

# What to Get

in a Watch

*-If you want Beauty*

*-If you want Accuracy*

We are as careful in every operation to make the South Bend Watch a neat and handsome timepiece as we are to make it accurate in time. South Bend owners proudly show their watches, for they know the time is right and that the watch is stylish in appearance. You want such a watch if you want entire satisfaction.

### Six Months Building

It takes six months to build a South Bend Watch and sometimes six months more to adjust and regulate it in the factory. There are thousands of separate operations and 411 inspections. Then the watch is run for 700 hours in an accuracy test; then in a refrigerator; then in an electric oven.

When a jeweler sells it to you he gives it his expert regulation to your personality. That insures a



Frozen in Solid Ice

Keeps Perfect Time

perfect time-keeping service. Any watch made or sold in a less careful way cannot equal the amazing records of the South Bend.

A South Bend Watch is always sold through expert retail jewelers because every watch needs that personal regulation by an expert watch man. We will never sell a South Bend Watch by mail, because mail-order watches do not get this expert service.

### Ask for Book

You ought to have our free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about watches and points out many valuable things to look for in the purchase of a watch.

Ask a jeweler to let you see a South Bend. But first get our book.

**South Bend Watch Company**  
12 Palmer Street South Bend, Ind.

**"The South Bend" Watch**

(119)

## Cornish Sent To You For A Year's Free Trial



### Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?

More than 250,000 people have saved from \$25 to \$125 in purchasing a high grade organ or piano by the Cornish Plan,—why shouldn't you? Here is Our Offer. You select any of the latest, choicest Cornish styles of instruments,—we place it in your home for a year's free use before you need make up your mind to keep it. If it is not sweeter and richer in tone and better made than any you can buy at one-third more than we ask you, send it back at our expense.

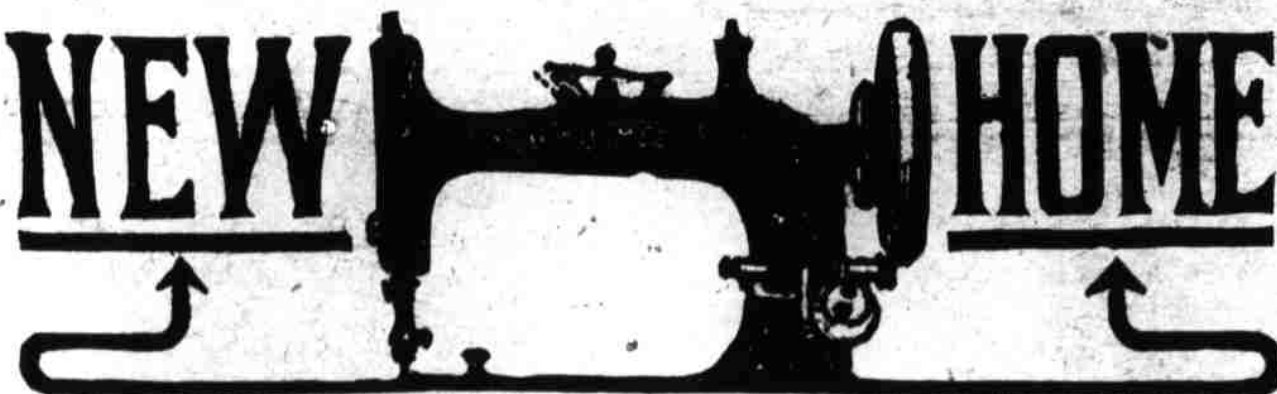
### You Choose Your Own Terms

Take Three Years to Pay If Needed. The Cornish Plan, in brief, makes the maker prove his instrument and saves you one-third what other manufacturers of high grade instruments must charge you because they protect their dealers.

### Let Us Send to You Free the New Cornish Book

It is the most beautiful piano or organ catalog ever published. It shows our latest styles and explains everything you should know before buying any instrument. It shows why you cannot buy any other high grade organ or piano anywhere on earth as low as the Cornish. You should have this beautiful book before buying any piano or organ anywhere. Write for it today and please mention this paper.

**Cornish Co.,** Established Over 50 Years  
Washington, N. J.



## THE SEWING MACHINE OF KNOWN VALUE

Known the world over for its serving qualities.

The only Sewing Machine which is a life asset at the price you pay. Purchase the NEW HOME and you will not have an endless chain of repairs. It is better made, does nicer sewing, easier to operate, and more silent than any other. Guaranteed for all time.

Write THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., Orange, Mass., for booklet F.

Prof. John Michels has written two of the best books for Southern dairymen. They are "Dairy Farming" and "Market Dairying." We can supply them for \$1 each. Write for list of other dairy books.

### Feather Beds

THE STOKES COMPANY, Burlington, N. C.

