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and other

Accessories to

Milady's Wardrobe

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## Silk Lisle Hose



Given for Six

Add these Stylish Garments to Your Wardrobe

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Select the gift that you would most like to have and sond as the required number of yearly subscriptions to Timerican award, not also the subscription of 35 cents each; we will send each subscriber this magazine one year, and we will send you prepaid, the premium of your cludee. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to

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Augusta, Maine

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Given for

Sixteen Subscriptions

No. 1742. In your mind's eye you can see this petitions — It closely resemiles the Illustration. Of Novelty Fairle—Namely Styles—Well Made feet. Fitting. The fabric has a luster like silk, that will endure, and is of a tecture to give it lasting worth. Take another look at the picture and note the perfectly smooth it around mene will patter samplisationers at back—an elastic mercel aback—an elastic mercel. at back—an elastic inserted either also of the fasteners is a either also of the fasteners is a smooth front, without a smooth front, without a wrinkle, is in accord with the new fashlon-developments in season of the fasteners of the fasteners





Clinging Seco Silk Dress Premium No. 1207

The pattern shown is dress-pattern No. 9311 and comes in sizes 36 to 42 inches

Change of Address

## The American Woman

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## Chats with Our Readers

The Bluebird's Song By Mary Archer Knapp

The bluebird fluting, where the woods rise dim Across the fields, is all the sound I hear; The evening vilence falls as sunset fades, Lingering to earth in golden colonades, And far and faint the stately stars appear.

In one still place (which my heart always sees), This darkening spring night the shadows creep, Lingering all softly on that quiet home, Where the white stone guards one, who waits alone, Till I may come and share that quiet sleep.

USICAL and delightful is that little poem, and we all thank the author for sharing it with us, do we not? At the same time we are learning that "the white store" guards nothing of our which store we have a summer of the white store guards nothing of our which has been it all adde. The real self goes on living and loving, never far from us when we call, doing work that needs to he done, helpful, vital, filled and thrilled with the spirit we knew and know so well. This knowledge, heautiful and inspiring, is permeating the world to-day as never before. We feel is everywhere—and shall we not thank God for it? Through it we are learning that truly we have made in the store of t USICAL and delightful is that little poem, and

YET she does not. There is the beauty of her code of 18fs. When the will of her husband became public property she suddenly found herself famous, because of the terbine paid her. Reporters found their way to the near the control of the terbine paid her. Reporters found their way to the near she voleed a philosophy which other women, most if not all women, will find it wise to adopt. "He was the only man on earth for me," she said, and smiled. "He is the only man for me, I should say. Fat took me to thin, or rather it was faith. I befleve God intends just the one man for just the one woman. And the resson why men and women to the said of the said loving. No man with a spark of good in him can hold out against love, forgiveness and a woman's helfer in him. That is the main things—helfer in him. Even a marriage which seems to lack the true basis can be made happy if the wife will dwell only on the goodness, not the failings of her flustand. Women who shut their eyes to had tempere or other hand. Women who shut their eyes to had tempere or other hand. Women they have been supported by the property of the part of the property of the pr

cannot be killed. How can I bear the separation from my husband? Why, we are not separated. He is nearer to me to-day than be ever was in life—as we speak of it. I see him often with my heart's eyes. I am never lonely. I am not sad. I laugh. I play with my boy. I work in my little garden. I think. My Cart's hand is in mine and I see his heautiful smile.

TRULY it is a marvelous philosophy, yet so simple that he who runs may read and understand. In the realm of the who runs may read and understand. In the realm of the who runs may read and understand. In the realm of the whole was the work of the work of the work of the sone. Lettle Mrs. Baird knows this and so she can smile, and work in her garden, and play with her boy sometimes a bit lonely, perhaps, as is perfectly natural, but mever unhappy. The principles on which, her code of life founded are all good. "Think the best of the man you marry" is excellent advice, were it given general consideration of the sounded are all good. "Think the best of the man you marry" is excellent advice, were it given general considerable between the some thing is more to the purpose, and that is to think he best of everybody. That is not a new suggestion as all know who have read The American Woman year after year, but it will hear constant repetition. There are few threads in the fabric of human existence which mean so much. To good reason to believe has hijured us we must cease to judge by appearances and strive to "keep the eye single," to see the real man or woman, part and parcel of the Life which actuates us all. We must put ourselves in that other's place and try to look at the matter from his standpoint. If we do this with honest intent, carnestly desirous of claiminating all cause for trouble, there will be none; with any event, it is well for us all to remember that thinking any event, it is well for us all to remember that thinking he best of all people and all things is good for us—thoroughly good; and that we cannot afford to do anything see. If we knew that a physical disorder which has long held us in hondage was the direct result of a cherished and the best of all people and all things is good for us—thoroughly good; and that we cannot afford to do anything any event, it is well not not be graded which has long held us in hondage was the direct result of a cherished and the best of a cherished and the proper an

WHEN there we want to share with you one of the letters which help to make life so richly worth the living. When help to make life so richly worth the living club she was getting up for The American Woman: last summer I wroche het to know if she wanted my renewal, as I could not be without "our paper"—so helpful and inspiriting it is, and soclosely it has wown itself into my life. Last winter my dearly loved father was ill, and for nearly four months I had not an unbroken night's rest. I took great comfort from the calendar verse for each day until near the end, when—what wonder!—I forgot. Father fell askeep Pebruary 19, and the verse for that day seemed written just for me:

'God bless you, friend! I breathe a charm Lest grief's dark night oppress you; For how can sorrow bring you harm When 'tis God's way to bless you?

So also did the verse for the day all that was mortal of my dear one was laid away—February 21. I cannot express the help they were to me, seeming like messages of good cheer and sympathy straight from another heart to my own. My March copy did not reach me until the fifth of the month. I turned to the calendar:

Would you be miser! then leavn to forget Would you be wiser: then tearn to jorget The fears and the worries, the doubts and regret, Be carnest, be watchful, be prayerful, be kind, And soon you'll rejoice in cares left behind.'

And soon you arrance in care egg comma.

Still, just what I needed. I cannot live up to all this yet, but I believe in it with all my heart. I hvve passed through more severe trials than fall to the lot of many mortals, and I do want you to know how much our American Woman is helping me. I would not be without I for many times the subscription-price, and shall make all the new friends for it I can—thus sharing my blessings with others." Which is exactly the right spirit.



# DOWN Brings This Complete Outfit

An astounding value. Sent to you for enly \$1.00 down. But you must act quickly because this offer is being made for a limited time. So don't delay as prices on woolens are atill going up. The Boy's Outfit consists of

skill going up. The Boy's Guill consists.

The Start way "feeding live and the start way "feeding live and "feeding live

and tos.

Be ours to give size of shore and cap;
also size and color of ruit manted.

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Site Soft
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Site Soft
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## THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

Hints That Have Been Found Helpful

DO enjoy our Homemaker department. and as I believe in helping as well as in beling helped. I am sending a few sugges-tions that I have found excellent. To keep tan shoes looking like new, wash tions that I have found excellent. To keep tan shoes looking like new, wash them first—especially if mnddy—with a lather of Castile soap, taking care not to have too much water on the cloth—not dry, then polish as used. The continuous distribution of the continuous distribution distrib shape for this purpose

snape for this purpose.

When Ironing, If the Iron scorches, rub the place with peroxide, wetting it well, Iron again and the scorch will have vanished. This applies only to white goods, as peroxide removes the color also from colored goods. Should a dress, apron or blouse of colored material be scorched, place it in the bright sunshine for a time; unless the born is too deep this will remove it.

deep this will remove it.

I have found paraffine-oil the hest furniture-polish, as it covers up scratches also.
In regard to the dustless mop, I have two—
one for the kitchen-oilclotb, the other for one for the strehen-olicitely, the other for hardwood floors. Such a mop takes up that "ashy" dust and makes the floor look fifty per cent, hetter. My neighbor has had her litchen-floor and olicitoft (which was of light color when new and had become badly worn) painted steel-gray; she says it is the best color for not showing dirt, and that now she isn't on her knees every day sembling. Her

They save the expense of rubbers and breakage, and the contents keep perfectly. To
cook the tomatoes and applies just wash the
tomatoes thoroughly, and cut in rather
thick silves, without peeding; the apples
should be peeded, however, and quartered,
cores removed. It use brown sugar for sweetening. Sprinkle the latter in with the fruit
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content of bours. We like this who have tasted it

who have tasted It.

I have a lovely fern which had but two leaves when I started It. A florist told me to never water it from the top, as this washed the dirt away from the tender new fronds springing up, and it was not properly watered that way. I followed his instructions and that way. I followed his Instructions and will give them to help others. I take a pail deep enough to hold the pot, set the fern in this and fill with water enough to reach the this and fill with water enough to reach the top of the pot but not over if. Let the fern stand for a half-hour so that It can drink all It wants, then lift it out into the sink or any place where the extra water can drain off, take a whish-broom and sprinkle the leaves gently with water. The fern can be seen to improve after a short time of such treat-ing the control of the such that the surface watering necessary. In winter, temper the water.

the water In reply to the appeal for a remedy for pimples and boils. I desire to state my father's experience. He had thirty-six boils father's experience. He had thirty-sk boils or carbuncles during one summer and one day an old English lady told him to buy a tube of ordinary. Venice turpentine, mix with flour or sugar to make into pills, and take one after each meal for two or three months to completely rid the kidneys of the poison. Pimples and boils are tunally caused by the kidneys refusing to send off all the polson in the holdy, and it backs up into the blood, and it backs up into the blood and only have fuelf out in a pimple; at least, so we are told nowadays. Flenty of This department is devoted to the interests of woman, especially the housewife, Ashing that will lighten labor, brighten or make better the home and household, or help us each and all to lead truer lives, will be cordially welcomed. All readers of The American Woman will, it is hoped, give of their experience for the heneful of there, and ask any needful information for themselves. Sand your tested and favorite receipts, hints on the training and care of children, cultivation of Inverse, etc., etc., etc., that the contract of the contract of the contract of the contract of the work of the contract o

neys well. Needless to say, father was will-Ing to try anything which promised relief from those painful things; he took the turfrom those painful things: he took the tun-pentine, and had no more for two years. Then another started and he immediately took the tunpentine again, with the result that the beil never came to a head and dis-appeared entirely. It is not expensive, and is surely worth tryine.

For my baby I made small-sized cotton

pads about a foot square, and cut while oll-cloth the same size to use under the cotton pads, the shiny side down. It is a perfect paus, the simily side down. It is a perifect protector, and easily replemished when the finish wears off. By making them small I can tuck the pads up under baby's skirts, and his under petticoat is never soiled. To remove the crust or "cradle-cap" from his head I used two applications of butter, letting it remain on for half an bour or so, and then using the little fine comb. I see Doctor ting It remain on for half an bour or so, and then using the little fine comb. I see Doctor Southwick gave us a preparation to use for this in one of bis recent articles. With other mothers I am greatly interested in anything pertaining to the care and proper bringing-th of the combination of the combination of the properties of the care and proper bringing-th of the combination of the combination of the United Section of the combination of the combination of the Charles Section of the combination of

(Just a word of caution regarding the turnentine remedy. There are some people who cannot even remain in a freshly painted room without serious or extremely unpleas ant effects, and to take turpentine internally even in extremely small quantity, would certainly not serve in any remedial way. It certainly not serve in any remedial way. It is always wise to get the advice of a competent physician on such points; although it is safe to say that the remedy suggested would not prove harmful, but rather beneficial, in nine cases out of ten.)

#### Some Nebraska Ways

HAVE been an Interested reader of this I HAVE been an inprevened reader of this department for a long, tong time and have decided that you should all know of my way of making light bread; it is fine. Soak two cakes of yeast. At dimere-time boil your potaces as usual, but drain the water, when they are cooked, into a crock in which have been placed two big empfuls of microoked outmeal. placed two dig cuprius of inneonced oatment. Stir and let stand till cool, then add the yeast-cakes and a little more tepid water, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, and flour enough for a stiff batter. Let rise in a warm place until early morning, then add just a hittle—perhaps one pint—more warm water, mix stiff, using half barley-flour if desired, rub lard over the top and let rise, work down twice, then make into six loaves, and, when

twice, then make into six loaves, and, when light, bake slowly. Everybody likes this war-bread and I still make it even though "stern necessly" does not demand it.

I do not think anyone has told Mrs. Geo. Grevious how to exterminate cockroaches. It is said that the most effective way is to funigate with sulphur or hydro-cyanic-acid gas; but powdered borax, mixed with a little sugar and flour dusted freely on the shelves or forced by means of bellows, that oracks and crevices, has been known to give good results and has the merit of being perfectly harmless. Or, this powder may be spread on slightly moistened bread. While I have never had occasion to try it myself, it is claimed to be far superior to cockroach-

it is claimed to be far superior to cockrouch-powders that are widely advertised.

When you clean with gasoline, sisters, use pienty of it. Heat a small tubful of water to the holling-point, take it entirely away from fire or artificial light, pour your gasoline into a smaller vessel—bowl or pan— place I in this tub of how water to heat, and when quite warm take out the vessel, put the content of the properties of the properties of the leavest and nour as much merchanistics. cleansed, and pour as much more gasoline cleansed, and pour as much more gasonne into another vessel to use for rinsing, placing this in the hot water. Use a good, pure soap sparingly, and wash the garment as if with water, rinse thoroughly in the clean gasoline, and hang in the air. The garment will look

and hang in the air. The garment will look like new. I especially enjoyed the letter from One Boy's Mother about our small boys. They are difficult to manage, and one has to be very wise to manage then just right. It seems to me our department is especially belyful alonk these very lines, or can be beightful alonk these very lines, or can be made so. Will not some of you ofder mothers who beave successfully rabsed boy; tell us

how you did it? Of course what will work like a charm in some cases, with certain dis-positions, will not do so well in every case, but helpful suggestions and ideas cannot fall to accomplish a good purpose. I under-stand girls quite well, but with my little son am sometimes puzzled to know just what

I am sometimes puzziet to know just what is best to do and say.

A few ideas which may be helpful to other homenacers: Keep a little box of rubber bands in the drawer of the kitchen-table or some other convenient place. When you have a little of any food left over, such you have a little of any food left over, such as gray, canned salmon, sances, etc., which you will use again and want to put away in this books, cupe or glasses, cover with two this power of the same of a rubber band. The food is thus kept from dust and air and no odor can escape. For keeping your stove clean, instead of sings a damp doth or brush, have an olled duster for the purpose; you can make one of wormout stockings, moistened make one of wormout stockings, moistened blacking is not used, these words on which blacking is not used, they work the properties were not, cut of the blacking is not used. Mere is nothing netter, When hose-supporters were out, cut off the clasps or loops to use for hangers on holders, launder-bags, etc. Keep a little paraffine (wax) in a small baking-powder can ready to heat at a moment's notice. It is fine for mending any vessel in which cold articles the control of the Homelot, eaked a sute and signife counter.

are to be kept.

Hopeful asked a sure and simple remedy for thinness: I, too, am thin, and shall be grateful for any assistance in overcoming this tendency. I would also like to correspond with any of the sisters who live in or near Milford, Mass., or Bennington, Yt., preferably someone whose family settled perferably someone whose family settled

there in the early days.

McGrew, Nebr. Mrs. Jumes Jessup.

#### In Fly-Time

To banish files from the kitchen, soak a few pieces of blottling-paper with examples oil and oil of pennyroyal In equal examples oil and oil of pennyroyal In equal on the property of the pennyroyal In equal of the pennyroyal In equal of the pennyroyal of the pennyroyal oil oil avender. Dip a sponge in boiling water, and pour it over a half teaspoonful of oil of laxender. This sponge should be moistened again was This approach should be moistened again. flies. The sponge should be moistened again with boiling water as it dries out, say twice a day, and the oil of lavender renewed twice a day. When there are a few flies in the kitchen that defy capture by means of flypaper or other usual methods, heat a shovel and sprinkle a spoonful of carboils acid over It. The funes will have the desired effect, exterminating the files effectually. Last summer we had the house painted, and dursummer we had the house painted, and this girle process, with screens removed, the rooms became filled with files. I darkened every room but one on the ground floor, the kitchen, and drove the files all Into that by means of paper "flappers," manificatived at home by cutting newspapers in strips about 62 cases. The strips about 10 cases are supported to the control of the control of the control of the cases of the cases of the cases. home by citting newspapers in strips about fifteen inches long and an inch and a balf wide, and tying them like a mop on the end of a piece of broom-handle. At night I removed from the kitches or withing move and the strip of fifteen inches long and an inch and a bali dles are most convenient, however, and but little more expensive than the sulphur in bulk. Flies that light on the ceiling at night, as the weather grows cooler. I have taken care of in the following manner: Saw off the end of a broom-stick, or other stick of the right size, so that if will be flat, and on this fasten a the can by driving a nail through the bottom into the wood. This is to be used as

a holder for a smaller can that will fit into it a holder for a smaller can that will fit into it. In the latter, place a few spoonfuls of gasoline or turpentiue, and hold the mouth of this to the celling over the fly, which will drop down. This method prevents spotting the celling, as would be done by the usual the ceiling, as would be done by the usual "swatting," and is a very humane way of getting rid of these peets. In this, as in getting rid of these peets. In this, as in present on the same of the rid of the present of the rid of th parings, and other vegetable "leavings" may be easily made way with by planing on the top of the oven under the second covers of the range; they will be dry in a very short time and may be swept forward into the first time and may be swept forward into the first time. It was a subject to the state of th tight-fitting cover which I keep in a corner of the sink, burying the contents as suggested, when it is full. Pour a little krossen into the drains. If you have a stable, serien it as carefully as you do the bouse. In fact, see that thies bave no breeding-places, and so save a great deal of trouble later on I have heard that a single fly will produce a incredible number of its kind in produce an incredible number of its kind in the later on I have the district the belowers to the later on the content of the later on the content of the later on the later of the later on the later of t a silort space of time—mente it behaves a to take care that this ability to "multiply and replenish" our homes with such pests is not allowed full scope.

Mrs. G. W. Baker.

#### Another Side of the Garden Question

I SHOULD like to tell M. E. L., of West Virginia, that my experience proves to me conclusively that gardening does pay well in money and health. I think the cause me conclusively that gardening does pay well in money and health. I think the cause of her disappointment may lie in the fact that she did not study her market first. She raised vegetables that are always plenty. In most of people now do not care for "salted-down" cucumher pickles; they prefer the small, quickly made ones, sealed bot in jars, so that the pickles are crisp and brittle. In this part off West Virginia I can sell green like part off West Virginia I can sell green one has a garden-partch, but people do not one has a garden-partch, but people do not cap the sell of the property of the property of the part of the property of the part of the property of

the control of the co I went into gardening before the war clous-looking watermicions on account not be eaten because full of lumps as hard as the squashes that had been planted too near. Raising roses and other flowers, also fuils and vegetables from seed, is intensely fas-chating work, and profife of good results, since some of the very best varieties have come from seedlibes. come from seedlings.

come from seedlings.

That many of the "men-folks" read our department I have the hest of good reason to know, and I want to have a little talk with those who are married: Do you give your wife spending money, dear sir? I was a Continued on page 10

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## MADELON

#### By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Author of "Pembroke," "A New England Nun," etc.

HERE was a new snow over the village. Indeed, it had ceased to fall
only at sunset, and it was now
eight o'clock. It was heaped apparently with the lightness of
foam on the windward sides of the roads, toam on the windward sides of the rosus, over the fences and the stone walls, and on the village roofs. Its weight was evident only on the hranches of the evergreen-trees, which were hent low in their white shagginess, and had lost their upward

CHAPTER I

spring evergreens - Norway were There There were evergreens — Norway pines, spruces, and hemlocks—hordering the road along which Burr Gordon was coming. Now and then he jostled a low-hanging hough and shook off its load of snow upon his shoulders. Then he walked nearer the middle of the street. suow upon his shoulders. Then he walked nearer the middle of the street, tramping steadily through the new snow. This was an old road, but little used of late years, and the forest united the street of the street, and the late of the street of the years, and the forest united with the street of the years of the year

rich undertone of a hass, and the twang of stringed instruments.

When he came close to the house the bow structure leself, overhald with snow, and with snow clinging to its gray-stringled sides like streds of woodseemed to vihrate and push and shake, and wax fairly sonorous with music, and wax fairly sonorous with music,

and wax fairly sonorous with music, like an organ.
Burr Gordon stood still in the road and listened. The constituents of the concert resolved themselves to his ear. There was a wonderful soprano, a tenor, a hass, one sweet boy-voice, a base-viol, and a violin. They were practising a fugure. The soprano rang out like the invitation of an angel:

'Come, my beloved, haste away, Cut short the hours of thy delay,

ahove all the others—even the shrill boy-treble. Then it followed, with noblest and sweetest order, the bass in—

"Fly like a youthful hart or roe, Over the hills where the spices grow."

The very breath of the spices of Arabia The very breath of the spices of Arabia seemed horne into the young man's senses by that voice. He saw in vision the blue the and cassia grew; he felt within his limbs the ardeut impulse of the hart or roe. He stood with his head hent, listering, until the music ceased; the blue hills sunk suddenly linto the land of the past, and all the spice-

plants withered away.

There was hut a few minutes' interval; then there was a chorus

"Strike the timbrel."

Burr Gordon, listening, heard in that only the great soprano, and it was to him like the

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However, when the two men drew near each other Burr kept well to his side of the road and strode on rapidly, hoping his cousin might not recognize him. But Lot, with a hoarse laugh and another cough, swerved voice of Mirlam of old, summoning him to battle and glory.

But when that music ceased he did not wait any longer nor enter the house, hut stole away sliently. This time he traveled

after him and jostled him roughly.
"Can't cheat me, Burr Gordon," said he.
"I don't want to cheat you," returned

"I don't want to cheat you," returned Burr, in a surly tone.
"You can't if you do. Set me down anywhere in the woods when there's a wind, and I'll tell ye what the trees are, if it's so dark you can't see a leaf, by the way the boughs blow. The maples strike out stiff like dead men's arms, and the elms talls like live snakes, and the plnes stir all together like women. I can tell the trees, no matter how dark 'tis by the way they move, and I can



" Down on the floor below. Burz Gordon led the march with Dorothy Fair on Lie arm

among the snowy bushes and hide until his cousin passed by. Then he shook his head angrily and kept on

thrust of his elbow in his cousin's side, "Well," said Lot, "go if you want to, or go if you don't want to. That last is what you're doing. Burr Gordon."

"What do you mean hy that?"
"You're going to see Dorothy Fair when
you want to see Madelon Hautville, hecause "You're going to see Dorothy Fair when you want to see Madelon Hautville, because you don't want to do what you want to. Well, goon. I'm going to see Madelon and hear her sing. I've given up trying to work against my own-motions. It's no use; when against my own-motions. It's no use; when were horn to except in your own looking-glass. Go and court Dorothy Fair, and in spite of yourself you'll kilss the other girl when you're kissing her. Well, I shan't will have you would not be a supple of your work to be girl when you're kissing her. Well, I shan't will have you know Madelon Hautville never—" stammered Burr Gordon, furiously.

Lot laughed again, Don't be you she never how have you have you she never have been shared by you she in the stammered burr. Nature's nature, and there is not a rose that's to good to take a bee in. Go do your own courting, and trust with a smothered cinculation. Lot laughed again, and tranged, coughing, away to the flautville house. When he dewn near the house the chours. Within draw near the house the choice, when he derive near the house the choice and entered, there was no cessation in the miste but her was no cessation in the miste but sub test and entered, there was no cessation in the miste but sub test and entered, there was no cessation in the miste but sub test and the season in the mister when he was no cessation in the mister but sub test and the season in the mister was no cessation in the mister but such as a such as a constant in the mister but such as a constant

Timbrel." When he opened the door and entered, there was no cessation in the music, but suddenly the girl's voice seemed to gain new impulse and hurd itself in his face like a war-trumpet. Burr Gordon kept on to Minister Jonathan Fair's great house in the village, next the tavern. There was a light in the north parfor, and he knew the henceker, and the wife he henceker, and the wife a gid's heart within responded to it with a wild heat.

a gid's heart within responded to it with a wild heat. He waited until there was a heavy shuffle of feet in the hall and the door opened, and Minister Fair's black servant-woman stood there flating a candle before hie eyes.

"Who he you?" said she. In her rich down, which had yet a twang of home, which had yet a twang of home. The word is the state of the said of the said of the said of the Bury Graden impored her question.

Burr Gordon ignored her question.

'Is Miss Dorothy at home?' said he.
'Yes, she's at home, I s'pose," "Is Miss Dorothy at home?" said he.
"Yes, she's at home, I s'pose,"
muttered the woman, grudsingly. She
muttered the woman, grudsingly. She
for Dorothy. The glrl's mother had
long heen dead, and this old dark
woman, whose very thoughts seemed
to the village people to move on barharian pivots of their own, had a
jealous guardlandship of her which excess. Now site, Blieft im, the doorway.

ceeded that of her father.

Now she filled up the doorway before Burr Gordon with her majestic, palpitating hulk, her great black face and the state of the same should be should be said that she had been born in Africa, and had been a princess in her own country; and, indeed, she bore herself like one now, and held up her orange-turnand head as and held up her orange-turnand head and held up her and held up her orange-turnand head as strange gleans of color and metallic bastess strange gleans of color and metallic bastess. strange gleams of color and metallic lustres from her garments and the rows of beads on her hlack neck.

Burr Gordon made au impatient yet defer-

ential motion to enter,
"I would like to see her a few minutes if she is at home," said he.

laigh and congil.

"You aren't talking, Burr, I'm the one that's talking, and I've heard stuff that was worse to listen to. You'd better stand still."

"I tell you I'm going," said Burr, with a ber thick tongue. Her small, sharp eyes The woman muttered something which were fairly malicious upon the young man's ness.

handsome face.
"I don't know what you say," he said,

half angrily. "Can't I see her?"
"She's in the north parlor, I s'pose," muttered the black woman; and she stood aside and let Burr Gordon pass in, following him with her hostile eyes as he opened the north-parlor door. Dorothy Fair sat with her em-broiders-work at the mahogany table, whereon a whole branch of candles burned in silver sticks. She was working a muslin collar for her own adormment, and she set a

collar for her own adornment, and she set a fine stitch in a spirje hefore she rose up, either to prove her self-roommand to herself or to Burr Gordon. She had also held her-self quiet during the delay in the hall. Dorothy Fair came of a gentle and self-controlled race of New England ministers: but no deep the head of the property of the theory of the property of the property of the self-sors and bodkin, sid to the ground, and she came forward with her fair curls dropping around a face pink and smilling openly with love like a child's, and was, seemingly half of her own accord, in Burr Gordon's arms with her like meeting his; and then they sat with her lins meeting his; and then they sat

down side by side on the north-parlor sofa.

