

LONGING FOR HOME

Rosebank Held a World of Happiness for One Woman.

By MOLLIE M'MASTER.

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When the village hack turned the corner of the road and shut from Ninian's eyes the last glimpse of Rosebank cottage it seemed as if the world of happiness had been left behind. Around the bend of the road lay the home that had given Ninian birth, and its roses had wafted into her brain the poetic fancies that had begun to express themselves in the form of vivid color sketches. In fact, Rosebank was home to the girl who was forced to leave it in order to seek a market for her art. And home to Ninian meant all that was worth having in life.

"I will come back and buy Rosebank in two or three years," she told herself through her tears; "surely no one will want my isolated little cot and get it away from me before I can earn enough money to purchase it."

Had Ninian possessed even the smallest income she would never have left the place that had become home to her, but her parents had left nothing. With their going she had been left alone, and Rosebank with all its dear memories and associations must be temporarily abandoned while Ninian traveled the road to fortune.

However, the girl was not given to vain regrets, and it was with high hopes and an ever-present dream of her ultimate ownership of Rosebank that she went into the world of struggles. She found others working with great visions leading them on, but none, she felt, had so wonderful an incentive as she. None of them had a tiny rose-hung cottage and a garden that boasted every variety of rose that grew on Long Island. In her mind, Rosebank was already her own, and Ninian was not unhappy. It did not for a moment occur to her that anyone else longed for the cottage as she herself did.

Had she known that Robert Goodwin had pounced upon the vacated cottage like a hungry cat upon a mouse, her struggles would have been bitter instead of sweet.

But Goodwin had taken Rosebank, and his furniture had been moved in a scant few days after Ninian's had gone out. He had a three-years' lease with the option of purchase. His hobby was the cultivation of roses, and he had eyed Rosebank through three long years waiting patiently until it should be vacated. Each day he had skimmed by on his motorcycle. The day a sign "To Let" had met his eye was one of the most joyful in Goodwin's life.

He was not deterred from taking the cottage, isolated though it was, because his faithful motorcycle bridged and distance. The quiet and seclusion and the wonderful views from the cottage windows, as well as the old rose garden at the back, would have lured him had the place been ten miles instead of three from the station.

Ninian's work in the field of art progressed with flattering haste. She saved every penny earned and called it her home lodging fund. In the beginning she had gone without lunch in order that the fund might increase the more rapidly. One year crawled by, a second slipped by, and the third drew to a close.

It was almost three years to the day when Ninian sailed for home richer by many thousand dollars and a splendid name in the world of art. She had won a great prize in the Paris school at the close of her third year. She recognized the fact that home longings with Rosebank in the joyfully near future had been her incentive and inspiration that had given her the coveted prize. She was returning now to buy back the cottage.

She had scarcely set foot on American soil before she went out to Long Island and took the walk from the station that led through the chestnut woods to Rosebank.

Fear clutched her heart when she saw smoke issuing from the chimney when the cottage was barely discernable in the distance. As she drew quickly near her worst fears were realized.

"My cottage! It is occupied!" Ninian cried half aloud and the tears squeezed from her closed eyelids. "If some horrible person has bought Rosebank, I don't want to live any more," she told herself.

Determined to find out that it was not only a caretaker she continued her way. The perfect care the roses were having told her enough. She walked slowly around her loved home, touching the rambler-hung fence that guarded it. Ninian was weeping and the tears trickled down her cheeks unheeded. Life was a weary pilgrimage to her, for the one haven in the world that she longed for had been taken from her. For three long years she had looked forward to the day when she could rest her body and soul in the tiny, rose-clad cottage and draw in the fragrance of it all. Her spirit, she knew, had dwelt there while she was in Paris, but now she and her soul were intruders.

She turned away and walked blindly back to the station.

Robert Goodwin, looking out of his casement window, had seen Ninian. Her hungry eyes gazing longingly at the rose gardens had sent a swift emotion over him.

"That girl must have some frightful

tragedy in her life," he commented. "I never saw a pair of eyes so sorrowful."

He went about his pruning and clipping and caring for the roses, but Ninian's eyes haunted him. She seemed still to be walking sorrowfully around and around the outer side of the fence.

