

MCCALL'S

NOVEMBER

10¢



Norma Talmadge

A Romance of the Theatre **ETHEL BARRYMORE'S FIRST SHORT STORY** *In this Issue*

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

The plain brown linoleum in the central hall extends through the two adjoining rooms. Marble tile linoleum in the bathroom gives a pleasing note of contrast.



Bright rooms leading from a cheerful hall

FLOORS of linoleum offer many opportunities for home decoration. Here is one interesting effect whereby upstairs hall and bedrooms are grouped into a unit by the color harmony for which the linoleum floor sets the key.

Rooms that are easy to clean are usually kept clean. Rooms with linoleum floors may be kept bright and inviting at all times by an occasional waxing and polishing.

The growing use of linoleum floors in good homes is due to these marked advantages which linoleum offers: color, and its adaptability to decoration, easier housekeeping, a more appropriate setting for rugs, quiet resilience to the tread, warmth and permanence.

If you are building or remodeling your home, do not decide the question of floors until you have seen the modern patterns in Armstrong's Linoleum which your architect or any good department or furniture store can show you. Ask to see Arm-

strong's Linoleum in Jaspés (two-tone effects), parquetry inlaid, tile inlaid, carpet inlaid, rich plain colors and handsome printed designs, also linoleum rugs, printed and inlaid.

All Armstrong's Linoleum can be identified by the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back. When you see this trademark you can be sure you are getting genuine linoleum of the highest quality, made of cork and linseed oil.

Write to our Bureau of Interior Decoration for advice as to proper patterns and colors for use in any scheme of home decoration. No charge for this service.

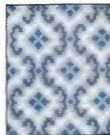
"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"
(Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, with de luxe colorplates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

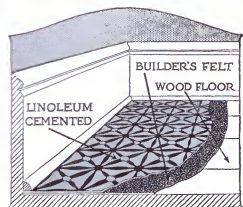
ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION
803 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

If you prefer one of the Armstrong designs illustrated below to the floor shown in the picture, order by number from any good linoleum merchant.

Carpet Inlaid No. 796C



Parquetry No. 698



How to Lay Linoleum on Wood Floors

In summer wood floors expand. In winter they dry out and contract, with a tendency to open up the cracks between the boards. Your linoleum floor, therefore, should be cemented (not tacked) over a lining of builder's desanding felt which has been previously glued to the bare floor boards. The felt takes up expansion and contraction and gives you a permanent, waterproof, good-looking floor. The added service and wear this method gives are well worth the extra cost.

Look for the CIRCLE "A"



trademark on the burlap back

Merry Christmas on McCall Street



Honore Willis



Temple Bailey



Shirley Seifert



W. B. Maxwell

THE December issue of McCall's, on sale November 10th, will be our great Christmas number, the best Christmas number that we have ever published and, we think, the finest Christmas issue that anyone has ever published. This remarkable de luxe number will contain five short stories, all with Christmas as their theme, and all by authors whose names mean the greatest in fiction. These stories are:

"The Tranquil Beasts," by Temple Bailey, author of "The Dim Lantern," "The Tin Soldier," etc.

"The Great Symbol," by Melville Davison Post, author of "The Corrector of Destinies," "Mystery at Blue Villa," etc.

"The Vacant Chair," by W. B. Maxwell, the famous author of "Spinster of this Parish," "Devil's Garden," "In Cotton Wool," etc.

"Ransom for a Queen," by Shirley Seifert.

"The Red Sweater," by May Freund Dickenson.

"Lost Christmas," an arresting discussion of what children are deprived of at Christmastide in this our modern materialistic age, has been prepared for this issue by Honore Willis, who wrote recently in McCall's an article called "Bringing Up Your Children Without God" that elicited countrywide comment from public press and pulpit alike. This new article is fully as strong a contribution to current thinking on the educating of children as her former article.

Gene Stratton-Porter, beloved author of "Freckles," "Laddie," "The White Flag," etc., will contribute a fine seasonal paper to her popular page in McCall's.

There will be further instalments of "The Jolly Roger," Robert W. Chambers' tremendous novel and of "Silk," Samuel Merwin's lovely story of the Orient.

© Underwood & Underwood



Melville Davison Post



May Freund Dickenson



Robert W. Chambers



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Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

Having Fun with Your Money

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Famous American author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," etc.



little with which I might do as I chose, but there was a little. I did manage a club membership. I did have a course of lessons in fine needlework. I did have materials with which to paint in water colors and oils. I did have piano and violin lessons. There was nothing wildly hilarious about any of this. All of it entailed hours of exacting and painstaking work, but it was the gratification of a personal ambition; it was the spending of a few dollars upon my mentality. When all of my efforts at self-expression finally massed and evolved into the one great effort of self-expression with a pen, there came a day when I was able to open a bank account. And, by as careful, exacting, and probably as strenuous work as any fine specimen of physical womanhood ever endured, I so managed that my bank account flourished. Remembering the lean days when I had nothing for personal gratification, I always managed to keep my head. For years I made a practise of having my publishers split my checks. One half I put in my bank account, and spent for the comfort of my family and the development of my ambitions; the other half I saved for the rainy day which seems to be inevitable in every

In the first place there is a heady exhilaration about being able to look the world in the face and feel that, by your individual efforts, you can take care of at least yourself—that you are equal to the situation. I have always gotten a large degree of pleasure from that fact, and it is this same fact that is having a great deal to do with a large per cent of the women today. During the war they were forced to do a man's work, and were paid higher wages for this same work than men had been. They learned the joy of being able to put their hands in their pockets, to draw forth a dollar, and to spend it as they pleased; and it is a pleasure that they are not going to relinquish easily. It will take several generations to send women back to the cook stove and the sewing machine in contentment. I do not know that it ever can be done. Financial freedom is such a glorious freedom that there are women in the world who are coming to the place where they will give up wretched motherhood and a home, for the sake of being able to hold up their heads and look the world squarely in the face in what they consider utter and complete financial independence.

BUT, as a matter of fact, it is a false situation. There is no such thing in this world as sex independence. Women are dependent upon men, and men are dependent upon women. They are inextricably bound up together, and so they must remain bound until the end of time, if the population is to increase and governments are to endure.

But there is no denying the fact that there is pure and unadulterated joy in having some money in your pocket that you may spend as you please; while I am firm in the conviction that it is impossible for anyone to get the amount of fun out of a dollar that can be exacted by the man or woman who has earned the dollar. There is no question at all that people do extremely foolish things with money. Very frequently they throw it away and much of it is spent upon something that is supposed to be self-stratification and that turns out in the long run not to have been so very gratifying.

In looking back over my life I can pick out spots where I got an absolute thrill out of having money to spend. There was the day when I went back to the place where I had lived as a girl, on a month's vacation, with real money in my pocket. Up to that time my life had been a literal

(Time to page 2)



The famous Limberlost Cabin, among the pines near tranquil Limberlost Lake



Explaining the growth of the flowers to a small protégée in "Gene's Woods"

Mrs. Stratton-Porter in Limberlost Forest

IN the first place, I do not believe that the people who have been accustomed to having money in reasonable sums all their lives, and to spending it as they choose, can possibly get as much joy out of anything they can do with money, as can the people who never had any money to spend until their own earning capacity developed.

As a child I was the youngest of a dozen. Little more need be said. I never knew what it meant to have a penny for the spending exactly as I chose. I had pennies to carry to Sunday School, money for missions and church collections, money to buy the clothing I needed and the books I required, but I do not recall ever having had, with the possible exception of a few times when it was given the price of a glorious confection that in my youth was called "ice-bo," which was coffee-A sugar made into pulled taffy, any money to spend exactly as I pleased. In fact, I did not spend that as I pleased. It was given me with the stipulation that I spend it for a certain purpose.

I recall, once upon a time, that a woman stopped me on my way home from school, and gave me four dollars and seventy-five cents. She said she owed it to my father for some cherries she had purchased from him. She closed my fingers over it tightly, and told me to run straight home with it, and be very careful that I did not lose it. I did nothing of the kind. I went ten blocks out of my way to see how it felt to walk the streets with that much money in my possession, even though I could not have the fun of spending one penny of it.

And so it went on up to the time of my entrance into a home of my own. Every dollar I ever had went to pay for shoes, a hat, a dress, a coat, or books. But, for all the wealth of ornaments, of books that were not educational, of magazines, of shoes, there was no money.

In my own home for the first time, I had the handling of money myself, but with the old stipulation. It was to pay for food, for the washing, for clothing; there was very

little, and had it not been for the savings for the rainy day which did come, twice in my life very terrible things would have happened to me and to my family.

A financial situation that loomed large on my horizon was the war. At that time the value of a dollar so depreciated, the price of living so swelled, that had it not been for my reserve fund, I would never have been able to meet the assessments made by the government, to pay the heavy taxes on the income I earned, and to meet the trebled expenses of living. There was no year during the war and none since during which I was able to live from my income for that year. It was necessary to dip into the reserve fund.



The right start of millions for a good day's work!

Wheatena Bread

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 cup Wheatena | 3 tablespoons light |
| 3 cups boiling water | brown sugar |
| ¼ cup lukewarm water | 3 tablespoons melted |
| 1½ yeast cakes | lard |
| 5 cups white flour | 1 tablespoon salt |

Four boiling water over Wheatena, stir well and cool. Dissolve yeast in the ¼ cup warm water, add to Wheatena, also 1 tablespoon of the sugar and 1 cup of the flour. Beat well and let rise one and one-half hours. Then add rest of the flour and sugar, lard and salt. Knead ten minutes after dough is on the board and let rise until double in bulk. Keep dough in kneading soft as possible. Greasing the hands will facilitate the work. Mold into loaves, fill pans ½ full and let rise until double in bulk. Brush melted butter over tops. Bake 45 minutes.

When you sit down to a generous dish of Wheatena, your appetite is whetted by the delicate aroma of the whole wheat. By the time you have stirred in a bit of butter, and topped off the golden feast with sugar and cream, your mouth is fairly watering for the taste of the delicious, distinctive whole wheat Wheatena flavor.

Wheatena—Nature's strengthening, sustaining gift from the sunny wheat fields—is all wheat, the plumpest, choicest grains that grow.

By the exclusive Wheatena process the heart of the golden grains is retained with all the great body-building, health-sustaining elements of whole wheat—roasted and toasted to give them that delicious nut-brown flavor.

That's why for over forty-four years Wheatena has been on the family breakfast table in thousands and thousands of homes every morning, and is served in leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

That's why grown-ups, children, dietitians and doctors agree that Wheatena is "the right start of millions for a good day's work" week in and week out.

Try it for muffins, cookies and desserts; for breading chops, cutlets and oysters. Your family will enjoy the many delightful ways in which you can use Wheatena to vary the daily menu.

All good grocers have Wheatena or can get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Sample package free! Write for free sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenville, Rahway, N. J.



WHEATENA—First Thing in the Morning Since 1879

How to bring out the natural beauty of your skin safely and simply



"You always did have good taste, Alicia," Mrs. Latham is saying, "and you got beautiful wedding presents, but what amazes me is how you keep them all looking so new!"

"There's not much of a secret about it, Emily," laughs Mrs. Jollyco. "When I first started housekeeping, I ruined some of my best things with strong soaps—remember those silk bed-spreads my sister gave me? They simply faded away. I finally decided to stick to Ivory Soap for everything, even the woodwork and rugs and curtains. I use two or three of the laundry-size cakes every week. And what you see is the result."