Dorothy Fair's face was very sweet to see her blue eyes and her soft lips were innocent and fond under her lover's gaze. Her littl white haud clung to his like a baby's. Ther was a sweet hollow under her chin, above he Her little fine lace collar. Her soft, fair curls smelt in his face of roses and lavender. The utter daintiness of this maideu Dorothy Fair was a separate charm and a fascination full of subtle and innocent earthiness to the seuses of a lover. She appealed to his selfish delight like a sweet-sceuted flower, like a plnk or a

rose.

Lot Gordon had been only half right in his analysis of his cousin's wooting. When Burr sat with his arm around this maden's waist, with his face hent tenderly down toward the soft, pink cheek on his shoulder, this sweetness near at hand was wellnight of toward his sar overness near at hand was wellnight of the high statement of the high sear overname largedy, the memof love in his ear overcame largely the memory of the other's wonderful song. A beccares only for the honey and not for the flower, therefore one flower is as dear to him as another; and so it is with many a lover when he gets fairly to tasting love. The memory of the rose hefore fades, even if he never wore it. Then, too, Burr Gordon had a sense of approbation from his shrewder self which sustained him. This Dorothy Fair, the minister's daughter, of gentle New England lineage, the descendant of college-learned men, and of women who had held themselves with a fine dignity and mild reserve in the village society, the sole heiress of what seemed a goodly property to the simple needs of the day, appealed to his sample needs of the day, appeared of measurements as well as his heart. He remained until near midnight, while the old hlack woman crouched with the patience of a watching animal outside the door, and he wooed Dorothy Fair with ardor and delight, although her softly affectionate kisses were to Madelon Hautville's as the fall of snow flakes to drops of warm honey. And al-though after he had gone home and fallen asleep his dreams were mixed, still when he waked with the image of Madelon between himself and Dorothy, because sleep had set his heart free, It was still with that sense of

approbation.

Madelon Hautville was not considered a Madeon Hautville was not considered a fair match for a young man who had claims to ambition. The Hautville family held a peculiar place in public estimation. They helonged not to any defined stratum of the villages society. but formed rather a side ledge, a cropping, of quite another kind, at which people looked askance. One reason undoubtedly was the mixture of foreign hlood which their name denoted. Anything of alien race was looked upon with a mixture of fear and aversion in this village of people of fear and aversion in this village of people of fear and aversion in this village of people whose blood had flowed in one course for generations. The Hautvilles were said to have French and Indian blood yet, in strong measure, in their veins; it was certain that they had both, although it was fairly back in they had both, although it was fairly back in history since the first Hauwille, who, report said, was of a noble French family, had espoused an Iroquois Indian girl. The sturdy males of the family had handed down the names and the characteristics of the races through years of Internariage with the English settlers. All the Hauvilles— —the father, the four sons, and the daughter and they all had wondrous grace of manner, which ahashed and half offended, while it charmed, the stiff village people. Not a which ahashed and half offended, while it charmed, the stiff village, people. Not a young man in the village, no matter how finely attitude in city-made clothing, had the courtly air of these Hautville sons, in their rade, half woodland garb, not a girl, not even Dorothy Fair, could wear a gown of brocade with the grace, inherited from a far-away Fair of the grace, interested from a far-away from the grace, the whole from the Madelon Madelon Lauville work indige out to all the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the whole from the same than the work of the work of the whole for the whole from the same than the work of the work of the whole for the

Moreover, the whole family was as musical as a hand of trouhadours, and while that hrought them into constant requisition and gave them an importance in the town, it yet caused them to be held with a certain cheap-

ness. Music as an end of existence and means of livelihood was lightly estimated by the followers of the learned professions, the wielders of weighty doctrines and drugs, and also by the tillers of the stern New England soil. The Hautvilles, furnishing the music in church, and for dances and funerals, were regarded much in the light of mountabanks, regarded much in the light of monuntebanks, and juggiers with sweet sounds. People wondered that Lot and Burr Gordon should go to their house so much. Not a week all winter but Burr had been there once or twice and Lot had been there nearly every night when his cousin was not. And he stayed late also—this night he outerapyed Burr at Dorothy Fair's. The music was kept up until a late hour, for Madelon proposed tune after tune with nervous ardor when father and brothers seemed to flag. No Nobody paid much attention to Lot; he was too cor stant a visitor. He settled into a favorit chair of his near the fire, and listened with the firelight playing over his delicate, peaked face. Now and then he coughed.

Old David Hautville, the father, stood out in front of the hearth by his great bass-viol. leaning foudly over it like a lover over his David Hautville was a great spare man—a body of muscles and sinew under dry, brown flesh, like an old oak-tree HIs iong, white moustache curved toward his ears with sharp sweeps, like doves' wings. His thick, white brows met over his keen black eyes. He kept time with his keen black eyes. He kept time with his head, jerking it impatiently now and then, when some one lagged or sped ahead in the musical race

Three of the Hautville sons were men grown. One, Louis, laid his dark, smooth cheek caressingly against the violin which he cheek caressingly against the violin which he played. Eugene sang the sonorous tenor, and Ahner the hass, like an organ. The youngest son, Richard, small and stender as a girl, so like Madelon that he might have been taken for her had he heen dressed in feminine gear, lifted his eager face at her side and raised his piercing, sweet trehle, which seemed to pass beyond hearing into fancy. Madelon, her hrown throat swelling fancy. Madelon, her hrown throat swelling above her lace tucker, like a hird's, stood in the midst of the men, and sang and sang, and her wonderful soprano flowed through the harmony like a river of honey; and yet uow and then it came with a sudden flerce impetus, as if she would force some enemy to hay with music. Madelon was slender, but full of curves which were like the soft hreast of a hind before an enemy. Sometimes as she sang she flung out her slender hands with a nervous gesture which had hostility in it. Truth was that she hated Lot Geston beautiful and the state of the state the harmony like a river of honey; and yet flifty in it. Truth was that she hated Lot Gordon both on his own account and he-cause he came instead of his cousin Burr. She had expected Burr that night; she had taken his cousin's hand on the doorlatch for his. He had not heen to see her for three weeks, and her heart was breaking as she sang. Any face which had appeared to her instead of his in the doorway that night would have been to her as the face of a bitter enemy or a hlack providence, but Lot Gor-don was in himself hateful to her. She mew, too, by a curious revulsion of all herenses from unweicome desire, that he loved her, and the love of any man except Burr Gordon was to her like a serpent. She would not look at him, but somehow

she knew that his eyes were upon her, and that they were full of love and malice, and she knew not which she dreaded more. She resolved that he should not have a word with resolved that he should hot have a word with her that night if she could help it, and so she urged on her father and her brothers with new tunes until they would have up more, and went off to bed—all except the hoy Richard. She whispered in his ear, and he stayed helhild with her while she mixed some

hread and set it for rising on the hearth.

Lot Gordon sat watching her. There was a hungry look in his hollow blue eyes. Now and then he coughed painfully, and clapped his hand to his chest with an impatient

"Well, whether I ever get to heaven or not, I've heard music," he said, when she bassed him with the bread-howl on her hip passed min with the december of its important and her soft arm curved around it. He reached out his slender hand and caught hold of her dress-skirt; she jerked away with a haughty motion, and set the howl on

the hearth.
"You'd better rake down the fire now,
Richard," said she.
The hoy jostled Lot roughly as he passed
around him to get the fire-shovel. Lot
looked at the clock, and the hand was near

twelve. He arose slowly.
"I met Burr on his way down to Parsou Falr's," he said.

Fair's," he said. Madelon covered up the bread closely with a finen towel. There was a surging in her ears, as if misery itself had a veritable sound, and her face was as white as the ashes on the hearth, but she kept it turned away from Lot.
"Well," said lie. In his husky drawl, "a

"Well," said lie, in his husky drawl, "a rose isn't a rose to a rose to a rose to a rose to a popular, not a shelfful to him; she can't complain, It's what she was born to. If she finds any fault it's got to be with creation, and what's one rose to face

bread-bowl on the hearth.

Lot passed out, turning his delicate fa over his shoulder with a subtle smile as he went. Richard clapped the door to after him with a jar that shook the house, and

shot the bolt viciously.

"I'll get my gun and follow him if you say so, and then I'll find Burr Gordon," he sald, turning a furious face to his sister.

"Would you make me a laughing-stock to the whole town?" said she. "Rake down the fire; it's time to go to bed."

neights time to go to bed.

She looked as proudly at her brother as she had done at Lot. The resemblance between the two faces faded a little as they confronted each other. A virile quality in the boy's anger made the difference of sex more apparent. He looked at her, holding more apparent. He looked at her, holding his wrath, as it were, like a two-edged sword which must smite some one.
"If I thought you cared about that man

that has filted you—and I've heard the talk about It," said he, "I'd feel like shooting

You needn't shoot." returned Madelon The boy looked at her as angrily as if she were Burr Gordon. Suddenly her mouth quivered a little and her eyes fell. The boy

quivered a little and ner eyes itell. The boy flung both his arms around her.

"I don't care," he said, brokenly, in his sweet trehle—"I don't care, you're the handsomest girl in the town, and the hest and the smartest, and not one can sing like you, and I'll kill any man that treats you —I will. I will!"

He was sobhing on his sister's shoulder; she stood still, looking over his dark head at the snow-hung window and the night outside. Her lips and eyes were quite steady now; she had recovered self-control when her hrother's failed him, as if by some curious

nrother's Islied inin, as it by some curious mental seesaw.

"No man can treat me ill unless I take it ill," said she. "and that I'll do for no man. There's no killing to be done, and if there were I'd do it myself and ask nohody. Come. Richard, let me go; I'm going to bed." She gave the hoy's head a firm pat. "There is a turnover in the pantry, under a howl on the lowermost shelf," said she; and she laughed in his passionate, finshed face nen he raised it.
"I don't care, I will!" he cried.

"Go and get your turnover; I saved it for you," said she, with a push. Neither of them dreamed that Lot Gordon Neither of them threamen that he was had heen watching them, standing in a snowdrift under the south window, his eyes peering over the sill, his forehead wet with a row-wreath, stilling back his cough. When snow-wreath, stifling back his cough. When at last the candlelight went out in the great kitchen he crept stiffly and wearily through

#### CHAPTER II

Lot Gordon lived about half a mile away in the old Gordon homestead alone, e. for an old servant-woman and her husl who managed his house for him and took care of the farm. Lot himself did not work in the common acceptance of the term. His father had left him quite a property, and His rather had lett him quite a property, and he did not need to toil for his bread. People called him lazy. He owned nearly as many books as the parson and the lawyer. He often read all night, it was said, and he roamed the woods in all seasons. Under tow-hanging winter boughs and summer arches did Lot Gordon pry and slink and lle in wait, his fine, sharp face peering through snowy tunnels or white spring thickets like a white fox, hungrily intent upon the secrets

of nature.

There was a deep mystery in this to the village people. They could not fathom the reason for a man's haunting wild places like a wild animal unless he hunted and trapped like the Hautville sons. They were sus-piclous of dark motives, upon which they

exercised their imaginations

exercised their Imaginations.
Lot Gordon's talk, moreover, was an enigma to them. He was no favorite, and only his goodly property tempered his ill repute. People could not help identifying him, in a measure, with his nohle old house, with the stately pillared portice, with his silver-plate and damasds and malogany, silver-plate and damask and mahogany, which his greatstrandfather had hrought from the old country, with his fine fields and his money in the hank. He held, moreover, a large mortgage on the house opposite, where Burr Gordon luvid with his mother. Burr's father and Lot's, although sons of one Burr's father and Lot's, although sons of one strewd father, had been of very different financial abilities. Lot's father kept his property lutact, never wasting, but adding from others' waste. Burr's plunged into speculation, built a new house, for which he could not pay, married a wife who was not thrifty, and when his father died bad anticipated the larger portion of his hirthright. So Lot's father succeeded to nearly all the family estates, and in time absorbed the rest. Lot, at his father's death, had in-herited the mortgage upon the estate of

creation? There's nothing to do but to Burr and his mother. Burr's father had make the best of it. Good night, Madelon," died some time before. Lot was rumored to "Good night," said Madelon. The color be harder, ht he matter of exacting heavy had come back to her cheeks, and she looked lotterest, then his father had been. It was back at him proudly, standing beside her said that Burr was far behind in his pay. ments, and that Lot would foreclose. Burn had a better head than his father's, but he Bad a better nead than his father's, but he had terrible odds against him. There was only one chance for his release from diffi-culty, people thought. All the property, by a provision in the grandfather's will, was to fall to him if Lot died unmarried. Lot was twenty years older than Burr, and he coughed.

congaed.
"Burr Gordon aln't makin' out much now." people said; "the paint's all off his house and his land's run down, but there's dead men's shoes with gold buckies in the path ahead of him."

Burr thought of it sometimes, although he turned his face from the thought, and Lot considered it when he took the mortgage note out of his desk and scored another in-

note out of his desk and scored another in-stalment of unpaid Interest on it.

"If a man's only his own debtor he won't be very hard on himself," he said aloud, and laughed. Old Margaret Bean, his house-keeper, looked at him over her spectuales, but she did not know what he meant. She prepared many a valuable rumedy for his prepared many a valuable rumedy for his but she did not know hat he meant. She prepared many a valuable rumedy for his but she did not know hat he mede he old hus-band swallow them all as newentlyss of never taste them, and she made her old hus-band swallow them all as preventives of beautiful to the state of the state of the was coughting barbond to the state of the was coughting barbond to the state of the was coughting barbond to the state of the returned from the Hautvilles', he had one paroxysm after another. He did not go to bed, but huddied over the fire, wrapped in a shawl, with a leather-bound hook on his knees, all night, holding to his chest when he coughed, then turning to his book again.

When daylight was fully in the room he

when daylight was tury in the room to blew out the candle, and went over to the window and looked out across the road at the house opposite, which had always heen the house opposite, which had always heen called the "new house" to distinguish it from the old Gordon homestead. It was not so solid and noble as the other, but it had sundry flutte touches of later times, which his father had always characterized as wasteful follies. From on thing, it was elevated ostentialously far above the road-level upon serious summonted by a flight of the contraction of the contractio

Its progenitor.

The smoke was coming out of the kitchen-The smoke was coming out of the kitchen-chimmey in the ell. Lot Gordon looked across. Burr was clearing the snow from the stone steps over the termices. There had never heen any lack of energy and Industry in Burr to account for his flagging fortunes. He arose hetimes every morning. Lot, standing well behind the dimity curtain, watched hum flinging the snow aside like syray, ink handsome face glowing like a rose-syray, ink handsome face glowing like a rose-syray, ink andsome face glowing like a rose-syray, ink short on the short of the short of

doubled over with a violent fit of coughing, then went hack to his chair and his book, This party had been the taik of the village

This party had been the talk of the values for several weeks. It was to he an unustally large one. People were coming from all the towns roundabout. Burr Gordon had been one of the ringleaders of the enterprise. All day long he worked over the preparations, dragaring out everyone garlands from under the contract of the contract of the contract of boughs, and trimming the ballroom in the tavern. Toward night he heard a piece of news which threatened to hring overything boughs, and trimming the ballroom in the tavern. Toward night he heard a piece of news which threatened to hring everything to a standardli. The dusk was thickening fast, Burr and the two young men who were working with him were hurrying to flashis the decorations before candielight when Richard Hautville came in. Burr started when he saw him. He looked so like his si-ter in the dim light that he hought for a moment she was there,
Richard did not notice him at all.

hustled by him roughly and approached the two other young men,
"Louis can't fiddle to-night," he an-

nounced curtly.

The young men stared at him in dismay. What's the trouble?" asked Burr. "He's hur his arm," replied Richard; but still addressed the other two, and made if he were not answering Burr.

Broke it?" asked one of the other.

"Broke it?" asked one of the others.

"No; sprained it. He was clearing the snow off the harn roof and the ladder fell. It's all hlack-and-blue, and he can't lift it enough to fiddle to-night."

The three young men looked at one another

other.

"What's going to be done?" said one.

"I don't know," said Burr. "There's Davy Barrett, over to the Four Corners—I suppose we might get him if we sent right

"You can't get him," said Richard Hanttoll earl eye inin, sad kenard rain-ville, still addressing the other two, as if they had spoken. "Louis said you couldn't. His wife's got the typing fever, and he's my nights watching with her—won't let any-body else. You can't get him." Continued on page 12

## CINDERELLA'S YOUNGER SISTER

threw a glow over her pale, clear-cut face.
"She resembles you, perhaps, Josephine?"
"Me!" exclaimed Josie, in a hortified tone
that revealed honesty in every vibration.
"Why, she's ever so pretty. Nobody thinks
me pretty; not that I know of, at least," she
said wistfully.
The little lady patted her check.
"It is not improbable that somebody
should," she said, rising and looking again
at the photograph. "You are very, very
like your father."

at the photograph.

at the photograph. "Noti are very, very like your father."
Josie's face cleared.
"He was such a darling," she said, blink-lug away a tear; "and though Felicity and I thought him the dearest, handsomest father that ever was, mother said that no

one could by any possibility think him good-looking."

The little lady winced, and for

a long moment her eyes were held by those of the man in the por-tralt, a man with stalwart shoulders and a pair of kind, dark eyes that could, she knew, plead as wistfully for love and praise as ever Josie's did.

ever Josie's did.

"Your mother was a very beautiful woman," she said quietly. "I remember her a lovely

quietly. "I remember her a lovel, girl. Felicity, perhaps, is like her. "I don't quite remember, said Josle thoughtfully. "Fe licity has such pretty har—brown, you know—that's some how quite like gold when the such her avec are as a label." shines; and her eyes are as blue as blue can be - dark-blue. as blue can be — dark-blue She's paie, realiy; but when she' excited she gets such a pretty color, a kind of pink I can't describe somehow."

Josie paused for breath.

"She must be very like her mother," said the little lady in 'Was it long ago that you knew

"Was it long ago that you knew mother?" asked Josie.
"Years and years ago; long be-fore you and Felletty had been heard of," repiled her visitor. "And father?" asked Josie.
"I knew your father long before that," said the little lady. "He and I were boy and girl to-marker." Her voice and face chaused:

Her voice and face changed; and Jose looked into the fire. "Somehow I can't imagine father a hoy," she said, "but of course he must have been. He used sometimes to play with me, hut he always looked thred. Felicity remembers him when he want tirred and his linit wasn't streat and his linit wasn't streat and his linit wasn't streat. We often talk of him, you see, Felicity and he other faller; and he will be a supported by the stream of the stream

uature of the mother she did not feel the sur-prise that an outsider might have experi-

prise that an outsider might have experienced.

"And how do you and Felleity amusous conservations and the product of the prod

She teaches music," sue reaches music, said Josie with pride. "She sings beautefully, you know, and she comes home so tired. But she gets better when she's had some tea, and I've inflaced her shoes. She works so hard, and I've inflaced her shoes. She works so hard, and I've won't be able to help her for ever so long. I By E. M. JAMESON

ELICITY is awfully pretty," said Jose, sitting up excitedly in her chair, "In fact," looking at her visa-vis as if in defrance of contradiction, the little lady in black smilled faintly, and stanced at a photograph which stood upon the mattelpiece, in a stabley and the mattelpiece, in a stabley room it she glanced at the little champion of Felcity's charms, and a tinge of root threw a glow over her pale, clear-out face. "She resembles you, perhaps, Josephine" on the little face, with dark were that won affection for her wherever she will be shown as found to the property of the little fact, "or perhaps there will be not received." taught me to waltz, I long so much for a Her listener glanced at the delicate, dance."

She sat with hands clasped, and looked leggy child, too tall for her years: but it was into the depths of the fire, as if she saw a lovable, delightful little face, with dark visions. Jose knelt on the rug beside her, eyes that won affection for her wherever she with her lied on Felleit's knee.

"Well, we're going to see what a real one's like 'also she with the little lady, 'or perhaps there will be noted."

"We'll, we're going to see what a real one's like 'also said. You'll go, won't you'll fit he no need!"

no need.



od in the middle of the dingy little lodging hor

times. Josie, do you think Felicity would like to come to a ball I am giving in a week

Josie's eyes danced.

"Like it? Why, she'd love it, of course,
But I'm afraid she can't, thank you. She's
nothing to go in, you see, not even an old
dress, for she's never been to a ball in her The little lady, moved by a swift Impulse,

The fittle fagy, moved by a swift implies, stooped and kissed her. "You are very like your father, Josephine, Perhaps the fairy godmorher may send the frock. Who knows? We shall see." She gathered her furs closely around her as Jose opened the hall-door and let in some

But it was not until tea was made, and But it was not until tea was made, and cardboard boxes were an ordinary occurtwo crumpets were toasted, that Josic rerenew, while Mrs. Wilkius booked quite the 
"A buill" exclaimed Felicity, in longing for Felicity, a letter with a delicase perfume 
tones—"a buill imagine Josic! No makes 
believe this time: but a real bail, with a band prominent position out the mantelpiece, and 
and a well waxed floor! Why, sometimes I sar with her eyes alternately fixed upon it, 
with old Madame What's-be-name hadn't tite clock, and the cardboard box. It seemed

She won't; and I can't take it if she do salf Felicity. "You see, Cinderella was persuaded into it: and then her godmother was a real fairy, who could just wave her fairy wand instead of sending to a shop and paying by check. There's a difference, you

But Josie's face clouded over so d that she forbore to say more. Indeed, she found herself rashly promising to agree to any fairy-tale project, and thinking herself

any tany-tane project, and cumking neisen-perfectly safe in so doing.

For several days Josic watched for the postman. There was nothing to indicate the existence of fairs sponsors, yet hope died hard. She quite Imagined that the ball-dress might arrive during Felicity's absonce.

One day, there was a great ringing and knocking at the shabby front door. Sometimes the landlady and the little maid were impervious to the noisiest knocks and rings. Jode's heart beat flast. She pushed her paluting - materials away and listened eagerty.

Yes: it was something out of the common Yes; it was something out of the common, and, after a second rousing application of the knocker, the front door was opened, and presently Mrs. Wilkins herself came in, bearing a lunge, white cardboard box.

"It's for Miss Felicity," she said, "and a

paper to sign."

Josie signed the paper, looking as if blg

years before Felicity's arrival. Of course, she was later than usual. The car had broken down and she had had to walk part of the way. But it was Friday night, and a whole way. But it was Friday nagat, holiday stretched before them. No work or separation until Monday dawn No more The letter was opened at once, and they

ad It together. The fairy godmother!' said Josie, in an

awestruck voice, her face radiant

pleasure.

But Felicity looked very thoughtful, half
annoyed.

The letter was kindness Itself,
and begged that for old acquaintance' sake Felicity would
accept the frock and come to the
hali, just to give pleasure to her
father's oldest friend.

Josie sat down on a little chair,
and surveyed Felicity anxiously.
Devoted as they were, they did
not always think alike, and she
greatly feared that Felicity would
not go to this first real bali.

not go to this first real ball.
"I can't take the frock," said
Felicity, presently, kultting her
hrows perplexedly, "After all, she's a complete stranger to me, and she did not take the trouble to look us up when—when father was here.

"She said she'd only just been able to find us," said Josie; "and you know London is such a huge

Felicity nodded abstractedly. There was justice in the state-Josle could bear the doubt no

longer

longer.
"Aren't you going to look at the frock?" she asked. "Do let's peek, anyway."
There was a quiver in her voice which Felicity realized.
"Oh, we must just see what It's like." she said. "You shall cut

"On, we think just see what vote like," she said. "You shall cut the string, Josle."

The cover was soon off, and from amid a multiplicity of tissue-

from amid a multiplicity of tissue-paper wrappings Felicity shook out a soft mass of white-chiffon draperies, with here and there a mysterious touch of silver. Josie clasped her hands; speech

was beyond her. Then she dived into the box. Tucked away in one corner were two little pairs in one corner were two fittle pairs of white satiu shoes (one smaller than the other), a pair of silk stockings, a filmy underskirt of lace, and a gossamer handkerchief that Cinderelia's fairy godmother could uot have improved upon.

"Dress up!" do dress up!" plended Josle, "I should so like to see someone in a real ball-dress. Go quickly."

of see someone in a real oandress. Go quiets; "
You rather help
me, or have it all at once?"
asked Felicity.
"All at once," said Josle.
Presently there was a little, soft movement beside her, and she opened her eyes.
This dazeling vision could surely never be
in her cheeks and a brightness in her eyes
that had rarely been seen there before.
Josle had always admired her sister, but,
until now, she had never realized how lovely
she was. The silm, girlish figure in the
foamy chiffon gown was perfection—from
the cheeks and of down to the toe of the
"Well?" skedt Felicity, craning her neck
to look in the dusky little mirror over the
mantelpiere.

mantelpiece.

Josie still sat with parted lips, hands

Jone sun sate with parted fips, hance tightly clasped together. "Clothes do mean a lot." she sald presently. "O Felicity! must you take it off?" "Well, I certainly cannot go to hed in it." said Felicity, with a little laugh. "I'm afraid to move in it, it's so lovely, much less vit down." sit down.

She stood in the middle of the dingy little lodging-house room like a being from an-other sphere. Then she waltzed a few steps. "You'll go to the bali," said Josie—"you

I think I must!" exclaimed Felicity. "Fairyland for one night, I think

rativand for one night, I think."

But she wants you to stay a few days,"
said Jode; "that would be nicer still. You
must go Felicity, just to please me. You
can go on Friday, you know, when the ball
is, and come back on Monday night. You
can manage about the lessons for one day."
She consulted the letter once more. "Look,
Concluded on page 10

## A Group of Alluring

By EVELYN M.

