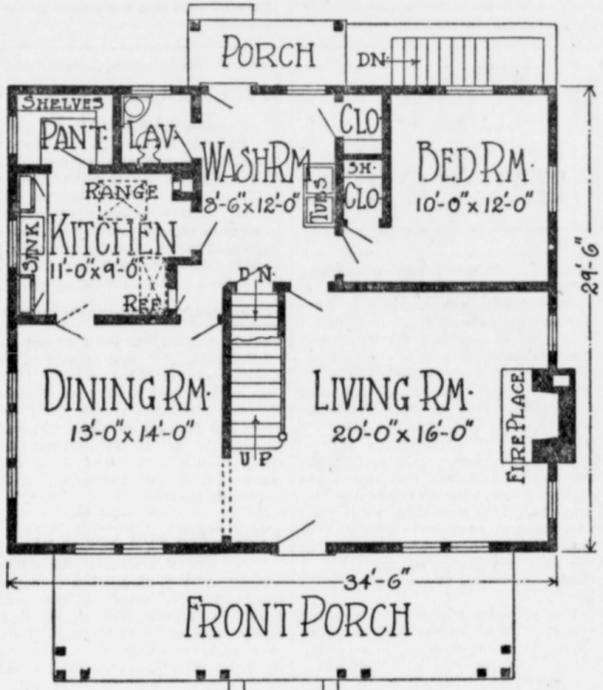
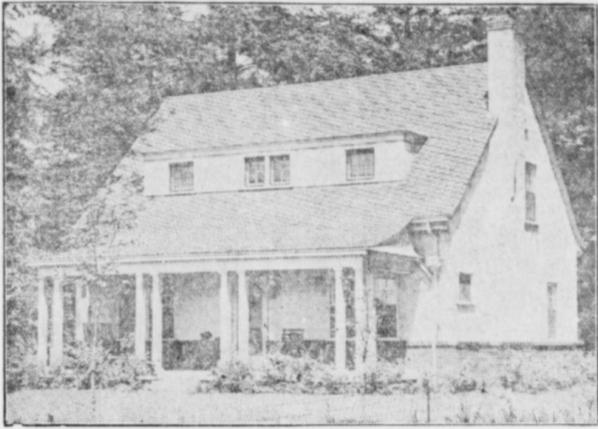
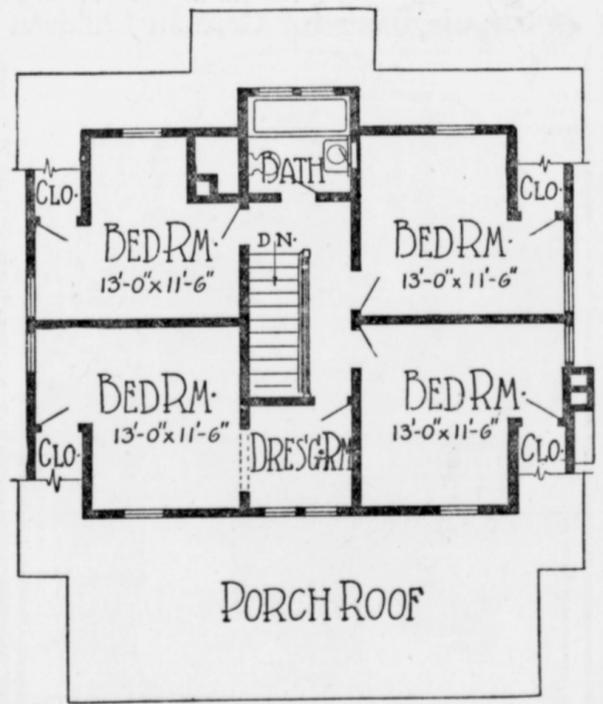


Simple Design After Dutch Style Makes Attractive and Cozy Home



First Floor Plan.



Second Floor Plan.

By W. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all problems pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on the subject. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, for reply.