SCENE: West Point, where they make army officers.

Mother and father and Sally Jollyco are struggling through a formal reception, but tea and cakes and even ice-cream can't draw Bobby away from his cadet friends, whose example he hopes some day to follow, provided only—but let Bobby ask the question:

"Say, d'ya have to bathe much up here?"

"Do we!" replies the taller cadet. "Look here, son,—the day a plebe sets foot on this sacred spot, they issue him three cakes of Ivory Soap, and from then on he doesn't do anything but bathe!"

"To keep it clean, the face needs at least one good washing daily with soap and water, and a wash-cloth or soft flesh-brush," says Dr. Pusey.*

In other words, if you would make sure of that perfect cleanliness which is the foundation of all skin beauty, *you must use soap*. Nothing else will so effectively remove the film of oil and dust or powder which accumulates during the day.

But *what* soap will you use, and *how*?

You should choose your soap carefully. Choose it for *cleansing* and for *safety*. Do not expect more than safe-cleansing from *any* soap. All our years of experience in making many kinds of soap have proved to us that a soap which promises more than this for your complexion *cannot keep its promise*.

A soap that keeps its promise

If you choose Ivory Soap, as so many millions of women have, you will never be disappointed. Ivory Soap promises safe-cleansing, and *keeps its promise*, absolutely!

*Dr. William Aclim Pusey, Author of "The Care of the Skin and Hair," Professor of Dermatology, University of Illinois.

Because Ivory is pure *soap*—it contains no coloring matter, no medicine, no mysterious or magical ingredients. We could put such materials into Ivory if we liked, but Ivory doesn't need them.

When you use Ivory, you have only to use it in the perfectly common-sense way suggested by Dr. Pusey. Ivory requires no help from prolonged rubbing—the soil-film disappears quickly and naturally from the surface and pores of your skin.

After rinsing, finish with a dash of cool or cold water, and you will find your skin not only clean, but refreshed and enlivened. Furthermore, there will still remain behind enough of the natural oil to keep your complexion soft and clear.

Do this at least once a day. Then, except perhaps for a little cold cream on windy or cold days, you will need nothing else to maintain that clean, glowing healthfulness which means real beauty.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



"Me next, me next!"

"All right, Polly dear. Come on," says the nurse at the Children's Home.

"Bathe each child with Ivory Soap every day," said Dr. Verity's first order when he was appointed head physician of this institution. "This is the best way to keep them healthy, for Ivory Soap lather is one of the best antiseptics you can use."

Did you know that most hospitals use Ivory Soap?



NEW!
Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquire itself becomingly on your washstand.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.



Illustrated by Everett Shinn

From her entrance onto the stage, the interest of the audience was focused upon Katherine

"A Lil' Girl In Lotta Trouble"

by
Ethel Barrymore and David Wallace



HE woodwork of the chairs was a listless gilt. The upholstery—charitable name for what had once been stuffed into them—was a somber, depressing red. The walls and the pillar in the middle of the small lobby were a dirty green. The women who sat about—lily figures as surely as if they had been painted into the scene—were a sad and wrinkled gray. And Katherine Trentier, staring at the picture, was blue. But in her case it was more than a matter of a serge suit, trimly tailored, and a smart little hat to match. Despite all the other items in her favor—cheeks of healthy tan, lips with elusive, playful corners, snappy brown eyes beneath dark eyebrows contrasted with fair, bobbed hair—such a dangerous combination—she was undeniably mournful. Worse yet, she was weary, discouraged and disconsolate.

That is what comes of having stage ambitions. Katherine thought it over as she sat looking at the dismal lobby of the Hotel Fidelity, "for women only," haven of refuge for timid ladies reaching New York alone. She wondered if she should have taken seriously all the praise friends at college had lavished upon her performance of Barrie's "Kosmid." She was one more girl who had dreamed so pleasantly



From the famous portrait of Ethel Barrymore by John Singer Sargent, greatest of contemporary American portrait painters

America's Most Beloved Actress
Writes Her First Short Story —
a Lovely Romance of the
Theatre

at home, and awakened to reality in a dismal Manhattan side street. Only a few moments before she had asked the clerk what she owed the hotel. Charges against her would take within a dollar of all that she had left in her purse. She told him to make up her bill. The last dollar would go for a telegram to Lucile, asking for enough to buy a ticket home.

At the thought of Lucile, her eyes grew misty. Lucile's disappointment would be harder to bear than her own. Lucile had been such a good sport. When Katherine had gone to her mother, pleading, with the story of college triumphs and the desire to join the Anderson Art Theater in Cunningham, Lucile had cheerfully replied, "Go ahead and try it!" And when Katherine, overworked, because she was willing and eager to learn; underpaid, because she was too inexperienced to cope with Miss Anderson's business sagacity, had given her mother a bill for five hundred dollars' worth of gowns used in that stock season, Lucile had paid it as cheerfully as if five hundred dollars were the merest item in the life of a small-town society-reporter.

In the stock company small parts were all Katherine aspired to, and smaller ones were what she got. But her

[Turn to page 42]



"Mr. Clifford," she said, icily, "are you going to leave this table? Or are you going to oblige me to leave it?"

Forsythe's Jolly

By Leroy Scott

Illustrated by George E. Wolfe

JUST the old story of Broadway and a young man with too much money, was this skeleton in the Forsythe family closet. So Clifford said to himself as he left Mrs. Forsythe's summer home at Green Manors, after his conference with the pleading, widowed mother and the frightened, fatherless son. Just the old story—but with a new and hidden element of interest which had flashed thrillingly upon Clifford during Mrs. Forsythe's agitated recital. His instinct, his knowledge of the ways of his old enemy, told him that Bradley was subtly behind this affair. And Clifford felt, with grim exultation, that if he only handled the Forsythe matter well, here was a chance to put him away where he would no longer be a constant danger to Clifford and a menace to all rich people who had some time aped into folly.

Clifford's walk to the Green Manors station led by the handsome place in which Bradley had recently established himself as a semi-retired private detective of high repute and a gentleman of means who desired and sought no social relations with his neighbors in this rich and exclusive colony. As Clifford passed the walled-in grounds, he glimpsed an unmistakable feminine figure without a hat move at ease through the shrubbery, mount the steps of the terrace and enter the

house. It was Mary Regan, and this was the first time Clifford had seen her since the affair of the missing wife.

Clifford halted. There swept upon him, overwhelmingly, a desire to see her face to face, to speak to her—his secret wife, who had strangely deserted him an hour after their marriage—even though he had to meet her in the house of his enemy. With grim determination he swung open the iron gate, walked up the bricked path past a man among the roses who gave him a swift glance of malignant hatred and to whom Clifford gave back a short nod, and rang the bell.

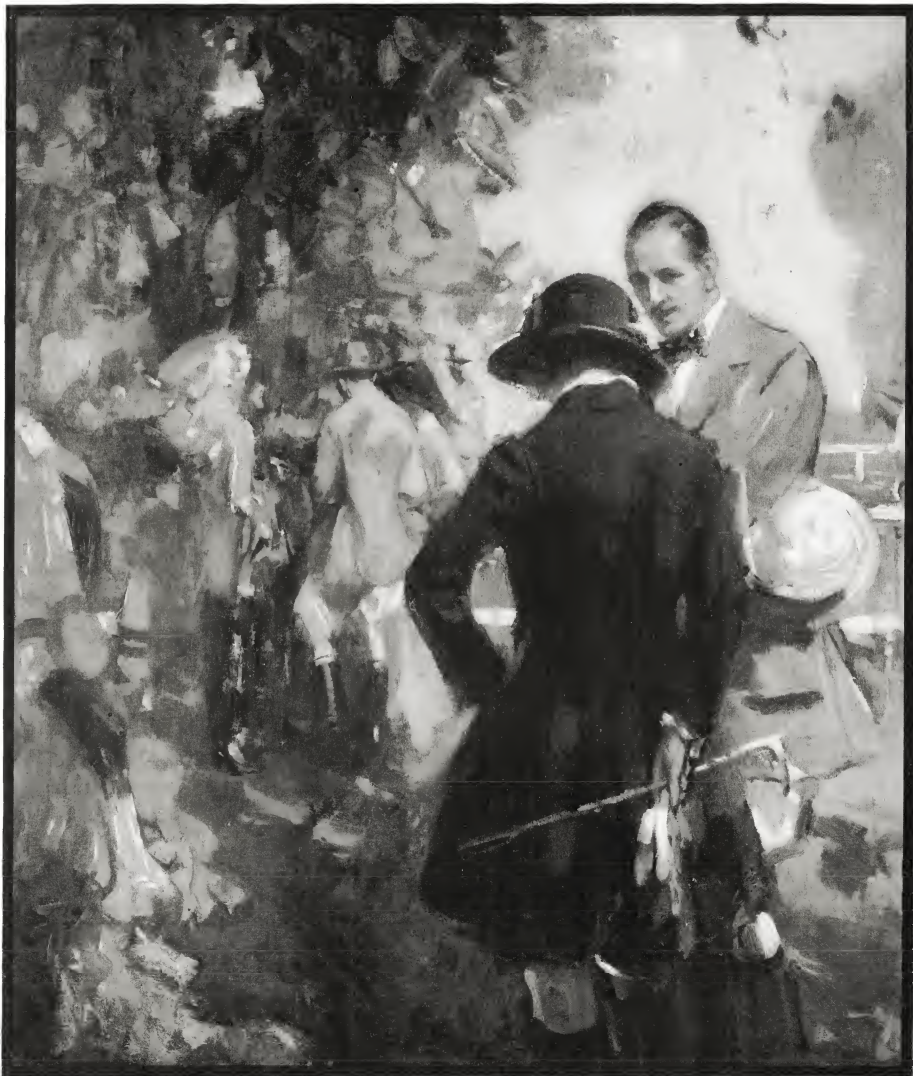
"I'd like to see Miss Regan," he said to Bradley's butler. "I'll look for her, sir," said the butler. "Kindly wait in the study, sir;" and he led Clifford into the well-remembered room.

While he waited, Clifford glanced at the book-shelves. He had to admit that Bradley had done cleverly this business of his metamorphosis into an unobtrusive country gentleman of some taste and culture.

The door behind him opened. Thinking that Mary Regan had entered, Clifford braced his spirit and turned.

(Turn to page 24)

THIS is easily the most captivating of Leroy Scott's short stories of Mary Regan, who is both the capricious wife-of-an-hour of Clifford, the great detective, and the mysterious agent of Bradley, czar of New York's underworld. Will the climax of the battle between these two solve this fascinating mystery?



She felt at the moment the eyes of the others upon her and knew that she must turn and face them

The Last Hurdle

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by Walter Biggs

EVELYN clambered with some difficulty over the rail fence which edged the green stretch of paddock. It is not so easy to climb a rail fence with a saddle in one's arms, especially when one is not so very large.

That is what she was thinking, muttering little pessimisms to herself particularly relative to that black Ambrose having gone to town to get the incubator fixed and her George being up north architecting at the precise moment when her saddle needed a good polish. Wouldn't you know they would be away when her saddle needed a polish? Isn't it fate for you?

Besides, it was tea time and she had put on a new frock. Of course she hadn't expected to be out climbing rail fences in it. If she had known she was going to climb rail fences, she would have worn her riding-habit and not her new frock. It was a yellow frock, not just common ordinary yellow but the palest, most elusive yellow that could be found in the world—or in Gliddings at least, for eighty dollars anyway.