LURING, indeed, because, while uot too much work is involved in the production of either of these pieces, all are attractive in the last degree. Scarcely a needleworker who sees them will fail to the because of the control of the c

stock of linens. One bright, busy nomemaker recently remarked that when she has nothing else requiring pressing attention she gets out her latest conterpiece and sets a few stitches in it. "There is really nothing I more enjoy doing," she said. "It rests me, and while I like to embroider in a general way, I particularly like to make centerpieces. There is rarely a time when I have it one, on hand.

and if I do not happen to need it when it is finished, there could not be a nicer gift, you know, or one better appreciated."

I think most of us agree with her, and so I offer no excuse for presenting some pieces which I consider especially attractive, and which have received the stamp of admiring approval from many friends who have seen

them.

To begiu, the effect it is possible for a painstaking needle-worker to produce by means of the simplest stitches is well illustrated by a bandsome trated hy a handsome centerpiece entirely in solid work. The design itself is most unusual, a graceful wreath or spray, without repetition, which extends very nearly around the twenty-two-lunch circle, and surely affords a charming example of what has beeu aptly termed "the elegance of sim-"the elegance of sim-plicity." There is uo suggestion of "set-ness" about it, such as is sometimes given by the well-defined sepa-rate motif; the design is entirely unstudied and most pleasing. Seed-stitch, in rather heavy floss, is a feature of the work. The six-petaled flowers have the smaller half if such a definition is permissible — of each if such a definition is permissible — of each petal in well-padded satin-stitch, while the other portion is out-lined with cording and

lined with cording and filled in with seedstatch. The oval center of the flower is 
worked in the same 
way, the dividing line 
in that, as in each 
less than one little 
less than one 
less than one little 
less than one 
less than one 
little 
more than one latif 
little 
more than one latif 
little 
more 
little 
more than one latif 
little 
more 
l The center of each bud is fined in closely with sequesticin, and the leaflest which form the leaf-spray are in padded satin-strict, with the midrib, the striches being faken entirely across at the tip, or from one fourth to one third this length of the leaflet. The stems are in stem-stitch, or close outline, and the small, lave-petaled flowersten near the end of the curving spray are in guipure relief or Venetian embroidery, so often described—although they may be embroidery, so often described—although they may be done in padded satin-stitch, if preferrest. To work them as in the model, take a long stitch across base of each petal; on one of these sitches make three close buttonbloe-stitches for the first row; returning, make five stitches over three, in next row make seven stitches over five, do two rows without widening, in next row narrow to five stitches, then to three, and

catch the tip of petal at top of stamped out-line. Make the other petals in same way, and fill the center of floweret with French

The buttonholed edge of the centerpiece The buttonholded edge of the centelepiece consists of triple scallops one small, one large and one small, and each large scallop has a tiny cyclet in the center, which adds much to the general effect. The lace border may be omitted at pleasure, but will be liked if the centerpiece is to be used as a between-meal cloth, with this addition the piece is nearly thirty inches in diameter. Any handsome hand-made lace of desirable width may be used in place of the woven lace shown.

Another centerpiece in solid work, twenty-four inches in diameter when completed, also introduces seed-stitch, com-bining this in a most artistic way with satin-stitch, well padded. The leaves, filled in with seed-stitch, are outpadded. The leaves, filled in with seed-strict, we indeed with cording—or very narrow satin-strict), first run the stamped line accurately with short-strictes and then overcast these with a second row, or make the second row like the first, having the stitches come between the first.

Cover this padding with tiny stitches taken across, picking up very little of the material underneath. Seed-stitch may

No. 206 A. Unusual and Artistic, Both in Design and Tre-

be called a distinguishing feature of genuine French embroidery—that is, the imported work which was so largely done in France before the great war, and will be again. done in France before the great war, and will be again. It is not an obtunive stitch, but gives always a certain delicacy of effect difficult to attain by other means. The surface of the leaf or other form is simply powdered by tiny stitches made exactly after the manner of the ordinary back-stitch—that is, a short stitch backward on the upper side and a longer one forward, beneath. If a larger stitch or knot is wanted, take a second stitch close beside

All other portions of the design are done in well pa And total portions of the design are one in wear particles and destination, and the wide scallops are plainly button-holed. If it is desired to use the centerpiece on the dinnist table between meals, a lace border may be added, which would add to the attractiveness of the piece. Lace for the purpose need not be purchased. There are many suitable and very pleasing designs in handmade laces—crocheted, knitted, tatted or netted; the thread should be sufted to the fabric, and a rather shaple pattern is better than an elaborate one, on the principle that a plain frame is selected to hring out the beauty of a handsome picture. Most straight laces, in crochet, may he properly curved by using a double instead of treble at the selvage edge.

There is always a place for the sixteen-inch centerpiece—and please remember that the sixes suggested are of the finished work not the stamped linens, which measure two inches more. Two such pieces, either matching or unlike, serve to protect the sideboard quite as effectively as does the scarf so frequently used, and afford a pleasing change.

while they are "just right" for the serving-table, and for the small tables of different sizes to be found in every room in the house. A room in the house. A centerpiece intended to hold a dish of fruit is charmingly suited to such purpose. Graceful sprays of wild-carrot combine with grape-clusters and leaves to form the mo-tifs, frregular as to size and arrangement, and which are connected. and arrangement, and which are connected by a circle of solld embrodiery. The leaves are edged with long-and-short stitch with vening of outline-stitch, the grapes are in heavily padded satin-stitch, as are the leaflets, while the tiny wild-carrot blostiny wild-carrot blos-soms are represented by French knots. The irregularity of the scalloped edge adds to the attractiveness of the piece, which can-not fail to please. Another centerpiece

- thirteen inches, finished-is also a most desirable size for the smali occasional table which finds a useful place all over the house, place all over the house, holding a book, or a workbasket, or bowl of flowers, fruit or bonbons. The design is of solid embroidery with an eyelet at cen-ter of each flower, just the towel, reacted to the touch needed to lend lightness to the general effect, while the edge is finished with scallops of uniform size.

uniform size.

The occasional doily, too, serves a multitude of purposes.
Used on the polished table of library or 
living-room, they prevent marring or 
scratching of the wood 
by the bordon-dish.

by the bonbon-dish, flower-howl or other a place there. They similar article which so often finds a place three. They are used on the skidchoard, and the mantel-shelf, in the china-closet-there is always and everywhere a place for the pretty dolly. One bright homemaker is fitting out her tea-table with "no two alike," and heartily wishes all her friends will remember be: with a dolly at Christianstime! Doubless there are many like her; octainly such a

No. 206 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-ttern 15 cents. Stamped on 24-inch white butcher-cloth, 50 nts. Floss to embroider, 28 cents extra

No. 207 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-attern, 10 cents. Stamped on 18-inch white bu.cher-cloth, 25 cents. Floss to embroider, 21 cents extra.

No. 208 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 20 cents. Transfer-attern, 10 cents. Stamped on 15-inch white bu-cher-cloth, 20 cents. Floss to embroider, 20 cents extra

No. 209 A. Perforated stamping-pattern 15 cents. Transfer-pattern 10 cents. Stamped on 12-inch butcher-cloth, 10 cents. Floss to embroider, 7 cents extra

No. 210 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 conts. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on 27-inch white bu'cher-cloth, 60 cents. Floss to embroider, 28 cents extra

No. 211 A. Perforated stamping pattern 25 conts. Transfer-pattern, 15 conts. Stampe on 36-inch white butcher-cloth, 75 cents. Flos to embroider, 56 cents extra

In order to make the needlework pages of especial interest and value to every member of THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S large household, the editor asks the hearty cooperation of all. Every variety of needlework will be represented from month to month. If you have an original or especially desirable lace-pattern or bit of practical needlework, please share it with others by sending it to THE NEEDLEWORKER. Address all communications for this EMMA C. MONROE,

Care The American Woman, Augusta, Maine

## and Charming Centerpieces

### SOUTHEND



No. 207 A. Just the Piece To Hold a Fruit-Dish

gift will never come amiss. The dolly illustrated is worked almost entirely in padded satin-stitch with an everlet for each flower-center, and tipping each of three raditating stems at the edge. This is one of many designs which may be so changed by diversity of application as to be scarcely recognizable. For example, if the datisy-petals were to be evideded, with a solid dot at extent the effect would be entirely different. As worked, the dolly is heavier in appearance, yet very attractive, because the solid control of the datisy-petals were controlled to the solid petals and the solid petals are solid and expect work. Elaborate in effect, there is yet not so much time and labor involved as in many another much smaller piece, as close inspection of the worked design will disclose. The treatment is bold and all the more pleasing because so unusual. A large

and all the more pleasing because so unusual. A large five-petaled flower occupies the center of the corner outlined with padded statin-stitch, with a circle of eyelests for the centre and a line of eyelest, three in number, across the top of each petal. The large leaves are outlined in the same manner, the lines of veining being terminated with a single large eyeler, while the outlining of smaller leaves servered at of smaller leaves, sprays and other sections with eye-lets gives lightness and grace to a design that, worked sets gives igniness and grace to a design that, worked solidy throughout, might be rather heavy. The work is connected at each side by a single eyelet, which makes the design continuous. The edge is finished with wide, shallow scallops, each consisting of several tiny ones. The piece is nearly one yard square, and makes a lovely between-meal cloth for a large, square. dining-table.



PLOSSIE Ellrick. Illinois.—"Work back from \*," in the directions referred to, means that you are to start at the \*and work backward, or reverse the directions thus: Chain 4, a double treble under 3 chain, chain 4, 4 trobles, 4 spaces. Space is saved by this method.

MRS. E. II., Washington.—Send to The American Woman, Augusta, Maine, giving the number of the stamped article wanted, and enclosing the price stated in the paper. You will be able to obtain pleese illustrated at any time, as the designs are kept from month to month. Will be able to be

E. H., Tennessee—Samples are always returned if request that this be done is made at time of sending and postageenclosed for the purpose. If used for illustration, the pieces are returned fee of charge, the stamps enclosed for return being returned.

M. B. W. Alabama.—The very best way to provide any of the "motto" laces is by means of different alphabets in cross-stitch, which may be worked out in filet-crochet. These alphabets small and large are used in making motto pillows, the design for which, arranged to the fancy of the worker, may first be marked off on checked paper and opiled from that.



No. 209 A

C. F., Indiana. — Tatting is us two colors as with one. If you wish the one two colors wind the shuttle with the color, wind the shuttle with the color, wind the shuttle with the color wind the shuttle with the color wind the color Tatting is as easily made with th one. If you wish the rings of



work as usual. "Modern tatting," so called, has only the picots required for join-

- The size doilies required for a "set" de-pend on what the set is to be used for. A luncheonbreakfast-set, for the table, usually has three sizes of doilies, that for the serviceplate measuring



able Cover for the Small Table

ter, for the bread-and-butter plate six or seven inches, and for the cup or tumbler four to five inches—these in addition to the centerplece, reventy—two to twenty-four inches. There is a decided fancy just now for the "direction-one set so called because the dotly is of one of the contraction of such a set is elettered in the contraction of such a set is elettered.

### Requests

WISH to obtain a pattern in filet-crochet, re-presenting two doves on a stand, surrounded by a reach of roses and leaves, to be used as a centerpiece. —Mrs. Jennie Duty, Michigan.

WILL some contributor kindly send a crocheted star-centerpiece, with directions for making?—A Subscriber, Pennsylvania.

Boots and a same a stated border of heavy thread suitable for trimming pillow-slips, also a yoke of fine thread of or a canasioe. Will some one who has such a design kindly send it?—Trea Stafford, North Carolina

Wish some new and pretty crochet-designs for dresser-scarfs, pillow-ships, yokes, doffles, collars, and so on, and am depending on The American Woman's needle-workers to furnish them.—Miss J. K., Mississippi.

worsers to luminst them.—Miss J. K., Mississippi.

OUR department is certainly 'the best ever.' Will

not some contributor send a bonnet for baby with

yoke and slevers, also little slippers, to march? Should

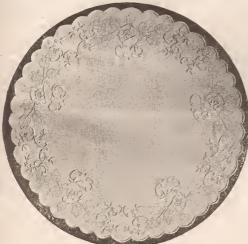
like them in filet-crochet or ratting—or both if not asking

too much, as I have two filet ones twins, to provide,

dainty things for.—Miss. B. D. G., Maine.

damy things for—Airs. B. D. G., Mathe.

AM looking for pretty laces and insertions, different width, for trimmings. Would like some with corners turned, for curtains and teac-cloths or table-covers, also concess for napkins and tray-covers. I am filling my "hope-chest" with my own handwork. I prefer filet-crockiet, but any new and pretty designs will be very acceptable.—Miss E. G., New Hampshire.



No. 210 A. Seed-Stitch Is a Feature Here, Also



No. 211 A. Showing a Well-Balanced and Distinctive Design

## An Attractive Sweater in Filet-Crochet

### By MRS. EDNA WEEKS

ATERIALS required are 14 ounces of lautitupgram any destreed color, pear buttons, four
for the front, and four to attach the sash at the
back, and a hook that will carry the yarn
smoothly, and give firm, even work. Begin
ting the back, make a chain of 168 stiteles, turn.
2. Chain 5, miss 2, 1 treble (for 11st space), 54
more spaces (of chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble), turn.
3. One space, 16 trebles, (3 spaces, 16 trebles) 6
times, 1 space, turn.
4. (One space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, I snare ATERIALS required are 14 ounces of knitting-

4. (One space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 times, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

One space, (4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces) 6 times, (4 trebles, 1 space) 3 times, turn.
 One space, (4 trebles, 1 space) 3

tlmes, turn.
6. One space, 4 trebles, (3 spaces, 16 trebles) 6 times, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turo.
7. S, 9, 10. Fifty-five spaces.
11 to 18. Like 3d to 10th row. This completes

the horder.

tae horder.

19. Two spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 spaces) 6 times, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

20. Three spaces, 4 trebles, (7 spaces, 4 trebles) 6 times, 3 spaces, turn.

mas, 3 spaces, turn.

21. Like 1926. All spaces.

22 to 26. All spaces.

27. 8ix spaces, (4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 5 paces) 5 times, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 6 spaces, turn.

28. Seven spaces, (4 trebles, 7 spaces) 6 times, turn.

29. Like 27th row.

29. Like 27th row.
30 to 34. All spaces.
30 to 35. All spaces will you have completed the 53d row which will be like the 21st.
54. 55. 56. All spaces.
57. Cbain 6, a treble in last treble made, to widen a space, 55 spaces, cbain 2, a double treble in same

57. Chain 6, a treble in last treble made, to widen a space, 55 spaces, cobin 2, a double treble in same states. Fifty-seven space and continue like 27th row, ending with 7 spaces, and continue like 27th row, ending with 7 spaces, widen. This adds 4 spaces to the width of back, sloping the underarm.

60. Nine spaces, and continue like 28th row, ending with 9 spaces, then for the sleeve make a chain of 106 with 9 spaces, then for the sleeve make a chain of 106 cm.

stitches, turn

stitches, turn.

61. Thirty-four spaces on chain, 8 spaces, and continue like 27th row, ending with 8 spaces. For the other sleeve you may either take a length of yarn, fasten in the same stitch with last troble and make a chain of 102 stitches, ben continue the row with 34 spaces on chain; or, additional spaces for sleeve may be made thus. After completing the 8 spaces, chain 5, a troble in same stitch with last treble, \* turn, chain 5, rreble in 36

of 5 chain, and repeat.
62 to 66. All spaces.
62 to 66. All spaces and of each row make a double histead of treble to draw the sleeve in at the cuff.
67 to 74. Like 27tb to 34th, only with more repeats

67 to 74. Like 27th to 34th, only with more repeats of the pattern.
75, 76, 77. Like 19th, 20th and 21st rows.
78, 79, 80. All spaces,
81, 82. Fifty-seven spaces.
83, 84, 85. Same as 27th, 28th and 29th.
Continue with the pattern, alternating the "stars," and widening 1 space at the end of every row at the neck (not at the beginning of return row from the neck), until you bave completed 20 rows, which finishes the sleeve.
Leave 34 spaces for sleeve. Work back and forth across the front, widening as directed, until you bave added 14. shows at square early actives. Which is a server of the front, which improve the front which improve the front which improve the front which improve the front state of the front which improve the front straight, with a trebles at the edge, each row toward front, and finish with the border to match the back.

The work the front straight, with a treble at the edge, each row toward front, and finish with the border to match the back.

The work of the edge of the front back of neck. Sew up the sleeves and underarm seams, matching the spaces neatly.

For the cuffs: Fasten yarn at end of seam, chain 3, for a treble, work around the edge of sleeve with a treble in each space, join to top of 5 chain.

2. Chain 5, 16 spaces, join to 3d of 5 chain and the properties of the space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, join. Begin each row with 5 chain for last space, and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space and join last 2 chain to 3d of 5 chain for last space and join last 2 chain says.

coam for last space of row.

4. (One space, 4 trebles) 3 times, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 2 spaces, join.

5. One space, 4 trebles, 8 spaces, 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, 5 trebles, 2

Sixteen spaces.

Chain 3, a treble in each stitch all around, join; 8 10.

sten on.

For the Collar: Chain 120 stitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, a treble in each stitch of chain, turn.

2. Edge (of chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles),

37 spaces; edge (of 4 trebles).
3. Edge; 4 spaces, 16 trebles, (3 spaces, 16 trebles) 3 times, 4 spaces; edge.

4. Edge; 4 spaces, \* 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space) twice, repeat from \* twice, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge.

Edge; 4 spaces, \* (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, repeat from \*
twlce, (4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 4

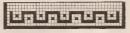
Edge: 4 spaces, 4 trebles, (3 spaces, 16



An Attactive Sweeter in Filet-Crocket

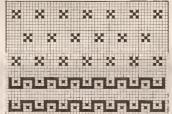
3 spaces, 4 trebles, 4 spaces; edge

trehles) 3 times, 3 spaces, 4 t 7 to 23. Like 2d row. 24, 25. Edge; 13 spaces, turn.



Detail of Collar

25, 27. Thirteen spaces; edge.
28. Edge; 12 spaces, a double treble in next treble narrow a space, turn.
29. Twelve spaces; edge.



Detail of Border and Allover Pattern

#### Terms Used in Crocheting

Ch, chain: a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the one preceding it. So, single crochet: hook through work, thread over and draw through work and stitle on hook at same time. Do, double crochet: hook through work thread over and draw through, over, and draw through two stickes on hook. Tr, troble crochet: over, draw through work, over, draw through ston stickes on hook, over, and draw through remaining two. Sto. short troble crochet: the crocket of the draw through remaining two. Sto. short troble crochet: the crocket over the drawn through the three stickes at once. Det, double troble crocket: Itself over the drawn through the three stickes at once. Det, double troble crocket: through control to the drawn through control to the drawn through the three stickes at once. Det, double troble crocket: The double over twice before insertion of hook in work, then proceed in the troble crocket.

Continue in this way, narrowing or leaving off a space at the end of every other row, toward the neck, until you have decreased to the 4 trobles, or point of collar in front. Leave 13 spaces for back of neck, make the other front to correspond, and sew inplace. For the sash: Make a rbain of 25 sitches, turn.

1. Miss 3, a troble in each stitch of chain, turn.

2. Edge; 5 spaces, edge.

2. Edge; 5 spaces, edge.

2. Edge; 5 spaces, edge.

2. Spaces that have been successed in the sade space with the constraint of the spaces with the constraint of the spaces from the side seam on the back, one button 3 spaces above the other, at the waistline; sew two more buttons to correspond, 15 spaces from the other side, and button the sash to these by slipping them through 1st and 5th spaces.

#### The Needleworkers' Exchange

WHEN you wish to make several whoels or small designs of tatting, using two threads, wind your shuttle and measure off two or three yards from the spool, marking it by tying around it a bit of thread or making a tiny fant. When you have completed one wheel making a tiny fant. When you have completed one wheel when you have the manner of the property of the propert do away to great extent with the much dreaded tying of threads and working in the ends.—Mrs. J. F. F., Iowa.

To finish eyelets neatly, leave the last three stitches loose enough so you can run your needle back through them; tighten each stitch in turn and you will have an eyelet that will not pull out even though the thread is cut close. This is the very best method I have found, so I pass it on.—Mrs. H.B. Harrington. Maine.

ONE of our members asked patterns for embroidering or darning Brussels net. Let me suggest to her that any pattern in cross-settle or filet-crochet which has a vine of small flowers or leaves will serve nicely for her curtains and may be copied in darning. A simple border with space between in which may be worked stars or other figures is also very pretty.—A. L. S., New Hamp-

III.AVE noticed many suggestions in regard to the making of buttonioles that will not tear out, but have found none so good as my own way. Simply lineer a strong piece of cloth, linen preferred, about an where the buttonioles are to be worked. This should be sewed in with the band and then turned, making it entirely invisible. Mothers of little ones will find it invaluable for the bands of drawers. Betts of dressing-sacks, aprons, etc., are made stronger by this method, the buttonholes outlasting the garment in overy case.—

Mac. C. W. M., New York.

MOME-DRESSMAKERS will find a pattern pocket great convenience. Take a strip of plant cloth, of the required length, and make on it as many pockets as there are members of the family. Outline an initial on each pocket and hang in a convenient place, near your sewing table. Much time will be saved in searching for any particular pattern.—Mrs. M. B. N., Illinois.

WHEN you have occasion to darn any garment or article in which you want the work to show as little as possible, try using a thread from the material itself, or a raveling, instead of ordinary thread. A lengthwise raveling is usually stronger and can be used double if desired. The stitches will be practically invisible Try this plan and see if you do not receive many compliments on your darning.—Etta Hutchinson, Massachusetts.

#### Give-and-Take Club

8HOULD like to make a luncheon-set with coroers SHOULD like to make a function-set with coroers in grape-and-leaf or vintage pattern, the dollles to be oblong, and centerpiece square, with a motif for the napkins matching the corners. Will some one kindly send it?—Alice M. Billings, Maine.

WISH to knit a bedspread, and have a small square of a pattern I like, with no directions. Four of these joined make a libod; about two inches square, with four leaves coming together in a cluster at center. The leaf and the plain space such side form one baff the tiny probably three rows plain and three puried. Can any probably three rows plain and three puried. Can any one send me this pattern! I shall be very grateful for the favor. — Mrs. Albert Pierce, R. 4, Greenwich, N. Y.

IF Mrs. W. D. Church, Montana, will write m I shall he glad to loan ber directions and illustration for the pillow-cover asked for. I should gladly send if for publication but bave not time to make the sample. Perhaps Mrs. W. D. C. will loan ber cover after completing it.—Mrs. E. J. Nedeau, Box 344, Franklin, N. H.

WAS very much pleased with the Odd-fellow pillow-cover in December, and wish very much to obtain a Masonic pillow of the same style. Will some one kindiy send lt?—Mrz. J. R. S., Bluford, Ill.

## The Picnic Basket

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

A preparing a basses for a picnic, great care should be taken that plenty of nourishing food is selected, to fill the smallest possible space, and that there smallest possible space, and that there is no second to the property of the prop

through life in the open.
One of the things to be taken into consideration, in addition to the food, is the sluc-artion, in adoution to too food, is the leaving out of weight, and carrying, as far as possible, things that can be burned or thrown away afterward, such as paper plates, napkins, and sanitary cups. These can all be stowed away in small space, leaving plenty of room for substantial foods, and can be destroyed

One of the most appetizing fillings for

One of the most appetizing fillings for sandwiches is cottage cheese. It is not necessary to have cream milk for its making, for skimmed milk will answer the purpose as well, but the addition of a little butter or cream when near completion gives it more flavor. In the making of this cheese, the milk should be poured into a broad, open dish, and left in a warm spot, until the milk has separated and the curd formed. The plate-warmer of a not too great, and it, can be covered to keep absolutely clean. After it has separated, it should be strained through a cheese, also not too great, and it, can be covered to keep absolutely clean. After it has separated, it should be strained through a cheese, also not not go ever the side of the cleoth. Gather the ends together, and its securety with a string, leaving a loop to hang hy, over with a string, leaving a loop to hang hy, over Gather the ends together, and He securely with a string, leaving a loop to hang by, over a disk, to let the water drip out for several lours. Many people hurry the process by pressing the water out, but as this frequently indures the finished product, it is preferable to let it drip. When no water seems to be coming from it, a little sait and pepper, and.

coming from it, a little salt and pepper, as if possible, a little butter ocream, should be added, after which it can be formed in balls, or spread on the bread that is to in balls, or spread on the bread that is to advisable, to sometimes mix it with some tempting ingredients, to give it more flavor, and vary the monotony of serving the same thing. An excellent rule is one cupful of cottage-cheese, one cup less one cupful of cottage-cheese, one cup bread -crumbs, two tables mounts in the contract of the

is one cupful of cottage-cheese, one cup of chopped English walnuts, one cup of bread - crumbs, two tahlespoonfuls of chopped onions, two tahlespoonfuls of butter, the juice of half a lemon, sait and pepper. Cook the onion in the butter or other far and add a little water that the cook of the

It is filled.

Sometimes a pasteboard box can do service, instead of a basket, as this can be destroyed afterward, and takes away the burden of carrying an empty basket home. It should be lined, however, with warspaper, in order to have it fresh and clean. Hard-bolled eggs are always inviting, and can also be away in odd corners, where nothing else would fill in. This makes it possible for practically everything, with the exception of the silver, to he disposed of at the end of the meal. It is filled meal.

If one wishss to take a fruit salad, or even lemon or coffee jelly, it can be carried se-curely in small fruit-jars with screw covers, and proves a delightful addition to the pic-

If a basket is carried it can be tied with It is passet is carried, it can be field with twine, and slung from the belt, back of the hip, or over the shoulder, knapsack fashion. This can be accomplished by the use of a sweater, slipping the arm through a loop of the cord, and carrying it army-blanket fashion, across one's shoulder, under the op-

#### Cucumber Sandwiches



A View of a Picnic Basket, Packed Compactly, All Re-

on the bread, and fill with slices of cucum-

#### Nut-and-Fruit Sandwiches

MIX equal parts of English walnuts, chopped fine, with chopped figs, and spread on thin silces of bread.

