

ECONOMY in BUYING



"It is true that I did not really want it."

THIS is the second of a series of articles by Marion Harland which have been written with a view to helping the housewife at a time when economy may mean just that little that puts the balance on the right side of the household ledger.

RESOLVE firmly at the outset never to buy what you do not need just because it is cheap. This is the rock upon which the born bargain-maker wrecks purse and peace of mind. If put into the confessional, how many of us could plead "not guilty" if asked to search the records of memory for instances of this form of extravagance? Who of us has not excused the folly by "it is true, I did not really want it at the moment; but the time might come when it would be useful, and it was so ridiculously cheap it seemed a chance to let it slip through my fingers?"—the unvarnished fact being that the shame lay in spending money for a useless thing.

ed last Sunday, was entitled "A Stubborn Fact," and dealt with the necessities for the practice of economy today. The third article, to be published next Sunday, will be entitled "Economy in Cookery," and the fourth, which will follow, bears the caption, "Economy in Hired Labor."

Set alongside of this startling truth the fact that salaries and wages have not advanced on an average, 10 per cent. in the most prosperous region of our common country, and these gaps before us a pretty big hole to be filled up by economies, great and small. To return to the practice of these, "this pencil" the memorandum of today, I illustrate by an incident in my life. A dear young friend, to whom I speak as plainly as to my daughters, called upon me on her morning round of marketing, and in the course of the conversation lamented the difficulty of bringing her household expenses within the limits of the allowance made for the purpose by her generous husband. "I cannot bear to ask him for more," she said. "His business suffers for more in the general depression of last year and has not recovered from the pressure. Yet our family is no larger than it was five years ago. And I do try to be economical. My heart sank like lead when I saw the length of the memorandum my cook and I made out this morning."

sent to her that very day." I thought of it when I found that I must overrun this month's allowance by exactly the amount it will cost to get a barrel of best family flour. I wish I had the old lady's guardian angel—or a bigger allowance!

Then I fired a direct question at her: "Why do you buy flour by the barrel?" Her answer was as direct: "It is cheaper in the long run." "I know," I interrupted. "When you came in I was reading a magazine article by a practical housewife who knows what she speaks on. 'The Struggles of the Half-Way Poor.' By the way, there are more of that class in our favored land at the present speaking than ever before since the landings at Jamestown and Plymouth. Hear Mrs. Well-to-Do's advice to the half-way poor:—

"My dear child, I wish you would understand how much more expensive it is to go things in small quantities. I have literally hundreds of dollars yearly buying flour, potatoes and apples by the barrel. If you can buy a tub of butter now at 25 cents a pound, when you are paying 35 at retail prices, see what you save! If you do not learn these household economies you will never be rich."

"No," laments the other inwardly, "and as I shall never be rich I shall never have the money to spend on a quantity of staples at once."

"I closed the magazine and proceeded with the 'improvement' of my list. 'In my salad days, when I was green in judgment, I too, was a warm advocate for buying at wholesale. It was not until I had lived abroad for a term of years and studied the ways and means of those income-secure household economists the French cooks and German hausfrauen, that I came to a just sense of proportion. If you mean to sell at retail what you buy at wholesale, it is all right to buy in large quantities. If the barrel of flour is to be used in your family, subject to the measurement and pleasure of the average maid—let her nationality be what it will—it is wiser management of your farewells to make small purchases. Bridget - Thekla - Dinah gauges the depth of a twenty-five-pound bag of flour by the length of the barrel. Generally this last is an unknown quantity to her. She will make biscuit and cake with a more lavish hand when she may dip at her discretion (which is likewise