Then, too, there was the characteristic Evelyn touch, blue stockings; and you wondered why blue until you looked up and saw her eyes. They made you forget to notice even the bronze in her hair and feel only a desire to seize her and put her in a big chair by the window where the morning light could flood over her—and then stand off and look at her and draw in a deep breath. That was what George always wanted to do, anyway; and sometimes he did it. But she always hopped back to the breakfast-table before her baron could get cold. She liked bacon.

Naturally Evelyn was glad when she was over the fence and had not torn her frock. An impulse to go out and give

Peaseblossom a sugar had taken her into the paddock. "Hello, bad child," she had said, "here's your tea. Well, if she doesn't want a pettin' to boot! Just the most favorite of the entire stable, that's what!" Except for that ugly hunter of George's, Peaseblossom was the entire stable.

Then Evelyn spied the saddle which Ambrose, the groom, gardener, furnace man, furniture painter and supervisor of poultry, had left out in the paddock. Of course it needed a polish.

Half-way back to the miniature manor house which George had built for her among the trees, she came upon a knoll which seemed the ideal spot for a tired girl to sit down to rest. There—now she could think!

Evelyn's left eyebrow cocked up, and she tried to twist her piquant face into the hard mask of a demi-mondaine, a hopeless endeavor, but part of the business of thinking. She didn't know about George. Sometimes she wished he were older and less bold. Experience—that was it. She missed it.

[Turn to page 20]



The queen lounged restfully on the divan among the cushions, looking out at him under lowered lashes, like one who dreams

Silk

By Samuel Merwin

What Has Happened in the Preceding Instalments

NEVER could I have dreamed of this happening. Our prince here, actually beside me on the carpeted marble steps; here indeed, unknown to that strange Wa zir until the very hour. Hung secretly within his clothing, as I now know, was the pouch containing the seal of Balkh and a miniature painting of the young Roxana herself. And it is I alone who know all these strange and stirring truths. My prince and his confidant, Liu, do not know of General Pan's seizure, nor do they understand his policy that is so greatly designed to save and extend the power and wealth of that empire over which this young man will rule if he survive this most amazing of adventures. Even Wen Fu does not dream that the young secretary is his prince. And neither knows at all the power and purpose of Rome.

She danced, this queen, precisely as my Mossula has so often danced for me. One by one the gauzy draperies whirled away, until the lovely person of the girl-queen stood revealed, with only a jeweled girdle and breast-plates of gold and emeralds and jingling anklets and head ornaments and face veil (always the face veil)—and then it hurried, to a quickening rhythm from the cymbals, into the exciting muscular convulsions in which the subtle movements seemed to ripple under velvet skin in a wild ecstasy until she sank, with a final mad whirl, to the pavement.

JAN PO, a young Chinese mandarin, finds himself surrounded by the intrigue of a hostile court and beset by spies endeavoring to learn the secret of silk-culture, the key to China's commercial greatness. Mossula, the dancer, who has been given him as his slave by the powerful Wa zir or prime minister, warns him of his danger—and now he is further alarmed by the discovery that his young Prince Imperial has traveled thence in disguise and heart to the wilful girl-queen.

With an Illustration by N. C. Wyeth and Decorations by Willy Pogany

And one last yellow ray from the sinking sun caressed her warm skin.

Shouts of approval came from every side. They knew her, these men, though none disclosed the fact And IIn Shu Ber could not resist glancing around toward us of China in vulgar triumph.

I heard my prince draw in his breath. I saw him gazing soberly down at the girl as she, laughing excitedly, ran out through the screen of cypresses. He turned to me then and said, in an undertone: "Wonderful! I never saw anything so stirring. Who is she?"

My pulse then nearly stopped. Again the realization that of all that assemblage of shrewd rulers and statesmen my brain alone among them compassed the whole truth was almost more than I could bear. I knew his errand, his very secret motive. And I said, first making sure that neither Lu nor Wen was listening: "That Majesty, is the Queen." He started, then frowned. "My name is Ch'ing," he murmured. "Careful!"

The warning was sufficient. I will, I must, play my little role before him. Wen shall not know. A royal life is at stake. Were I, indeed, through one small indiscretion to

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With their bodies robed in white, they could afford a lavish display of bright colors, gold, and brilliant jewels in their adornment

Jewels of the Pharaohs

By Robert Forrest Wilson

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

TUT-ANKH-AMEN, the Egyptian Pharaoh who had to wait thirty-three centuries after his death to achieve anything more than local fame, left behind him when he died a world wrapped in luxury. In some ways perhaps it was a primitive life into which the gods had thrust him for his brief eighteen years; but the most worldly of moderns, translated back into the crowded streets of Thebes of 1350 B.C., would agree that it was a luxurious one.

Such a tourist would witness a marvelous transformation of the huddled, present-day city of Luxor on the upper Nile. Vanished would be the labyrinth of alleys and mud huts, and in their place would be long, straight avenues, bordered by tall houses from the courtyards of which would come the sounds of laughter and of music. If he were invisible, our tourist might enter scented boudoirs or sit in the kiosks by the garden pool, where the captive fish played, and let his flattered gaze rest on lawns, pergolas and beds aflame with gaudy flowers.

In the ruined precincts which now remain the stoneyards of giant masons would arise imposing temples, covered



with painted reliefs, their sloping pylons higher than ever was built the Tower of Babel. After the heat of the day he would find the streets thronged with the mean and great; merchants squatting on the mastabas before their establishments; traders setting up their booths; slaves sweating under their loads; great ladies carried in palanquins or driving their own light chariots; nobles strolling with their pet dogs or carrying long, jeweled wands. Such was Thebes, the "hundred-gated."

The modern spectator would first notice the freedom with which men and women mingled together in public—

much as it is in America today. And then he would marvel at the richness of the adornment of both men and women of all degrees of birth. He was poor indeed in silver. The Egyptians had no coinage in the true sense, and therefore the chief use of gold was in the arts.

In their jewelry, as in their temple- and tomb-decoration, they gratified their love of deep colors. They knew none of the softening shades of rose, green and silver which modern taste applies to gold; their gold was the bright yellow of the virgin metal, soft and unalloyed. As far back as the twentieth century B. C. the Egyptian jewelers had learned to increase gold with brilliant stones, in a manner which cloisonné enamel-work resembles, but which is the despair of the modern imitator.

The saving grace of the Nile people was their good taste. Not even the Greeks had a truer color-sense. The Egyptians wore their jewels tastefully, too. Through centuries of development, a progress molded largely by religious law, the



The Tomb of the Bird

SO many inaccurate accounts of the incident have been circulated, that I thought it worth while to publish in conjunction with my friend Mr. Percy White, the novelist, the following account of the death of my canary.

HOWARD CARTER.

When I was in Cairo, just before beginning my excavations, I happened to be in the shop of a certain antiquary, when I suddenly became aware of the remarkably sweet singing of a bird. Its note was singularly clear and melodious, it compelled me to listen. Out here in the desert, as you know, "no bird sings," although a mile or so away where the cultivation begins, I've often heard the lark. To me there is something companionable and soothing in the delicate note of a bird.



Howard Carter, stopped in Egypt while directing the excavation of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb

As told to Percy White by Howard Carter

Well, the bird sang so enchantingly that it distracted my attention from the objects I was examining, and I made up my mind that I must possess it. After an hour's bargaining and arguing the owner decided to let me have it. It was, he said, a very wonderful bird! It looked at you as though it were something more than a bird—and with strange eyes, as though some other intelligence were at work in that little yellow head.

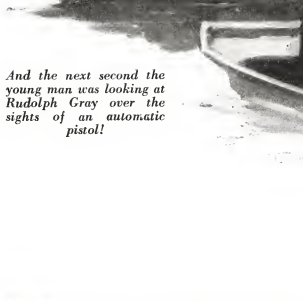
On the evening of the following day, bearing my prize, I left Cairo. On the journey I amused myself by watching the bird. It showed no fear. The oscillations of the train did not disturb it, and in the morning, as we approached Thebes, to my wonder it began to sing more enchantingly than ever.

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The Jolly Roger

By Robert W. Chambers
Famous Author of "Cardigan," "The King in Yellow,"
"The Firing Line," "The Maid at Arms,"
"The Fighting Chance," etc.

Illustrated by James H. Crank



And the next steady the young man was looking at Rudolph Gray over the sights of an automatic pistol!



Said: "From whom is Hallett's Ferry named?"
"Said he: 'The Hallett family.' They're gone, now. 'n' gettin' poorer an' poorer. Old M's Hallett she was bedridden up to the old house, 'n' her darter went to work in the city to try to keep her. Waah, I dunno. They was doin'—I hain't never heard jest what doin', but I heard tell they was doin'. Old M's Hallett she up an' darter went. 'n' the darter went wrong. I dunno. Anyhow, they ain't nobody in the old house, 'n' they hain't been these four years back. 'N' they ain't no more Halletts 'round these parts that I know of!"

Endress laid his pipe on the window-ledge. "Rudolph," he said, "I thought I'd locate the old Hallett place. But I saw Iisa in her car on the highroad, headed south and going fast."
"She didn't notice me or my car at the station. So I gave her five minutes and then back I chased to Recollet. When I drove up to Recollet Farms, again there was Iisa, very cordial and pretty—really a lovely thing, Rudolph; and I hadn't seen her in nearly three years. Well, then, Iisa was charmingly surprised because Sally had told her I was going back to New York. I did say so. But I told her I wanted to see her again after so many years; and she gave me tea and we chatted. Lord, but she's a pretty girl, Rudolph. Well, when I asked about Miss Hallett she flushed up and stared at me. And first she said she didn't know anybody named Miss Hallett. Then, when I pulled the photograph on her, she said she didn't remember what the girl's name was. The girl was her riding-mistress. Possibly her name was Hallett. It had been so long ago she'd forgotten."

"I saw there was something up but couldn't make out what. Plainly she didn't wish to talk about this Miss Hallett. But I had to know—and I guess I made a mistake when I told Iisa that I wanted her to try to remember all she could about Miss Hallett because the Treasury Department was most anxious to find her."
"At that Iisa turned rather white and shot a strange look at me."

"I asked her if she remembered you. She said she did, agreeably. I told her that you were Fifth Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and that you were most anxious to discover the whereabouts of this Miss Hallett."
"Rudolph, I am convinced that Iisa Endress knows a lot about Miss Hallett, but for some reason she denies that she knows anything about her. So that's my story, and there you are. And we are on our way to Hallett's Ferry to find out what we can about a girl for whom a ferryboat once was named; a girl who once was a close friend to my second cousin, Miss Endress; a girl sought by government agents and suspected of being a murderess. How does it strike you now, Rudolph?"

"Gray said slowly. "She's as straight as I am. I know it."
"After a silence Endress smiled. "You're rather smitten with that photograph of Miss Hallett, aren't you, Rudolph?"
"Smitten."
"In fact, I am so deeply, said the young man slowly, "I am most despondent in love with her. . . . You might as well know."
"It's a—rather a crazy thing to happen to a man, isn't it?"

"Extraordinary," murmured Endress. "Rather awful, too, if it turns out badly."
"There is," said Gray, "no more possibility of that girl's being a crook than that you and I are out to crack a safe today."
"Well, we may pick a lock or two at that, you know. I'm inclined to see the inside of the old Hallett house."