#### Cheese Sandwich

GRATE cheese, rub it to a puste with melted butter. Season with salt and pepper, and spread



This Shows Pastry Rounds, the Three Holes in Top Being Cut To Look Almost Like Faces

#### Club Sandwiches

(For One Sandwich)
3 silices toasted bread good silice chicken thin silice breakfast- slice of pickle

PLACE lettuce-leaf on toast, then add slice of chicken, add another slice of toast, with another lettuce-leaf, followed by bacon, topped with third slice of toast. Finish sandwich with third slice of pickle cut lengthwise of the cucumber



totale Drop-Cakes, Thet Are Always So In iting on a Picnic

#### Nut-Salad Sandwiches

pt, peanuts 1 pt. English walnuts tablespoonfuls olive- 1 tablespoonful vine-

SHELL peanuts and remove skins, put walnuts through meta-grinder, to make very fine. Make salad-dressing of oliv-oil, vinegar, adding salt and pepper to taste, and quarter them. Cook until tender, vinegar, adding salt and pepper to to the control of the control

A preparing a basket for a picnic, great posite arm, and tying the sweater by the placed on lettuce-leaves, and put between slices of bread.

#### Olive Sandwiches

PARE and slice excumbers, stand in cold BETWEEN this slices of buttered bread place a layer of Neufchatel cheese, mixed to a paste with equal quantities of cream and salad-dressing, and control of the slices of cream and salad-dressing, and control of the slices of cream and salad-dressing, and control of the slices of cream and salad-dressing, and control of the slices of cream and salad-dressing, and control of the slices of cream and salad-dressing, and control of the slices of cream and salad-dressing, and control of the slices of the sli thickly with chopped olive

### Chicken or Ham Sandwiches

little mustard lb. butter minced chicken or ham

TAKE butter, and rub into it a little mustard, and add chicken or ham.

### Mayonnaise Dressing

olk hard-boffed egg 1 raw egg

HAVE all ingredients and utensils chilled. Put yolk of hard-boiled egg and raw one carefully freed from white, in a bowl. Add salt, and stir until yolks are well mixed, add oil, drop until yolks are well mixed, add oil, drop by drop, constantly stirring in same di-rection, adding drop or two of vinegar, as it is needed, that is, when the emul-sion looks oily. As the mixture be-comes thick, the oil may be added faster, stirring, not beating, adding acid enough only to keep the dressing from sepa-rating. Season with pepper and irmon-juice, and add teuspoonful ico-water.

#### Pastry Rounds

2 cups flour i cup ice-water 2 oz. butter

teaspoonful salt cup shortening

SIFT flour with salt, and cut in with knife, the shortening. Mix with ice-water into stiff dough. Roll out and spread with one onnee of butter, fold and add a second ounce, same way, making one half cup of shortening in all.

[Keep reed as possible, Ball out flot.]

Keep cool as possible. Roll out flat, and cut in rounds, spread lower layer with raspberry jam, and cut three boles with apple-corer in top layer, which lies over lower. Bake in quick oven.

#### Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup sugar 2 eggs
4 teaspoonful soc
4 cup chopped
raisins
2 cups oatmeal

i cup butter 2 cups flour 1 level teaspoonful baking-powder 1 teaspoonful cin-

STIR sugar and butter to a cream, and segment and eggs and flour. Dissolve soda in a little hot water them add with baking - powder. Next add chopped rasins, cinnamon, and oatmeal. Mixture will be very thick, drop from end of spoon and bake in moderate oven. Watch carefully, as they burn easily.

#### Chocolate Drop-Cakes

3 eggs 1 tablespoonful ground chocolate small pinch salt flavor

1 cup sugar 11 cups flour 11 teaspoonfuls ba-king-powder

navor BEAT eggs until very light, gradually sift. In sugar and chocolate. Sift flour three words, Drop by small even teaspoons two inches apart on buttered tins. Bake in quitek oven, and watch closely, to prevent burning. Will make three of four dozen.

#### Lemon Turnovers

1½ cups bread-crumbs ½ cup butter yolks 2 eggs 2 lemons

2 cups water 2 cups of

DISSOLVE bread-crumbs in water, cream butter and sugar, until they are thick cream. Add yolks of two eggs, and white of one beaten stiff. Add juice and grated rind of two lemons, and lastly the breads. Fill turnovers, and bake in quick

#### Apple Turnovers

1 lemou } cup butter



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THE AMERICAN WOMAN Augusta Maine

## MAKE THE KITCHEN ATTRACTIVE

By GORDON HASTINGS

HERE is no reason why the kitchen HERE is no reason why the kirchen should not be as attractive as any other room. A century ago it was the pleasuntest and most livable place in the whole house. This, of course, was because it was used by people of moderate means as a sitting-room as well as a domestic workshop. These colonial kirchens domestic worksnop. I these colonial strengs were always big rooms with two or more sunny windows. They had cavernous fire-places in which huge wood-fires roared cheerfully, well scoured floors and big cen-ter tables usually covered with a bright-red

cloth. Shining copper kettles and pewter and old blue chlua platters on and sime cillum platters on the high manted shelf formed a decoration very pleasing to the eye. Now if our forefathers, or rather their wires, had such attractive rooms as this to do their work in, why in this age of progress should we spend a proper season of the law will known psychological fact that it is easier to work among interesting surroundings than in a place where there is nothing at all to delight or rest the eye, and it is not at all eve, and it is not at all difficult to change almost any kitchen from a dull place of drudgery to one that almost smiles when-ever you enter it. It is all a question of a very few dollars rightly laid

So many people over-furnish their parlors and skimp their kitchens, that I often wonder whom they furnish their houses

they furnish their bones and white Lindeur, their callers or them-solves? Certainly your casual visitor, your 'parior company' 'as a dear old lady I used to know always called people who came in the company of the company of the case of have a few pretty things elsewhere than in the 'company room'?

Now please do not misunderstand the meaning I am not for a moment recommending. I am not for a moment recommendations. The kitchen is a domestic workshop

going. I am not for a moment recommending a kitchen full of frills and fasidy decorations of the full of the full and fasidy decorations and the full of the full should you not nave a const-seneme in the kitchen as well as in any other room? Blue-and-white is a popular combination, but blue-and-brown or huff is pretty and does not show soil as quickly as white woodwork. Green-and-white with a touch of red is just as pleasing and has the added attraction of

novelty.

In furnishing the kitchen the first thing to do is to decide on the color of your kitchen ware. It is just as easy and far more satis-factory to have it all in one tint than it is to ractory to have it air in one time than it is to pick up a gray saucepan here, a white one there, and perhaps a mottled one in some other place. Then if you hang any of your pote and pans around the stove or near the sink as is now done in most model kitchens to save steps you will have something that will blend right in with your color-schems. and become an important part of your deco

rations.

The best wall treatment for the kitchen is to have kalsomined or painted walls. Most of the washable papers intended for the kitchen are so glossy that they reflect the kitchen are so glossy that they reflect the kitchen are so glossy that the passes of the part of the pa oon grows dingy-looking. It usually costs

about the same to have the whitewash to cool it off a bit in your decorations. Have thinted, and the effect of this is very good. dark-green shades put at each window. You Have some yellowish buff, some pale-blue or don't know what a comfort these will be in other desired coloring matter put into the summer. Have the walls tinted pale-blue whitewash. In a room the size of the aver- You can use ginglame curtains with this or age kitchen it is possible to get an evenly colored wall in this way at a very small ex-pense. Let us suppose you have had your kitcheu-walls tinted in a warm buff, your floor covered with a blue-and-white olicloth or linoleum. You have two windows in the room, perhaps, one east and one north. At the east window by all means have a shelf for geraniums; these plants always do well in



A Pretty China-Closet Adds Greatly to the Appearance of the Kitchen, and white Linoleum. Walls Pale-Blue, China-Closet and Woodwork E.

a kitchen and add so much to the "homey" look. In front of the window set a comfortable rocker with a cushion. Have narrow side curtains at the windows, with a valance across the top, of checked blue gingham with top, of checked blue gingham with rather a large check. The rocking-chair cushion is also of the ging-ham and so is the cover used on the kitchen-table when cooking operations are for a time sus-pended. A rug on the floor is a decided improvement and rests the feet. One of the inexpensive the feet. One of the inexpensive wover rag rugs now in the market is presty, or a homemade one of braided rags. In fact, this latter style of rug that our grandmothers style of rug that our grandmothers were the style of rug that our grandmothers were height for fashion. I saw one not long ago in an exclusive shop in New York that sold for twenty-five dollars, just because the colors were artistically helended and it ere artistically blended and it ras "handwork."

Curtains at the kitchen-window are of course not a necessity, but they add so much to the appearance of the room and are so easily kept clean, if made of serviceable materials, that it is a plty not to have them. Of course, if the

old yellow pitcher or a green ginger-jar, you will have a most attractive bit of decoration and a background that wili not soil and will blend in with almost any color-scheme suit-able for the kitchen.

If the kitchen has a southwestern expo-sure it is sure to look hot most of the year on account of the glare of the sun, so you need

course, there is no objection to white curtains in any kitchen if any housewife wants them, except that they have to be washed very often in order to keep them fresh. Some people object to shades in a kitchen because they wish to keep at least one win-

h to keep at least one win-dow always open a little at the top for ventilation, and this means a shade always rolled up tight or flapping in the wind. This difficulty can be gotten over without much Make a val: tromble sixteen or eighteen inches deep and run it right across the window on a across the window on a small brass rod or a piece of tape and then hang your shade right under the edge of this. In this way, your window can be kept down at the top without Interfering in any way with the shade and the valance will not keep out any appreciable amount

I have not mentioned many important details of the kitchen, as this article must of necessity concern itself chiefly with "heautifying;" but I want to say this right here; that convenience and efficiency make for beauty in any kitchen. Have a place for everything and everything in its place; save your steps by making



showing Built-In Shelves and Cupboard in Space between Two Doors. The Walla Are Tinted in a Soft Tan, and Woodwork Is Grained To Represent Oak, It Can Be Eastly Wiped Off and Does Not Show Dirt. The China on Suc! Shelves Gives a Pretty Deconstive Effect

convenient; and arrange your tools,

things convenient; and arrange your tools, which in this case are of course your cooking-utensils and supplies, so that you can do your work with the least possible effort. Now, unfortunately, the average kitchen is not planned with a view of making housework easy. On the couttary it seems to have been tucked in back of the house somewhere as an afterthought of the architect and the as an afterthought of the architect and the poor housewife must often wander miles each day between cupboards, panttles, shelves, table, stove and the like. If your kitchen is like this the hest way to obviate such a state of affacts is to sit right down and see if by a little clever planning it is not possible to change the arrangement so as to save need-less effort, sometimes such a simple thing as hanging a few pots back of the stove does lt, manging a new pois sack of the stove does; or putting up a row of hooks back of the sink or the work-table to hold needed utensils and then again possibly yon have your kitchen table in the wrong place, or you need a kitchen-cabinet or a set of huilt-in shelves to save many loug walks. Set your

wits to work right away and see if you cannot make the kitchen really efficient as well

### THE HOMEMAKER Continued from page 2

clerk in a store before I went into gardening clerk in a store before I went into gardening, and I have had women ask me to put aside something they coveted until they could manage to steal the money from their husbands—that was exactly what it amounted money. The shame of 1tl How can as mother raise honest children when she has to stoop to thievery herself?—for however justifiable such taking of money may he, it is still stealing if it must be gotten slyly and when the state of the state that she told her husband if he would but make her an allowance of two dollars a month she could often get little things she needed, and he answered that she 'would only spend it'! I do not see why she stands it; she is stronger, and ought to demand her rights. The work she does is worth ten dollars a week and more—he could not hire a lass a week and more—he could not hire a It; she is stronger, and ought to demand her rights. The work she does is worth ten dollars a week and more—he could not hire a series of the stronger of the

please teli others how you dld it, and e courage many a Bachelor Maid. conrage many a West Virginia.

(In my own opinion, husband and wife are literally partners—in a nearer and dearer sense than is usually understood by the term, but "partners," still. He does the out-side work and the money comes to him—in most instances; she does work that is fully most instances; she does work that is fully as hard and quite as necessary to the welfare of the home or the "firm," even though she may not "take in" money for it. After pay-ing all expenses of the household for the week or the month the remainder of the iu-come should be divided between the partners, each using his or her share as thought best. It is an interesting and really vital subject, and we shall all be glad of different opinions, or relations of practical experi-

### Notes and Questions

I wish to obtain a receipt for putting appie-plant and pineapple together. Will some one kindly send it?

Douglas, Wyo. Mrs, Anna Louis.

Odignis, Wys. Anna Louis.
(The address wanted is 96 Chambers St., New York City, Department V, L. Please mention The American Woman when you write for a sample copy.)

I have learned that it is not a good plan I mave learned that it is not a good plan to use stove-polish on your gas-stove. I made a pad by folding up an old black stocking, eatching it in place with a few stitches. On this pad I put a few drops of linsed-oil—I use the oil we have for the automobile—and thoroughly rub the stove all over, also, inside of the oven. This keeps

Continued on page 15

## Common-Sense About Health and Good Looks Proper Care of the Eyes, Nose and Ears

By ELEANOR MATHER

IIE eye expresses lil health or fatigue more quickly than any other part of the body because of the part o seem a surprising statement in view of what we see around us every day—this child with beautiful wide-opened eyes almost too blg for her face, and that man or woman with mean-looking little

woman with mean-looking little pig-eyes. And yet the fact remains that one pair of eyes has about the same dimensions as the other. The reason why one appears big and the other small Is the difference in the width of the opening, through which they look. So when we say that a person has beautiful eyes it means simply that the opening hetween the lids is larger than

ordinary.

The eyes are one of the most useful of our organs and when we have lost our eyesishit we are deprived of a great deal that makes life worth living. The blind, as we all know, can accomplish wonders with their affliction, but what a handleap they have wonderfully brave they are, almost without exception! So we should take better care of our eves than without exception! So we should take better care of our eyes than we do, for we seldom even begin to appreciate what a blessing they are until we have lost them, or until our sight begins to be defective. Then again, quite we until our sight begins to be defective. Then again, quite apart from their utility, there is a wonderful fascination about time eyes, and no woman can be counsidered really be abust 1ful whose eyes are in any way defective, though this does not prevent the woman with small eyes from being most attractive eyes from being most attractive. But pretty eyes are capable or making the very plainest face most interesting; so even on the score of looks alone it behooves us to take great care of the eyes. Most women ill-treat their eyes shamefully in making them work overtime in reading or fine sowing or more or less useless

fully in making them work overtime in reading or fine swing or more or less useless
fancy work. To read in the twilfght or
mader a gas-jet or unshaded lamp that
flickers is to strain the eyes almost to their
limit and slowly lay the foundation for serions eye trouble. Reading in bed is huntful
to the eyes unless the person who reads is
the habit of rubbing the eyes, which some
women indulge in constantly, is futurous as
the ball of the eye is easily flattened and correct sight thus destroyed. The minute the rect sight thus destroyed. The minute the eyes ache or feel tired the work being done at the moment should be put by and some-thing else taken up that does not call for so

riling else taken up that does not call for so great a strain on the optic nerve.

A well known English oculist has lately advised a series of very simple eye-symmastics that are often most helpful in strengthern lug the muscles of the eyes, and in this way making the sight stronger and the eyes less liable to fatigue. Now the eye has what is called the faculty of accommodation. When ever you glance up from an object held optic nerve to change its focus as it is called. You know how the photographer is obliged to change the focus of a camera when after taking a nearby group he desires to snap a to change the focus of a camera when after taking a nearby group he desires to snap a distant view. Well, the eye has to do this also, but if the sight is perfect it does it so instantaneously that you are not consciously vieway lost and that is why middle-aged people are usually obliged to take to glasses. In the majority of cases they retain their far sight, but are unable to see objects nearby clearly. It is to put off this condition as long as possible as well as to arrengthen the eyes were evolved in youth that these exercises were evolved.

were evolved.
"Whenever the eye is used its muscles are brought into play. Look at an object in the distance, or look at another close by, and the eye performs an imperceptible movement, either that of sinking deeper or of rising out

"Nothing is simpler than to remedy this evil. Sit very erect, gaze straight ahead and throughout the entire exercises hold the head in this position, making it necessary for the

country doctors. If he is not, he knows whom to recommend you to. Children are too often neglected in this respect and have often neglected in this respect and have weak eyes all through life in consequence. If your child is irritable, has headaches, squints his eyes when his attention is attracted, holds his book close to his face, have his eyes examined at once. It may be that by wearing glasses for a short time in childhood these defects will be permanently corrected and he will not need them in after the contract of the contract Faching any strong librits very bad for the eyes. For general weakness of the eyes or passing tocal inflammation, the following recipe will be found invaluable: Do not hesitate to discuss the best authorities, and five chances to one that, upon consulting an oculist, he will prescribe something just like it. of Take a teaspoonful of Take a teaspoonful of the control of the contr Facing any strong light is very

bing to a smooth paste. Pour over it two-thirds of a cup of bolling water. When cool. strain and bottle. Apply with absorb-ent-cotton, or, better still, use a

em-cotton, or, better sim, use a glass eye-cup.

If, after a fortnight's treatment, this wash does not give rellef, you can know that the trouble is not a local one, but that some optical defect is making life miserable. In that case bestate not a moment to consult of the control of the con

king life miserable. In that cassul a first-class, reliable cannot be consulted from an experience of straight of straight of the straight of

A stye is really nothing more than a small boil or pimple on the eyeld, but if is very disfiguring and often painful. When it comes to a head it should be carefully opened with a needle that has been sterlized by bolding the point for a moment in a fiame of a gas-jet or candle. A recurrence of styes shows either a run-town condition of the system or a severe exvestrain that needs consistent. It must be point for the several to the consistent of the system or a severe exvestrain that needs consistent. the system or a severe exestrain that needs correction. It most people styes can be pre-vented by rubbing the lids with a certain kind of medicated vaseline that is harmless to the sight. The shape of the eyebrows has a great deal more effect on the appear-ance than most people imagine. Many an otherwise perity face is spolled by kinh or otherwise perity face is spolled by kinh or otherwise perity face is spolled by kinh or to be brashed frequently if they are thin or out of shape. A small brush called an eyebrow brush comes especially for this purpose, or a child's toothbrush that is rather soft can be child's toothbrush that is rather soft can be used instead. Care must be taken always to brush the brows in the direction in which blush the slows in the allege tool in what he provided they grow which is away from and not toward the nose. Vaseline should be used to make the eyebrows lie smooth if they are inclined to be shaggy. It will also make them look slightly darker and increase the growth of scanly brows.

growth of scanny brows.

Any woman who breathes through her month instead of her nose cannot have as good health as though she breathed in the proper manner through the nostrils, for nose-Concluded on page 13

EXERCISE FOR THE EYES. Hold Any Small Object, a Quarter a Dollar for Instance, Between Two Fingers and Extend the Arm Straig in Front as For as Possible, Riveting the Gaze on the Coin

to come into play during the ensuling sym-nastics. Hold any small object, a quarter of a dollar, for instauce, between two fin-gers, and extend the arm straight in front as gers, and extend the arm straight in front as far as possible, at the same time riverling the gaze on the coln. Always looking at the coin, approach gradually until it is within four inches of the eyes. Then extend to original position and repeat the movement. It will strengthen the muscles controlling

Is will strengthen the miscles controlling the eyes on range adjustment.

"For the second exercise, keep the head in the same risidd position as before, and holding the coin extended, keep the eyes fastened only and move the arm as far so one side and as far to the other as the eye can follow the are of the sweep. Holding head and arm and coin as at first, raise the arm of high that the eyes are unable or eith. Then except by an elevation of the chin. Then lower the hand with the coin similarly, until it disappears from vision.

"Perform these exercises faithfully, and in two or three days the eyes will be brighter and the sight better. Crow's feet will disap-pear, and the youthful vigor, when the eye was in its highest state of efficiency, will be restored."

of course when anything really is the mat-ter with the eyes no time should be lost in consulting an oculist. Money saved in this direction is the worst sort of extravagance, for no amount of skill can restore the sight if it is once totally lost. The optician who offers to examine eyes free should be avoided as he usually has not the proper training to prescribe the right kind of glasses.

Mrs. Mather will be glad to answer any questions relating to this article if a stamped and self-addressed enselops is sent for reply. Address

y. Adares» Mrs. Eleanor Mather, Care The American Woman, Augusta, Mains

### Beautify the Complexion



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## MADELON

Continued from page 4

"We can't have a ball without a fiddler," one young man said, soberly. "Mayhe Madelon would lift for the dancing." Burr Gordon said; and then he colored furiously, as if he had startled him-

colored turiously, as it he had startled him-self in saying it.

The hoy turned on him.

"Maybe you think my sister will lift for you to dance, Burr Gordon!" eried he, and his face blazed white in Burr's eyes, and he shook his slender brown fist.

"Nobody wants your sister to lit if she isn't willing to," Burr returned, in a hard volce; and he snatched up a hemlock hough, and went away with it to the other side of the ballroom.

and went away

the ballroom,

"My sister won't lift for you, and you can!"

shorted the boy, his angry eyes following

shorted the boy, his angry eyes following

Burn. Then he went out of the haltroom

with a leap, and slammed the door so that

the savent remilled.

The young men chuckled.

"In him blood is up," sald one.

"Injun blood is up," said one.
"You'll be scalped, Burr," called the

Burr came over to them with an angry

"Oh, quit fooling!" said he, impatiently. "What's going to be done?

"Nothing can be done; we shall have to give the ball up for to-night unless you can get Madelon Hautville to litt for the dancing," returned one, and the other nodded assent, "That's the state of the case "said be said he.

Burr scraped a foot impatiently on the

'Go and ask her yourself. Daniel Plymp-," said he. "I don't see why it has all got ton," said he. ton, said ne. "I don't see why't has alt got to come on to me."
"Can't," replied Daniel Plympton, with a laugh. "Remember the falling out Eugene and I had at the house-raising? I min't go-

ing to his house to ask his sister my dancing."
"You, then, Abner Little." said Burr

peremptorily, to the other young man. He had a fair, nervous face, and he was screwing

his forehead anxiously over the situation.
"Can't, nohow, Burr," said he. "I've got
to drive four miles home, and milk, and take to drive four rintes nome, and miss, and take care of the horses, and shave, and get dressed, and then drive another three miles for my girl. I'm going to take one of the Morse girls, over at Summer Falls. I haven't got time to go down to the Hautvilles', and that's the truth, Burr."
"You'll have to go, yourself. Burr." sald "You'll have to go, yourself. Burr."

"You'll have to go yoursell, burr, saud Daniel Plympton, with a half laugh,
"I can't," said Burr, "and I wou't, if we give the ball up."
"What will all the ont-of-town folks say?"

"I don't care what they say—they can play forfeits."
"Forfeits!" returned Daniel Plympton with soorn. "What's kissing to daneing?" Daniel Plympton was somewhat stout but curiously light of foot, and accounted the euriously light of foot, and accounted the hest dancer in town. As he spoke he sprang up on his toes as if he had winged heels. "Foorfests!" repeated he, jerking his great faxon head. Madeon Hantville to hit!. 'said Bur.' "I tell you I can't, Bur.—I ain't mean enough."

Well, I won't, and that's flat." 've got to go home, anyway,' said Ab-Little. "What I want to know ls—is. ner Little.

there going to be any ball?"

"Oh, get your girl anyhow, Ab," returned Daniel, with a great laugh; "there'll he some-thing. If there ain't dancing, there'll be kissing, and that'll suit her just as well. And kissing, and that'll suit her just as well. And ff she can't get enough here, why, there's the ff she can't get enough here, why, there's the ride home. Lord, I'd get a girl nearer home! You've got to drive six miles out of your way to Summer Falls and hack. As for me, the quicker I get a girl off my hands the bet-er. I'm going to take Nancy Blake be-cause she lives next door to the tavern. Go and the state of the state of the state of the cause she lives next door to the tavern. Go orms way.'ve, Ab; Burr and I will settle it

some way."

But it looked for some time after Abner
Little-left as if there would he no ball that
night. They could not have any dance
unless Madelon Hautville would sing for it,
and both Daniel Plympton and Burr Gor-

don were determined not to ask her.

At half past seven Madelou was all dressed for the hall, and neither of them had come to see her about it. She and all her brothers except Louis were going. They wondered who would play for the dancing, but supposed some arrangements would be

"Burr Gordon will put it through some-how," said Louls. "Maybe he'il ride over to Farnham Hollow and get Luke Corllss to

them which she could not subdue, which be-longed to Burr Gordon only. No costly finery had Madelon Hautville, but she had some cunning needlework on an old done some cunning needlework on an old black-satul gown of her mother's, and it was fitted as sofuly over her sweet curves as a leaf over a bud. A long garland of flowers after her own design had she wrought in bright-colored silks around the petticoat, and there were knots of red ribbon to fasten the loopings here and there. And she wore another red rose in her lace tucker against her soft brown hosom. Madelon wore, too, her soft brown hosom. Madelon wore, too, trim black-sik stockings with red clocks over her stender andles, and little black-satin shoes with seed buckles and red ro-settes. Every one of her brothers, except the youngest, Ridhard, must needs compare her in his own heart, to her disparagement, with some madi not his sister, but they all viewed her with pride. Old David Hautvilles eyes, under his thick, white brows, and the kitches, white brows around the kitches. Watelon her as she moved around the kitches and the side of the side

Madelon had got out of her red cloak and her silk hood, and it was nearly time to start when there was a knock on the door. Madelon's face was pale in a second red again. She pushed Richard aside.

red again. She pushed Richard aside.
"I'll go to the door," she said.
She knew somehow that it was Burr Gordon, and when she opened the door he stood there. He looked curiously emburrassed, but she did not notice that. His mere presence for the moment seemed to fill all her comprehension. She had no eye for shades

comprehension. She had no eye for shades of expression, said she, all hlushing and trembling before him, and yet with a certain dignity which never quite deserted her. "Can I see you a minute?" Burr sail, awkwardly. "Come this way."

"Come this way."
Madelon led the way into the best room,
where there was no fire. It had not been
warmed all winter, except on nights when
Burr had come courring her. In the midst
off it the great curaisand heddesad reared itself, holding its feather-bed like a drift of
snow. The floor was sauded in a fire, small
pattern, there were with-tassedied curains
at the windows, and there was a tarbest of drawers that reached the celling. The room was just as Madelon's mother, who had been one of the village girls, had left it. Madelon glanced at the hearth, where she

had laid the wood symmetrically—all ready to he kindled at a moment's notice should

'I'll light the fire," said she, in a trembling

voice.
"No, I can't stop," returned the young "No, I can't stop," returned the young man. "I've got to go right up to the taveru. Look here, Madelon—"
"Well?" she murmured, trembling.

