

## Circassian Walnut.

CIRCASSIAN walnut, the most popular of all woods for furniture, was introduced about 115 B. C. into Italy from Persia. Russia is the chief present source. The logs are too heavy to float, and are sold from the forest with their bark on. Only the heart wood is used, and it is the crooked, irregular logs that possess the best-figured wood.



## Magazine Page



## The Winter Hat Makes Its Appeal



Here is a close-fitting turban of poilu blue velvet with edge of moleskin, with an "aeroplane" bow of blue moire ribbon.

An unusual hat, typically Russian in effect, developed in brown satin and beaver fur, each forming alternate panels. A huge ornament is the only trimming.

In the best taste is this hat of blue, taupe, brown or black velvet with moire topped brim. The fur is made in the new shawl fashion of skunk, and is reasonable in price.

The model at the center from House-keeping for November.

Photos by International.

## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.  
A Timid Lover.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have known a girl for the past four years, but not until recently have I grown to love her. She has shown me in minor ways that she cares for me, but how much is uncertain. Before I began to show my affection for her she was intimate with another young man, a friend of mine. She had a dispute with him and told me he was completely out of her mind. Recently this man has started to pay her attention again, and she is accepting his invitations while endeavoring to make me believe that he has not the slightest chance of becoming the friend he was. As I love this girl very much and do not wish to lose her, I would appreciate your advice.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am sixteen and in love with a young man who I am sure loves me too. He is two years my senior. My family and his do not agree as to our marriage. He wants me to elope with him. Do you think this is right for me to do? I know my mother and father will give in when they find out, as they do everything they can to make me happy.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been going out with a young lady for about a year and a half. Of late I have been playing cards with other friends. She does not agree to this. The other day I had a date and disappointed her. She found out where I was playing, came and gave me back my presents, and said she did not want to know me. Now, I like the girl. Please tell me what to do, as I don't know how to get back to her again.

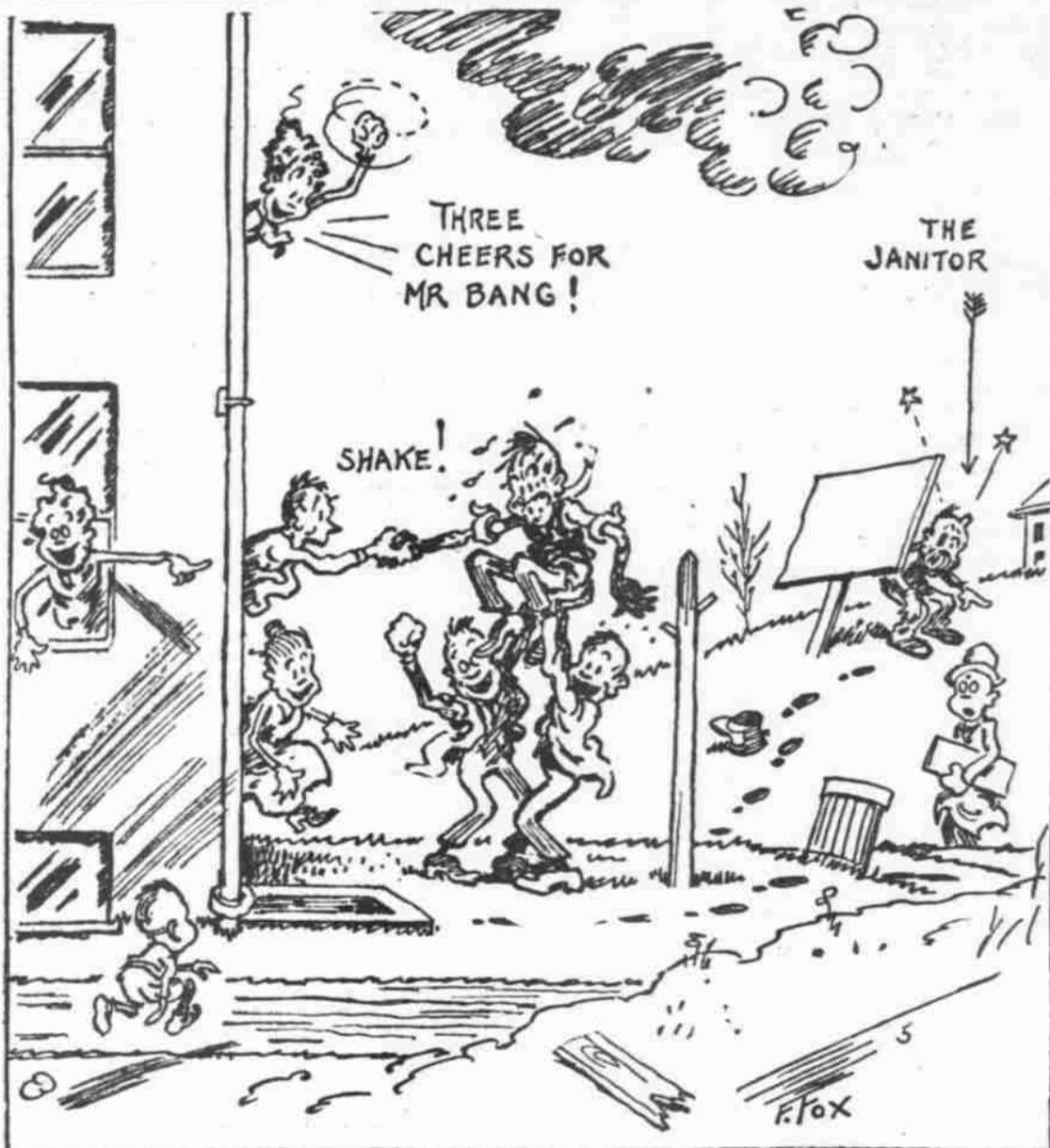
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I should think you might have some difficulty in getting back into the good graces of a girl whom you have so badly treated. The first step will be to give up card-playing, the second to write and tell her, asking if she will allow you to come to see her. Perhaps after a while you may persuade her that you care more for her than for cards—if that is, indeed, the case.