He glanced out at the river, swimming in pale sunshine. A tender haze of verdure dothel valleys and hills. The sky overhead was a delicate blue—the tint of ribbons that little girls wear on freshly laundered frocks.

"It's odd," said Endress, "that your department is sufficiently romantic to give you a vacation to hunt up a girl whose face inspires you with belief in her innocence."
"I convinced them," said Gray, "that if I find her I shall have the key to the flood-gate out of which an increasing rush of fun and murder are pouring over the country."

At Hudson-on-Hudson they changed to the local train which was waiting. It followed the Chicago Express in about ten minutes.

A conversational conductor wandered through the cars, which were all day-coaches, punching or taking up tickets and conversing affably with his passengers.

"Hallett's Ferry," he commented as he punched and pocketed the tickets Endress offered: "I guess you ain't folks livin' there, or friends, hain't yeh?"
"Why?" asked Gray.
"Waah, there ain't no hotel there and there ain't no train out tonight, neither."

After he had wandered along the aisle in search of more tickets and conversation, Endress said to Gray: "I've something for us to eat in one of my suitcases."
"How about a bed?"

"I've planned to get into the old Hallett house. I understand no furniture ever was taken out of it. There ought to be a bed or a sofa."
"You're planning to rummage," nodded Gray.
"I mean to ransack the place. I'll tell you something, Rudolph. Iisa came here in her car. Where did she go?"

"Did you try to find out?"
"Yes, but I could not even get her to admit she'd been at Hallett's Ferry at all. I didn't tell her I'd seen her there because I didn't wish her to know I'd followed her. But before I left Recollet Farms, on plea of needing gasoline, I had a word with Edmunds, her chauffeur."

"He said he had stopped the car in a lane near some woods, as he often did, while his mistress strolled around to pick wild flowers. Sometimes she was some an hour or more. Usually she returned to the car with her arms full of ferns and blossoms; sometimes without any. He described the unmade lane and the woods and said there was an old deserted house back in the fields. I had no further chance to pump him, because Iisa came out to the garage, and Edmunds finished filling up my emergency tank."

From their car window the aspect of the river had changed after they left Hudson-on-Hudson. It had become rather a more intimate and friendly river, narrower, prettier,

more resembling some European rivers. Reeds, rushes, grasses, willows bordered its glassy reaches. Low, cultivated hills set with orchards and vineyards bordered its western shore.

"Hallett's Ferry! Hallett's!" cried the conductor. "With their suitcases they descended. Nobody else got off or on. The train moved immediately."

The only occupant of the station was the ticket-agent. He was now locking up his office. He didn't seem to remember Endress, or his suitcase.

They crossed the main highway and took a country road bordered by woods. Not very far beyond a lane branched out of it, running southeast.
"Carrying their luggage, they followed the lane for two hundred yards, perhaps, then came in sight of a field deep with wild grasses, and a house surrounded by very old maples."

It was a scene of utter abandonment; the sunlight over everything accentuated the solitude and stillness.
"One thing is pretty certain," remarked Endress; "there will be no witnesses to our house-breaking enterprise."

As they walked toward the abandoned house the utter desolation of the place became more marked. Wild grasses and weeds had crowded out timothy and clover; the road was all overgrown; no trace of any path made by human feet was left. A rabbit or two scurried away ahead.

The house, a long, low, pre-Revolutionary farmhouse carrying two quaint, massive chimneys, stood surrounded by ancient maples and masked by a riot of lilacs and vines. Except for two windows on the second story, all the shutters were closed. Lowered shades made these windows into mirrors glittering with red sunlight.

"Probably," remarked Gray, "the house still has some furniture in it. They've left curtains and shades at two windows, anyway."

As Endress glanced up, Gray suddenly clucked his arm. "Somebody touched that shade!" he exclaimed.

"What! You saw it move?"
"Didn't you?"
"No."

"Well, I'm certain I did. Somebody—something—raised that shade two or three inches, then lowered it."

"You must be mistaken, Rudolph."
"I don't know. I certainly thought I saw it touch."

"There can't be anybody in that house," said Endress; "just look at it!"
"Do you suppose a tramp has made a nest there?"

"The first thing a tramp does is to build a fire. There's no smoke from those chimneys."

"Look here," said Endress in a low voice, as they halted under the trees, "suppose we set ourselves here for a while on observation."

They placed their luggage behind a tree and sat down in the thick, rank grass.

"It couldn't possibly be that Miss Hallett has come back; has made this her refuge."
"Probably," whispered Endress excitedly. "Do you see that?"

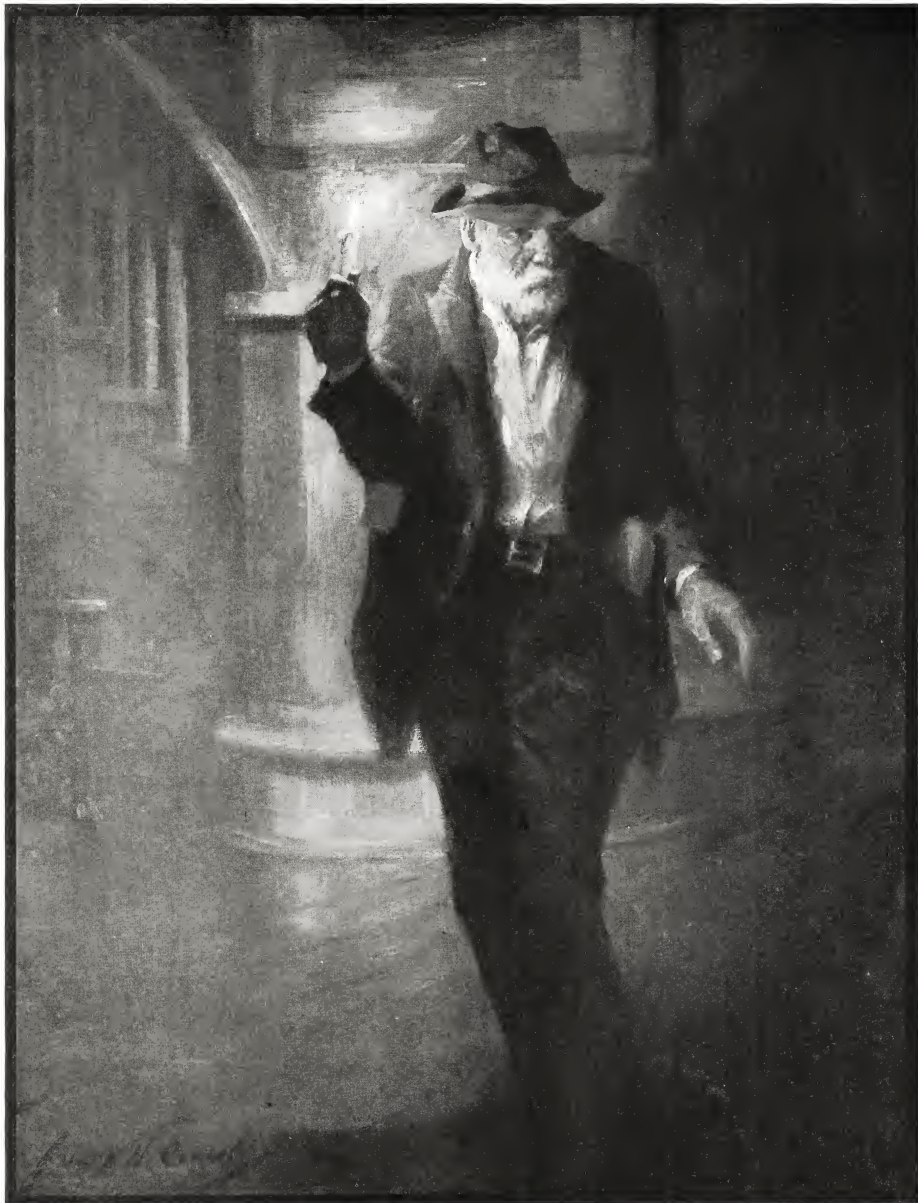
The lowered shade twitched, stirred stealthily behind the window-pane.
Gray spoke to Endress without turning his head. Whoever is jerking that window-shade has no idea that anybody is watching.

Characters Involved in the mystery of "The Jolly Roger"

RUDOLPH GRAY, of the Treasury Department, who has been detailed to bring to justice a certain **MARIE HALKETT**, an elusive young woman, against whom there is a mass of circumstantial evidence proving her a ruse-runner and murderess.

JOSS ENDRESS, who has joined his friend **Gray** in the hunt and who, when shown a photograph of **Marie Hallett**, recognizes in her the erstwhile companion of his cousin, **IISA ENDRESS**.

Now, as their train speeds up the Hudson shore, Endress is telling Gray of his recent visit to **Hallett's Ferry**, which, as the **Halletts' ancestral home**, is the immediate destination of the two young men.



The old man's black eyes swept around to the other side of the gallery and his oddly sinister features remained expressionless

They sat motionless. The shade twitched up and down as though somebody were trying to bring it to a certain level. Evidently the spring was defective, for suddenly the shade flew up to the top of the sash and remained there. A westerling sun poured through the dirty window-panes, illuminating the figure of a man. As he passed the window his shadow moved across the opposite wall and disappeared. "Who can that be?" muttered Endress. "A tramp?" They stared at the window for another moment or two, then Gray said: "We'd better go over. Shove the suit-cases under those bushes behind you."

Endress slid their luggage into a thicket; stepped under cover. Gray joined him. Through this encircling belt of

brush and saplings they made their way until the rear of the house was in view.

"The back door seems to be open," whispered Endress; "is your gun handy?"

Gray nodded; and at the same moment a man stepped out of the door.

One thing immediately became clear enough; here was no tramp, no shabby marauder. He was a leisurely, well-dressed young man of graceful figure and movement. He closed the back door of the house; selected a key and locked it; stood gazing about him as though upon a familiar scene.

Endress whispered, "Do you think we had better speak to that fellow?"

"Let's watch him for a while," suggested Endress.

The young man was now sauntering about the back of the house. He seemed to be in no particular hurry. The barn, an ancient affair of Colonial appearance, built of stone, had once been whitewashed; and its ancient shingled roof sagged with the ridgepole like the backbone and flanks of a saddle-backed nag. Presently toward this decrepit barn, across the weedy grass, sauntered the young man. Arriving, he placed his back against the rainshackle doors, then deliberately, and as though counting his paces, he walked back to the house and straight to the lower window on the right of the door. He opened the shutters now, took something from his finger and rubbed it against the soiled



"Look," whispered Endress excitedly. "Do you see that?" The lowered shade twitched, stirred stealthily behind the window-pane

window-pane as though to make a mark there. Now from his pocket he produced a tape-measure, pressed one end to the window, dropped the reel, carefully read the measurement. When he had carefully noted the number of feet and inches he walked back to the barn, measured the same height from the grass up, made a scratch on the stones.

Endress whispered: "It's somebody who has bought the property and is prowling around it planning repairs and alterations."

"Look what he's doing now!"

The man had gone to a clump of lilacs at the corner of the barn, had taken from them a stone-mason's chisel and hammer, and had already commenced an attack upon the mortar surrounding the stone upon which he had left a scratch.

"If he's bought the property it's going to be awkward for us," murmured Endress. "It will really be housebreaking if we let ourselves in and rummage after he departs."

Gray said in a low voice: "Do you notice that he's making very little noise with his hammer and chisel? His hammer is *soft*."