'I want to know if-look here.

"I want to know if—look here, won't you lit for the dancing to-night, Madelon's Madelon's face changed.
"That's all he came for," she thought, She turned away from him. "You'd hetter get Lake Corliss to fiddle," she said, coldly, "We can't. I started to go over there, and I met a man that fives next door to him, and he said it was no use, for Luke had goue down to Winfield to fiddle at a hall there." "I don't feel like lilting to-night," said

Madelon.

The young man colored.
"Well," said he, in a stiff, emharrassed voice, and he turned toward the door, "we on't have any ball to-night, that's all," he

added.
"Well, you can go visiting instead," re-turned Madelon, suddenly.
"I'd rather go a-visiting—here!" cried Burr, with a quick fervor, and he turned hack and came close to her. Madelon looked at him sharply, steeling

Louis sat discontentedly by the fire, with its arm soaking in cider-brandy and wormwood.

"His horse is fast; he'd get him here by eight o'elock," returned Louis.

Madelou was radiant. In spite of herself, she was full of hope in going to the hall. She knew Dorothy Fair would not be present, since her father was the orthodox passon, and she had seen her own face in her glass. With her rival away, what could not a face like that do with a heart that leaned fail. She knew Dorothy Fair would not be present, since her father was the orthodox passon, and she had seen her own face in her glass. With her rival away, what could not a face like that do with a heart that leaned that leaned had to rest himself as well as her in this matter. She had tended a monthly rose in the south window all winter, and she wore two red roses in her hlack braids. Ber cheeks and her thys were fuller of warm red life than the roses. She lowered her hlack eyes hefore her father and her brothers, for there was a light in longed to Burn Gordon only. No costy fleery had Madelon Hautville, but she had done some cunning needlework on an old they were going to the ball on their works and the she was the south with the state of th

The Hantvilles were going to the ball on their wood-sled, drawn by oxen. David was to drive them, and take the team home. It was already before the door when Burr came out, and Madelon asked him to ride with

"I've got to go home first," he said, and plunged off quickly down the old road, the

ort-cut to his house.

Madelon Hantville, in her red cloak and Madeion Hantville, in the red cloak and her great slik hood, stood in the midst of her brothers on the wood-sled, and the oxen drew them ponderously to the ball. The tavorn was all alight. Many other sleds were drawn up before the door; indeed, extain of the young men who had not their words of the word was allowed to be seen to be supported to be supported by the words. went from door to door collecting the young women. Many a jingling load slipped along the snowy road to the tavern that night, and the ballroom filled rapidly.

At eight o'clock the ball opened. Madelon stood up in the little gallery allotted to the violins and litted, and the march began.

Two and two, the young men and the girls Two and two, the young men and the girls swung around the room. Madelon lilted with her eyes upon the moving throng, gay with ner eyes upon the moving throng, gay as a garden in a wind; and suddenly her heart stood still, although she lilted on. Down on the floor below, Burr Gordon led the march, with Dorothy Fair on his arm. the march, with Dorothy Fair on his arm, Dorothy Fair, waving a great painted fau with the tremulous motion of a hutterfly's wing, with her blue brorade petitional tilting airly as she moved, like an inverted bell-flower, with a locket set in brilliants flashing on her white neck, with her pinis-and-white face smiling out with gentle gayety from her fair curls, stepped delicately, pointing out her blue-satin toes, around the ballroom, with one little white hand on Bnrr Gordon's

#### CHAPTER III

Suddenly all Madelon's beauty was cheapened in her own eyes. She saw herself swart and harsh-faced as some old savage squaw beside this fair angel. She turned on herself as well as on her recreant lover with rage and disdain—and all the time she lilted

rage and disdain—and all the time she illted without one break.

The ball swung on and on, and Madelon, up in the mosiclars' gallery, sang the old country dances in the curious dissyllable fashion termed lilling. It neve occurred to fashion termed lilling, it never occurred to the orbit of the curious dissyllable fashion termed lilling. It never occurred to the daughter of the orbit of the should be all t ward tendencies of the dance. Madelon only grasped the fact that she was there with Burr; hut others wondered, and the surprise had been great when Dorothy liher blue brocade had appeared in the ballblue brocade had appeared in the ball-

This had been largely of late years a This had been dargely of late years a hb-eral and Unitarian village, but Parson Fair-had always held stanchly to his stern ortho-dox tenets, and promulgated them undi-luted hefore his tilinning congregation and in his own housebold. Dorothy could not only not play cards nor dance, but she could not be present at a party where the cards were produced or the fiddle played. There was, indeed, a rumor that she had learned to dance when she was in Bostou at school, but no one knew for certain.

Dorothy Fair was advancing daintily he-tween the two long lines, holding up her hiue brocade to clear her blue-saths shoes, to meet the young man from the opposite eorner, flinging out gayly toward her, when sud-donly, with no warning whatever, a great dark woman sped after her through the dance, like a wild animal of her native woods.

She reached out her black hand and caught Dorothy by the white, lace-draped arm, and she whispered loud in her ear,

she whispered loud in her ear. The people near, finding it hard to understand the African woman's thick tongue, could not exactly work for the words, but the purport of her hurried speech they did not mistake. Parson Fair had discovered Mistress Durothy's absence, and home she must hasten at once. It was evident enough to everybody that staid and decorous Doro-thy had run away to the ball with Burr Gordon, and a smothered titter ran down the files of the Virginia reel.

Burr Gordon cast a fierce glance around; then he sprang to Dorothy's side, and she looked palely and piteously up at him.

He pulled her hand through his arm and led her out of the ballroom, with the black

woman following sulkily, muttering to her-self. Burr bent closely down over Dorothy's drooping head as they passed out of the door. "Don't he frightened, sweetheart," whis-

pered he.
Madelon saw him as she lilted, and it seemed to her that she heard what he said.
It was not long after when she felt a touch on her shoulder as she sat resting between the dances, gazing with her proud, bright eyes down at the merry, chattering throng below. She turned, and her brother Richard stood there with a stranze young man, and Richard led Louis fiddle on his shoulter, the same properties of the shoulter of th

hall, and he can fiddle as well as Louis, and hau, and he can node as well as Louis, and he said 'twas a shame you should lift all night and not have a chance to dance yourself; and so I ran home and got Louis' fiddle, and there are plenty down there to jump at the chance of you for a partner—and—"
the boy leaned forward and whispered in his science, our "Bure Gordon's government." sister's car: "Burr Gordon's gone-Dorothy Fair."

Madelon turned her beautiful, proud face toward the stranger, and did not notice Richard at all.

"Thank you, sk," said she, inclining her ng neck; "hut I care not to dance—I'd as

Hef lit." said the strange young man, press-ing forward impetuously and gazing into her black eyes, "you look tired; 'tis a shame to work you so."
"I rest between the dances, and I am not

"I rest between the dances, and I am not trived," said Madelon, coldly,
"I beg you to let me fiddle for the rest of the ball," liedaded the young man, "Let me fiddle while you dance; you may be sure I'll
A tender note came lut to his volce, and, curiously enough, Madelon did not resent it, although she had never seen him hefore and he had no right. She looked up in his bright fair face with suidcan beststation, and his blue fair face with suidcan beststation, and they have the proper her. She had a fierce desire to get upon her. She had a fierce desire to get away from this place, out into the night, and

ingly; "but I could go home, if you felt dis-posed to fiddle."

posed to fiddle."
"Then go home and rest!" cried the stranger, brightly. "The a strain on the throat to filt so long, and you cannot put in a new string as you can in a fiddle."
With that the young man came forward to the front of the little gallery, and Madelon yielded up her place hesitatingly.

"But you cannot dance yourself, sir," said she.
"I have danced all I want to to-night," he

replied, and began tuning the fiddle.
"I'm sure I'm obliged to you, sir," Madelon said, and got her hood and cloak from

the hack of the gallery with no more parley.

The young man cast admiring glances after her as she went out, with her young brother at her heels.

brother at her heels.
"I'm going home with you," Richard said
to her as they went down the gallery-stairs.
"Not a step," said she. "You've just been
after the fiddle, and they re going to dance the Fisher's Hornpipe next."
"You'll be afraid in that lonesome stretch

after you leave the village."
"Afraid!" There was a ring of despairing scorn in the girl's voice, as if she faced already such wee that the supposition of new

ready such woe that the supposition of new terror was an absurdity.

They had come down to the ballroom floor, and were stauking directly in front of the musician's gallery. The young fiddler, Jim Otis, learned over and looked at them.

"I don't care," said Richard, "I won't let you go alone unless you take my kinfle,"

"A ball the said of the said should be a said the said "What had been a said to the said should be a said the said should be said to said the said should be said to said the said should be said the said should be said to said the said should be said should b

pass her brothor.

But Richard held her by the arm while he

Continued on page 13

## Common-Sense About Health and Good Looks

breathing induces a stronger, fuller expansion of the entire lungs. If there is any obstruction so that you cannot breathe properly you should have the nose examined by the head often causes deafness, or why negretly you should have the nose examined by a slight operation or by treatment, whichever he may recommend. One of the mest defacing of complexion-troubles for a long distance of the mest defacing of complexion-troubles. See a red nose. This comes from different causes. Years ago it was frequently brought on by tight lacing, but nowardays we form to help the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans, or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to what the doctors call from the polytocorans or it may be due to the cent, ointment of xeroform or a thirty-per-cent, solution of peroxide of hydrogen can be applied to the inner surface while the hairs are being removed. Even if the trouble has been of long standing, if the cause can be definitely reached, very good results can be obtained?

obtained."
If your nose is red all over, try bathing it for five minutes in a pint of hot water in which two tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts have been dissolved. Sop dry and dash on very cold water or rub with a lump of ice.
Then apply a good cold cream or liquid been by the try by the control of the control of the cold of the col

Then apply a good cold cream or inquid bleaching bottom.

The ear is closely connected both with the mouth and throat by what is called the Eustachlan tube. This tube starts in the back of the throat in the space directly be-hind the mose and continues into the luner

cold.

Chronic catarrh of the nose and throat must be treated by a doctor hefore any relifer can be experienced from dearlines from this cause. Never sit where a strong drampht can blow directly into one ear, for this may bring on an earacline. Such an earache is usually caused by inflammation, and the pain can often he greatly relieved by heat. Stearing is the nevest and most effective method of applying this heat. Rub or the car and field in the control of the car and field just below it for protect from the hot steam and then pour very hot water into a thick tumble or large cup and the two tablespoonfuls of Epsons salts it from the hot steam and then pour very hot or been dissolved. Sop dry and dash on were thot a thick tumbler or large cup and cold water or rub with a lump of fee twist an old handkerchief round the top to apply a good cold cream or liquid ching folion. He was a consequent of the control of the car is closely commetted both with the that and throat by what is called the that and throat by what is called the top the cup, for the hot water may scald the of the throat in the space directly be until the pair subsides. Care must be taken the transaction of the cup and the control of the cup and the c



## MADELON

rummaged in his pocket for the great claspkinife which he had earned hinself by the
flug around her waist and hot lips were
sale of some rabbit-skins, and which was the
pride of his heart and his dearest treasure.
The mixed blood of two races, in which
action is quick to follow impulse, surged up.

and opened it.
"Here," said he, and he forced the claspknife into his sister's hand. Otis, leaning
over the gallery, saw it all. Many of the
dancers had gone to supper; there was no causers nad gone to supper; there was no "kiss me again, Burr Gordon, if you other person very near then. If you should dard" she cried out, and her cry was met by meet a bear, you could kill him with that a groan as he fell away from her into the lanife—it's so strong," said the boy. "If you show don't take it I'll go home with you, and it's so late father won't let me come out again

to-night."
"Well, I'll take it," Madelon said, wearily. and she passed out of the ballroom with the knife in her hand, under her cloak. When she got out in the cold night air she

When she got out in the cold night air sise sped along fast over the creaking snow, still holding the knife clutched fast in her hand. She began to illt again as she went, and again Burr and Dorothy danced together consect and the best-room windows were lighted. She thought that Burr was there, and she litted more loudly the Vignina recl. After Parson Fair's house was some time left behind, and she had come into the lengthy stretch of road, she saw a shadowy whether it was moving toward or from her—whether it was a man or a woman; or, indeed whether it were not a forest tree encoaching

whether it was a man or a woman; or, indeed whether it were not a forest tree encoaching on the road and moving in the wind. She kept on swiftly, holding her kunfe under her closk. She had stopped singing. Presently she saw that the liqure was a man, and coming her way; and then her heart stood still, for sile knew by the swing she will be she will be some some stopped she had been she will be she will be some She threw back her proud head and sped along toward thin, grassing her kuife under of his shoulders taus. Shoulders taus spen along toward him, grasping her knife under shall never know—they shall her cloak and looking neither to the right know." Voice died away in a faint murmur breadth when she came close to him—so breadth when she came close to him—so breadth when she came close to him—so between his parted lips; his eyes stared up elose that their shoulders almost touched in with no meaning in then arrow path.

Madelon ran back on the road to the viluous parts and the shoulders almost parted lips; his eyes stared up with no meaning in then at the wintry stars. Madelon ran back on the road to the viluous parts and the shoulders are the shoulders are should be should

The mixed blood of two races, in which action is quick to follow impulse, surged up to Madelon's head. She drew the hand which held the knife from under her cloak

#### CHAPTER IV

Madeion stood for a second looking at the dark, prostrate form as one of her Iroquois ancestors might have looked at a fallen foe before he drew his scalping-knife; then suddenly the surging of the savage blood in her ears grew faint. She fell down on her knees ears grew faint. She fell down on her knees beside him. "Have I killed you, Burr?" she said, and

bent her face down to his—and it was not Burr, but Lot Gordon! The white, peaked face smlled up at her

The white, peaked face smilled up at her out of the snow.

"You haven't killed me if I die, since you took me for Burr," whispered Lot Gordon.
"Are you much hurt?"
"1—Gort know. The knife has gone a little way into my side. It has not reached my heart, but that was hart unto death allon face and the side of the shape of the clasp-knife, furnly faxed. "Don't try to draw it out—you cannot," said Lot, and his pain forced a groan from him. "I'll live, if I can, until the wound is healed, for the sake of your peace. I'd be content to die of it. can, until the wound is healed, for the sake of your peace. I'd be content to die of it, since you gave it in vengeance for another man's kiss, if it were not for you. But they shall never know—they shall never— know."



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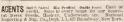
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THE AMERICAN WOMAN

## A Short Cut to Freedom

By ALICE GARLAND STEELE

ONATHANI' she called shrilly.

"Jonathan, you've dumped the grounds luto the rea-caddy! My lands, that man!"

Cynthia Ann realized she was wasting her breath. She pecred out of the open doorway, shadiup her eyes from the glare. She could dimity see a proccupied and the strict was striding in 2/2-sag almlessness striding in 2/2-sag almlessness.

"There now, if that ain't enough to sicken a saint! He'll bring potato-bags in on bit trousers, and trample all them young vines! I'd as lief see a cow stampin' about, Good

I'd as lief see a cow stampin' about. Good lands, he's wearing me fest to atoms!" She stepped back into the kitchen, feeling

all the irritation of a woman who knows she is imposed upon. Everything was ln after-breakfast confusion. She flew about hi nervous haste, straightening the untidiness Jonathan always left hehind him. The heat of the day made the work more trksome, and when at last order reigned she went out to the front porch and sat down, her eyes dull and listle

and listless.
"I'm dog-tfred." she sighted: "dog-tfred—and it all comes of hein' tied to a rampagin' maie! I could have earned my seventy-flye cents a day and been dressmaker to the whole village if I'd had the sense to stay

Her eyes took in the little patch of garden, with its broken gate and the vista of trees

heyond. There's that latelt not fixed yet. man is the most shiftless the Lord ever made. I dunuo but Job's troubles were a

made. I dunno but 300's cromines were as pienic compared to mine."

Down the long, white road she caught sight of a small figure. She watched re-flectively until a barefoot hoy came up to

"Why," she said. "Johnnie Saunders, whatever are you doing with that oilcloth

og?"
The boy winked.
"A job," he said shortly. "I'm a-throwin'
rculars for that Pea-pod lawyer down
ain Street. Want one?"

Main Street. Want one?"

He drew out a long envelope, and poising it between thumb and forefinger hurled it into space. As it fluttered down at her feet

she leaned over and picked it up.
"I suppose it's a new hair-dye," she said,
"or a patent carpet-cleaner. How's your

The boy laughed

"She's middlin'. I guess—she ain't de-clded which way to topple down. Say, why don't you read it. Mis' Halloway?"

She opened it mechanically, and drew the nelosure out, holding it toward the fight. "Why," she said, "good land!" She read it over in an awed voice:

#### Easiest State in America

Women of Broxton-get your divorces brough E. Palmer Peabody. Advice Free, All iegai affairs managed. Last Wills and Testaments a Specialty. Office at 16 Main

When she had fluished she looked over at he boy, with a strange light in her eyes. He wriggled his toes through the dust of

the roadway.
"It's that city feller that's been hanging round Hudson's store." he said, smiling. 'He pays me a nickel a hundred, but there ain't much in it—there ain't more'n a hun-dred folks in the whole of Broxton. I tried throwin' three into one place, but he caught a. Them iawyer chaps is smart, you bet!" She was staring beyond him, into the sun-

shine.
"Well," he said, "good-by, Mis' Halioway—I got to go on." and as she nodded abstraetedly he was off down the road, leaving
a trail of dust hehind him.
Cynthia, Antu was looking, into a new
word of the said of the said of the said of the said
cold per seventy-five cents a day,"
she muminized, "an" no more dish-washing
he minimized, "an" no more dish-washing

she murmuired, "an' no more dish-washii, an' stewin' an' grindin'. And I could cut and fit with lots more style than that sickly Miss Todd—she ain't got strength to hold a scissors, and she's so near-sighted she has to cut straight when she wants a thing bias But good land, what's the world comin' to

A quavering voice called to her from the "Cynthy—I say, Cynthy!

"Cyniny-1 say, 'Yntiny'. She citiched the paper tighter as her hishand stood in the doorway, smiling absently. Cynthia hated that smile; she called it "sightless" because it never got anywhere, but just "meandered round."
"Cynthy," he said, "hehrt the sun too

She didn't trouble to turn her head.

"No." she said shortly, "when I've com-plaint to make with the Lord's sunshine, 1'll tend to it myself." He hovered a minute in indecision. He hovered a minute in indecision. "No." she said shortly, "when I've com- Gandy.

"I was jest thinkin'," he said apologet-diy, "that is, I was feelin' as if it ought to dinner-time."

She turned sharply

'Dinner! inner! You've jest had your break-If you look for dinner at eleven in the ass: If you look for dainer at eleven in the morning, your stomach ain't got any more sense than the rest of you! Don't talk to me about dinner—I'll get it when I'm ready.' He coughed feebly. She looked at him, searchingly. "Where's that egg-money you got from Lewson's last night?" I want to get some Chings from Hudson's store. "Where's the properties of the properties

"Egg-money?" he said dully. "Why, Cynthy, there ain't any egg-money." "Didn't you take ten dozen eggs to Jabe

Lawson yesterday evening—didn't you?"
He stood a minnte, his eyes wavering about in vague circles.
"Yes. Cynthy, I did. I took 'em, all

right.

She stamped her foot in exasperation.

"Well, then, I want the money. You didn't leave 'em for nothin', I suppose,"

"Cynthy, Jabe Lawson ciean forgot to pay me. We was talkin' ahout—"

"I reckon Lawson clean forgot to take his

eggs, too. He's jest that kind! I'm dog-tired of it ali-dog-tired."

thred of it all—dog-thred."

He put out a protesting hand, hut she hrushed him aside and went into the house. She had made up her mind. She lifted the irons antomatically from the kitcheu-stove to the hearthstone and hung up her apron a peg in the outhouse, then she went up-

stairs.
"It may take the hull day," she said slowly. "I ain't certain how long I'll he. When I go down again I'll set something ont for him to eat—I ain't goin' to see him starve

for him to eat—I afit' som' to see him starve into the hargairshe stepped out the back door, the folded circular still in her hand. The faint odor of the lilac crept to her, sweetened by the warmth of the sunshine; at a little distance ways she could see the wood-pile, brown and homely, and behind It slitting on an uptimed backet, she caught sight of a dejected betwe withtings a plee of skip of a dejected between the stillings a plee of

"Well," she whispered, "I'm glad I am through with it. Whittlin' when there's mough with it. Whittiln' when there's ood to chop for the kitchen-fire. He's the lost shiftless creature the Lord ever made!" It was a long walk down the dusty road, ut she plodded on desperate!y. At the end f a mile she stopped before a low, white 'Jaue!" she called. "Jane Gandy!

A woman with a bonnet on stepped out on the porch.

on the porch.
"Why, Cynthy Ann! Well, I ain't surprised. I had a presentment you was comits. I knew you'd he one of the first to do it."
She held out a folded circular. "You've

Yes.'' nodded Cynthia, "I've seen it." Jane Gandy drew a long sigh of rellef.
"I was so afraid Johnnie Saunders might not get up the hill. And you're goin' to do it. really?"

' said Cynthla curtly, ''I'm goin' to

do it. I want you to go with me to that Pea-hody feller now."

body feller now."

"Land! I'm glad I've got my hounet on.
I jest come from Molly Higgins—she lives
on the road to Derbyville, and hadn't got
any, so I told her. She was tickled to death.
She's goin' down right away—her hnosband
beats her with the wedge they use for the
than Jonathan, Leaf was word! I was a series of the she was the series of the she was the series of the series than Jonathan. Jest walt until I lock the

When she came hack they started on without a word. As they turned into Maln Street Jane Gandy looked up.

Does Jonathan know, Cynthy?

"Does Jonathan Know, Cynthy,"
Cynthla Shook her head,
"Well," sald Jaue, "I ain't never regretted bein's sinder till to-day—I wish I had
a husband Jest so's I'd have the pleasure of
they say eity folks are set on doin' It jest for
style, whether they need one or not—that's
what that Peshody chap told Mis' Sannders. I do helieve she'll get one, too—she's in such
poor health she'll jump at anything. She
lives an awful mitterestin' life — nothin'
Cynthia failed to auswer her. Her eves Cyuthia failed to auswer her. Her eyes hard and bright.

She opened a gate near her with trembling hands. In answer to their knock, a shock-headed boy opened the door.

He was Johnnie Saunders' brother,

"Gee! It's Mis' Halloway and Miss tur

face of the midden lady.

"Behave yourself, you imp. Is Lawyer
Penbody home?" once to Snike I follow to see
"Nope. He's once to Snike I follow to see
"Nope. He's bedefiel she work on spine and
sent for him afore breakfast—but he'll be
back right away. It don't lade long. There's
some folks wittin' inside now—Mic' Giggins
and Mis' Brewster and Grandma Pettigrew.
Gee! It beats a revival, hollet' bedeen the result of the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties.

There were three women, sitting on wooden chairs, who blushed guilting as they came in. They were all friends, but the seriousness of the honr had effectually sealed their lips.
Cynthia sat down heavily.

A vision of Jonathan, lonely and uncared-

A vision of Johannan, lonery and uncharged for in the days to come, troubled her. He was so shiftless. There were a thou-sand things that could happen to him with-

out her watchful eye.
Jane Gandy nudged her arm,
"Do listen to that Molly Higgins sniffling!
I do helleve she'd hack out if we weren't

nere."
Cynthia compressed her dry lips.
"I guess folks' tears is their own—she has
a right to cry if she wants to. It's a sad
thing, anyway—this divorcin' business. I
feel all upsot myseif."

feet all upsot myseif."
The door opened suddeuly, admitting a stout, red-faced man.
"Good day, ladies! What can I do for you all? Any one here desires to make a will—ahem! Any fortunes to leave to bereaved relatives? Now's the time."
Charlia stood up.

"I've read your slip," she sald. "I've come for a divorce,"

He coughed.

That's right, ma'am—it's a great thing. I'm divorced myself; wife would have talked me to death if I had not gotten one in time. I had nervous prostration for months, but as soon as it was settled I hioomed like a

"Well, ladies, kindly wait your turn. The first will step into my office."

He held open the door of an inner room,

and Molly Higgins, sobbing audibly, went

Cynthia sat in a daze. She saw them go in one by one, and come out again and steal away without a word. Old Grandma Petti-grew was shaking like a leaf. Jane Gandy straightened up.

"Well," she said, "if they ain't the glum-mest set I ever see! Yon'd think they were attendin' their own funerals!"

When at last they saw the lawyer beckon to them, with smiling face, Cynthia was al-

to them, with smiling face, Cynthia was at-most in a fever. They went into the little room and he motioned them to chairs, and sat opposte, twirling a penholder. Cynthia tried to speak. "Don't, na'am, don't!" He put out his hand reassuringly. "I know all abont it. I can diagnose exactly: Husband crael, beats

can diagnose exactly: Husband cruel, beats you twice a week, then soes to church and leads the prayermeeting."

Cynthis and no in indignamic-be's only foolish and aggravating and absent-minded!"

"I know," said the lawyer; "facts differ, main points the same—terrilie thing to he absent-minded. Sits on your best bornet, steps on your pet corn, walks regularly off the cellar-stairs. Very sad cases. I don't not consider the control of the your last marriage

Cynthia grew red.
"I was never married but once," she said lifly. "There ain't no last to lt."

"Then the first, ma'am—the first will do st as well."

just as well."

The lawyer scribbled something on a sheet of printed paper, filling in the blanks. "There, sign your name, please."
Cynthla took up the pen. Through the closed door she heard a confused murmur of volces—men's volces—and one of them belonged to Jonathan.

She stood up, gasping, "My hushand!" she cried; "my husband ls out there!

The lawyer rose hurriedly

"Don't worry, ma'am, I'll fix lt."

He went out silently, while Cynthia tared ahead of her and Jane Gandy

It's Sam Higgins," said the latter, "and Jonathan and Silas Pettigrew. Land sakes, they've missed their wives and tracked 'em

But Cynthia was turning red and white by

Jane Gandy crept to the door and put her

ear against it.
"Cynthy!" she gasped. "Cynthy!"
She sank down on the nearest chair, her

eyes terrifled. Cynthia whitened.
"Well," she said sharply, "what is it.
me? Don't be an idiot."