TRY TO AVOID THIS ERROR.

"We had to stop our little girl answering the front-door calls."

## The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Went Down Into the Basement and Started the Apartment Furnace Himself.

By FONTAINE FOX



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## Safeguarding the Children

By Brice Belden, M. D.

DURING the Boer War England found great difficulty in getting fit men for her army from populations of the great manufacturing cities. Such an alarming number of prospect recruits had to be rejected for physical defects that the country became aroused. It was realized that the workers had been neglected in childhood and industrially exploited in manhood. One consequence was the starting of medical inspection of schools.

During 1916 about 70 per cent of the men who applied for enlistment in our navy were rejected because of physical defects. During the three years prior to our entrance into the war 250,000 men applied for enlistment in the army, and of these 78 per cent were rejected.

These men were rejected had originated in childhood and a large proportion were entirely preventable. Between the draft boards and the cantonments nearly 50 per cent of recruits for the army have been rejected.

Because of the foregoing facts, and because of the falling birth rate, we must see to it that our children are better cared for than ever before. So many of our young men of marriageable age have been drafted that a fall in the birth rate was inevitable.

During the first half of 1918 there have been 2,000 fewer marriages in New York City than during the corresponding period in 1917, and 200 fewer births. So it is imperative to keep every child alive and healthy.

The environment of children must be kept as favorable as possible during the war and afterward, for sanitary surroundings react worse

upon children than upon adults. The question of nutrition is all important. This is a very serious problem just now, because in the last few years the average increase in wages has been 18 per cent, while the average increase in the cost of food has been at least 100 per cent. This means a lessened amount of food and it also means less suitable food, and children cannot withstand such things as well as adults.

In New York City 21 per cent of the school children were found to be undernourished in 1917, as against 5 per cent in 1914. The same conditions undoubtedly prevail throughout the country.

Lack of coal and close rooms are other factors of ill health in children that we shall have to guard against, if the mortality is to be kept down.

We must work very hard indeed to keep our children alive and well during these trying times.

## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the arrest of the conspirators in the famous Gunpowder Plot in 1605, by which the wiping out of Parliament was frustrated. The plot was betrayed by one of its originators. Most of the conspirators were executed, and November 5 is still known as Guy Fawkes day.

## When a Girl Marries

A GRIPPING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

Jim Comes Home and Anne Indulges In a Jealous Scene and Wins His Forgiveness.

By ANN Lisle.

CHAPTER XLII.  
(Copyright, 1918, King Features Syndicate, Inc.)

WHEN supper was cleared away Neal made a suggestion: "Let's go out and buy up a florist's shop and send it to Jim's sisters. Shall we, Babbs?" "I've five dollars left from the ten you gave me. Shall we spend it all?" I asked, with emotions that were so extravagant they needed this extravagant expression. Neal's face turned scarlet. "No, you don't! Blake said the check last night, so I've still got four-fifty of the five you loaned me. Let's see—tomorrow's Wednesday and payday is Saturday. I can walk to work and lunch on a chocolate frost and a sandwich the next three days, so a dollar will be a safe disburse to keep out for brother Neal. Come on, skip around lively, and get ready, Babbs—we'll make a bit with those Harrison's yet."

I slipped on a hat and we hurried to the florist's over on the avenue. There in a great gleam we purchased a blue vase full of red dahlias and wild yellow "baby orchids." But when I came to write the card there, maliciously, in my own handwriting these innocent-looking words stared up at me:

"With loving greetings to Virginia and Phoebe from Barbara, Anne, and Neal." Two families—my husband's and mine. Virginia had made it sadly plain this very day that she didn't regard me as her "sister."