It may be wanted tomorrow. I am painfully aware that the principle of purchasing by the day will meet with little favor with older readers brought up as I was, according to the tenets of an age that was lavish by reason of growing prosperity. When I have been evidently accustomed to the idea that it is sound economy "in the long run" to get started at wholesale, I have recently learned the lesson appointed to us by changed conditions. A woman told me outright yesterday that she could not reconcile herself to the thought of living from hand to mouth. One who has always been a devotee of the French art in the lead of all nations in the matter of cookery. It was from a Frenchwoman of means, who had "cordon bleu" in her kitchen, that I first heard of the advantages of buying just what one wants, and in pre-

actly the quantities that are required for a specific purpose. It was she, likewise, who reproached an extravagance in the purchase of fruits and vegetables in advance of the season. I winced slightly when she alluded to it as "the trick of the vulgar rich." Yet she was right. It is patent to the dullest of us that when berries and peaches are in their richest maturity they are at the cheapest, because ripe fruits will not bear transportation or keep so long as immature. Watch the markets if you would live well at reasonable rates. Don't be ashamed to price without buying. It is only by vigilance and inquiry that you learn what you may afford to get without exceeding your lawful means.

When practicable, do your marketing and shopping in person. Again and again I have changed my menu for the day, and for the better as to quality and price, after entering a shop. I have found that the roast I had intended to eat before my family was neither so cheap nor so good as the fresh beef tongue just brought in. Or had thought of poultry, if I had ordered by telephone, I should have lost the opportunity of discovering that fowls of all ages were "up," and reconciled myself to the disappointment by resolving, as a bright thought, to try, that very day, the recipe Mrs. Blank gave me last week for hamburger steak, baked as a "canneton" and served with sliced and fried bananas.

In next week's talk I shall have more to say of the important art of making the best of what we have rated as indifferent materials. I say "art" instead of "knack," and advise wisely. The proficiency of the French



"Separate 'May Gets' from 'Must Haves'."



"Don't be ashamed to price without buying."

Neither the "half-way poor" nor the wise and tender mother who would make means that were ample a decade ago do as much for her household now as afford to employ agents at this juncture of national and individual history.

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

"John Marvel, Assistant."
By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. \$1.50.
The book of the week is John Marvel, Assistant, which has just been offered for sale in book form in New York after having run through the preceding months of the year in serial form. The reader of the book, as it is laid down, has many impressions as to its breadth of view and its Americanism in tone, and one very distinct question as to its title—Why "John Marvel, Assistant?" There is, of course, such a character in the book. He is represented as awkward in personality and halting in expression, but his purpose are as sincere as the highest aims and the loftiest ideals can make them. He dominates no book situations, and appears by implication rather than directly in his pages. So the conclusion is reached that the author was guided in his

choice of a title by the conviction that all unconsciously to himself, what he has written reflects above everything else the liberality and straightforwardness that are fundamental elements in John Marvel's creed.
Different periods of Mr. Page's literary career and development are distinctly marked by his books. His earliest efforts dwell on the years rendered tragic by the War Between the States. "Red Rock" took up the Reconstruction era and put its abuses and evils squarely before the world outside of the section where they occurred. "John Marvel, Assistant," is a typical of the present day as its predecessors are of the years and events that have gone before.
The setting of the story is mainly in a big city, presumably Chicago, a few years of college and professional life following childhood and boyhood having a Virginia flavor to begin with. The hero makes his narration