Jane's lips moved weakly.
"They're here gettin' divorces," she whis-gred. "Divorces!"

pered. Cynthla wondered if she was turning to a

What—did you say?" she stammered

slowly.

Jane threw up her hands.

'Jonathan," she said, 'is here, gettin' a

But Cyuthia had caught her arm wildiy.
"Call him!" she cried. "Call him back, do
you hear? That dumbed fool of a lawyer!"

you hear? That dumbed food of a lawyer!" She rushed over to the door and turned the knob. It was locked?

It was locked?

Outside they could hear disjointed murmurs, Jonathan's uncertain tones and Silas Pettigren's querulous ones in low concert. Cynthla's head was bent, her eyes rigidly fixed on a spot in the floor. Her lips trembled. She could scarcely keep from sobbiling. Jane looked about her, despessibling. Jane looked about her, despessibling.

sobbling. Jane looked about her, deeperately, she nudeed Cyntilis's arm.

"There's a window," she said. "Do you think we could get through it, Cynthia? It's an awful risk—It's so narrer we might stick haffway. Good land, don't stars so I want to get out—If you don't, say so like a Christian!" She went over to the window and raise it gingore. These law you are also many "she will you the she will be nantly, "shuttin" us in like this. Hist me up,

will you?"

Cynthia couplied. Her eyes were thick with tears. It was a tight squeeze, but they got through somehow and dropped to the ground below, mutthating a young honey-sackle-vine. Jame drews a long breath.

"Well," she said, "I'm goin' home—my nerves are all aquiver. If you want any more dealin's with that wretch of a Feebody,

more dealm's with that wretch of a Peabody, you'll have to go through 'em alone.'
"I'll stay here," said Cynthia shortly. Jane tossed her head.
"Well," she said. "It's you that's gettin' the divorce—not me! Good-by."
She nodded with a hint of dispust on her face and walked rapidly away.

In the shade of the porch Cynthia waited, a long time, it seemed. Hidden by the honeysuckie-vines, she saw

Jonathan come out, followed by the two

men.
Silas Pettigrew looked weak, and Sam
Higgius had his head down, but Jonathan
was warike — a new Jonathan, whom she
had not known for years.
The lawyer's volce, sharply insistent, followed them as they walked on, separating at
on alone, and the sight was more than she
could bear. She hurried after him with desperate eyes.

Perate eyes.

As he heard her footsteps he turned,
"Cynthy!" he said. "Cynthy!"
She was seized with sudden constraint.
"Been to Hudson's?" she asked.

He stopped shruptly.
"No," he faltered, "I—I been tendin' to a little matter. Sllas Pettigrew and Sam Higglus got into a kind of box, but we're out

"Was you in it, too?" she asked sharply.
He smiled his uncertain smile. As his eyes met hers they clouded with embarrassment.

"It's all right, Cynthy! All right!" "No, slr—it's not all right!" ca called an

angry voice.

They turned to see a stout, red-faced man

panting up the bill. panting up the bill.

Cynthia grew red. Jonathan turned pale

"Come on, Cynthy, let's go home," h
said, but Cynthia was rooted to the spot.

Where's my money?" cried the irate yer. "Here you two women come hunt-

lawyer. "Here you two women come num-ing me up for a divorce, and both of you sneak out when my back is turned." Cynthia looked at him doggedly. "You're plumb crazy," she said. "I didn't want 'any divorce—I only wen for the free advice." The lawyer waxed warmer.

The lawyer waxed warmer.

"There's no such thing are what they existed the such that they are the they existed the such that the

He shook his head

"No, Cynthy, I never did. Sam Higgins wanted me to. He said in case it wasn't respectable, it was a point in his favor to have a deacon of the church doing the same thing. But I hacked out.

"Well," said Cynthia grimly, "as we've both backed out, Mr. Peabody, good day! The lawyer stood in front of her,

"Two dollars." he repeated, "for con-

reupt of the law.
A light flashed in Cynthia's eyes.
"Well." she said, 'imaybe you've earned
your money. I don't know nothin' 'bout
law. You can go down to Jabe Lawson's,
next to Hudson's store, and collect two dollars he owes us for egg-money. Tell him I

The two went on in a great silence. Be-fore them the road lay white and glistening; above, the sky was a guileless-blue. Jonathan turned hestantly. "Cynthy, I could most die of shame."

"Cynthy, I could most die of shame." She nodded brightly.
"You're a fool, Jonathan—you'd be downright idiot without me around."
At the warmth of her tone his face beamed. 'Cynthy,'' he said, ''you're a good girl

sne smiled,
"Well, I'm not so extra angelic at times.
This time I guess the devil tempted us both
— you and me — but, anyway, that eggmoney did come in handy."

### THE HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 10

the stove looking well and prevents rusting. Old stockings make the best sort of dust-cloths when they are valueless for further wear. Cut off the feet, cut the legs from top wear. Cut out the feet, cut the feet must be to bottom, join them by lapping edges and stitching twice, run a narrow hem and moisten the cloth with kerosene. Hang in the air a little while and it is ready for use.

Mrs. M. L. Hagerman.

Wili some member of our circle who has bomesteaded, or who knows anything about land open for homesteads in Montana, kindty write me? We wish to "take up a claim," as we are anxious to have a home of our own, and naturally wish to learn all we can about the best parts of the State and what it is possible to do.

R. 8, Decatur, Ill. Mrs. E. A. Fulk.

I am very anxious to locate the family of A am Very anxious to locate the raminy of Charles Burke, whose wife's name, before her marriage was Mrs. Mary C. Roy Myers. They have three daughters who are nurses— Beulai Myers, Anna Laura Burke, and Mrs. Cella Vojgss. When I last heard from them they were living at Denbigh, Va., but my letters during 1918 were returned unclaimed. I know 'our paper' goes everywhere, so turn to it as the surest means of discovering them. I shall be truly grateful for any in-formation. Mrs. Edwin D. Taylor. 187 So. Center St., Spencer, Iowa.

I am very anxious to obtain copies of Hearth and Home containing the story 'William Wilde.'' It was published about eighteen years ago. Will return favor in any way possible. Please write. Mrs. Lydia Warnick.

R. 2, Cullman, Ala.

I wish to obtain copies of The American Woman for the last four months of 1918, and will return the papers, paying all post-age. Please write first, as but one copy of each number is needed.

Mrs. B. Hentmaker. 702 Bradley St., St. Paul, Minn.

Will some homemaker who has The American Woman for July, 1917, kindly write me?
Will return the paper, paying all postage, or repay the favor in any way possible.
Priest River, Idaho. Inez Young.

I very much wish to secure all the issu I very much wish to secure all the issues of The American Woman containing "His Official Fiancee." Will return papers in good condition, paying postage both ways. Please write first. Mrs. Jos Fischer. 1065 East Maple St., Sault Ste. Marie,

Our department has been such a help to many that I come to it in my need. My son was killed in service, in France. I have no large picture of him in uniform, but would be so glated sect one. He was in Company M., 301st Infantry, N. A. His company had a picture taken in December, 1917, but the supply was exhausted before he could geet one for me. He was it training at Camp get one for nie. He was in training at Camp Lewis, Tacom Wash, at that time. If any reader has such a picture, or knows of one, or the address of the photographer who took the picture, and will write me, I will return the favor in any way possible and be more grateful than I can express.

Box 465, Chinook, Mont

Many of the homemakers speak of using flour-sacks for different purposes; let me tell you how I utilize the small bags, holding two pounds and upward, of sugar and salt. Into pounds and upward, or sugar and sait. Into the very smallest ones I drop the bits of soap which are too small to be used any other way. By this means they can all be used in washing dishes, squeezing the bag dry each time. Bits of toflet-soap, in a bag by them-selves, are nice for the bath. Other bags I use to keep lettuce or other new vegetable Continued on page 16

## Do You Remember The Old Corn Doctor?



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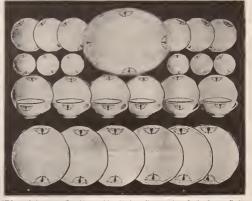
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bination of both is not so common. This
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very latest, much as is now displayed in can as Connecticut-made works at caso is birch-mahogany. The shape very latest, such as is now dispins all the fashionable city pewelry— We guarantee this clock to be satisf in every way and to reach you in condition.



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THE AMERICAN WOMAN Augusta, Maine

## Cinderella's Younger Sister

you're to dress there; the auto is to come for

Felicity stooped and kissed the eager, flushed face.

"And how about you?" she asked. "Pray. bow do you suppose you can manage with out me for so long?" But Josie had planned it all out.

"Old Sarah can come and stay with me, she can; and I really rather like her. She's so good-natured, and she just loves going to places. It's only a little way here for her."
'I wish you could come, too." said Felicity, surrendering to persuasion and the charms of the chiffon gown.

"Perhaps I shall when I'm grown up." said Josle. "And one day you said you'd take me to the theatre. Do you think we

can afford it?" "It shall be done," said Felicity. "I wish the fairy godmother had thought of taking

you to the theatre instead of me to the ball. I shall not go unless your cold is better, and, of course, unless old Sarah can come."

But the following Friday saw old Sarah that deat the domestic hearth, and saw, too, the automobile drive off with Felicity with the careful cold.

and the cardboard box.

and the cardboard box.

Josle watched the last flash of the lamps;
and a lump came Into her throat as she
leaned her head against the window-pane.
She had practised great self-denial for Feficity's sake, and she had said nothing about
the oppression and sharp pain in her chest
when she deser a long breath. Old Seach the oppression and sharp pain in her class, when she drew a long breath. Old Sarah meant well, and was kind; but Felicity was indescribably soothing when colds were about. She went slowly back to the fire, where Sarah contentedly clicked her knitting-nee

"I think Felicity will be the belie

Josle, leaning ber chin on her hand, and looking into the fire.

"That I'm sure she will!" responded Sarah, with a heartiness at which no one could cavil. "And perhaps the prince will

be there."
"The prince! Why, I quite forgot the prince!" exclaimed Josie. "Of course, there was a prince—wasn't three, Sarah;"
It was Monday afternoon. Felicity had lived for a few days in fallyriand. And Sarah's surmise was right; the prince had not failed to put in an appearance. The fairy golmother was charmed with Cin-derella, who, in her dainty frock, had been the belle of the ball. She had danced every dance—bad danced until the pretty white-satin slippers were frayed with much exer-

One little note had come from Jos One little note had come from Josle, saying that Sarah was kind and she was bappy, and that Feffelty was not to hasten home. And Felleity had written a little note, too, enclosing the dainty programme, which Josle had carefully studied all day and had kept under her pillow; for, truit to tell. Josle had been beinged to keep the from Joseph and the pillow; for the and that In the night she had cried for

Felicity's gentle touch.

But the ball-programme, with its little But the base-programme, who has little pencil, was a great comfort under her pillow. She had tried to make out the initials, some of which occurred again and again. P. R. D. "Itse," is nearly all waltzes P. R. D. likes," said Josie in a hoarse little voice, which at last an Monda armoning early she sent a telescent to Kelkelty, not knowing her address.

gram to Felicity, not knowing her address until the note had fallen from Josie's hot,

enched hand.

And by Monday afternoon Cinderella

and the prince were great friends.

Indeed, Cinderella began to wonder how she should go back to comparative rags and

poverty that night. And then suddenly the prince put his hand into bis pocket and

drew out a telegram.
"I'm so sorry." he sald. "It came for you this morning, and I quite forgot to give it

to you."
Felicity's face changed. Feilcity's face changed. She was not used to telegrams, and the official envelope seemed to bode ill-tidings. She tore it open, and then sprang to her feet. All ber pretty

and then sprang to her feet. All ber pretty color had faded away.

"Bad news?" asked the fairy godmother.

"Very, very bad." said Felicity, with trembling lips. "It is Josée. I ought to bave gone back bours and bours ago! Oh"—urning on the grief-stricken prince—"how could you! I must go now—this moment! She is very lill. Perhaps by now—"The fairy godmother booked very distressed.

tressed.
"She may be better, dear, not worse.
Order the car, Pbil."
"A taxi would be quicker," said the

Felicity said nothing. She only sat with

clasped hands, wondering duity what life would be like without Josle. She hardly heard her companion's self-reproaches: and presently be lasped into silence.

He handed poor Cinderella from the taxi, then put up his hand to the bell. Felicity caught his hand.

caught his hand.

"Don't," she sald quickly. "I have a key, and It might disturb her."

"I shall be back soon." said the prince, "with our own doctor; he's a shining light, "but Cluderella, with a pale face and goes heavy with anxiety, only shook, her head. She could not forgive the delayed telegram. and though the prince waited on the lower step, hoping for a backward glance, it never came. The door opened and shut. Cinderella had drifted from fairyland into the grim realities of the everyday world.

Josie was lying on the little couch in the sitting-room, amid a veritable bower of blossoms. Violets and Illies of the valley, daffodils, and even a handful or two of roses glorified the little room. A bright fire burned in the grate, one or two magazines and books lay about, a dainty cushion was placed behind Josie's bead, and a gafly striped, silken coveried kay across her fref. striped, silken coverlet lay across her feet, José leved pretty things, and she fingered it admiringly. Felicity sat in the easy chair opposite, and feasted her eyes upon her population of the striped proposition of the striped proposition of change and feeding up. Felicity's heart. filled with gratitude as she thought of the love and many kindnesses of the fally god-mother. Then at another memory she sighted, and tears came into the eyes.

She blinked them away, and stirred up the fire, but she could not deceive Josie, who had a wonderful faculty for putting two and two

tegether.

"Aren't the flowers lovely?" she said, stretching out a thin little hand toward the violets: "and how kind everybody is! The fairy godmother's a dear."

"She is indeed." assented Felfelty, tucking the coverlet coslly found Jose's toes.

"And I think I'd like to see the prince next time he comes to know how I am." said.

Felicity started, and the color rushed ov-

Féhicity started, and the color rushed over-ber face as she turned away.
"What do you mean?" she asked.
"There he is now—quick, quick," said
Josie, leaning upon her ebow as there came
the sound of a motor-horn and a knock and
the slow. "Felicity, don't let him
go away. I do so want to see what he s
"te.""

like."

And Felicity disappeared. The next moment the prince walked into the room alone. He was very gentle and cheerful with Josic, greeting her like an old friend, and sitting down beside her couch. He was very tall and broad, and had the kindest face imaginable. Itsels thought given bins to

nable, Josle thought, glancing from him to the portrait on the mantelpiece. He broke off a little bunch of grapes for Josle, and gave them one by one into her Jose, and gave them one by one into her weak little grasp, and before long they were talking away like old friends. But Cin-derella never came to see the prince. "Are your initials P. R. D.?" asked Josie,

Felicity?

'She won't come back while I'm here," I the prince. "She really might forgive sald the prince. "She me now you're better,"

me now you're better."
"Why is she angry with you?" asked
Joste. Then, for the first time, she heard
about the delayet delegram,
"If I'd—you know—not got well." said
Josie, sasely, "there really would have been
a reason, but now that I'm getting well she
certainly might make friends again."
"That's what I think, "agreed the prince,
eagerly, "We were such friends before."
"You mustn't think, because of this, that
Felicity's got a bad temper," said Joste.

Felicity's got a bad temper," said Josie, anxiously. "I dare say she can't make up her mind to say she's sorry."

sald the prince, "but just to listen to me when I say I am."

"Not even that; and it makes me very miserable."

And in another moment he and Felicity And they could not possibly guess that she were driving through the brightly lighted was asliamed of the many unkind reproaches

And they could not possibly guess that she was aslamed of the many unkind reproaches she had heaped upon the prince.

"Would you like to stay to tea?" asked Josle, when the visitor spoke of departure.

"Please, if Fel—if your sister wouldn't

Ring the beli," sald Josle-"very

And, as she bad imagined, Felicity came running, fearing something was the matter. Tea went off better than might have been expected; and when the prince offered to come the following day Felicity raised no objection.

He's dreadfully unhappy," said Josie "He's dreadfully unhappy," said Josie, when the prince had gone, and Felicity had drawn up a little stool in order to put her face on the pillow beside Josie's.
"It's only what he deserves," said Felicity, with a heartlessness that bewildered

With all her wisdom, she could not be ex-

pected to know that Felicity's heart was aching as sorely as the prince's. Then sud-denly Josle felt the soft cheek, pressed against her own, become wet with tears, and, after that, she guessed a little and put two after that, she guessed a little and put two and two together in ber sage little mind. She stroked Felicity's hair. "Will you tell the prince, to-morrow, that

you've quite forgiven him?" she asked presently. "What's the use of keeping presently. "What's the use of keeping things up?"

"If he'll let me I will," said Felicity, re-

pentantly.

It needed little wisdom next day to see

he needed inter wisdom next day to see how entirely the quarrel had been canceled. "You were quite right, you see, Sarah." said Josie, later in the day: "there really was a prince. He says we're all going to live in fairyland, and that we shall very soon have the cottage and flowers, and a pony as "the condent and heave and heaves." have the cottage and flowers, and a pony as well as a donkey, and heaps and heaps of eggs and cabbages, and sometimes even asparagus. Sarah. He says I needn't make the butter myself but that I can if I like."

### THE HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 15

in, placing them in the ice-hox. in, placing them in the ice-hox. Larger bags are double-seamed to prevent ravelings and used for jelly-hags, pudding-bags, etc., and the largest ones I make bags to hold small articles for the laundry, pieces of string, wrapping-paper, etc., turning down the top and running in a cord to hang by, one of these bags in the pantry, the storo-room or kitchen is a great help about keeping things tidy, and it is also a help to know just where to find a piece of twine, a bit of cloth, etc., when needed. cloth, etc., when needed.

Mrs. Mary T. Richardson.

Will some one who has the song hymnal entitled "White Wings Revised." kindly send me the songs. "Mother Knows," "Somehody's Boy" and "No Room for the Saviour," I wish them for a scrap-book, or book of selections. Will return favor in any way possible. Please write first, as I wish but one copy of each. Mrs. John Savage. Natural Bridge, N. Y.

eak little grasp, and one up one into her liking away like old friends. But Clinrelia never came to see the prince.
"Are your initials P. R. D.," asked Jose, when the following method: Take strips of ordinary newspaper, or good wrapping-paper, and paste on both sides of any crack in the wall, taking care not to get it directly over "Why, how dld you know?" asked the be-crack, then put on the pager, smoothing the crack of the put on the pager, smoothing the crack then put on the pager, smoothing the crack then put on the pager, smoothing the crack then the first issues containing the story. "Years for Deal Successful Property of the crack then the first issues containing the story." Years for Deal Successful Property of the crack then the put of the pager is the crack then the crack then the put of the pager is the first issues containing the story. "Years for Deal Successful Property and the pager is the pager is the pager is the pager is the first issues containing the story." Years for Deal Successful Property and the pager is the first issues containing the story. tried to sand it works wonders. Will some one who has the first Issues containing the story "Years for Rachel"—previous to April— kindly write me? Mirs. H. J. Becker. Box 134, Vulcan, Alta., Can.

#### The Homemakers' Receipt-Book Rhuharb-and-Orange Marmalade.

Ritinarib-and-Orange Marmalade. — Citt enough unpeled rhubarb into half-inch lengths to make four cups; add six cups of sugar, the pulp and juice of four oranges and grated yellow rind of one, and the fuice, pulp and grated yellow rind of half a lemon. Cook slowly in a porcelain-lined kettle until "You mustan't think, because of this, that ellective's got a bad temper," said Josle, trained to special the filter with the side will form a jelly when dropped on a cold plate. Pour into Jelly-glasses, cover with water paper and keep in a colo place. The side will be seen to me hen I say I am."

"Won't she even do that?" asked Josle. "Not even that; and it makes me very isserable."

"Yot ceven that; and it makes me very isserable."

"O' course it would!" sald Josle.

And, for a moment, she was buried in dee, one cup of sugar and one twell-beaten cought. But will Felletly never came.

Continued or page 14.

## The Value of the Tomato

By HARRIET MANNING

appear on our tables in some form or other, nearly every day of the ryear. While they cannot be stadier to drain. Chop one small onion chased as among the mirritions with the stadier to drain. Chop one small onion chased as among the mirritions with the stadier to drain. Chop one small onion of river-trouble, and we consider them pure tally responsible for the fact that when to-matoes are a feature of our diet during the winter and early months of the year, it is not necessary to take any spring medianty of the stadies and the stadies are stadied to the stadies are stadies OMATOES, either fresh or canned, Tomato Fancies

heat-producing elements, they are not a complete food in themselves, but in combination with meat and fish, eggs cheese, butter or oll

well as an ecolomleal one. Then, too, they help to make
the more expensive ingredients go further.
For sours they are an invaluable founcin
be served as a relish, and when properly
canned they keep well and retain their natural flavor. The one thing to remember in
canning is to avoid overcooking, for this
spoils the flavor and color of the tomato.
When peeling them, remember this task
is very simple if they are first put in a bowl
of boiling water and allowed to remain
there for one minute. The thin sich then
full for this
purpose, and
the tomatoes
may be placed
in the basket

In the basket and the whole lowered into boiling water, producing the same effect.

Here are some tested fresh-tomato will merit trial: which

### Green Tomato Ple As soon as the

green toma-toes are large

toes are large enough, make up a batch of tomato minee. Though deliciously spicy, it is less rich and heavy than ordinary minee meat, and therefore is better suited to warm weather. Chop fine and drain enough green tomates to make three pluts of solid pulp. Chop without draining, two marts of ambles. toes to make three pints of solid plup. Unop without drawings, two quarts of pipes and one and one-haff cripfis of suct. Add the juice and grated rind of one orange, one and one-half cupfuls earl of raishins and currants, half a cupful of theear, two and one-half cupfuls of sugar (or move, if needed), and half a tablespoonful of sait. Season to taste

with cinnamon, clove and allspice and simwill keep for baking, use a "lattice" top crust.

#### Venetlan Tomatoes

Rub to a the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and two level tablespoor fuls of butter. Add one and

one - balf
tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful
of powdered sugar mixed with one saltspoonful of dry mustard, a pinch of salt
and a little paprika. Heat to the sradt
int-point and stir in one heaten erg and
rounded tablespoonful of prated chees.
Cook until it thickens and pour over tomatose which have been pareful, cut in thirds,
drained and seasoned and broiled over a
of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one
clear fire.

the top with nut-tered crumbs and steam forty - five minutes. This pala-table side dish can be converted into the main dish for luncheon or dinner by using less tomato and adding chopped beef, lamb, fish or liver. The leftover pulp can be stewed and utilized as tomato-sauce.

they form a wellhalanced ration as

Tomalo Surpruse

and utilized as

tomato-sauce,
tomato-sauce,
bisque, or bouling,
leal one. Then, too, they help to make or merely chilled and served with lettuce



as a sitlad

omatoes with Hashed Eggs ramekins as there are persons to be beyond and place in each, cut side up, half of

a large ripe tomato. Allow for each person one hard-boiled egg, half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and one sardine (a table-spounful of any cold cooked fish may be substituted. Chee flace occording to the control of the control stituted. Chop fine, season with salt, pepper and a few drops of Worrestershire sauce and heap on the tomatoes. Cover with crumbs, baste

with melted butter and bake fifteen minutes in a

### Surprise

Scoop the inside large, firm being careful not to break not to break the skin. Mash the pulp, working smoothly into It one tea-spoonful of

linter, and one of cream, with salt, pepper and a dash of celery-salt. Cook this five minutes, adding enough brown breadintter, and one of cream, with sait, pepper and a dash of celery-sait. Cook this five minutes, adding enough brown-bread-crumbs to thicken. Let be shells stand in hot water just long enough to heat through without wrinkling, then fill with the hot mixture and serve at once with

#### Tomato-and-Baked-Bean Salad

baked beans with French dressing made of lemon in the proportion of three tablesuponfuls of all to one of lemor

julce. Sur-round with sliced ton toes which have also been dipped

Mix

#### Tomato Salad

Cut tops Lum there are per-sons to he served. Fill with chopped cucumbers

A good boiled dressing is made as 1000ws: One and one-half teaspoonfuls of mustard, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of mustard, a few grains of Cayenne, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one cup of milk or cream, two eggs.





### Earn One of These Table-Covers



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THE AMERICAN WOMAN Augusta, Maine

## BITTER-SWEET

By ADA MARY HARRIS

CT you don't love me enough you ask me to give

—you can't love me enough. If you ask me to give up all of these things I've had all my pride," protested the cith, both your own pride," protested the cith, both your own in the control of think it's selfish pride, or that I would have you suffee for just a whim or finne. It means my very life and bonor to me. After we are city wou a basice, or all the luxuries but you cleave you a basice, or all the luxuries but you married, I want you for my own. I can't give you a palace, or all the luxuries, but you won't have to work, for we could have a couple of servants. We would have a little home and we would be so happy. It isn't money or show that count, dear; it's love; and a man must have and hold his wife and his home for his own. He can't iet another man—even his wife's own father—pay for his household- and home-expenses, and feel like a real man. Don't you love me enough to give up the vanities of life for me?" he begged.

The girl slowiy shook her head "It isn't that I don't love you enough to give up these things, but father has millions more than he can spend; why shouldn't he give me lots of money and beautiful things as he has always done? I don't think you have any right to ask me to give up this kind of life, and if you were unselfish in your love,

of life, and if you were unselfish in your love, you wouldn't ask it of me."

"I'd feel like haif a man, and in time, you would lose some of your respect for me."

His face was white and drawn. "No," he said, gravely and simply, 'I can never do it."

The grir caught her breath quickly and the property of the property

The red autumn moon hung low in the sky, over the old gray wall at the end of the garden. The leafess, gray vine with its brave bunches of red berries, clung to the brave bunches of red berries, clung to the wall—bitter-sweet—most loyal of all the gay summer beauties to the homely old friend that had sheltered them. Seated on the quadni stone bench, the girl might have been the slender spirit of autumn itself, in her soft amber-colored dress, with the bitter-sweet berries in her blue-black halt. Her hiue eyes, into which the pitiful autumn note seemed to have crept, gazed unseeingly over the bare garden. The summer sunshine seemed to fade slowly from them, and the chill dark clouds of the coming winter pass into them.