So vivid was the girl's picture in his mind that he thought he was dreaming of her the next day when, looking up, he saw her quite close beside him, sitting on the old well at the foot of the rose garden.

Her head was bowed in her arms and Goodwin knew from the shaking of her body that she was weeping with complete abandonment to her grief.

He hardly knew whether to go quietly away and let her have her cry out or whether to attract her attention and do his best to comfort her.

His dog had solved the question by going over to the weeping girl and slipping his long, cool nose up beneath her arms. Goodwin swallowed the lump in his throat when he saw the girl's fingers draw the dog's head close to her. Creature comfort was instinctive in the animal, but he himself had lacked the initiative.

He coughed delicately and the girl looked up. Her eyes were starry and tear-wet. Goodwin knew that he was going to fall in love with Ninian, and he worded his thoughts accordingly.

"Please confide in me," he said softly. "I will do anything in my power to allay your suffering. Tell me your troubles." He added the last word in so soothing a voice that Ninian smiled through her tears. She liked Goodwin at first sight.

"It is only that I have slaved for three years to come back and buy my old home. I have longed for it and wept for it, and now—"

"But you can buy it," Goodwin lied glibly. "I am moving out next week. The place doesn't exactly suit my needs." Never had he expected to see such glorious light in any woman's eyes. Never had he lied more gladly. On the morrow he would see the man from whom he had but yesterday bought Rosebank and have the transfer made without the girl knowing it.

Ninian had jumped up and without thinking slipped her fingers into Goodwin's.

"You have given me all the happiness in the world!" she cried, excitedly.

"Not quite," Goodwin said dryly, for in his mind he saw himself crying Ninian in the rose gardens and giving her a far greater happiness in love than she was getting in the loneliness of her cottage. "And I was quite right," he said to her some three weeks later, "wasn't I?"

"Yes," Ninian answered softly, "and I think I realized at the time that you were going to give me this happiness, too."

The roses in the garden nodded.

Inscriptions at the Fair.

Students of monumental inscriptions must often have observed, with the ordinary vice of inappropriateness, the want of variety of which Wordsworth spoke in his "Essay Upon Epitaphs." Ranging from Whitman to the Siamese Phra Ruang, there is no such deficiency in those at the Panama-Pacific exposition. But in seeking variety does not the far West stultify itself a bit. One series is harmlessly historical, commemorating the discovery of Panama in 1501 by Bastides, its crossing by Balboa, the discovery of California and the founding of Mission Dolores, and like events. The Court of Four Seasons quotes merely a Californian upon western nature, with Spencer's well known characterization of jolly summer and autumn all in yellow clad. But in paying tribute to great literary figures the exposition does equal honor to six occidental and six oriental nations. If visitors are moved by the beauty of the passages from Kalidasa, Hitomaro, Zuhayr and Firdausi to make some further acquaintance with these writers, San Francisco will have surpassed Chicago and St. Louis. To find a region so violently anti-Asiatic as the Pacific coast inscribing on its walls Japanese lays and Chinese philosophy is new evidence of the potency of cosmopolitanism.

"Movie" Now Accepted.

A moving picture magazine recently submitted to nearly 1,000 newspaper editors the question as to whether the word "movie" has obtained a sufficiently established place in our language to be used without quotation marks. More than 500 of them replied affirmatively, while only 220 expressed the opinion that the word was still on probation, a few declaring it ought to be abolished. The word has probably come to stay. It is indicative of a certain American simplicity and directness that "movie" should have found popularity in this country whereas in Europe the current word is "cinema." The old world stuck to the original Greek derivative name of cinematograph, and the public shortened it. In America we preferred moving picture—a name requiring no translation of the multitude.

Blacksmiths or Gardeners First?

The other day a blacksmith was arguing with a gardener as to which was the first trade in the world.

The gardener said it was gardening, and quoted from Genesis: "Adam was put into the Garden of Eden to till it."

"Ah," said Pat, who had stuck up for his own trade. "Who made the spades?"