Dutch architecture has had a considerable effect on the appearance of American homes. Simple in lines, but attractive withal, the Dutch homes, in a modified style, have been reproduced in many American cities and towns in the country. The best-known type of home that has come from the Dutch architectural influence is the "Dutch colonial." This style home is common and popular, especially in the suburbs of the larger cities.

A home that shows the Dutch influence is reproduced herewith. This is a two-gable "plaster" house, as it is termed in Europe, but here would be known as a stucco house, because of the treatment of the exterior walls. While in reality a two-gable house, the roof lines at the front are carried out over the porch in graceful lines. This long roof sweep is broken by a long dormer projection, which serves the double purpose of beautifying the exterior and providing more room on the second floor.

The house contains eight rooms, as shown on the floor plans. There are living and dining rooms and kitchen and one bedroom downstairs and four bedrooms and the bathroom upstairs. All of these rooms are large and so located that each has plenty of windows for sunlight and ventilation. The rear entrance is through a large washroom, which many home owners like, as it enables the housekeeper to have the laundry done near the kitchen instead of in a basement laundry.

The building is 34 feet 6 inches wide and 29 feet 6 inches deep. It is of frame construction with the outside walls finished in stucco.

Flat Roof Success Depends on Location

The flat roof, which is so desirable in the West and Southwest, where there is little dew and no troublesome insects, would not always fit into a northern location, though some have heard the idea expressed that such a roof proves economical in fuel consumption in the northern climate as a deep layer of snow forms a protective covering for the house. Terraced roofs, flat roofs, low pitched and steep pitched roofs, gable and hip, entrances, details of windows, doorways, porches, terraces, vases and garden furniture all aid in producing architectural variation.

THE BONDS THAT HOLD

By H. M. EGBERT

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THE day when Lella and Tommy came into the life of Jim Peters was his reddest of red letter days. He always saw the scene just as he had seen it then. The early snows had begun to whiten the hills, and Peters had driven his stock down into the lower country for the winter pastures.

He was sitting in his hut, thinking over things. At thirty, he felt vaguely that he ought to be doing better for himself. Not that he wanted to leave the cattle country for the city. But life in a two-room shack, where he cooked his own meals and made his own bed, was becoming unbearable. Most of the settlers of his age were already married. The settlement was beginning to prosper. Neat little flower beds appeared round the houses and the young wives were very gaily dressed upon occasions. A church had been built; altogether it was a place for a young man with two thousand dollars in the bank to rejoice in.

But Jim had always lived a lonely life; he did not know how to change it. Too bashful to make advances to any of the town girls whom he saw on his rare visits, and with a vague feeling that he wanted a wife of a special, hardly defined type, something above the common run, he was brooding in his chair when there came a tap at the door.

It was a timid tap, such as he had never heard. The men who tapped at Jim's door hammered with hairy fists until he opened to them. Jim opened now, and was amazed to see a woman and a boy outside.

Both were thinly clad and shivering from the cold. Nevertheless the woman did not attempt to enter, but only asked where lodging could be obtained.

She had come in on the evening train, she said. She offered no further explanation, but it was evident that she was gently bred. The look of weariness in her eyes haunted Jim for days.

He took her down the hill to a woman of the valley. The hospitality of the West prevailed over suspicion. The stranger and her son were given shelter.

Next day Lella Drayton, as she called herself, went to work for one of the richer settlers. But soon she was asked to fill a pressing need. The children were growing up and, in spite of its advantages, there was no school in the valley. She became the school-mistress.

Speculation was rife about her. She never mixed with the valley people, never talked about her past. And the West accepts women as well as men for what they are, and asks no questions.

The days grew into weeks, into months. Jim Peters often found occasion to saddle his horse and ride down into the valley. He and the boy became fast friends. But Lella was as indifferent to him as to the other men.