The man, gifted artist though he was, had no eye for the beauty of the picture. All he saw was that dear face he had called his own, with the warm sunlight of her love for him, fading slowly from it, and the cold shadow of deliherate distrust falling over it.

The soft, slow music of a waltz sounded from the distant house, where youth and love danced gayly, and out into the garden wandered the spirit of the melody, the high, piercingly sweet strain of a violin.

The man's face beneath its healthy tan, grew whiter, as he watched the beautiful face intently, but his own was fixed with a

face intently, but alsown was niced with a
determination of fove and proud manlines
which nothing could alter.
A little bunch of bitter-sweet herries fell
from the wall, breaking the tense silence.
Slowly the girl turned her face toward

'Is that final?" she asked, with coid de-

liberateness.

"Yes—but, oh my dearest—" his voice hroke pleadingly.
She waited an instant.

She waited an instant.
"Then, good-by," she said in a low, dull voice, and walked slowly toward the house. Like a statue of despair, he watched her. Only once, she faltered and paused as though to trus back, and he stretched out his arms with all the longing of his great love. But she walked slowly on, and with a dry sob, he sank upon the bench and buried his face in his famade, send it, is the other uncertainty.

Desire excused herself to the other guests Desire excited nersen to the other guests at the gay country house-party, and went directly to her room. She gazed from her window at the lonely figure in the garden; then suddenly flung heirself face downward

He was so dear. He had been everything He was so dear. He had been everything to her since that glorious day last spring when he had come into her life. And now, on account of his selfish pride, it must all end. Oh, it wasn't right—it wasn't right. But after all, was he selfish? Hadn't it been

but be sure, and she had loved him—how she had loved him! After all, perhaps he was right; could she have the same high honor and love for him, if she married him, only to let her father keep her as he had always done? All night she pondered, torn between true love and pride. Love conquered, and for the first time in her petted life, the heautiful, but spoiled "little daughter of the rich," gave up her pride and love of the rice, gave up ner price and love of the things that money can buy. As the dawn stole softly into her room, she fell asleep, tired out with her struggle, but happy as a child, to dream of the brave, sweet surrender to love which should be hers in the morning.

Coming down a trifle late to breakfast. she found her hostess announcing in disap-pointed tones the departure of Richard Vandiveer.

Vandiver.

"Yes; he left for the five-thirty train to the city. He left a message that he had been called into town hurriedly, and regrets that he will not be able to return."

All the sweet drams of the night hefore faded suddenly. Too late! When would she see him again?

Richard's first thought had been to spare his presence, which might be embarrassing to Desire, his second to go where he would be alone with his hurt. He feit sure that his love was hopeless. A man might try a lifetime, and never amass a fortune equal to the one from which Desire Wendeli had always one from which Desire Wendell had always drawn. He didn't nucle are where he went. The world was a dreary place with all the sunshine gone from it; and he couldn't hear to meet his friends. There wasn't anyone to care where he went, or what he did, now, so he would just drop out of sight for a while. Even his art, which, before he had met Desire, had been his all-absorbing passion, falted him.

He took passage on the first steamer and urled himself in the mountains of Switzer-

One morning, on one of his iong tramps, he came across an odd little building, too big for a cabin, too small for the summer home of a rich man, yet curiously perfect in every detail and quaintly picturesque among the snow-capped hills. As he paused at the gate, a white-haired man came out of the house and went slowly

man came out of the stude of the down the walk.

"Blest if he doesn't look like a child of Uncle Sam," thought Richard, as the old man advanced, gazing at him intently.

"You are an American, I take it," said the stranger, with simple directness. "I've seen to the stranger with simple directness."

"You are an American, a case it, some see stranger, with simple directness." The seen you tramping ahout these hills. It's good to see someone from God's country again Warwick is my name sir, Robert Warwick. Won't you come in?" he urged with courtly ospitality.

Wondering curiously at the man's man-

ner, Richard went into the house, and thus began a friendship which was to iast many months and mean more to both of them than they knew

After several calls, the hermit (for such he seemed) asked Richard to come and stay with him for as long as he might be in the

intry. "Why not?" thought Richard; "one pla as good as another. I will stay with hi is as good as another.

One day, being alone in the lodge, Richard One day, being atone in the lodge, Richard sat musing by the fireplace, and as ever, his brush began sketching the old, old dream, the slender girl with the blue-black hair. Coming upon him unaware, Warwick glanced over his shoulder at the picture, and

his face suddenly paled,
"Who is that girl?" he asked sharply Richard wheeled about, startied, then ap-

ailed at the change which had come over as usually reserved friend, helped him to a chair by the warm, glowing fire.

Then for the first time his reserve melted, and he told his story of love and disappointment. The old man listened with curious

ment. The old man histened with curious intentness and a strangely deep sympathy. "And her name?" he asked eagerly, when Rlehard had finished.
Richard hestatated an instant.
Richard hestatated an instant.
"Ash, the trony of fate!" nummured the old man by the fire. "Listen, son, while I tell you my story. You wondered why the portraits os startled me. I towed her mother, and the proposed of the properties But after all, was he selish? Hadon it is oeen it was your axes, a use are the list very pride and maniliness that had at its FHALE. It was like magic, the quick, sure tracted her? He stood for all that was sense. I felt that here was the one woman strong and sincere. So many men had made in the world for me. My great, sure love love to her, and she had never been sure just made me confident; and, besides, I was young, which had loved her, and which had loved in the world hope, and had a fortune in my her father's millions. Richard loved her for own name. Before I had known her a month beastf alons. Of that, she could not be by

feet. She was kind and very gentle, but she loved another—a poor student—and they were to be married as soon as he graduated in the spring. My life has been lonely, although I have more than realized the dreams of my youth as far as fame and position go.

I hear that he has prospered well, and now has millions, while—look at me—my life almost spent, still louely, and with nothing but this one comfortable little niche for my

Yet he haif smiled with a curious look in his eyes as he finished.

his eyes as he finished.
Several months passed, when one morning Richard, returning from one of his long
mountain tramps, found Warwick sitting
very still before the dying log-fire. He did
not answer to the cheery gereing, and bending over him with quick concern, Richard
found his body stiff and cold. Robert Warwick was dead,
which was dead,
the control of the cold with the forfered had once. Richard recealed what his
fered had once is told him. Clarathine has

A week later, Richard recailed what his frieid had once told him. "If anything hap-pens to me," he had sald, half shyly, "I want you to take the key which you will find in my purse and open the Iron cupboard over

the fireplace."

the fireplace." The key was easily found and, with a curious feeling of something about to happen. Richard opened the door. He found an old box containing several papers, yellow with age which confirmed what he has always believed, that his mysterious friend had been a man of high rank, evidently a diplomat, much trusted and honored, both by the uppoint, much trinster and nonored, both by his own country and those to which he had been sent. As he turned them over thoughtfully, a small photograph fell out. It was that of a very heautiful woman, so like Desire, he knew it could be no other than he mother. One paper, quite fresh, he had not and each with minghed emotions and creativity minghed emotions and growing astonishment "Richard, my son, for you have been both

friend and son to me, you have never known how much your sincere and unselfish love has meant to me. I know your friendship was for myself alone and not for riches or was for myself alone and not for riches or favor. Coming when I was most lonely and hopeless, you have brightened and made rich by your frendship, the last years of my life, for I am sure I have not many more months to live. I have a surprise in store for you, and I beg you to accept it as you would from a father. You think I am poor, would be to be a surprise in store that my world; we shall be so rolled in the hot my world; we shall be so rolled in the world was a surprise of the source of the surprise in the my foreme, always considerable, has grown so I am in love and the deeper joys of line, but my worldly wealth has rolled up until mean that the deeper was the control of the control of

Deeply moved by the expression of love in the letter, Richard stood with head rev-erently bowed before the memory of his

friend.

Then the full import of the message came over him. Here was the fortune with which he could make Desire happy? Re would start to-morrow. After all, perhaps, life held its fullest measure for him.

It seemed strange to mingle with people again. At the first city he stopped, and with the feebing that it was good to be in the busy, hustling world once more, he bought a English newspaper, aped out before his eyes,

AMERICAN LINER BURNED AT SEA

The big U. S. A. passenger ship, Marianna, famous for her luxurious appointments, was destroyed by-fire to-day in midocean. Wireless unable to signal. The crew and all the passengers are lost.

And in the list of passengers were the

John Wendell, 48, New York millionaire. Desire Wendell, his daughter, 22, New

With broken heart, and the dull misery of a beaten man, without love or hope, Richard Vandiveer fled back to the solitude of his mountains. He would let their vast silence and restful lonellness soothe his hurt, and in his art, he would find expression for those joys which he craved.

So he thought; but his brush, once so Concluded on page 19

## The Bride and the Mother-in-Law

By RICHARD ARNOLD

HE young woman showed a beautiful deference to the silver-haired lady, and the latter seemed de-voted to her pretty companion. "That's her daughter, isn't it?"

I inquired curiously.
"Daughter-in-law," corrected my friend.
"Why they act exactly like a fond mother and an affectionate daughter," I exclaimed

'It's the way they ought to act, isn't it?"

said my friend.
"But they seldom do," objected I. "You know yourself that 'ln-laws' usually live in a

state of armed neutrality."
"My dear," said my friend impressively, as she drew me into a corner to drink my cup of tea, for we were at an afternoon reception,

"let me tell you all about it!"

And then she told me how the mother-in-And then she told me how the mother-in-law had once confessed to her that when her son was first engaged she had felt very hit-city ahout it, as he had been all his life her own devoted cavaller. His flancee was two years his senior and not in such good social position, coming from a family in humble circumstances. But she was an exceedingly clever and pretty grif and everybod spoke circumstances. But she was an extendingly clever and pretty grif and everybod spoke low, and his mother's coldness to the grif of his choice cut him to the heart. Imper-ceptibly his manner toward his mother changed. He tried hard to act in the old way, but he bitterly resented what he con-sidered her injustice to the dearest person in the world.

The mother, however, was a woman of brains as well as heart and soon hegan to realize she was acting selfishly as well as foolishly

foolishly. "I said to myself," she'declared whimsically to my friend, "that I must either adopt a daughter or lose a son. There could be no halfway measures about it. One or the other must be done. And so as I would infinitely rather do the former than suffer the lifelong grief of the latter calamity, I turned right about face—fortunately it was not too late—and now I have the dearest of daughters and the most loving of sons."

And the little bride said: "My mother in-law is wonderful. She is as sympathetic as my own mother. I don't know what I should do without her."

know what I should do without her."
This tale is just a bit of real life with a happy ending, but we have only to look around us to realize how many mothers-in-law there are unwilling to take this sensible, unselfish view of the subject and therefore storing up for themselves a great deal of needless unknumbers.

storing up for themselves a great deal of monedless inhalpitess, enhers a son is the fact that the state of the majority that and emotion in life. In her son the mother renews her youth. To the bride, her husband is her mate, the means of awakening the mysteries of life to lier. He is the realization or disappointment of all her/ideals, and the makins of a new world

When both bride and mother-in-law fully realize these things and recognize each other's rights regarding this husband and sou of theirs, it means great happiness for all. When there is friction between them, as there so often is, it is a hard matter for the son to decade against his own mother, but he owes a certain loyalty to his wife and unless she is grievously in the wrong he is in honor bound to take her part. But more often he plays the neutral and lets them fight it out son to decide against his own mother, but he

What should a sensible, loving bride do in this position?

First, never forget that his mother i given the best part of her life to her son. She has known him even before birth, she, his mother, has guided him to manhood and mother, has guided him to maninous and developed him into the man you have chosen above all others for your life's part-ner. Remember you have won him even from her. Therefore you owe it to both yourself and your, husband to with her love and devotion. Treat your mother-in-law in exactly the same manner that you expect a exactly the same manner trust you expect a future daughter-in-law to treat you. Show your appreciation of her through her son. Do not he jealous or petry shout his affec-tion for his mother. On the other hand, encourage him to offer her little personal gifts and attentions. Let her always feel as though she were still part of her son's life as you permit your mother to be part of your

use it against the bride. A young girl likes nothing better than to be loved and uppreclated by her limbound's family and particulated in the inhosind of the property of the property of the soft with the respect of his son's wife. He does this simply by treating her as his daughter. The hride loves him for it. Take a tip from father and you will have gained another daughter without losing a son.

### BITTER-SWEET

Concluded from page 18

obedient to his every wish, seemed to divine his heart and would paint but one image— his Desire in all her moods. His one solace seemed to he in those dear pictures of her and with loving, reverent art, he recalled memories of her, until they seemed almost

Desire waited long, but no word came of Richard, or news of his whereabouts. Peo-Richard, or news of ms whereabouts. People wondered, but carelessly put it down to the "eccentricity of genius," that comfortable phrase which covers so many strange happenings. They thought his artist soul had craved solltude, and that he had just run off to some romantically beautiful place and would return with wonderful paintings to delight them.

to delight them.

But Desire knew better, and she worried and grew paler, and as the months wore by lost all ber gay animation and joy in life. Her father noticed the change, and worried. "Little girl," he said one day, "if you can't tell your old dad what's bothering you, he can at least try to help. This summer I'll take a long vacation and we'll trot off to-centre and see some of the hearties of the content and the content and the content and see some of the hearties of the gether and see some of the heauties of the

"Daddy, you're too good to me," she cried, but her eyes were full of tears, The following month, they sailed for

It was sunset in the mountains, the glorious sunset which only the beautiful mountains of Switzerland ever witness. Richard Vandiveer, returning from a day's hunting, felt the sublimity of the hour. Dreaming as ever, of Desire, he seemed to see he beautiful face among the distant clouds. Coming around a bend on the path, he came face to face with a heautiful grid with blue-black hair and wistful eyes—Deairel No. 18 of the properties of the It was sunset in the mountains, the glo-

white-haired man brought A dignified, whi him to earth again.

him to earth again.
"Pardon, sir," he said in French, "could you direct us to the village? My daughter and I have lost our way, tramping through the mountains, and the lateness of the hour

the mountains, and the lateness of the nour has increased our anxiety." Richard's bewildered brain at last cleared and then worked like lightning. It was truc—here was Desire! How she came there, he did not know, but now he must find out if she still cared. They would must flud out if she still cared. They would not recognize him with his rough beard and rugged face, in this out-of-the-way corner. His hair, whitened over the temples by grief, disguised him still more.

dissuised him still more.

He replied is English.

He replied is English.

Le could direct them to the village, to the could direct.

Why not remain at this lodge until morning? It was spachous, and he would be glad to have guests from his native land. Also, he would show them what a famous supper he could cook for them, all furnished from his mountain his mountain. garden.

garden.

So it was decided, and they returned to
the lodge. Mr. Wendell, happy to find a
man of his own land, talked freely; told him
of the shipwreck which had so nearly ended
their lives and gave a thrilling account of their miraculous escape

their miraculous secape.

Desire was silent. Who was this man with
the strong, dark face and with eyes so like
those of her dear, boytsi lover? Arrived at
the lodge, Richard hade them make themselves "at home" while he cooked them a
supper "in for a king." He directed Desire
to a room where she might brish up, and as
the silent while the silent brish up, and as
the silent was the silent brish up, and as
the silent was the silent brish up, and as
the silent was the silent brish up, and as
the silent was the silent brish up, and as
the silent was the silent brish up, and as
the silent was the silent brish up, and as
the silent brish up lost happiness of love.

As she closed the door behind her, But the mother-in-law must also do her glaned casualty about the room, then—obligant. Very few sons ever throw off en-what manyel was this? On every side were triefly a mother's influence over them; and pictures of herestf, Desire Wengell, in every this is for the best, as the love of a good mood and expression—the Desire of two mother is a wonderful aid and guidance to a years ago. Wondering, half rightnend, she known to take advantage of this fact and paused at lass before one. Seated ou a known to take advantage of this fact and paused at lass before one. Seated ou a

quaint stone bench, with the soft moon rising behind the old gray wall, the girl in the picture was the reinerantion of youth and life. But instead of the cold, hesitant glance of doubt, the eyes held only the warmth and tenderness which perfect love above can give and on the harc old wall hung brave little bitter-sweet berries. It was a picture of the things that should have been painted that picture. Where was he? Could she find him? She would ask their big gental host with the lined face of a strong man and-eyes of a boy. eyes of a boy

eyes of a boy.

After supper, as her host was showing her his picturesque little garden, she inquired suddenly: "Do you know a man named Richard Vandiveer—an ardist?"

"Why, yes, there was a chap by that name here, some time ago but," he added simply, "he's gone now."

"Not—not dead," she her heart, who must not feel to her heart, who and a cold feel as her heart her her heart, and a great joy surged through him.

No, he is not dead," he said gently

paused. His voice broke on the old fond little play upon her name. "Desire." he whispered softly, "my Heart's Desire."

## THE HOMEMAKER

Continued from page 16

egg; mix these ingredients well together, fill a pie-plate lined with rich pastry, add just a dash of sait and a piece of hutter as large as a walnut cut in bits and sprinkled over the op, cover with the upper crust and bake in

medium oven. Rhubarh Conserve. a medium oven.

Rhubarh Conserve. — To five cups of tender rhubarh cut in half-lnch pieces add five cups of granulated sugar and let stand overnight. Add one or two lemons cut in bits and all seeds removed, and one cup of seeded raisins cut in two. Cook all slowly seeded raisins cut in two. Cook all slowly until well done, taking care not to scorch, and just before taking from the fire add a cup of English walnut-meats cut in small pieces. The nut-meats should be heated through only. Put in glasses and cover with melted paraffine or waxed paper hefore puttling on

the covers.

Canned Rhubarb. — Choose uice tender rhubarb; if old, peel it. Cut in pieces an Inch long and pack in slass fruit-fars, shacking down and filling the lars as full as possible. then place mider the coldewater faucet and let the water run fifteen or twenty minners, to make sure all air-bubbles are expelled. Serew on the cover, having the rubbard away. Canned in this way, rhubarb will keep for winter use, and is as nice as if just pulled.

Rhubarb Wine (requested). barh that is quite ripe; cut eight pounds in thin slices, put it into four quarts of boiling rain-water, put into a tuh or firkin and cover closely with a thick cloth or hlanket. Stir t twice every day for a week, then strain through a cloth, add four pounds of loaf-sugar, the judee of two lemons and the rind of one. To clear it dissolve one ounce of isinglass in a pint of the liquid, heated in a issignass in a prior the induit, heated in a porcelain-lined saucepan. When quite cold add to the wine and pit it in a small cask, closing the bung after fermentation ceases. I have never made this, as I do not believe in wines or liquor of any kind that Is fermented, but a neighbor says it is very nice. so I give the receipt in response to a re-quest. Mrs. L. W. Farrell.

Molded Cereal. — I have baking-powder Moded Cereal.— I have baking-powder cans of three sizes, and when there is any cereal left from breakfast I hutter the can which will hold the amount and pack in the cereal while hot. Theu I have only to slip it out of the can, cut in silices and fry. Sometimes there are three varieties, but it all goes and proves a welcome change from the boiled or steamed cereal, freshly made, beside being a saving.

side being a saving.

Aunt Kate's Cake. — Mix one cup of sugar and one half cup of molasses; add to it one and one-half cups of sour milk and beat well; sift three scant cups of flour, a heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch, one teaspoon
Concluded on page 29

## Which Government Position Do You Want?

"SERVICE STAR" Postmaster . Bookkeeper \ Gov't Clerk ',

\*

SERVICE STAR!

"ears" ("countrion") means on a "countrion" means of Government extirity. Thou of the start of Government extirity. Thou of the start of Government extirity. The start of Government extirity. Thou of the start of Government extirity. The start of Government extires the s Internal Revenue Post-office Clerk

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Given for Four Subscriptions



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1440. Three blades and a siag-handle
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#### Crushed-Silver Bonbon-Dish

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1935. You must see this dish to fully appreciate it. It is all in slining silver and gold. The outside is thrice coated with sterling silver and the inside is bright with a little deposit of gold.



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No. 1109. As a model of usefulness this set will take first rank among school-children and blk folks alike. Every article is made on quality standard by the Eagle Penell Company. See what a splendid assortment is sent in each box.



#### SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift that you would most like to have and send us the required number of the control of the control

THE AMERICAN WOMAN



#### Ladies' and Misses' Tucked Waist

A SUMJERY waist of white landker-chief-linen. No. 9339, has very fine tucks all the way across the front and a very attractive pointed collar. The walst is made to slip on over the head and fastens on the shoulders. Either the full-length or clow-length selects may be used. Obw-length selects makes the selection of the The ladies. The selection of the selection of the third of the selection of

44 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 21 yards of 36-inch material

#### Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt

A GOOD model for business or general war, No.5349, is gathered at the back and sides at the slightly raised waistline. No. 9349, is cut in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist means to the size from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 2‡ yards of 36-inch material and 2‡ zards of bluid.

#### Children's Rompers

THE coolest and most comfortable way to dress little tots in the hot weather is to slip on a pair of sensible rompers like No.

The children's rompers-pattern, No. 9354, is cut in sizes for from 1 to 6 years. To make the rompers in the 4-year size will require 12 yards of 36-inch material.

#### Ladies' Dress

POLKA-DOT foulard or voile makes up most effectively in this style, No. 9361, which has exceptionally good tines.
The ladies' dress, No. 9361, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 5½ yards of 36-inch material, with 1½ yards of 32-inch contrasting goods, and 2 yards of ribbon for sush.

#### Children's Dress

JUST the kind of dress that the little girl

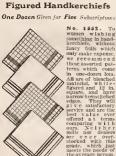
JUST the kind of dress that the little girl of eight years or less will feel the most comfortable to play in, is No. 9338. The children's dress-pattern, No. 9338, is cut in sizes for from 2 to 8 years. To make the dress in the 4-year size will require 1 yard of 324-inch plaid material, with 1 yard of 36-inch plain material.

#### Ladies' and Misses' Dress

YOUTHFUL in its simplicity is this unusually charming frock, No. 9358, which is well adapted to the use of bordered material. The ladies' and misses' dress-pattern, No.

The lattics and misses or tess-pattern, No. 9358, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and from 36 to 40 inches bust measure. To make the dress in the 36-tuch size will require 1½ yards of 41-inch bordered material with 1½ yards of 36-inch plain material, with 3 yards of 8-inch ribbon.

We will send patterns of any of the garments illustrated and described above, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of fiften cents each. In ordering, give number of pattern and size wanted. Each number calls for a separate pattern. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine



No. 1552. To women wishing to women myshing something in hand-kerchiefs, without along years and the second himself which condy make expense. The second himself with these assorted patterns which come in one-dozen lots. All are of bleached and are of bleached and the square, and have a second himself with the second

White



Men's Sport-Shirt

A sport-shirt, No. 9340, showing several new features, is gathered to a yoke across the back.

The men's sport-shirt-pattern, No. 9340, is cut in sizes for 14, 143, 15, 153 and 16 inches neck measure. To make the shirt in the 143-inch size will require 4 yards of 32-inch material.

#### Ladies' One-Piece Apron

IN order to appear as cool and as neat as possible during the warm days that remain, one really needs just such an apron as No. 9346, to slip on in the mornings. It is cut all in one piece and slips over the head. The ladies' one-piece apron-pattern, No. 9346, is cut in sizes for 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the apron in the 36-material, with 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting material, with 2 yard of 36-inch contrasting material and 92 yards of binding.

#### Ladies' House-Dress

MADE up of gingham with trimmings of white, this house-dress, No. 9348, be-comes very presentable for morning or porch

wear.
The ladies' house-dress-pattern, No. 9348. Is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 linches bust measure. To make the house-dress in the insizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the house-dress in the in sizes for from 6 to 14 years. To make the material, with \(\frac{3}{2}\) yard of 36-inch contrasting of 27-inch material, with \(\frac{3}{2}\) yard of 36-inch contrasting of 27-inch material, with \(\frac{3}{2}\) yard of 36-inch contrasting of 27-inch material.

#### Ladies' and Misses' Waist

THE roll collar extends into broad revers at the front, which are daintily out-lined with tiny crisp ruffies. The back of the waist. No. 9334, laps over the shoulders

in yoke effect. The ladles' and misses' waist-pattern, No. 9334, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 24 yards of 36-inch material, with 24 yards of ruffling.

#### Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt

A WELCOME change from the usual three-piece skirt, is No. 9350, and has the right gore cut much wider than the left. bringing the closing over on to the left-side

The ladies' three-piece skirt-pattern, No. 9350, is cut in sizes from 24 to 34 inches waist measure. To make the skirt in the 26-inch size will require 2‡ yards of 36-inch material, with 6½ yards of binding.

#### Girls' Dress

SERVICEABLE as well as becoming is this little dress, No. 9345, of navy-blue challis, with relieving touches of white or-

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even a child can put a fine working-point
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of every family, school or oftee. It will
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alternature, immensioned attracts your control of the control of t



#### Narrow-Band Wedding-Ring

Given for Four Subscriptions

Green for Four Subscriptions
No. 1852. Even wedding-rings change in
No. 1852. Even wedding-rings change in
the control of the control of the control
is the narrow, well-rounded ring, like our
lithistation. It is insever and thicker than
the old-style day bound ring, and for
the control of the control
is appropriate for either man or woman,
sizes from 5 to 13. It will give satisfactory service for many years. He sure
to give ring sizes.



Baltic-Crash Scarf

Given for Six Subscriptions



Daisy-and-Wheat Center

Given for Four Subscription No. 1993. Our Daky-and Wheat Center is very unisual, yet beautiful when completed. It within within with both war and took well. The shell like edge is for buttonfole. The rest of the knots. The shell like edge is for buttonfole. The rest of the knots. The design consists of the flower and wheat aprays with bowknots, which are conwing a proper of the constraint of the c



**Brotherhood** Ring

Combination Fountain-Pen and Pencil Given for Nine Subscriptions

Given for Five Subscriptions No. 1988. Our beautiful Brotherhood Ring is of 1-20 gold stock, and is one of the very latest places of jewelry. We are sure that it will please you.

Sailor-Boy Jackie



Worthwhile Premiums for The American Woman Club-Raisers

Large Gems 12K Filling

Any Size Given for Four Subscriptions No. 1849. One of the most recent develop-ments in generings is the oblong shape running across the finger. We ofter choice of four perfectly imitated stones, Sapphire, Ruby, Emerald, or Amethyst. Sizes 5 to 13. State stone and size-sure.