They watched in silence; the weather-beaten mortar seemed to be loose and rotten; the young man worked steadily, unharried; and it was not very long before he could move the block of stone, using his chisel as a lever, case it with both hands, and finally draw it out. He lowered it to the grass and, rising, looked through the aperture into the interior of the barn. Now he began to clear the aperture of debris, sweep out flakes of mortar and stone, dust it with a handful of grass and smooth it.

WHEN the aperture was finally ready, the man lifted the stone and shoved it back into place.

For a while he considered his work; turned once or twice to look back at the house; then, parting the lilac thicket at the angle of the barn, he deposited his chisel and hammer, dusted his hands and clothes with a fresh pocket-handkerchief and straightened up. The sunset light illuminated his face, which seemed youthful and agreeable to that distance.

"Do you think," whispered Endress, "that he's a government agent, or somebody who's bought the place?"

"It makes no difference; we'd better not let him see us if we're to search the house. See what he's doing now!"

The man had approached the house and was unhooking one of the faded green shutters at the window which he had marked and measured. Without much exertion he lifted it from its hinges, set it down on the grass; lifted off the other.

Then, from his breast pocket, he produced something wrapped in red flannel. With the flannel rag he carefully wiped the shutter hinges, and thus remained busy for some time. Then he unhooked a small bottle.

"He's oiling the hinges," murmured Endress. "Why do you suppose he potters around doing such puffing things?"

The man, having oiled the hinges, now lifted one of the shutters, replaced it, tested it. It swung smoothly, noiselessly. Then he rebung the other, closed both, wiped his hands, corked his little bottle and pocketed it and the red flannel.

A moment's further scrutiny seemed to satisfy him; he lighted a cigarette and strolled toward the front of the house. At the corner of the house he halted and took a cautious survey of the weedy lawn in front.

"Hello!" said Endress under his breath; "he doesn't want to be seen! That's something new to consider. Suppose you follow him for a little way while I get into the house and start investigations?"

"All right. When you get into the house you'd better take our suitcases in. And be sure that all the shades are down and all shutters closed before you use a torch or light candles."

Endress nodded. Both were looking after the young man who now was walking briskly toward the lane.

"I'll try to find out who that fellow is and what he's up to here," said Gray. "Unless he has a car somewhere he can't get out of Halkett's Ferry tonight, you know."

After his friend had gone, Endress went over to their luggage. He had little difficulty in picking the door-lock. He set the suitcases inside, opened the shutters that had been closed, closed the door but left it unbolting for Gray. Then he peered around him in the demi-light of a hallway.

There seemed to be no indication that the house was uninhabited, except that all the window-panes were dirty and stained with rain. There was no dirt elsewhere, no dust. The house appeared to be furnished. Hangings, carpets and furniture, Victorian, with several earlier exceptions, were very much faded and worn—but dustless. The back door, where he had entered, opened on a wide hallway cutting the house into halves. At the further end of this hall a stairway divided, rising to the left and right and forming a gallery over the front door. This gallery ran all around the upper floor, making of it a mezzanine.

There were four rooms on the ground floor. To his right, instead of a kitchen, an open door revealed a dining-room. Furniture, carpet, hangings were Victorian, shabby, but dustless. Plated ware on the sideboard glimmered *antiquarized*. To his left was the kitchen, everything clean and in order, and the range showing no rust.

Endress walked toward the front door. The room beyond, on the right, appeared to be a sitting-room. Across the hallway he could look into the parlor or "best room." Everywhere the same dingy but orderly appearance.

He went upstairs. On the right the doors of two bedrooms and a garret gave on the upper gallery. In both bedrooms beds were made; towels hung on washstands; there was kerosene in both glass lamps. Dormer windows

lighted these rooms and it was at one of these that they had seen a shade twitched up and down. It remained rolled up, lighting the entire mezzanine floor.

Across the stair-well the door of the garret was open. Endress walked around the gallery and looked in. It was the usual garret, littered with stored or discarded rubbish. *But there was no dust on anything.*

Daylight had become rather dim in the house. Endress fetched up all four suitcases, lowered shades, pulled curtains and lighted both kerosene lamps.

Now, rather hungry, he descended to search the four rooms on the lower floor, expecting Gray to arrive at any moment. He rummaged till nine o'clock, and discovered nothing of interest.

Gray had not yet returned. Endress seated himself in the dining-room, made a supper of club-sandwiches and cake, and was leisurely consuming a promising-looking claret, when again a slight noise attracted his attention. Suddenly he understood. *Somebody was in the cellar!*

To the left of the back door, outside the house, a flight of rough stone steps, protected by a wooden flap, descended to the cellar door, which was locked. Now he realized that somebody must have opened this flap, descended, unlocked it. And whoever had unlocked it, was now walking across the cement floor of the cellar toward a flight of wooden steps leading up to the kitchen.

Endress blew out the lamp-flame, stepped into the hallway, sped noiselessly upstairs to the bedroom, and extinguished the lamp left burning there. Then he took his pistol and stole out to the gallery.

He heard somebody enter the kitchen; the gleam of a lighted candle glided the back door and started the shadow dancing on ceiling and wall. Then he saw a little nimble old man come briskly into the hallway—a strange little



The end of the day saw the Aunties making down the last, long slope, Alda leading the boy mare, at whose heels dragged the litter

Dogs That Tree and Stay

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrated by G. E. Giguere

THE mountains lay in deep calm beneath the summer sky. Ridge on ridge and peak behind peak they rolled away toward the west, silent, mysterious, singing with their trillion throats of pine tree, of leaping white-water stream that purled along their feet.

It was twilight of a day in the early 'fifties, and in the White Stone Valley a man and a woman sat close, as is the way of youth, and watched the purple veils creep down the somber mountain slants.

A cabin lay behind them, new and solid, with porches in its sides. There were treasures in it, too, for these two who dared the wilderness so far from the trail were well-to-do. Young John Auntis hailed from Mississippi, and he had won his bride by riding at her wagon-side for six months in the crossing. He had driven out a goodly band of cattle, which he had sold to great advantage to the settlers on the Sacramento and over the Shasta Divide, he kept a start for himself and brought them with him when he came farther in and took up his holding in the smiling valley of the Trinity. It was "meet and sitin'" as he said, that his wife should have her brass-bound wooden tubs, her wool-cards, her wheel and her tiny, hand-made loom; and young Alda could handle them all with skill equal to that of her sassy mother. There were good coon in the stout

corral, and two saddle-horses locked in the barn. The port-holes commanded the barn, and John Auntis was known right well to all those who had come across with him, and to the Digger Indians also, as a good shot. His wife ran him a close second.

So they sat in this soft twilight in contented peace and talked of the future.

"Corn'll grow on that flat yon, I make no doubt," said Auntis, "and it'll feed a heap of haws. Come next year we'll take a wagon-load out to Shasta Town. There's purties for slim girls to be had there—prints an' mitts an' honnets an' slippers with ankle-ties—and I know th' girl who'll have them."

The young wife laughed and boxed his ears beneath the shaggy hair that curled, sunburned, above them.

"Where'd I wear that kind of finin's?" she inquired happily, pleased at his pride in her. "Out on th' hillside after berries—or maybe helpin' you with work?"

"There's two new families moved in onto Lovier Trinity, so Jethro Higgins told me; an' what's to prevent us goin' down some time to visit?"

"And what'd we do with th' stock? The Injuns'd have it all before we get back."

"We can drive Bright and Breeze and lead the horses. And th' redskins herabouts know right well that if any thing

happens to this holding someone'll pay, an' cash at that. I'm homin' to go, for Jethro said the Starfurs have got dogs—good dogs, he said, too—houm's." As he spoke, he reached down a toil-hand and pulled the long black ear of Traler, lying at his feet.

"Land sakes!" said Alda, "ain't you got dogs enough? Seven, with Tonguer's two pups ready to run this fall!"

"Ain't never got dogs enough, sweetness," smiled John Auntis. "My Pap had seventy-six once, back in Missasippi—bounds they was—singers, still-runners an' the best cold-trainers in the whole south. He furnished pups to old Colonel Lightfoot's pack for twenty years. It's in th' 'blood, the runnin' of dogs—"

HE shook his blond head, considering reflectively. "There's more to it than jest dawgs," he went on. "There's honors an' obligations. These hours' now—they was bred to th' home, like the Light-foots themselves, and they wasn't nary a coward amongst 'em. The pup that showed yellor—it didn't live. Consequent they 'naw'd no streaks. A hour's dog made an' set by my Pappy was like a good man's word. It could be depended on. 'Dogs that tree an' stayed'—that was their name in Missisippi. 'No honn', set to a scent by Rollin

[No to page 37]

Tetherstones

By Ethel McDell

Author of "Charles Rex," "The Lamp
in the Desert," etc.

Illustrated by H. R. Ballinger

Conclusion

HE thing was done. She had openly declared her love for Arthur. She stood alone in the old ivy-covered porch looking out into the faint starlight and asked herself how she had come to do it. It had been the impulse of the moment, and she knew that if she had taken time to consider she would never have acted upon it. But a power that was infinitely greater than herself had urged her, and she had had no choice. Now it was over. The inspiration had departed, and she waited with a certain chill apprehension for the coming of the man she loved. He hit some up to the sick-room with his mother, and she had slipped away from the rest, for she wanted to be alone.

At last she heard his step on the porch. She turned with a hard-heating heart and met him face to face.

She could not read his expression in the dimness, but she realized in an instant that there was none of the lover's ardor in his coming. And the soul within her shrank like a frightened child. He came to her and passed. "Shall we go into the garden?" he said. His voice was low, constrained. She turned mutely, and they passed down the winding path between the hollyhocks and sunflowers side by side. Neither spoke. The silence widened and became a gulf between them. The dew lay like a silver veil upon the lawn. She turned aside to the path leading to the nut-trees. And here at last in deepest shadow he spoke. "Frances?"

She paced on, as though some remorseless Fate compelled. She knew then—it seemed to her that she had known all along—that the girl was such a coward not to be bridged. She answered him with absolute steadiness. "You needn't say any more. I will tell you the truth. My sympathies are, and always have been, entirely with Maggie and Oliver."

Again the silence fell between them. They were walking more slowly now in the gloom of the nut-trees. She realized that the tension was partially relaxed, but she did not dare to lower her flag.

He spoke at last, his voice very quiet and sonder, with something of the old iron ring. "What do you want me to do?"

They reached the end of the nut-walk and she turned. Her agitation was wholly past, but her heart felt deadly cold within her.

"I want you," she said, "to try to understand that Maggie and Oliver have just as much a right to treat them with kindness. Arthur, listen! There is no one on this earth who has the shadow of a right to interfere between them. They are to love each other. When I say love, I don't mean the mere physical attraction which so many mistake for love. I mean that holy thing—the love of the spirit and the nothing can ever change or take away. That is too sacred to be tampered with, and no third person should ever presume to attack it. It comes from God, and it should command our utmost reverence—even our homage."

The long silence that followed seemed charged with an electric uncertainty.

Arthur spoke at last. "Are you suggesting that they should go on exactly as if this had not happened? If my father came to know of it, it would drive him crazy."

"Your father need not know," she said. "He is an old man. It rests with you, not with him."

"Ah!" He drew closer to her. "That's true. He can't live forever. Frances!" His voice thrilled suddenly, and then as suddenly he stopped himself. "No! I won't say that to you. I'll say just this. I see your point, and—I'll act on it if I find I can. Do that satisfy you?"