I was an outsider to be treated with wifely formality—not a sister to go along on her apartment-hunt, to be asked over to dinner on her first night in the new home.

With a heart the heavier, because its pain must be hidden from Neal, I left the florist shop to which we had so gaily gone and walked home

again through the early darkness. When I got back to the apartment I began to fumble about the room a bit restlessly.

Jim Expected Soon. "Do you think Jim will be home soon?" he asked. "I understood. His ardent youth hated being confined to our little apartment. He had given me of his best in a high tide of boyish devotion, but no one wanted to get out and have a little fun after his day's work. I knew this as well as if he had put it into words."

"Jim will be home by 8," I declared, remembering my husband had said the agent was going to show them the apartment with the 7 and 8. "You run along to a movie, Neal."

"I'm not going to leave you, Babbs," declared Neal, slipping his tie a bit tighter in unconscious preparation for going out, even as he spoke.

"Nonsense, laddie! You know I haven't had a minute with Jim today, and it would be almost a kindness—"

"That's right, Babbs. You always tell me when I'm in the way, or I won't feel I've the right to stay here," and he booted out of the place.

I smiled with tears in my eyes. I would never forget how Neal had stood by me this spring. It had made me very happy. But as the minutes passed and Jim didn't come, all happiness went from me. It was long after 10 when my husband returned. The very first words he said were these:

"Where's that selfish young cub? Couldn't he stay home with his sister one evening?"

"I sent him out, Jim. I said coldly, waiting for Jim to come and tell me his plan for his life."

But Jim pressed into a chair near the door.

"I'm dead tired," he said.

Then I took refuge in cold sarcasm.

"Oh, indeed! You weren't too tired to run around town with your sister. So I should think you might find enough energy to walk across the room and—"

Jim laughed—but there was an ugly undertone in that laugh.

"Well, neither of us seems to have much energy to spare, or you might have had sense enough to go over to the Rochambeau some time today."

"I phoned! I flamed in self-defense. You said I should 'phone'."

"Phoned?" mimicked Jim. "My dear Anne, there are certain decencies in civilized society. My sisters come from money, and I am a member of the household of a millionaire, and for reasons we won't go into, I cannot offer them the hospitality of my home. It seems to me that my wife would, naturally, as without suggestion from me, think of some way of welcoming them to their home town."

A Stormy Scene. "I didn't think Virginia wanted me. She wasn't very cordial."

"Are you criticizing Virginia's manners?" asked Jim, incisively.

"Really, Anne, that's very amusing, to say the least. If I didn't find it so funny I might be angry. Virginia is, as you would do well to remember, dearer to me than—"

"Than your wife herself!" I stormed wildly. I was on my feet now, and I was leaning heavily on it, with my clenched hands held forcibly at my sides. My chest heaved and I had great trouble to keep my breath from bursting out in hoarse gasps.

"Anne, do you think you can manage to do without making a scene?" he asked in what I took to be a bored tone.

"But you don't love me. You care more for Virginia than—"

Jim laid his hands on the arm of the chair and fairly pushed himself to his feet. He limped heavily as he crossed the room and stood towering over me with eyes ablaze.

"Virginia is my sister—no one can touch our love for each other. It's been part of us since we were children. But you are my wife—I chose you from all the world. If I hadn't loved you why should I have married you?" he asked grimly.

Why, indeed? Why had I brought to Jim but love? Tenderness swept over me. Then came terror—terror lest by my own deed I lose that love.

"Jim, Jim, darling—forgive me. I've been a stupid, jealous goose! But I'll make up for it—I'll go down on my knees to Virginia if you say so. Your sisters shall be my sisters, too. Jim, I sobbed—my pride broken. "Only love me, darling! Love me, love me!"

I flung my arms about him pleadingly, and Jim drew me close. He laid his lips on my mouth. And I knew that he was mine again—in that moment Virginia didn't count.

(To Be Continued.)

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GENERAL GETS IN WRONG.

When General O'Neill, of Allentown, Pa., went to Spartanburg, S. C., his train was three hours late. The negro escort appointed to receive him at the station had been dismissed. The general walked. Presently he was accosted by a sentry.

"Who is you?"

"General O'Neill."

"Well, you got the buck and go up there to headquarters to beat de debil, and see my captain and explain yourself. We been waitin' three hours for you."—Los Angeles Times.

CURE FOR SLEEPINESS.

Servant Girl—"I'm awfully sleepy in the morning, doctor."

Doctor—"Ah! Have you a sweetheart, may I ask?"

Servant Girl (blushing)—"Yes."

Doctor—"What time does he get up?"

"He's the night policeman."

"Ah, then, give him up, and fall in love with the milk man."—The Sun.