Perhaps Jim would never have found the opportunity he craved, of becoming her friend, but for an accident. The boy was straying on the railroad embankment in search of birds' eggs. His mother was with him, but seated a little distance behind the rise. Jim, watching them impatiently from the other side, knew that the afternoon train was due.

Becoming uneasy, he hurried across the valley. He was just on the opposite ridge when he heard the train in the distance. The sound, which burst forth suddenly as the train came out of the tunnel, startled the boy, perched on a ledge. He lost his footing and fell twenty feet, to lie unconscious across the rails. At the same time Lella's mother rose, discovered him and screamed.

Jim plunged down the steep embankment, seized the boy, snatched him from the rails and cowered with him against the cliff, while the train went sweeping by, so near that the draft almost blew him from where he had planted himself. Afterward the boy opened his eyes.

The distracted mother knelt before Jim with her hands clasped. "How can I thank you?" she cried. "He is everything I have, he is everything in the world to me."

"Be my friend," said Jim holding out his hand. That was Jim's chance. Friendship ripened. One day he asked her to become his wife. Then the strange look of fear that he knew so well came into her eyes.

"No, you must not ask me that," she said. "I shall never marry again." And, seeing Jim's distress, she added: "I will tell you the truth. I am a runaway wife. I cannot speak ill of my husband now. I could have borne with his infidelities, with his abuse, but—I did not want my boy to grow up to be like him."

It was weeks afterward that she told him all. Her husband was a wealthy man. When she found that she could endure life with him no longer she had run away, penniless, save for her railroad ticket. He had one redeeming quality; he loved his son. On this account she knew that he would leave no stone unturned to find them.

licity of divorce. Besides, to seek divorce would be to put her husband on her trail. She wanted to let the years roll between them, creating an ever widening barrier, until she felt that the past could never stretch out its grisly hand upon her.

So the months changed into years. It was nearly three years since Lella's coming when something happened which Jim had always known to be inevitable.

It was morning, and he was on the high pastures with his cattle when he saw her running toward him, with the boy, scrambling up the steep hillside. She reached him; her face was white with fear.

"He has found me!" she gasped. "O, save me! Help me!"

Up the road came the toot of an auto horn. Jim saw the car climb the grade like a heavy locomotive. And in the ensuing interval of silence he made his resolution.

The car stopped. A man leaped out, a man in the prime of life, absurdly strong, absurdly healthy, with the bluster and yet the sense of power that sometimes accompany the successful man.

He leaped to the ground and advanced upon the woman, smiling. Jim barred his path.

"My wife," he said.

"I know," answered Jim. "See here, young man. You don't perhaps understand. I am here to claim my own, my legal own, my wife and child. She has nothing to fear from me. I have never laid my hands upon her. Stand out of my path."

"You may have a legal right," said Jim, "but you ain't going to take her."

The man laughed, whipped off his coat, and displayed a pair of muscular arms. "Her lover?" he sneered.

"God witness, there has never been love between us," answered Jim.

The woman sprang between them. "Jim, he is right," she said. "Now he has found me, I must go with him."

Jim, amazed at the change of attitude, stood absolutely mute. The man nodded.

"Good for you," he said. "Lella, the past is past. You'll never hear of it from me. It's only for the boy's sake I want you back. And I guess—you'll be happier than you were."

Mechanically the girl entered the auto. They lifted the boy inside. The horn tooted. They were gone. And Jim stared foolishly after them.

How strong the bonds between husband and wife! She was gone out of his life. He had never dreamed of such a thing. But why had she gone with him, when he was ready to fight for her?

Jim did not understand women, their changes, their sense of duty coming in so oddly at critical moments. Like a man in a dream he watched the car shoot down the hill.

It was going very fast. The brake was damaged by the rough road, in fact, but Jim did not know that. All he thought was that it was going very fast toward the cutting. And suddenly there came the roar of the train leaving the tunnel.

The auto shot forward. It was now evidently beyond control. Jim began to run.