"Thank you, and—"

"Don't!" he said sharply, and swung round to go on.

"I can," she said. "And I do."

They came out upon the path that wound about the dock, and she saw that she had a curtain. "Is it—I haven't forgotten what you've done for us," said Maggie. "And I'm very sorry you're going." She spoke with great earnestness, but she did not look at her, and she held the light to her eyes. She held Frances' hand very tightly between her own. "You're going up to London now?" she asked.

"Only for a day or two—to see a friend who has found a purchaser for my work. I shan't stay," said Frances.

"A friend?" Maggie gave her a curious look. "Is it—the friend you went away to see at Fordstown?"

"Why shouldn't it be?" said Frances.

"Oh, I don't care," Maggie burst out suddenly and vividly. "I just wondered, that's all. And then you're coming back? You will come back to the Moors now?"

"I shouldn't wonder if I came back to Mrs. Trehearn," said Frances. "But, Maggie, tell me what makes you ask about Mr. Rotherby! What do you know about him?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that," said Maggie quickly. "I shouldn't have asked. But Arthur knows him—and hates him. Please don't talk about him—and I wouldn't go to see him if I were you. He's a bad man. Ah, here comes Oliver to fetch you! Good-by, dear Frances, and just a hundred thousand thanks for everything."



"Now, Rotherby!" he cried, "Let's have your version! What are you and Miss Thorold doing here?"

She responded warmly to Frances' embrace, and returned to her butter-making with a song on her lips and gladness in her eyes.

"Yes, I should just think we are grateful," said Oliver, as he followed Frances out. "Arthur has been as decent as he knows how, and it's all thanks to you. Hope you'll make a match of it before long, Miss Thorold, when better times come. You won't want to wait as long as we did."

They all treated her thus, as if her marriage to Arthur were a foregone conclusion, cheerily disregarding the fact that neither she nor Arthur had given them any justification for so doing. They had in fact barely seen one another since that night in the garden, now two days past; and she had begun to wonder if he would let her go without a word of farewell. Old Mr. Dermot was better, would soon be downstairs again, they said, and his son had returned to his work on the farm, appearing only at meals and then for very brief intervals. She had taken leave of everyone else, save Oliver, who was to drive her to the station, and time was too short for limping. She gave up hope at last, as she climbed into the cart. Her heart was heavy as they trotted out on to the moorland road.

ROUNDING the curve of a hill, they came at length within sight of the spot where she and Roger had sat together on that summer morning that seemed so long ago, and she had first seen Roger's master, Vivid as a picture actually before her eyes, came the memory of that day, of the solitary horseman riding in the blinding sunlight, of the brief incident that had been their first introduction.

She remembered her indignation—her sweeping condemnation of the man. But he had done worse things since, infinitely worse. Did she condemn him now? As if in answer, another memory smote her—the memory of this man, bowed to the earth by a burden too great to be borne—the dumb agony to which she had been a witness—and his—his tears!

HER own eyes suddenly swam in them. She turned her face away. She must not break down now. She must not.

Some seconds passed before she could command herself to look again. They were nearing the bend in the road by which she and Roger had sat.

"Hallo!" said Oliver, suddenly.

She started. "What is it? Ah!"

A great wave of feeling, tumultuous, overwhelming, surged through her and she could say no more. Arthur was waiting on his horse, motionless as a statue, at the very spot that meant so much to her. Arthur walked his horse forward as Oliver reined in to a standstill. "You can ride my animal back," he said. "I will take Miss Thorold to the station." To Frances he said nothing, and she attempted no word of greeting, even when he mounted to the seat beside her. A hasty farewell to Oliver, the starting forward of the cob, a cheery hark from Roger scudding in front, but they were rounding the bend of the road and alone. Before them, the drifting clouds parted suddenly like a rent curtain, and a great shaft of light descended.

"Why are you going?" said Arthur. His voice was quiet; it held no special thrill of interest.



The beaten man looked at him through narrowed lids. "What's that to you?" he said, sullenly.

"It is better for me to go," she said. "I am going to take up work in earnest. I have had some encouragement. Several of my sketches have been bought."
 He drove on for some distance in silence. Then, with a restraint so evident that she could not fail to realize that he was putting strong force upon himself, he said: "I hope you will succeed. I hope you will make your fortune. It's a difficult world, but there are always some lucky ones. You may be one of them. In any case, whether you are or not, may I give you one word of advice?"
 "What is it?" she said.

HE answered her briefly, with a certain recklessness that somehow hurt her. "Forget you ever met me! It's no good—no good! Don't weight yourself with a burden that can only handicap you! If it's your fate, as well as mine, to grind your bread from stones, you'll need all your strength to do it. People like you and me can't afford to waste any time over—dreams."
 He cut the horse a savage flick over the ears with the last word and they went forward on a downward slant at a startling pace. Frances attempted no rejoinder of any sort. She understood him too well. He had warned her not to return, at what cost to himself she would never know, though possibly it was for his own sake as well as for hers that he had done it. There was an insuperable barrier between them, and he was not a man with whom any compromise would be possible. There were in his nature fire, which, it was evident, even he could not always keep under control. Perhaps he realized that he could not. But

he had spoken, and she felt that he had spoken finally. It was not for her to question his decision. She could only go onward now through a wilderness of utter desolation.
 Not till they had reached the outskirts of Fordestown and the gray motors were left behind, did he speak again, and then it was to say in his customary, clipped style: "We'll not make a tragedy of this. Life's too short. It's just good-by and good luck! And that's all."
 She forced herself to smile. "Except many, many thanks!" she said.
 He stopped her quickly. "No, not that! Never that! Do you mind if I don't get down at the station? I don't like to leave the horse."
 "Of course not," she said.
 They finished the journey in silence. He did not so much as help her to descend.
 "Good-by!" she said.

HE merely looked down at her, his face like an iron mask. "Good-by—and good luck! You haven't time to spare. The train's in."
 He did not see the hand she began to offer, and it fell instantly. He touched his cap with his whip and lifted the reins. In another moment he was driving swiftly out of the yard. And she was left alone to take up the awful burden of life again.
 London and a cold gray pall of fog! Frances looked forth from the carriage window and suppressed a shiver. The grim ugliness of the great buildings that bordered the line seemed to lay a clammy hand upon her. The sordid

poverty of the streets was as a knell sounding in her heart. Somehow it seemed to her that there was a greater loneliness here than could be found in any solitude of the moors. It was like a gaunt specter, menacing her.
 The autumn day was fading into twilight, and a dreary drizzle had begun to descend from the smoke-laden sky. The long journey was over, and she had reached her destination. The time for action had arrived. She had made her plans, and it now remained for her to carry them out. With the money that Rotherby had sent for her sketches, she had enough to provide for that night at a hotel, and in the morning she was determined to find a cheap lodging where she could remain pending the settlement of the business that had brought her thither. Beyond that, her plans were vague, but if the matter went favorably she hoped to leave London again immediately. To live somewhere in the country—anywhere in the country—where she could breathe pure air and work; this was all she asked of fate now. And then suddenly a voice spoke at her side, greeting her, and she looked round with a start.
 "Didn't you expect me?" said Rotherby.
 He smiled his welcome in the glare and noise of the great station, and two utterly antagonistic sensations possessed Frances at the sight of him, a feeling of dread and a feeling that was almost gladness. Little as she had desired to see him, the unexpected appearance of a familiar face in all that host of strangers sent a quick thrill of relief through her. The specter of loneliness drew a little away.
 She smiled back at him, and after a moment gave him her hand. "I never expected you. What made you come?"

He laughed with a hint of exultation. His hand-drap was close and possessive. She drew her hand away with a sudden, stabbing memory of that which had been denied her that morning. "You said you were coming," he said.

"Yes, but I never said the train." He laughed again. "There was no need. Come along! Any luggage? I've got a car waiting."

"My things are all here," she said. "But I am not going any further tonight. I am going to get a room at the station hotel. Tomorrow I can find something cheaper."

"Splendid!" he said lightly. "I'll come and see you safely installed; may I?" She could not refuse, but she made her acceptance of his escort as businesslike as possible. Not for worlds would she have had him know that any company just then was preferable to that of the specter of desolation that stalked so close behind.

They went into the hotel, and she looked a room for the night, Rotherby standing by her side, amused, not, it seemed, greatly interested, until the business was accomplished. Then, as she turned, he became at once alert and ready. She thought the cynical lines were more deeply marked than ever about his mouth and eyes, but his smile was wholly friendly.

"Look here!" he said. "You must dine with me and we'll do a theater tonight. You're looking like the maitre d' all forlorn. I'll be round about seven. Will that do?"

She hesitated. "Do you know, I think I would rather have a quiet talk with you somewhere?" she said, with something of an effort. "I want to hear all there is to hear—about my work."

"Oh, there's plenty of time," he said. "As a matter of fact, the dealer chap isn't in town at the moment. He'll soon be back though, so you needn't be anxious."

The news chilled her. "I had hoped to see him tomorrow," she said.

"He'll soon be back," said Rotherby again, with careless confidence.

"Now, what about this theater? You'll come? It'll pass the time away."

It was in her mind to refuse. She would have preferred

to refuse. But in the end she accepted. Perhaps it was the dread of a long evening of solitary speculation and its attendant misgivings that actuated her.

She parted from Rotherby in the vestibule of the hotel and went up to her room. They were to meet again in little more than an hour, and she spent the time in a feverish effort to banish thought and to banish also that appearance of forlornness of which he had justly spoken. She was a very tired, but she would not own it, and when she met him again she had captured that reserve of strength which dwells at the back of jaded nerves, and an almost reckless charm was hers.

They went out into the gleaming streets and entered the waiting car. The unaccustomed luxury was like a dream to Frances. It was no longer an effort to put the past away from her. It had sunk of itself into the far, dim distance. The pain at her heart had wholly ceased, and she wondered a little, barely realizing that she had stilled it temporarily with this anesthetic of unreality. She sat in a box with Rotherby at the theater, and though she quickly absorbed herself in the play, she was aware of his undivided attention from the beginning.

It even exasperated her at last, so that she turned to him after the first act with a movement of impatience. "Does

it interest you so little," she said, "that you can't even be bothered to glance at the stage?"

"I have seen it already three times," he made answer, "and I am more interested at the present moment in watching the effect it has upon you."

She uttered a laugh, but the words gave her an odd feeling of shock. The play was a fashionable one, but though it compelled her deepest interest, it held moments of disgust for her as well.

"I should never want to see this more than once," she said at the end of the second act.

Whereat he laughed. "Your education has been neglected," he said. "We all think like this nowadays. The puritanical atmosphere of Tetherstones has spoiled your taste."

She was silent. Somehow the very word sent a pang to her heart.

He leaned slightly toward her, looking at her. "Tell me about your sojourn at Tetherstones!" he said. "Were the farm people decent to you? Were you happy there?"

There was a slight note in his voice that she found intolerable. She turned deliberately and met his look.

"You know the Dermots," she said. "You know quite well that they are not just—farm-people. Why should you conceal the fact?"

He made a careless gesture. "I know that one of them shot me in mistake for a rabbit that night I waited for you," he said. "I was never more scared in my life. That was the son, I presume? Did he ever mention that episode?"

"Never," she said.

"No? Perhaps he wasn't very proud of it. Perhaps he realized that the rabbit fallacy wouldn't carry him very far in a court of law. I fancy he imagined that I was poaching on his preserves."

