



complete instructions for making
Sandwiches
 to any man's taste

No man likes a feminine sandwich, he wants something substantial—something with a taste that tickles his appetite—And here's French's recipe for making sandwiches to any man's taste—once you have learned the helpfulness of "that flavor called French" you, yourself, can vary this recipe according to the materials on hand—always successfully.

Give this new twist to a Roast Beef Sandwich—

Run cold roast beef (or any cold meat) through your grinder until you have a heaping cupful. To it add 1/2 tea- spoon of salt, 1/2 table-

Printed on cards, handy to use —and 12 or more new recipes offered each month.

spoon of melted butter, and 1 tea- spoon of French's Mustard. Mix well and spread. This is certainly easily and quickly made—and the French's Mustard gives it a flavor that tastes good all the way down.

But remember that only French's Prepared Mustard will give you just the right flick of flavor—"that flavor called French." Only the secret French's formula, that blends the choicest mustard seed with certain other savory ingredients, can produce this result.



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THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY, Housewives' Service Dept., 1-12 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

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FRENCH'S MUSTARD

Once, coming into the room at dusk, he stumbled over an obstacle and found it to be the mending basket; he might have looked out for it, since it was usually in evidence somewhere.

"I never do let my mending pile up on me," he had heard his mother say several times; but as far as he could observe, the contents of the basket remained about the same.

"Addie's little visit has been a real pleasure," his mother told Henry one day. "We have so much in common. I wish I could have her nearer, all the time."

AND on an afternoon when his mother had been persuaded to go to the club, where she was to read a really important paper, and when Henry had found Mrs. Moffitt sewing under the red-shaded lamp, she said, "I'm so fond of your dear mother, Henry. How she does understand making a real, old-fashioned home."

"Yes, doesn't she?" Henry agreed, and opened the evening paper at the stock-market page.

Mrs. Moffitt's eyes were on her sewing; probably she did not observe that Henry wanted to read. "She has been very much upset over all this," said she. "I think she has been very brave."

"There was nothing to worry about," Henry said shortly. "My throats never amount to anything."

"Why, Henry! You don't realize how ill you've been," Addie reproved him. "Nobody knows how much the flu takes out of one any better than I do. But that wasn't what I meant." Henry's eyes went down a column, but for some reason he was not concentrating. "I mean—this other thing," Addie explained softly.

"What other thing?" asked Henry. "I've been through it all myself," said Mrs. Moffitt softly, and sighed. "So I know just how—well, how painful it is. Especially when neither party has any real—though of course, where they have, it is even — Yet I do think divorce is often a blessing, Henry."

That evening Henry waited until he thought the two ladies must be asleep; then he crept cautiously down the stairs. He found his hat in the hall closet; there was no light there, and in feeling about for his overcoat he knocked over some strange thing that fell with a crash. When he emerged from the closet his mother was halfway down the stairs, wrapped in a substantial gray garment.

"Why, Henry!" she exclaimed, her eyes widely startled. "What on earth are you —"

"Where's my coat?" Henry demanded. "I'm looking for my coat."

SHE came all the way down to the hall. "But, my son, you cannot want your coat at this hour of the night! You can't be thinking of going out into the night air, when you haven't been out since —"

"Oh, come, mother! Please tell me where my coat is," he said with obvious restraint.

His mother smiled, shook her head as one does to an insubordinate child. "Now, my dear, that coat was really not fit for you to wear again," said she. "So I sent it —"

But the front door had closed behind Henry.

The only light in the house shone dimly from the living room. That brought him up short on the doorstep. He remembered a spread-out drawing, young Furness there. Yet he went in.

The fire had fallen to that state of glowing embers that it reaches when a man has spent a peaceful evening before it. The only lamp that was lighted shone across the deep chair that he liked to read in; beside the chair was a small table with a Life of Lincoln, an evening paper opened to the stock-market page. He saw the whole gracious quietness of the room as he had never seen it before, but