But he was much too far away to be of any help. As he ran he saw the dreadful picture: the train racing along the narrow cutting, the auto caught and overturned; the desperate efforts of the occupants to free themselves.

Then he saw the man stagger to his feet, lift the boy in his arms and toss him to the farther bank. The train was almost upon him, a hissing snorting monster with flaming breath. But he caught up the woman in his arms and flung her clear of the rails; and the next instant the train was upon him, bearing him down grinding out his life beneath its wheels, tearing the decapitated body along the way and passing onward.

Jim was sick with horror when he reached the scene, to find that the woman and the boy still lived. He knelt before Lella, trying to shield her from the knowledge of what had happened. Then, picking her up, he carried her to the top of the embankment. And the look on her face told him that she knew.

So mixed was life, so mixed the qualities for good and evil in all. This man she hated had given his life for her. Some gate in Jim's brain went down at that moment, and he knew that life must be faced very soberly thenceforward—even with her.

Ancient Wedding Rings

The Egyptians, probably, were the first people to use a wedding ring. Primitive men, however, made cords and bound round the waists of women they wished to marry, and later it became customary to bind the wrists and ankles of the woman. It is probable that the ring as we now know it originated from one or both of these customs. In Anglo-Saxon days the man placed a ring on the woman's right hand, where it remained until the marriage ceremony, when the bridegroom transferred it to her left hand.

Civil War Landmarks

The superintendent of Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military park says that the small buildings known as the "Kelly house and barn" occupy the sites of log structures in existence at the time of the battle of Chickamauga. The farm on which they were located is referred to in the official reports as a part of the Union line under General Thomas, that extended around the Kelly field. The buildings are maintained as landmarks, identifying the positions of troops engaged in the battle.

SEE HOPE IN WAR ON WHITE PLAGUE

Scientists Are Interested in
Vaccine Treatment.

Washington.—Despite the fact that there are half as many deaths from tuberculosis as there were 20 years ago, the white plague still remains one of the world's greatest disease problems. The omnipresent bacillus of tuberculosis spreads with the greatest facility through the whole animal kingdom, yet the disease it produces would be the most curable of maladies if only man could find the secret of his own natural immunity.

Medical science has established that practically every one in the more densely populated parts of the world, at some time in his life, becomes infected with tuberculosis, but the proportion that actually die is extremely small. What constitutes this mysterious immunity that man has built up during centuries of civilization is a problem that engages the best minds in medical research.

Believes He's Found Preventive.

Can this natural immunity that enables the bulk of the population to survive infection be supplemented by some artificial means? To produce an attenuated strain of bacteria that would confer the power to resist disease, but whose teeth for producing virulent symptoms are drawn, has been a goal sought in many diseases and attained in but few. However, Dr. Albert Calmette of the Pasteur Institute in Paris believes that he has attained such a preventive for tuberculosis in his vaccine BCG.

BCG is a kind of half-starved strain of tubercle bacilli that have been grown for many years in test tubes on the unappetizing diet of beef bile. Somewhere in the succeeding generations grown in this state of semistarvation the bacilli have theoretically lost their disease-producing power and yet retain a certain amount of their capacity to call forth antibodies when injected into the body.

After a long series of animal experiments the French scientist and his associates felt that they had sufficient ground for trying out their new vaccine on babies born in homes in the Paris slums where tuberculosis in members of the family made their infection with the disease almost inevitable. Records were kept of the inoculated babies and of others who lived under the same bad conditions but were not inoculated. Twenty-five per cent of the unvaccinated control babies, according to the Calmette data, succumbed to the disease within 12 months, whereas the vaccinated ones were all apparently uninjured by the treatment and failed to contract tuberculosis for a year and sometimes longer.

United States Authorities Cautious.