in the first person, and the book canvas is broadly full of people alive with the tumultuous interests and questions that permeate all classes of American society today.
A disappointment in love and a failure in a career are the causes which fix the residence of the narrator outside of his native State and throw him in opposition to powerful interests and unlimited capital. First of all, however, he makes the acquaintance of Eleanor Leigh, the daughter of a railroad magnate, a young woman who has foreworn the pleasures belonging naturally to her position, and has devoted her best energies to the uplifting of many who need help. Associated with her in her work are a band of idealists, and chief among these are John Marvel and a Jew, his friend, Wolfert by name. Both of these men were colleagues of the man who tells the story, and he rendered tragic by the War Between the States. "Red Rock" took up the Reconstruction era and put its abuses and evils squarely before the world outside of the section where they occurred. "John Marvel, Assistant," is a typical of the present day as its predecessors are of the years and events that have gone before.
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as pagan and as woman she is quite adorable, and at the very last, when she is about to vanish from the book stage where she has played her part so admirably, she says by way of farewell: "There is only one world for a woman, and no one can be happy like me until she lives in it—the hearts that love her."
Mr. G. Wilson James, Jr., author of "Reveries of a Plunderer," a widely read publication of last year, has a new book to be brought out November 20, by Whittet & Shepperson, of this city. The title of the book is "Bride of the Violin and Other Poems," and its appearance is looked forward to with interest by the many friends of the author.
"The Severed Mantle," by William Lindsay, is a tale of the troubadours of the Middle Ages. The hero of the tale was attuned to song and chivalry and love clasped hands. The title of the book is founded on the legend of St. Martin, of Tours, who divided his cloak with a shivering beggar, and then saw in a vision Christ transformed into the beggar's shape with a blessing for his kindly heart and hand. The object of the book is to show the steadfast aims and the high purposes of the troubadours, who sang best of joy and valor and were nevertheless men of lofty ideals, refinement and ardent courage. The hero of "The Severed Mantle" is a knight of this kind, and Mr. Lindsay's book, which has color illustrations, by Arthur Keller, and comes from Houghton, Mifflin & Company, at \$1.50, presents a realistic picture of Provencal manners and customs.
Grace S. Richmond has seldom written anything fresher, more delicate in imagination and daintier in portrayal than "A Court of Inquiry," Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.00. A country house party, ideal summer days and a group of congenial men and women furnish the theme of a romance centering in the main love story of the narrator and her "philosopher." To Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, thanks are due for Eliza Calvert Hall's book, "The Land of Long Ago," \$1.50, in which is revived the charm of rural life in the blue grass country of Kentucky and in which is also shown the spirit of the old time folk. Eliza Calvert Hall preaches a doctrine that ap-

peals to every reader because of its sunny humor, its sweetness, sincerity and its thorough fidelity to types.
Most appropriate is "The Book of Christmas" which has an accompaniment of drawings by George Wharton Edwards, and an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie, who says truly, in defining the purposes and aims of the volume: "It is a book of joy in the sadness of the world, a book of play in the work of the world, a book of consolation in the sorrow of the world." It is published by the Macmillan Co. at \$1.25 net.
Girls everywhere will be glad to read a book written by Belle Moses, published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York, at \$1.25 net and called "Louisa May Alcott, Dreamer and Worker." Its title indicates its character and worth and it is a fine picture in miniature of an author, who has furnished so much in the way of entertainment for the young people of America. Among other of Appleton's publications for young people are "The Adventures of Little Knight Brave," a story to be read with delight and never to be tired of, written by Frances Byrne Rees, and illustrated with pen and ink drawings by Alice H. Lee. The price of this book is \$1.50. One of Appleton's latest titles that will please all boys is "The New Sophomore," by James Shelley Hamilton, \$1.50. The book is dedicated to the "Boys of '06," and all other good and true followers of "Sabrina," whose personality Mr. Hamilton thinks he has well covered up. Abbie Farwell Brown and James Mackintosh Bell are joint authors in the production of "Tales of Red Children" put on the market by Appleton at \$1.50, and embodying the best of which the children of the Ganda tell while sitting about their camp fires in the long winter evenings.

A beautiful holiday book is George Macdonald's "At the Back of the North Wind," which comes from J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and is priced at \$1.50. It has twelve color illustrations by Maria L. Kirk, has crimson decorated covers, is printed in clear type and is also interesting to children. We will love it for every word in its pages.
Charles Scribner's Sons send through the Bell Book & Stationery Co., of Richmond, "College Years," written by Ralph D. Falne and illustrated by Worth Brehm, \$1.50. Lovers of football and athletic sports will find everything to absorb their attention and give them pleasure here. Mr. Falne being a noted writer for young people.
A color picture on cover and in frontispiece, done by E. Pollak Otendort, explains the title of an American Princess, by E. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, and is priced at \$1.50. It is a gay and charming little romance, telling of how an American girl in Europe played princess so well that when the time came to return to the States, the representatives of Monroya bade the American farewell with regret. "The

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