends."—Mrs. A. H. GARLAND, 218 E. Brown St., Iron Mountain, Michigan. Xenia, Ohio.—"Every month I had such pains in my back and lower part of my abdomen that I could not lie quietly in bed. I suffered for about five years that way and I was not regular either. I read an advertisement of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other women, so I decided to try it. It surely has helped me a lot, as I have no pains now and am regular and feeling fine."—Mrs. MARY DALE, Route 7, Xenia, Ohio. If you suffer as did Mrs. Garland or Mrs. Dale, you should give this well-known medicine a thorough trial.

Cuticura Is The Best Beauty Doctor. Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with ointment, keeps the skin fresh, smooth and clear. Cuticura Talcum also ideal for the skin. (Illustration of a woman's face)

STORIES OF FAMOUS

THE new hobby of collecting wall paper had a distinguished pioneer in Sir Walter Scott, who narrates his delight in one of his letters at a gift which came to him when he was adorning Abbotsford. He was in a quandary as to an appropriate wall decoration for his "withdrawing room," which, with the library, was to be the most distinguished chamber in the mansion. Tapestry ran to too great a price, and as for ordinary designed wall paper, they were lacking in distinction. But a friend who had sojourned for long in the East, and had brought home a collection of Oriental objects, found among them a number of rolls of gilt Chinese paper, adorned with dragons and other reptiles of the imagination. He offered the rolls to Sir Walter, who saw in the design the very thing that suited. The paper stands today almost as fresh as when it was put up in the "Wizard's" baronial hall.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

To brown a pie easily dissolve a lump of sugar in a little milk and brush the result over the piecrust before placing it in the oven. A quart of a teaspoonful of baking powder added to mashed potatoes while beating them will make them light and fluffy. Brown boots or shoes should be rubbed over with a slice of raw potato before the polish is applied. Then they are easy to clean and take a good polish.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax. Is She Fickle? DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: When I was sixteen I became infatuated with a chap of twenty. For a year I believed myself to be in love, but after many disagreements I decided I did not love him. Three months after our estrangement I met another chap for whom I had a friendly feeling. But that turned into love, and I now realize there could never be anyone else. What troubles me greatly is whether my love will turn out as the other affair did. I respect and admire this man very much. Shall I encourage him, as I know our love is mutual, or shall I cease seeing him for his own good, because I realize that I am probably fickle? ANXIOUS. IN one breath you say you realize there will never be anyone else, and in the next you worry over the eternal quality of your love. There are no guarantees in life that anything will last. At sixteen you could hardly be expected to know the great love of your life. And even now you're a bit young to make a decision so important. Give yourself the test of time, but stop dramatizing yourself as a fickle and possibly dangerous creature. The chances are that you're a regular girl looking for love and happiness and not willing to make sacrifices to get them.

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