In spite of these impressive results American authorities feel exceedingly cautious about this new way of acquiring immunity to the white plague. The introduction of living tuberculosis germs, no matter how weakened, into the human system is fraught with danger, they maintain. From long years of experience and observation experts in the United States public health service say there is no telling when any given strain of tubercle bacilli, even a half-starved one, is likely to break out and become capable of producing virulent symptoms. In cattle inoculations it has been found that different animals react very differently to the same dose of the same type of vaccine.

Use Rare Writ to Oust Detroit Man From Home

Detroit, Mich.—In the Hamtramck city hall is a crew of men ready to move a two-family flat owned by Jacob Pituch, fifty-three years old, off its foundations and pave a street over the site, while in the city treasurer's office is a sum of money which Pituch can claim as compensation for being ousted.

And whether Pituch claims the money or not, the men will probably issue forth soon with Sheriff George A. Walters or his deputies at their head to move Pituch and his brother, who is the other tenant of the flat, out of the premises.

A year ago Hamtramck started condemnation proceedings to take Pituch's flat and the home of twelve others, to permit the continuation of Lumberman avenue from Trowbridge to Caniff avenues. All except Pituch accepted the awards of the condemnation jury.

Then Judge Miller made use of a rare power a Circuit court judge may exercise and issued a writ of assistance to Hamtramck ordering Sheriff Walters to oust Pituch from the flat.

Iceland May Use Its Hot Springs to Heat Capital

Copenhagen.—The Icelandic premier, Jon Thorlaksson, has suggested to the Reykjavik town council that the capital use the hot springs in the environs for heating the central sections of the city. If the project is agreed to, the springs will give the same heat as 20,000 tons of fuel.

CAP AND BELLS



THREE SONGS

A teacher asked her pupils to bring to school objects that represented songs.

One boy brought an apple, another a banana and a third an old whip.

"What song does the apple represent?" asked the teacher.

"In the Shade of That Old Apple Tree."

"What does the banana represent?"

"Yes, We Have No Bananas."

"And what does the whip represent?"

"Thanks for the Buggy Ride."—The Progressive Grocer.

DWELLING ON SELF



She—What are you thinking about?
He—Nothing much.
She—That's it! Always dwelling on yourself!

Winter Raiment

About her beauty I must brag—
And yet I hold my breath,
If she leaves off another rag
She's going to freeze to death.

Never Used Them

"Say, this bus doesn't look as if there was a single thing on it that wasn't worn out," declared the prospective purchaser of the used car.

"Well," said the salesman, "it has at least two parts that are as good as new; it formerly was owned by a reckless speeder who didn't even know it had a low gear or brakes."

Vacation Best

Little Jack was studying his lessons when his Uncle Bob walked into the room.

"Which do you like best, reading, writing or arithmetic?" asked Uncle Bob.

After a moment's thought Jack answered:

"I like vacation best."

Coward

Myrtle—Why did you quit dating with Jim?

Gert—Because he's such a coward. Myrtle—Coward? That buy a coward? Say, he can't hardly carry all the medals he won in the war for bravery!

Gert—That may be, but the fool is afraid to drive with one hand.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCE



"I am wedded to my art."
"Apparently a secret marriage."

A Pun? Of Corset Is!

When mother comes to visit us,
She's dressed in old-style ways;
But the only thing makes hubby fuss
Is the length of mother's stays.

Service

Worried Telephone Subscriber—I say, my telephone hasn't been working for a month, and you paid no attention to my letter of complaint.

Official—We did. We rang you up to ask what was wrong, and got no answer!—Tit-Bits.

Money's No Object

Doctor—Lady, your son has the measles in the worst form.

Wealthy Mrs. Green—Why, doctor, we are rich enough to afford the best.

Not Much to Turn Over

The supper table was set and Mrs. Professor was awaiting the arrival of her husband. "What can be keeping him so late?" she asked.

Daughter—Maybe he's been held up. Bright Son—Well, he'll soon be here then; that won't take long.

A Good Loser

"Haven't the Elderbys a skeleton in their family?"

"They will have if Mrs. Elderby keeps on reducing."