Rotherby spoke with a sarcastic drawl. "Very unreasonable of him, what?"

He spoke at last, his voice very quiet and somber. "What do you want me to do?"

She felt the burning color rise in her face under his eyes, and she averted her own. "Not being in his confidence, I really can hardly give an opinion," she said.

"Oh, you're not in his confidence?" said Rotherby. "Somehow I didn't think you were, or you would hardly be so ready to take up the cudgils in his defense. He's a curious fellow. I knew him years ago. He had brains as a young man, then somehow he got touched in the upper story and got condemned to the simple life. That was how he came to take up farming. An awful blow to the old man, I believe! I heard he was never the same again afterward. That is about as far as my information takes me. I must admit that from a personal point of view I am not vastly interested in the family. Did you find them interesting?"

"They were kinder to me than I can possibly say," Frances said.

THE careless information he had given her was like an obnoxious draught that she had been compelled to swallow. But somehow, in spite of herself, she had assimilated it. Again she was conscious of the pain she had stifled waking within her. Again she felt the chill presence of the haunting specter. Then Rotherby's voice came to her again, and she turned almost with relief.

"They were decent to you, were they?" he said. "I presume that was why you went back to them?"

She thrust her palm away out of sight of his mocking eyes. "No," she said quietly. "I went back to be with the little girl before she died. She wanted me."

He gave a slight start. "What? The blind child that used to run about the lane? Is she dead? What from?"

"She was very fragile," Frances said, and indistinctly she spoke with reverence. "She had a fall which caused an abscess at the base of the brain, affecting the spine. The doctor had always known it might happen at any time. She didn't suffer—dear little soul."

"A tragic family!" commented Rotherby, and dropped into silence. He leaned back in his chair with his face in

[To be continued.]

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Norma in a lovely head-dress

The three Talmadges

By Margaret Talmadge

AFTER I was thoroughly convinced that there was really nothing more harmful to these meetings than her absence from school, I took Norma into my room for a heart-to-heart talk.

"Norma," I began, "the time has come for me to speak to you, not as playmate to playmate, but as mother to daughter."

Norma considered me with some amazement. I could not tell whether she thought of the truant hours or not. Her face could be perfectly blank, when necessary, or beset with varied expressions, as the occasion prompted.

"You know, Norma," I continued, "we are not wealthy people. In fact, quite the contrary. It has been a struggle, and a severe one, for your father and me to bring you girls up even as well as we have done. It is becoming more of a struggle every day, because as you grow older, and go about more, you need better frocks and hats and shoes and things of that sort. You will want to get around to meet people, and see things, and in order to make this possible, you will have to help. Playing hooky from school, my dear, is not the way to do it. I added as gently as I could.

Still, Norma's face gave me no clue as to what she was thinking.

"Peg," she said, "you tell me more? I still don't know just what you mean."

"I mean, Norma," I said, "that you must stop remaining away from school to play actress in the park. I mean that you must pay attention to your studies and make the most of your opportunities, because the time is coming, and very soon, when it will be necessary for you to take some sort of position in order to earn money."

Then Norma understood. And then I understood how wrong, how short-sighted and how unselfishly selfish my protection of her had been.

We talked a long, long while that night. Constance and Natalie came to the door and knocked, but I told them that Norma and I were busy. As we talked, Norma and I reached a new basis and a deeper quality of understanding.

"I don't think, though, Peg," Norma said, "that I could be a stenographer or a school-teacher. I can't seem to feel that I could be one thing or so long!" Prophetic utterance, though I did not see it then! I only told her that to be successful, one must concentrate all one's efforts and follow a definite course.

Norma sighed and shook her head. "I know," she said, "but somehow I don't feel that I can be any of these things. I see that I must be something, but I don't know, Peg, that I quite know what—just yet. Does it have to be right away?"

I told her there was no need for immediate decision. In my desire to prevent a complete breakdown of her youthful hope and faith, I assured her that we could manage somehow to get on for a while longer; that I only wanted her to know, so that she could begin to prepare.

After that, Norma became more serious. I would find her bending over her books, studiously, but with eyes that were looking down the pathway of life into a confused future. I knew that she was honestly trying to find herself—to adjust herself to some sphere of action, and I thought

Norma in her spectacular romance of old France

that it would be safe for me to sit back for a time and let her alone. Her feet were set, and they would not stray. Then—then we began to go to the movies!

The movies! How we loved them and what a godsend they seemed to us in those days of their crude beginnings, because they were so cheap, so possible to all of us. Friday nights became our regular "movie nights."

Those Friday nights brought with them a change in the trend of my daughters' theatricals. Instead of the speaking productions of earlier days, the girls became embryo stars of the shadow stage.

Before long, Norma began to put words to the stories she saw on the screen, and to turn them into plays. Little did she know then, that the time was coming when she would reverse this order of things by buying popular Broadway plays to convert into motion pictures!

One day the girls burst into the kitchen quiet breathless with excitement.

"Next Saturday evening," announced Constance, "we are going to present the biggest and most important play we have ever undertaken."

"We've never done anything to equal it. Peg, and you must help us with the settings," Natalie added, anxious to impress me with the importance of the occasion. "Norma says we'll be real professionals from that night on."

Such a week of activity! Planning—working—preparing! Special invitations were sent to our neighbors and the parents of each member of the "cast." Norma had carefully selected and critically tried out each member of her company, gently but firmly rejecting some, and choosing others. What particularly impressed me at the time was the deft manner in which she rehearsed her sisters and the other little players. She knew exactly what effects she wanted, and what is more, she knew just how to obtain them. And still I thought that Norma must be a school-teacher or a secretary!

THAT Saturday night, as the little play went on unfolding itself before us, Norma appeared to me in a totally new light. Not as Norma, the little girl, nor as Norma, the young lady with a business career before her, but as Norma, the talented actress—the artist! I marvelled that I had not long before observed in her the unmistakable signs of dramatic talent.

After the play was over, after the guests had applauded again and again, after the little artists had been separately and collectively commended for their performance and were partaking of the surprise of ice-cream and cake I had in store for them, I told Mr. and Mrs. Hodges what I had been thinking all through the evening. I half hoped, half feared that they would agree with me—and they did.

"I did not like to put it into your head, Margaret," Mr. Hodges said, "because I could not tell how you would take to the thought and I wanted it to come to you first from

your own observations; but no one could help seeing that Norma's talent is quite unusual."

"Well, if it should be as I feel," I ventured, "then her career is probably solved."

Mr. Hodges agreed. We talked a long, long while, and finally decided to try the motion pictures instead of the legitimate stage, because the field was comparatively unexplored, requiring no expensive training and offering unusual opportunities.

It was a trying week that followed. I thought things over and over and again over and over, from every angle. From attitudes good and attitudes bad. I saw the great advantages, of course, and yet with a trace of "old-fashionedness" I suppose, I could not quite reconcile myself to the idea of Norma's becoming an actress. Deep in my Mid-Victorian heart of hearts, I still thought of the stage in a questionable light. I still heard the echoes of old, faintly refuted condemnation. Other little girls, perhaps—but not my little girl! Success? Yes. Money? Yes. And we did need both of these. But what of Norma, herself? What would it do to her? Down to the last analysis, that was what I cared about most—Norma herself.

Without a word to anyone, I spent that week in self-conflict, asking myself questions and answering them differently every time.

THE advertising firm with which my husband was engaged, kept him constantly traveling, and as he had plenty of business worries, he always left the problems concerning the children to me. And so I turned to Mr. and Mrs. Hodges again and told them of the conflicting thoughts that were disturbing me.

"Have you said anything to Norma yet?" Mr. Hodges asked.

"I told him that I had not. I'm mighty glad of that, because the success of this whole thing depends so much upon the way you yourself feel about it and the amount of honest enthusiasm and faith you can show in presenting it to Norma."

"I know, but somehow—the stage—"

"Peg," he said, "the individual is the thing! If your girl has been brought up right and thinks right, and feels right and acts right, she will be right, no matter what her profession. Norma will be just as safe on the stage as she would be as a stenographer. What is more, Peg, I don't think the decision will ultimately rest with you. A little longer, and Norma will know what she is—an artist. She is already groping through the mist very, very fast."

This talk cleared my mind and formed my decision. That same evening I spoke to Norma.

"I can still see her face. It was as though the mist Mr. Hodges had spoken of were veritably there and then as veritably broke away, leaving her face unobscured, lifted, startled, but very happy. "Oh, Norma," she kept saying, "Oh, Peg!" For a long time we were both silent, but there was rapture in the air and I could feel it. Norma had come into her own.

[To be continued]



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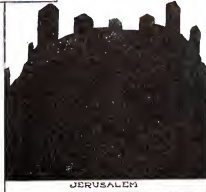
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BETHLEHEM



ZACHARIAH, WENT INTO THE TEMPLE



JERUSALEM

HEROD was king, and a had king he was. His throne stood based upon murder and deceit. He knew no principles, but he had an ambition.

The memory of great Alexander was still alive in western Asia. What a little Macedonian prince had done, three hundred years before, a more powerful Jewish king might do today. And so Herod played a game of cold and brutal calculation and worked for the greater glory of the house of Antipater and cared for neither man nor God, with the sole exception of that Roman governor by whose grace he was allowed to hold his nefarious throne.

A thousand years before, such despotism might have gone unchallenged. But much had changed in this world, as Herod was to experience before his miserable death.

The Romans had definitely established order in the lands around the Mediterranean Sea. At the same time, the Greeks had charted the unknown vastness of the soul and in their scientific pursuits had endeavored to reach a logical conclusion



THE WRITING OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

against things forced of good and evil. Their language (greatly simplified for the convenience of those who lived abroad) had become the tongue of civilized society in every country.

Even the Jews, with their prejudice against things forced of good and evil. To counteract the influence of Rome as the acknowledged center of the universe, the Greeks of the Hellenistic era had concentrated their forces in a rival city, called Alexandria after the inevitable Macedonian hero. It was situated at the mouth of the river Nile and not far removed from that famous center of Egyptian civilization which had been dead for many centuries.

The Greeks, brilliant, unsteady, but of insatiable curiosity, had carefully examined and clarified all human knowledge. Furthermore, they had passed through every possible experience of success and failure. They could remember their golden age when, single-handed, their little cities had defeated the hordes of the mighty Persian kings and had saved Europe from foreign invasion. They could recall (how could they help it?) other days when, through their own selfishness and greed, their country had fallen an easy prey to the better-organized power of Rome.

But once deprived of their political independence, the Greeks had gained even greater fame as the teachers of those same Romans who had conquered them only a few years before. And having tasted of all the joys of living, their wise men had come to the conclusion that all is vanity and that no life can ever be complete without that spiritual contentment which is not based upon a cellar full of gold or an attic replete with the riches of the Indies.

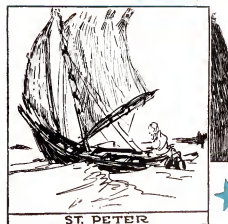
Some of them, like the Cynics, were as severe in their principles as those Essenes who dwelt in the mountains of Judea. Others, called the Epicureans and the Stoics, were more worldly. They taught their doctrines in the palace of the Emperor and were often used as private tutors to the wealthy young men of Rome. But all of them shared one common opinion. They knew that happiness was entirely a matter of inner conviction and not of outward circumstances.

Under the influence of these new doctrines, the old Greek and Roman gods were rapidly losing their hold upon the masses.