Child's Belcher-Set Ruby

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1413. Extra value and quality apparent in this popular style. Illustra does oot display setting to advant Stone is righly colored and true to orig



Ladies' Jeweled Pin

Two Waist-

Subscriptions

80. 1893. I was have searched in vain for a wate-factory fountsin-pen, here is the food of your quest, so the factory fountsin-pen, here is the food of your quest, so the factory foundsin-pen for the factory foundsing the factory foundsing the factory for the factory for

No. 1975

Given for Two Subscriptions

Two Subscriptions

Two Subscriptions

Two Subscriptions

No. 1976. Here is a little pin that will appeal to all our lady readers. It is in the form of a circle surrounding a star, the outer edge heigh set with Runkes, Pearls and the colors of our flag, Red, White and Blue, in a setting of the colors of the set filled gold.

No. 1975. Liberty Silver is used for the underlying material, over which there is a 14K gold plate. We will engrave three initiate or any name of not more than ten letters. The engraving cuts through the gold, showing the bright metal, making a very handsome pin.

#### SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman at our special **Club-Raisers** price of **35 cents** each; we will send each subscriber this magazino one year, and we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions

The American Woman



Cake-Plate

Giren for Four Subscription:

Giren for Four Suberoptions
No. 1988. This china Calco-Plate will be prized by all women on account of 18
The crinkful edite, of a delicate variety of the capter of the c



New-Idea Crochet-Needle Given for Four Subscriptions

Green for Four Subscriptions
No. 2002. Those who have used this new
crochet - needle. including members of
adopt this needle, you never will go hack
to the old one. The flat handle enables one
to hold the needle, you never will go hack
to the old one. The flat handle enables one
to hold the needle easily and securely between
hand, thereby giving a uniformity to the
work which cannot be secured by any other
hand, thereby giving a uniformity to the
work which cannot be secured by any other
hand, thereby giving a uniformity to the
work which cannot be secured by any other
handle in French I was not been considered.
The media of the secure of the handsome plushlimits and the secure of the secure of the secure
security of the security of the security of the
security of the s

## The American Woman Calendar

Then August 1. Friday
Then from the past with its aid repret:
Hard to the dawn when the sun is set.
Turn to the dawn when the sun is set.
Turn to of case.
Let us no forset.
Let us now reed in the assurance that we assure that the sun is set.
Let us now reed in the assurance that we assure that the sun is set.
Let us not away all care, worry and belief civil, and strive to realize our oneness with o Pather.

August 3, Sunday

Eternai life is here! That life is love!
My life is centered in the life above.

Eternal life is here; I rest in peace,
And as I live in God, all joys increase.

Angust 4. Monday
Greatness is usually a hy-product. It comes
to those who are so busy accomplishing some
task that needs to be done that they have no
time to think of their own glory.

Aligust 5. Tuesday

Who blesses others in his daily deeds Will find the healing that his spirit needs: For every flower on others' pathway thrown Confers its fragrant beauty on our own. August 6. Wednesday

Do not think that what your thoughts dwell upon is of no matter. Your thoughts are making you and your environment and circumstances. Therefore think only such things as you wish to see made manifest in the visible resu

August 7. Thursday If you want to meet a smile,
Take one with you all the while.
Tis a saying that rings true:
What you give comes back to you.
August 8. Friday

Do not waste your time thinking about how people have wronged you. Forgive everybody and start anew. Your rusty grudge against a neighbor binds you tighter to hard circumstances than can any deed that neighbor could possibly do to you.

possibly do to you.

Justice 9, Saturday

Is there a pass with a judgment-debt?

Do what you can, them also your pledge:
And, turning away from the memory-free,

Live e-can to freger.

August 10. Sunday

The sease of God present—a very prosent help in time of trouble—diministre all ovil, all it does away shealtrely with that hydra-headed monster—fear. This sense of over-present good-ness is satisfaction and ancesses.

There's a Kusfaction and success.

August 11. Monday

There's a Kusfust 11. Monday

There's a Rust and It's just
the reced for me.

It has reced for me.

It can stand the test of ages and subdue the
skeptic's succ.

For the leggly creed of kindness has no enemy
to fear.

August 12. Tuesday

August 12. Tuesday

Count your blessings and husy yourself in
building up your health, happiness and prospectively by thicking about good. You can never aiman denergy in foolish worries and grudges. This
and energy in foolish worries and grudges. This
and energy in foolish worries and grudges. This
and energy in foolish worries and grudges. The
same one is sad? then speak a word of cheer:
Some one is and? then speak a word of cheer.
Some one is a failed! protect him from depair:
Some one is a failed! protect him from depair:
Some one is a failed! protect him from depair
This is the creed that gives a well-earned rest;
In blessing others, thou thyself are blest.

All that really is, all that exteat, it good; that
which we cail evil is lack of good. If God is all,
and without Him nothing is made, 'how can
such things seem very real; but just take to
your hear! the truth intra fall that is not good to
your hear! the truth intra fall that is not good.

To think the country of the same of the country of the countr

tronoies will begin to disappear.

August 15. Friday

Consider the lilles—the diamond-kissed dew

Giving life to the blossom and bloom ever new;

1s there anything, friend, that is worrying you?

"Consider the lilles!"

August 16. Saturday
Putting love and interest into any work you
may have to do, is the surest way to graduate
from it into the work you are longing for.

August 17. Sunday
Be still, dear heart, and know
The life, the peace, the satisfaction
That thou art striving for,
Or, maybap, longing vaguely to possess,
Are thine already.

Have time already.

Have faith ready elementance, in every place of environment, and these will give their best to you. When you have faith adverse environments will trouble you no more: they will, on the other hand, become open gates to pasture green.

August 19. Tuesday
Taking It all together, this world is hard to beat;
If "there's a thorn with every rose," the roses
all are sweet.

August 20. Wednesday
Stand porter at the door of consciousness; letnot doubt, fear, worry nor anxiety mar your
perfect trust. Stand firm in the knowledge of
absolute good. Remember that health is your
divine birtinisti.

August 21, Thursday

It is you and I who can bring world-peace
By seeding God's truth each day.
By seeding God's truth each day.
By seeding God's truth each day.
With lowes illumining read with the world of t

August 22. Friday So it comes to pass that the only way not to all worry is to be so filled with divine intelligence all as to know there is nothing to worry about.

August 23. Saturday
There is upon 1,16's hand a magic riug—
The ring of faith-in-good, life's gold of gold;
Remove it not, lest all life's charm take wing.
The Lund faith-in-good, life's gold of gold;
Remove it not, lest all life's charm take wing.
The Lund faugust 24. Monday
The Lund faith fa

When we exercise faith, all doubt, all fear and all anxiety are absent; should these undestrable mental states appear, we may know that our minds are dwelling on the surface of things instead of the spirit of things.

August 29. Friday Never mind what has been; lift your heart and

Happies of happy days coming years shall bring.

August 30. Saturday

Many times we think the skies of life are clouded over, when the truth is we are simply hurying our head in the stream of our own signing. The remedy is obvious.

August 31. Sunday

August 31. Sunday August 31. Sünday
Shine and shinel and shine and shine!
Ahi to-day the splendor!
All this glory yours and mine—
God! but God is tender!
We to sight instead of sing,
We to sight instead of sing,
While the Lord was fastioning
This for our to-morrow!

### THE HOMEMAKER

Concluded from page 19

ful each of salt, ginger and cinnamou, a half teaspoonful each of clove and allspice, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-soda; mix with the sugar, molasses and milk and beat thor-oughly, then add three tablespoonfuls of oughly, then and three tailespondings in melted shortening and one and one-half cups of seeded raisins. Bake in a large tin to cut in squares. This is a delictous dessert served hot with whitpped cream, and any pieces that are left until they become dry are steamed and served with liquid sauce as

are steamed and served with figure sauce as a fruit pudding.

Corn Fritters. — Two eggs, one can of corn, one cup of milk, a generous pinch of salt, two reaspoonfuls of sugar, one and one-half reaspoonfuls of balting-powder, and the composition of balting-powder, and the control of the corn of used instead of corn.

Mrs. H. L. Peterson.

Blackberry Turts. — When you are baking make a few tart-shells and some strips of pastry; it's little extra work to make and bake them with other things, when the oven is heated, and you will find them very nice is heated, and you will find them very nice is heated, and you will find them very nice is heated, and you will find them very nice is heated by a support of them with the part of them will be a support of the part and serve at once.

and serve at once.

Cherry Pudding.—Cream oue table-spoonful of melted butter and one half cup or signer, and to this a well bearen egg. a half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little how water and sittred into a cup of sour milk, and two cups of bread flow, mixed with one plut of sweet cherries, stoned. Bake three quarters of an hour in a moderate oven, and serve with liquid sauce or with sugar and cream. I have used blueberries instead of cherries and found the pudding equally good. Sometimes I bake the cake in gempans instead of a square than and serve the cakes hot, with butter.

Coffee Mousse. — Dissolve one cup of

Coffee Mousse. - Dissolve one cup of Coffee Mousse. — Dissolve one cup or sugar in two cups of good coffee, strong and clear, add a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine which has been soaked until softened in a little cold water, set aside until the mixture cools and begins to thicken somewhat, ture cools and begins to thicken somewhat, then add a cup of rich milk and two cups of heavy cream whipped stiff and flavored with a teaspoonful of vanilla-extract. First beat the eream until it begins to thicken, then add the milk a little at a time, beating all the while. Pour all into a mold, cover with waxed paper and put on the lid, while must fit tightly, pack in ice and sait and let stand for three hours. The erecipits are all tested, and good. Sister Suc. Haverhill, Mass.

## Here Are Some American Woman Premiums That YOU Want



#### Bluebird Bread-and-Milk Set

Given for Ten Subscriptions

No. 2032. This bread-and-milk set will make breakfast an attractive meal for the younger breakfast an attractive meal for the younger be not provided by the property of the provided by the property of the provided by the p



Ladies' Nightgown

Given for Six Subscriptions

Given for Six Subscriptions
We. 1704. Our lady readers will
readily see the advantage of getting
readily see the advantage of getting
made from a one-piece pattern, and
interesting of design for embroides
interesting of design for embroides
to sook, and we give Six Six Six Six Six
Any, favorite shade of ribbon may, be
used, and suttaile pleess are in every
used, and suttaile pleess are in every
one of the control of the control
likerefore we do not include that in
our offer. It really makes a very
supply of Nightidresses, for our terms
are liberal.



### Victory Chain

Given for Six Subscriptions

Giren for Six Subaccipitions
No. 2924. Now that the war is over, we all feel like putting on a little more agive, and we are so were the subaccipition of th



Our Offer

The American Woman at our special Club-Raisers' price of 25 cents each; we will send each subscriber this

nd you, praid, the premius

The American Won Augusta, Maine

Ring Two

Subscriptions Subscriptions
No. 2830. This is the
very latest novelty
in rings, and is bound
to become very poputoes that. It is made
of sterling silver and
the s



Fudge-Apron

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1740. This elegant design is stamped on National Write Linner all ready to the best in the stamped on National Write Linner and the stamped on National Write Linner and the stamped of the stamped o



Baby's First Set

Daily s First Set.

Geten for Five Subscriptions
No. 2020. Here is an ideal gift for baby, a tease of FeB guaranteed silver-plated ware, consisting of fork and spoon made expressly for baby. The set is mounted on a prettily librarted cading the set of t



Premo Junior

Given for Eleven Subscriptions

No. 1502. The hot type possesses features found in no other camers of this character. It uses the filmpack oxclusively, loads in daylight, and single exposures may be reTo load: Open back, drop film-pack in place—close the back, and camera is loaded in daylight. Has automatic view-inders and two tripped socketts. Takes a clear, sharp picture 22x3; Inches.

## MADELON

Continued from page 13

lage, taking great leaps through the sne sage, tasking great leady frough the shock straining her eyes ahead. Now and then she cried out hoarsely, as if she really saw some one, "Hullo! hullo!" At the curve of the road she turned a headlong corner and ran roughly against a man who was hurrying toward her; and this time it was Burr Gor-don.

Burr reeled hack with the shock; then his face peered into hers with fear and

"Is it you?" he stammered out. "What

But Madelon caught his arm in a hard grip.
"Come, quick!" she gasped, and pulled him along the road after her.
"What is the matter?" Burr demanded, half yielding and half resisting.

Madelon faced him suddenly as they sped

"I met your cousln Lot just helow here and he kissed me, and I took him for you and stahhed him, If you must know," she

and standed min, it you must know, sue sohhed out, dryty. Bur gave a child profit of horror. "I think I—have killed him," said she, and pulled him on fastor. "And you meant to kill me?" "Yes, I tild."
I'vish to God you had!" Burr cred out. "I'vish to God you had!" Burr cred out.

with a sudden fierce anger at himself and her; and now he hurried on faster than

she. Lot was quite motionless when they reached him. Burr threw himself down in the snow and leaned his ear to his cousin's heart. Madelon stood over them panting. Suddenly a merry rounded of whishing broke the awful stiliness. Two men were coming the work of the world stillness. Two men were coming the suddenly and the stillness of the same than the stillness of the same than mirth.

On came the merry whistlers. Burr sprang up and grasped Madelon Hautville's

"He isn't dead," he whispered, hoarsely,
"Somehody's coming. Go home, quick!"
But Madelon looked at him with despair-

ing obstinacy.
"I'll stay," sald she.

"I tell you, go! Somebody is coming, I'll get help. I'll send for the doctor, Go

Madelon! if you have ever loved me,

Madelon turned away at that,

"I'll be there when they come for me," said she, and went swiftly down the road and out of sight in the converging distance trees, with the snow muffling her foot-

When she reached home she groped her way into the living-room, which was lighted only by the low, red gleam of the coals on the hearth. Her father's gruff voice called out from the bedroom beyond: "That you, Madelon?

"Yes," said she, and lighted a candle at the coals,
"Have the boys come?"

"No."

Madelon went up the steep stairs to her hamber, but hefore she opened her door her brother Louis' voice, hroken with pain, besought her to come into his room and bathe his sprained shoulder for him. She went in, set the cantlle on the table, and rubbed in the cider-brandy and wormwood without a word. Louis, in the midst of his pain, kept looking up wonderingly at his sister's face. It looked as if it were frozen. She did not seem to see him. Nothing about her seemed alive but her gently moving hands. She did not

nddenly he gave a startled cry.
What's that? Have you cut your hand, Madelon glanced at her hand, and there was a broad red stain over the palm and

three of her fingers. said she, and went on rubbing

"No," said she, and went on running.
"But it looks like blood!" cried Louls,
knitting his pale brows at her.
Madelon made no reply.
"Madelon, what is that on your hand?"

Blood.

'How came It there?'

You'll know to-morrow

Madelon put the stopper in the cider-brandy and wormwood bottle; then she cov-ered up the wounded arm and went out. "Madelon, what is it? What is the mat-ter? What ails you?" Lonis called after

"You'll know to-morrow," said she, and in front of him, stut her chamher-door, which was nearly "it's a liel" she shouted, opposite Louis'. His youngest brother The old man laughed in her face.

Richard occupied the same room, having his little eot at the other side, under the win-dow. When he came in, an hour later, Louis ned to him eagerly.

Has anything happened?" he demand

The hoy's face, which was always so like sister's, had the same despair in it now. "Don't know of anything that's hap-med," he returned, surifly. "What alls Madelon?"

'I tell you I don't know.'

Richard would say no more. He blew out his candle and tumbled into bed, turned his face to the window and lay awake until an hour before dawn. Then he arose, dressed himself, and went downstairs. He put more wood on the hearth-fire, then knelt down wood on the hearth-fire, then knelt down hefore it, and puffed out his hoybla cheeks at the bellows until the new flames crept through the smoke. Then he lighted the lantern, and went to the barn to milk and feed the stock. That was always Richard's morning task, and he always on his way bither replenished the hearth-fire. that his specifier task at preparing hreakfast. Madelon usually arose a half hour after Richard, and she was not behindhand this morning. She entered the great living-room, lit the candles, and went about getting breakfast. Human daily needs arise and set on traceque. Haman dally needs arise and set on tragedy

Madelon Hautville, in whose heart was an unsounded depth of despair, mixed up the cornmeal daintily with cream, and haked the cakes which her father and brothers the cakes which her father and brothers to loved before the fire, and fail the table. She had always attended to the needs of the males of her family with the stern faithful-ness of an Indian squaw. Now, as she worked, the wonder, softer than her other emotions, was upon her as to how they would get on when she was in prison and would get on when she was in prison and after she was dead; for she made no doubt that she had killed Lot Gordon and the sheriff would be there prosently for her, and she felt pitality the fretting of the around her soft neck. She hoped shey would not come for her intil breakfashes cleared away, prepared and cateri, the dishes cleared away, and the house tidled; but she listened like a savage for a footfall and a hand at the door. She had packed a little bundle ready to take with her before she left her chamber. Her cloak and hood were laid out on the bed.

clouk and hood were laid out on the bed.
When she sat down at the table with her
father and brothers, all of them except Nichard and Louis stared at her with open
and Louis stared furtively at their sister's
face, as stiff, set, and pale as If she were
dead, but they asked no questions. Madelon said, in a voice that was not here, that
she was not sick, and put pieces of Indian
Rut breakhes was well over and the dishes But breakfast was well over and the dishes put away before anybody came. And it was not the sheriff to hale her to prison on a charge of murder, but an old man from the

Village, olg with news.

He was a relative of the Hautvilles, an incle on the mother's side, old and broken, scarrely able to find his feeble way on his shrunken legs through the snow; but, with the instinct of gossip, the sharp nose for his nelghbors' affairs, still alert in him, he had arksen at, dawn to canvass the village, and arisen at dawn to canvass the village, and had come thither at first, since he antici-pated that he might possibly have the de-light of bringing the intelligence before any light of bringing the intelligence before any of the familty had heard it elsewhere. He came In, dragging his old, snow-laden feet, tapping heavily with his stout stick, and settled, cackling, into a chair.

"Heard the news?" queried Uncle Luke Basset, his eyes, like black sparks, twinkling rapidly at all their faces.

Madelon set the cups and saucers on the

dresser.

"We don't have any time for anybody's business but our own," quoth David Hautville, gruffly, He did not like his wife's will, gruffly, He did not like his wife's larger of the pulled it as he spoke, and it gave out a ferce twang. Louis sat modifly over the fire with his painful arm in wet bandages. Rhard was withing kimiling-wood, with nervous speed, headed him. Eugene and Abore were eleaning their gaus. They all looked at the eager old man e Richard and Louis and Madelon.

"Burr Gordon has killed Lot so's to get his property!" proclaimed the old man, and his voice broke with eager delight and im-

Madelon gave a cry and sprang forward

"No, 'tain't, Madelon. You're showin' a Christian sperrit to stan' up for him when he's fitted ye for another gal, but 'tain't a lie. His knife, with his name on to it, was a-stickin' out of Lot's side." 'It's a liel 1 killed him with my brother

"It's a list I stilled mm with my brother Richard's knifes". The old man shrank back before her in in-credulous horror. The great hass-viol fell to the ground like a woman as David strode forward and Ahner and Eugene turned their shocked white faces from their gunx.

'I killed him with Richard's knife." rerated Madelon, Richard got up and came around befo

her, thrusting his hand in his pocket. He pulled out his own clasp-knile and bran dished it in her face.

dished it in her face.

"Here is my kuifel" he cried, fiercely—
"my knife, with my name cut in the handle.
Say yon killed Lot Gordon with it again!"

Madelon snatched the knife out of her
brother's hand and looked at it with strainling eyes. There, indeed, was a rude "R.
"cut in the horn handle. She gasped.

"What does this mean?" she cried out.
"It means you have lost your wits," answered Richard, contemptuously; but his eyes on his sister's face were full of pleading What knife did you give me when I

started home last night?'
'I gave you no knife.'

I gave you to affect of the safety of the gall of the

hoarsely.

noarsety.

"No, he ain't dead, but the doctor thinks he can't live long. Ephraim Steele and Eleazer Hooper were a-goin' home from the ball when they come right on Lot layin' side of the road and Burn a-tryin' to draw his knille, out, so it shouldn't testify against

him."
"It's a lie!" Madelon groaned. "Burr Gordon did not kill him. It was II He met me, and tried to—kiss me, and—the knife was in my hand—Richard made me take it because I was coming home alone, and there

because I was coming home alone, and there had been rumsor of a bear."

"I did not," persisted Bichard, dogsedly. "I'did not make her take my lanfle. Here is my knife, with my name cut in the handle."
Madelon turned on him derectly.

"You did; you know you did!" said she.
"Here is my knife, with my name cut on the lundle."

"You gave my knife, with my name cut on the lundle."

You gave me a knife as I was coming out

of the tavern."
"No, I did not."
"You did, and I killed him with It. It was not Burr! I ran for help, and I met Burr, and I told him what I had done, and he went back with me to Lo. Then be sent me home when he heard somehody coming. Ask Lot Gordon if I did not kill him; if he can speak he can tell you."

"There won't neither him nor Burr say a word," sald the old man, "but there was Burr's knife a-stickin' into Lot's side, with

his name cut into it."

Madelon turned sharply to Louis.
"You saw the blood on my hand when I was ruhbing your arm last night." she

He made no reply, but stared gloomily at

"Louis, you saw Lot Gordon's blood on my hand?"

Louis sprang up with an oath, and pushed past her out of the room. "Louis," Madelon cried. "tell them!"

"She is trying to shield Burr Gordon!"
Louis called back, flerrely, and the closing thoor shook the house like a cannon-shot.
"Where is Burr?" Madelon demanical of

"where is BHT?" Madeion demanded of old Luke Basset.

"The sheriff took him to New Salem to jail this morning," he replied, grinning.

Madelon gave a great cry and started to rush out of the room, but her father stood

are you going?" he asked

sternly.

"I am going to get my hood and cloak, and then I am going to Lot Gordon's."

Her father stood aslde, and she went out and upstairs to her chamber. She took up the red cloak which lay on her bed, and examined it eagerly to see if by chance there are the control of th amined it eagenty to see it by chance there was a blood-stain thereon to prove her guilt and Burr Gordon's Innocence, but she rould find none. She had flung it back when she struck. She looked also carefully at her pretty ball gown, but the black fabric showed no stain.

When she went downstalrs with her cloak and hood on old Luke Basset was gone, and so were her brothers. Her father stood waiting for her, and he had on his fur cap and his heavy clonk. He came forward and took her firmly by the arm.

'I'm going with you to Lot Gordon's," said he. And they went out together and up the road, he still keeping a firm hand on

ag the road, he still keeping a rim hand of his daughter's arm, and neither spoke all the way to Lot Gordon's house. When they reached it David Hantville opened the door wilhout touching the knocker, and strode in with Madelon follow-ing. Old Margaret Bean was just passing

through the entry with a great roll of lines cloths in her arms, and she stopped when she How is he?" whispered David, hoarsely

"How is he?" whispered David, hoursely,
"He's pretry low," returned Margaret
Bean, at the same time nodding her head
authously toward the door on her right,
and the same time nodding her head
dargaret Bean's clean white cap over her
deckes which looked as if they had heen
scrubbed and rasped red with tears. Her
own gray hair was strained back out of
sight—not to he discovered, even when
"Does he know authodst" queried

"Does he know anybody?" David Hautville. "Just as well as ever he did."

Margaret Bean rubbed a tear dry on her seek with her starched apron. "We've got to see him, then."

"I dinno as you can—the doctor—"
"I don't care anything about the doctor!
We've got to see him! David's voice rang
out quite loud in the hish of murder and
death which seemed to fill the house. Margaret Beau stood aside with a scared look.

garet Beau stood aside with a scared look. David Hautville threw open the door on the right, and he and Madelon went be Lot Gordon's eyes turned toward them, but not his head. He lay as still in bed as if he were already dead, and his long body raised the gay patchwork quitt in a still ridgo like a grave. Madelon went close to him and bent over

bim.

"Tell who stabbed you." said she, in a sharp voice. Lot looked up at her, and a red flush crane over his livid free. "Tell who stabled you." Lot smiled feebly, but he did not speak. Magraret Bean came In, with her old husband shuffling at her heels. A sreat free, bristling with a yellow stibble of heard, appeared in the door. It belonged to the sherift, Jouns Happoot, who had just he sherift, Jouns Happoot, who had just he had had been been dealered to be shown to be a simple stable of the sherift, Jouns Happoot, who had just he had had been the sherift, Jouns Happoot, who had just he had had been the sherift, Jouns Happoot, refer do ut, "tell them." List Gordon, "she refer do ut, "tell them—tell them I was the one who stabbed you, and set Bur free!" you, and set Burr free

There was a chuckle from Jonas Hapgood in the door.
"Likely story." he muttered to Margaret

Bean's husband, and the old man nodded

wisely.
"Tell them!" commanded Madelon. Sho reached out a hand as if she would shake Lot Gordon into obedience, wounded unto death although he was, but Lot only smiled.

up in her face.

Then David-Hautville bent his stern face

down to the sick man's.

"Lot Gordon, tell the truth before God, daughter of mine or no daughter of mine," sald he, in his deep voice. Lot only followed Madelon with his longing, smiling eyes,

Speak, Lot Gordon!

The wounded man turned his eyes on Dayiil and made a feeble motion, scarcely more than a quiver of his hand, which seemed to express negation "Can't you speak?"
Again Lot made that faint signal

"He ain't spoke sence they brought him home," said Margaret Bean—"not a word to the doctor nor nobody."

to the doctor nor nobody."

"I couldn't get a word out of him," announced the sheriff, stepping further into the room. "In course, there was Burr's kuife and Burr himself over him when the others came up, and that was proof enough; Lot's word for it afore he died; but I guess he sates specialize. I miss me writes if he can be seen to be supported by a support of the country of t he's past speakin'. I miss my guess if he can sense anything we say."

"Tell them—tell them I was the one who stabbed you, and Burr is innocent!" Made-lon pleaded; but he smiled back at her,

Jonas Hapgood's great body shook with

rtn. "Likely story a gal did it!" he chuckled. "I did do lt!" returned Madelon, fiercely, turning to him.

To be continued

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