ST. GALL, HARD HIT by WAR

AMONG the innumerable cities and towns which have been ruined by the war is St. Gall, in neutral Switzerland. It has seen its trade of centuries growth swept away by a struggle in which its people have no interest. St. Gall is a town of one industry and that for the export trade, says the National Geographic society. It is a world-famous center for the manufacture of machine-embroidered white goods, and its wares have found sale over the whole earth. It has done an annual trade in these articles with America of between six and seven million dollars a year. It also had heavy business with the countries of Europe and South America and those of the Orient. Since the outbreak of the war its export routes have been closed, while some of its largest customers have been forced by their war expenditures to stop all purchase of foreign-made luxuries.

The town has grown wealthy through the centuries, and it has continually developed its one industry, built many factories, large and small, where an important percentage of the embroidered white goods of the world are worked, and through all the neighborhood around the city the same industry has found development as a home industry, in which hand machines are used.

Grew Around Monk's Cell.

St. Gall perches high up on a mountain shoulder, considerably back from the Lake of Constance. It grew up around the mountain cell of a learned Irish monk, St. Gallen, who, taken sick here in the seventh century while on a pilgrimage to Rome, built him a cell 1,000 feet up the mountain-side, and, upon his recovery, vowed to devote his life to the conversion of the mountain tribes. Around his cell there has grown up a city of more than thirty thousand, which bears his name, and which is known to the dry-goods buyers of all countries.

An abbey was built, and its Irish monks, distinguished throughout Europe for their devotion to learning, here made a safe retreat for their studies. Centuries before the Renaissance the monks of St. Gallen studied both Greek and Latin, and painstakingly copied many of the ancient texts. These manuscripts are still preserved in the library of St. Gall, and they form a priceless nucleus of its collections.

Considerable American capital has been attracted to this energetic little manufacturing city. Some of the great factories, with their scores of

Calais-Paris connections are excellent—and find himself forced to spend some hours in the city, the first thing he remarks is that there seems to be a dozen or more women to every man upon the streets. While, of course, the relative disproportion is nowhere near so great, still girls and women do largely outnumber the men, as the lace industry is continually drawing them from the surrounding country to its factories. Wages in this industry are very low, and many of its operations can be performed as well by young girls as by men.

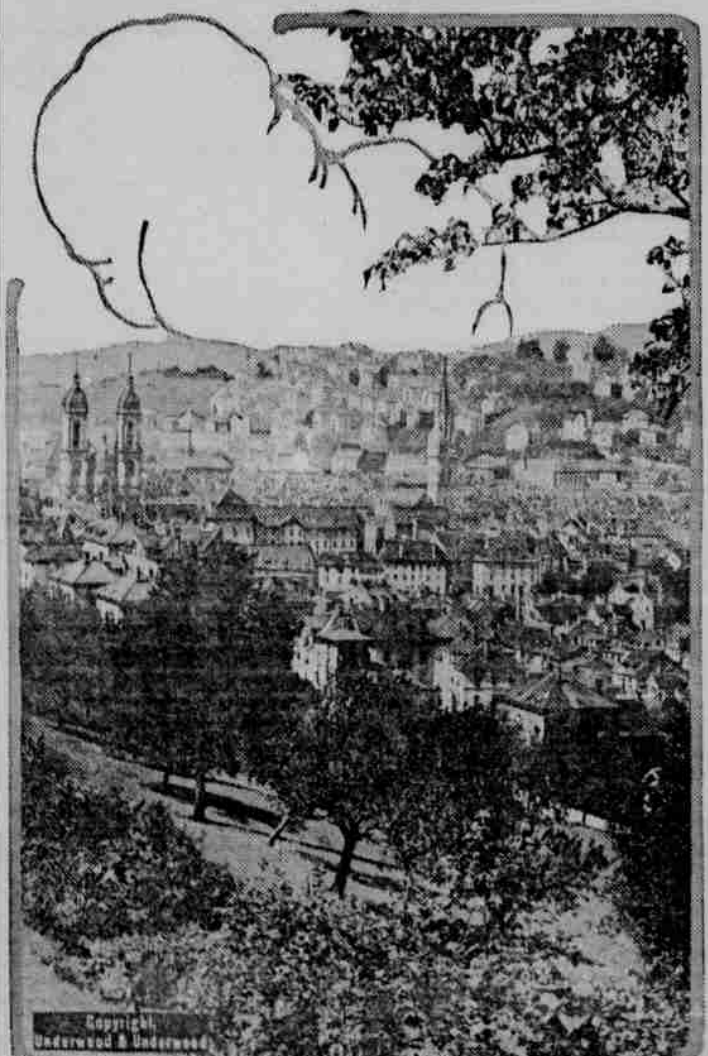
The loiterer next notices lace signs everywhere, upon commission houses and factories. Generally, these signs appear in three languages, French, German and English. In spring and autumn he will meet a continual stream of his countrymen, buyers for the big importing houses.