New 40-pound Feather Bed and Pair of Pillows for \$10.00.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

### "RENCONTRE."

O H, WAS I born too soon, my dear, or were you born too late, That I am going out the door while you come in at the gate? For you the garden blooms galore, the castle is en fete; You are the coming guest, my dear,—for me the horses wait.

I know the mansion well, my dear, its rooms so rich and wide; If you had only come before, I might have been your guide, And hand in hand with you explored the treasures that they hide; But you have come to stay, my dear, and I prepare to ride.

Then walk with me an hour, my dear, and pluck the reddest rose Amid the white and crimson store with which your garden glows,— A single rose,—I ask no more of what your love bestows; It is enough to give, my dear,—a flower to him who goes.

The House of Life is yours, my dear, for many and many a day, But I must ride the lonely shore, the Road to Far Away: So bring the stirrup-cup and pour a brimming draft, I pray, And when you take the road, my dear, I'll meet you on the way.

—Henry Van Dyke.

### JUST A BIT OF EDEN.

Teaching Margaret and Being Taught by Her—Some of the Unanswered Questions About Child Culture and Some of the Unanswerable Questions of the Cultured Child.

By Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, Winston-Salem, N. C.

MARGARET is down in the yard, building an automobile out of two barrels, a plank, and somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand nails. When last seen, that enterprising young person was perched on the giddy eminence of the Thanksgiving pumpkin, soothing a mashed thumb, and surveying the result of her arduous toll with a pride

of workmanship equal to that of good old Cheops, when he had the capstone placed on the Great Pyramid. I, too, am puffed up with pride and vainglory, for have I not just finished my flowering hedges of over 200 dogwoods—the same number of white and purple lilac, and hundreds and hundreds of bulbs—poet's narcissus, single and double jonquils, purple flags, larkspur and hollyhocks and corn-flowers past counting? Right in the midst of all this glory are two worthless plum trees, and orders had gone out for them to be taken up, but remembering the keen delight it gave Margaret to skin up trees for the little wild fox grapes and muscadines, the order was countermanded. The plum trees are low and bushy, and easy for a child to climb, so this week we are going to drive out to the river and grub up a lot of wild grapes and plant them around the plums that she and her little playmates may have a month's delight when grape time comes.

Really, I believe the chief joy of a country place is that it is never finished—there is always something else to be done. Planting growing things is the most fascinating of all occupations, and surely of it, more than of any other, one may say with the Psalmist: "The work of my hands, O Lord, the work of my hands, established Thou it!"

If any woman living, really knows how children should be trained—really knows—not just experiments with it—I am doing, she is most earnestly entreated to spend a week at Bramlette, and impart her most rare and useful information. At just what point will a child's energy and ignorance of cause and effect, become so mischievous that they should be checked, and in what way? The other morning, there was a terrible commotion and thumping up stairs, and Margaret's voice rose above the din: "Aunt Lucy! Aunt Lucy! come see me be a horse and buggy!"

She was one sure enough. She had jumped up and down on the seat of one of my pretty chairs until it had broken thru, and there she was, charging up and down the room inside the chair. Now she really meant no harm, she merely wanted to play horse and buggy. She was extricated with difficulty, and the new pink gingham mended. Then going to the washstand to wash my hands, the pipes were found to be stopped up with bananas—the work of busily idle little fingers. After working sometime to repair damages, I got out the sewing basket for a few minutes' peace, only to find the embroidery silks had been cut into two-inch lengths. That, as Margaret explained, was for lovely hair for the new rag dolls. Now, not once had the child meant any harm, yet something had to be done to stop her wild career of destruction—so she was told to go down to the library and wait for me. In almost ten minutes I descended and found her sitting on the family Bible, which she had pulled off the table and put on the floor.

"I'm pressing flowers" she explained, "I took the roses the lady sent you and put them all in the Bible, and I'm sitting on them just as hard as I can, so we can press and keep them."

The roses for my dinner party and blessed old great grandfather's Bible!

"Margaret!" I gasped, "Why do you make so much trouble?"

You should have seen the look of injured innocence that spread over her countenance. "I don't make trouble" she assured, "I just do things—you are the one that makes trouble!"

If I had been limp before, I was speechless now—and the child was right from her viewpoint. I was the one who did make all the trouble; she just "did things" following out the mandates of a busy little brain.

"The flowers are pressed now" she said "shall I go sing a song for you?"

"Yes," I assented meekly. So she climbed up to the piano; "I'm going to sing you the beautiful song Jesus sang when He went down into His garden," she explained, and then, making up tune and accompaniment as she went along, she began in her sweet, shrill voice: "Consider the lilies, consider the lilies. They toil not, neither do they spin," and if that child deserved a spanking for all the mischief she had done, she didn't get it, for I listened with tears in my eyes, and I whispered to myself, "In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven." Training children is an absolute