Factories Are Worth Seeing.

Of his own free will, however, the traveler seldom stays. He is always willing to leave Calais for most anywhere. There are plenty of self-centered, serious, hustling business towns at home, and there is no occasion for enduring the monotonous twentieth century atmosphere when one is on a pleasure trip. There are, nevertheless, many things worth seeing in the flat, dingy, strictly practical port city. Visits to the great lace factories are well worth while, and usually give one a new reverence for the possibilities of insensible machinery.

To see the most intricate patterns mingled in a foam wave of exquisite lace, possibly of several colors, with gold and silver threads, and all this done by a massive, complicated piece of machinery, at one end devouring thousands of thread strands and, at the other, giving forth a lace equal to the highest cunning of the human hand, is to witness almost the perfection of man's inventive genius. And, then, this piece of machinery operates automatically, much like the player-piano.

Calais shares with Nottingham, England, the honors for the manufacture of machine-woven laces. The other two leading lace towns make what are known as the embroidered and "burnt out" laces, on entirely different machines. Calais smuggled its industry from England, but it has added to the original English processes and machinery enough to be in position to claim a perfection of its own. Aside from, and beyond, its momentary military interest, Calais has the liveliest interest for the person wide-awake to present-day marvels, as a



VIEW OF ST. GALL

highly intricate, almost intelligent machines, are entirely owned by American manufacturers, who regularly visit their plants and make preparations for this country's seasonal supplies. The American consulate at St. Gall is a very busy office, and it has to do almost solely with the embroideries and the machine-embroidered laces of St. Gall and of the surrounding villages for American consumption.

Lace Town Also Suffers.

Another town that has suffered severely by the war is Calais, which though it has been looked on by tourists as merely a threshold of continental Europe, is in reality one of the four greatest machine-made lace cities of the world. It is as a center of manufactured laces that Calais in peace times is most widely noted.

Calais is a lace town. Almost everything about it has some bearing upon the filmy, delicate webbing which it makes and distributes over the world. Should a tourist miss his Paris express—a thing, by the way, which is most improbable, for the

world center of lace production where all the famed handmade lace genre are imitated on machines.

Find Potash in California.

The salt-incrusted valley floor commonly known as Seales Lake, in southern California, has lately come into prominence through the widespread interest in the search for an available source of potash in this country and the apparently promising prospects this locality affords of a considerable commercial production in the near future. The estimate made three years ago that this deposit contains four million tons of water soluble potash salts seems to have been amply confirmed by subsequent developments. That this amount of potash salts will actually be produced and placed on the market cannot yet be considered assured, but so far as can be judged from evidence available, it seems that this deposit is the most promising immediate source of commercial potash in the United States.

CAP and BELLS



WAS DEPENDING ON FUTURE

Structure Farmer Was Building Would Be Bungalow If He Found Tenant, Otherwise a Barn.

The conversation had turned to the subject of fads and fancies, when this anecdote was recalled by Congressman Robert H. Gittins of New York: Some time ago a delegate from the metropolis was motoring through a country district when he came to a farm where some men were at work on a building operation. Stopping at the farm for water the motorist engaged in conversation with Uncle Josh.

"I see," remarked the former, pointing to the new building, "that you are making some improvements."

"Yaas," was the indifferent rejoinder of Uncle Josh, "a leetle mite that way."

"I was looking at the building as I came by," continued the motorist. "What do you call it?"

"Well," slowly answered the farmer, "if I find a tenant for it, it's a bungalow. If I don't, it's a barn."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

And That Clinched Matters.

"I can't see why you keep proposing to me. I am sure you can win some more beautiful woman to be your wife."

"But I think ugly women make the best wives."

Constant Alarm.

"My wife gets nothing but apprehension out of life."

"How so?"

"She's afraid of cows in the country and automobiles in town."

Time to Move.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has earned over \$5,000,000.

"Is that so? In that case the old man ought to be able to afford a bungalow by this time."—Puck.

Loveless Love.

Katie—But I thought you were in love with young Sapleigh!

Marie—Oh, I am. I love him as a barber loves a bald-headed man with a full beard.

The Result.

"What will happen to all the people who have lost their living from the mouth-and-foot disease?"

"I guess they'll have to take a hand-to-mouth living."

Perhaps.

"Why isn't there more news from the Russian end?"

"I guess it's because the war stuff writers don't know how to spell the names."

PROOF.



Her Mother—Are you sure Tom really loves you?

Ethel—Yes'm. He took me to the baseball game yesterday, and he answered pleasantly every question I asked him about the game.

The Test.

"Do you think love in a cottage could be lasting?"

"Oh, yes, if it's the white stone kind of cottages they have at Newport."

A Compromise.

"Do you keep playing that mechanical piano because you like music?"

"No. The footwork is easier than walking, and the doctor told me I must take exercise."

Accounted For.

"That second marine officer seems to be very explosive in his conversation."

"Ah, well, you know, he is a submarine."



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If you, too, are embarrassed by a pimply, blotchy, unsightly complexion, nine chances out of ten

Resinol will clear it

Just try Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment regularly for a week and see if they do not make a blessed difference in your skin. They also help make red, rough hands and arms soft and white.

Sold by all druggists. For trial free, write to Dept. 21-P Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Painless Dentistry. A new combination of drugs, manufactured by Lilly & Co., Chemists, is proving of much interest to dentists and persons interested in painless dentistry. It contains neither cocaine nor arsenic, but is a combination of neobutyl, trioxymethylene and thymol, which thoroughly desensitizes the tooth, but does not de-vitalize or injure the nerve. It means at last that dentists can fill or crown teeth without pain.

Another preparation of extreme value used in the extraction of teeth is novocain and suprarenin. It is a German product, and by far the most wonderful of all the local anesthetics. Many of the leading surgeons of the world are using it today in major surgery. As many as thirty-two teeth have been taken out with its use, the patient not feeling a twinge of pain.

These preparations are used by Dr. Enoch T. Hedlund, Dentist and Specialist in Bridge and Plate Work, 454-459 Morgan Bldg. (4th floor), Washington near Broadway, Portland, Oregon. Nurse in attendance. Prices reasonable. Work guaranteed.

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppets. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Benefited by Infirmity.

Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter and scientist, suffered from a disease of the right knee, which necessitated the amputation of the limb. Referring to this infirmity, Mr. Gladstone once declared, "It sent his mind inwards; it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art. The result was that he arrived at a perception envied by an Athenian potter."

Have Healthy, Strong, Beautiful Eyes. Oculists and Physicians use Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Com-pounded by Our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes—No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no Substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free. MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO

The First Perfumes.

When you use perfume and call it such, do you think how the name came about? It means, in Latin, "from smoke," and the name proves that the first perfumes were only aromatic woods or gums that scented the air when burned.

Honor and Courage.

Whether you be men or women, you will never do anything in the world without courage. It is the greatest quality of the mind—next to honor.—James L. Allen.

MRS. LYON'S ACHES AND PAINS

Have All Gone Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Terre Hill, Pa.—"Kindly permit me to give you my testimonial in favor of

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I first began taking it I was suffering from female troubles for some time and had almost all kinds of aches—pains in lower part of back and in sides, and pressing down pains. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the aches and pains are all gone and I feel like a new woman. I cannot praise your medicine too highly."—MRS. AUGUSTUS LYON, Terre Hill, Pa.

It is true that nature and a woman's work has produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known. From the roots and herbs of the field, Lydia E. Pinkham, forty years ago, gave to womankind a remedy for their peculiar ills which has proved more efficacious than any other combination of drugs ever compounded, and today Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is recognized from coast to coast as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing hundreds of thousands of letters from women seeking health—many of them openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and in some cases that it has saved them from surgical operations.