Usually the happiness of a people is in inverse ratio to their riches. When they grow rich and prosperous beyond a certain definite point, they begin to lose interest in those simple pleasures without which life becomes a vast span of boredom which stretches from the cradle to the grave.

The empire was perhaps the best example of this historical axiom. To a rapidly increasing number of Romans, existence became a burden. They had eaten too much and drunk too much and enjoyed too many pleasures to get the slightest satisfaction out of normal human experiences. They asked for a solution of their problems and they received no answer. The old gods failed them. The learned doctors connected with the worship of Isis and Mithra failed them. Nothing was left but despair.

And then Jesus was born.



ST. PETER



"WOO, BETHLEHEM, ART NOT THE LEAST ANGLE PRINCIPLES OF JUDA"

The Story of The Bible

by Hendrik Willem van Loon

HERE is the final instalment of Dr. Van Loon's outline of the Bible. In this he now gives us, in simple, vivid prose, the most comprehensive picture of the salient facts of the Savior's life to be found outside the Bible itself. Lovers of the New Testament will appreciate this lovely narrative which depicts the life of Jesus Christ from the miracle of Bethlehem to the treacherous kiss of Judas.

It was the fourth year before the beginning of our era. On the sloping hillside of a quiet valley in Galilee stood the village of Nazareth, where lived Joseph the carpenter and his wife Mary.

Both were descended from King David, who, as we know, was a great-great-grandson of the gentle Ruth, whose story was well known to all Jewish boys and girls. Joseph was a simple man who had never been outside of his own country, but Mary had seen something of the world. Indeed, she had once spent quite a long time in that big city Jerusalem.

Mary had a cousin, by the name of Elizabeth, who had been married to a certain Zachariah, a priest connected with the service of the temple. Both Zachariah and Elizabeth were old folk and they were quite sad because they never had had any children.

But one day Mary heard there was to be a baby in Elizabeth's family, and could Mary come and take care of her kinswoman? And so she had gone to Jutta, the suburb of Jerusalem, and stayed there for a few days. Her lady safety tucked away in his cradle. Then she had returned to Nazareth. Shortly afterward she herself had been married to Joseph and had come to live in the humble room which served as kitchen, living-quarters and workshop. But ere long she had been called upon to undertake another journey.

In distant Jerusalem, wicked Herod was still king, though his days were numbered and his power was waning. In still more distant Rome, Caesar Augustus had taken hold of the reins of government and had turned the republic into an empire.

Empires cost money, and subjects must pay. Therefore Caesar had decreed that all his beloved children from east and west and north and south should duly enroll their names upon certain official registers that henceforth the tax-gatherers might know who had paid their just shares of all dues and who had failed to do their duty, and far and wide the order went forth that the people must present themselves at a given date at the particular spot which happened to be the original home of their family or tribe.

Joseph, as a descendant of David, therefore had traveled to Bethlehem, and his wife, Mary, had gone with him. It was no easy journey. The road was long and tiring. And when at last Joseph and Mary reached Bethlehem, all the rooms in the city had already been occupied by those who had arrived earlier.

It was a very cold night. Kind people took pity upon the poor young couple. They had made her a bed in the corner of an old stable. And there Jesus was born, while outside in the fields, the shepherds were guarding their flocks against thieves and wolves and were wondering if this was their long-promised Messiah who should set their unhappy land free from those foreign masters who mocked at the power of Jehovah and laughed at all that was sacred to the hearts of the Jews. All this was innocent enough, but Judea was a very small country, and news traveled fast. In Jerusalem, in his gloomy palace, Herod was sitting in dark dread of the future. He was old and he was sick and he was very miserable. The memory of his murdered wife was forever with him.

The shadows were falling fast. Suspicion was the companion of his last days, and fear forever followed him witt, silent tread.

When his officers began to talk about the visit of three mysterious wise men of the east to Bethlehem, Herod became nervous-stricken. He asked for details. He had heard of many other strange occurrences in connection with the mysterious Child.

A short time after his birth, the Boy, being the first-born son, had been taken to the temple, and there, when the offering had been completed, an old man by the name of Simon, and a very old prophetess called Anna, had spoken strange words about the coming of the day of deliverance and Simon had asked Jehovah to let him die in peace now that he had seen the Messiah Who should

[To be continued.]

No More Diphtheria

NOT so many years ago Diphtheria was the black enemy of childhood. All over the world it claimed a frightful toll. And the tragedy was that three-quarters of its victims were little tots under six—hardly more than babies. Swiftly it struck with deadly result—without warning—and there was no sure way to combat it.

Then came Antitoxin. Children who received this treatment at once enjoyed a better chance in their struggle for life. And the Diphtheria death rate was lowered. But Antitoxin is effective only after Diphtheria develops. It checks the progress of the disease—but it does not give lasting protection. Now comes a great triumph of medical science—the Prevention of Diphtheria!

Today, eminent specialists state positively and definitely that through modern preventive treatment—

Diphtheria can be Stamped Out!

Some children are able to resist the germs of Diphtheria. Others are not. The wonderful discovery of Dr. Schick of Vienna, is

now being used to show which children need protection—which are susceptible and which are not. The Schick Test consists in giving the child a tiny injection in the skin of the arm. If, after a few days, a red spot appears where the injection was made, the child is susceptible. If no spot appears, the child is immune.

The Schick Test does not make the child immune—but authorities agree that the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment does. Experience shows that both test and treatment are painless and harmless.

The Schick Message is that if mothers and fathers and all others who love children will help, this dread disease that has blotted out thousands and thousands of lives can be wiped out. Children need not have Diphtheria. It can be prevented.

If you love them— Make them safe

Experienced Health Boards urge that you take your children at once to a physician and have them protected from this deadly scourge by means of the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment. The people who are introducing the Schick Test into the public schools need your heartiest cooperation. If your child brings home a request for your approval for the Test or the Toxin-Antitoxin treatment, do not hesitate to give permission.

Would you willingly permit a man to drive an automobile into a crowd of little children? Why then permit Diphtheria—unchecked—to mow them down?

November is Danger-Time

Diphtheria is especially prevalent in November. The disease is caused by a germ that lodges in the throat and later forms a membrane. Death is frequently caused by strangulation and the agony of the struggling child begins description. And if the child recovers, the disease leaves the heart and kidneys weaker.

Diphtheria is extremely contagious. Have your children's throats examined at the first suggestion of a cold or of a fever. Seek medical advice on having your children Schick-Tested and made immune by the Toxin-Antitoxin Treatment to the attack of Diphtheria.

Children who show by the Schick Test that they are liable to Diphtheria can be given at once the Toxin-Antitoxin Preventive Treatment. This treatment consists of three injections of Toxin-Antitoxin, one each week for three weeks.

Thirty years ago, 115 out of every 100,000 persons died of Diphtheria each year. In recent years, the number has been 15 per 100,000. But, even at this low figure, there are more than 15,000 deaths from Diphtheria annually in the United States.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is making every effort to teach mothers that this disease is entirely preventable and urges them, as well as others

in charge of children, to take no chances with Diphtheria.

Since the Schick Test has been perfected, the Company has recommended the very general use of this test in the public schools and also has encouraged making all children immune from Diphtheria by the use of Toxin-Antitoxin.

As a result of the educational campaign among its policyholders, there has been a very marked decline in the death rate

from Diphtheria among children insured in the Company. Between 1911 and 1922, the rate declined 34.1 per cent. It is still lower so far in 1923.

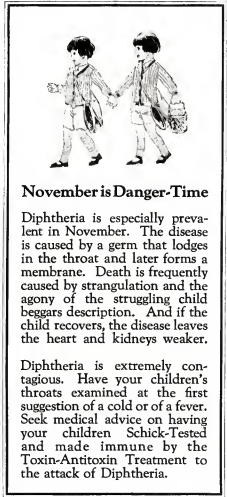
The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail a leaflet entitled "Diphtheria and its Prevention" to any one interested.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year





He looked at it and it looked at him; the darlinest girl he had ever seen in a yellow dress, astride a saddleless horse

From where she sat on the knoll, thinking about George's want of experience and his awkwardness in the saddle and the hoodlum of his having to be up north so much lately, she could see the purple haze of the Blue Ridge, reared against the sky. It had become a symbol to her, a symbol of exclusion from a land she loved and dared not enter, a barrier between her and the people and places and the life she longed for here all else—except maybe George.

Memory brought it back to her again. Loudoun County and Green Hedges; hills and meadows; pines; aimless, straggling by-ways; a little bridge she knew; a fence jump she feared enough to fancy a horse on a hill whither one rode to tea. Memory gave her also the picture of another man, not at all like George—older, taller, handsomer, much, much darker and much, much richer. Description of a villain, but he wasn't. Mr. Tillian had been sportsmanlike and honorable, not villainous at all. He had loved quiet as hard as she had, and his only fault had been to marry some ten years before they met. "When I had just met life, Evelyn," he had said, "before I knew romance full grown."

Baltimore and Virginia—naturally she knew something of life and a bit about men, just about every bit there is to know, or almost. But Philip Tillian had stormed her.

Perhaps it was the atmosphere of the Virginia hunting-country and perhaps it was the barrier of his indifferent and absent wife. One doesn't know why they fell in love, but only that the love was furious and devastating, suicidal, glorious, and honorable, as was only their sort know how to be honorable.

In the end, Evelyn was woman enough to know that the thing must end and artist enough to end it beautifully. A little confessional under the stars one night, a clean break, and she turned her back on Loudoun for good. She stammered back to Baltimore and heat about, trying to forget, gorged on the husks of happiness but starved in her heart.

After a year she went up north and—but life is droll—and married a Connecticut Yankee. Yet nothing could be more perfectly Evelyn than that she should go up north—and marry a Connecticut Yankee just because he had a long, aesthetic face and big, clumsy hands which didn't match the face. She had had George for two years and a half now, and it had taken her just that long to get him down into her own country. Not Loudoun—she didn't dare that. She put the Blue Ridge between herself and Loudoun, and laid the family hearth in Clark County.

It worked. It worked beautifully until George began to want to spend so much time in New York, as she said—working for a man who could support a stable and kennel in Virginia and preferred to donate a swanky clubhouse to a stupid golf club. Left alone she could not but wonder what was transpiring beyond that great blue

The Last Hurdle

[Continued from page 7]

wall, what Phil was doing, who was entering the Upperville Horse Show events, day after tomorrow.

"But I do love George," she broke out. "Why doesn't he stay here and keep me out of trouble?" She became pensive. "I wonder if he would really mind if I went over to Green Hedges for the show. He knows I'd adore to see Nancy Boland. Phil probably isn't down this year anyway." She wished George would hurry home.

The thud of hoofbeats on the tiny bridge, which spanned the brook down there at the foot of the hill took her attention to the road. A party of five, three men and two girls, cantered gaily up the little valley. Evelyn jumped up and ran down to the road to watch them out of sight. One of the girls had made her think of Betsy Flower, the prettiest Virginia child that ever rode to hounds. She wondered if Betsy were over at Green Hedges. Oh, it wasn't fair. If Mr. George Morrell didn't come home soon—well, she couldn't be responsible.

Evelyn was pretty sad when she turned back over the bridge. She might even be going to cry.

But she didn't cry. Instead she stopped, rooted to the spot. Her wandering gaze had hit upon a terrible thing—Peaseblossom, loose, down there in the middle of the brook, drinking, getting ready to be hard to catch. How had the wicked darter gotten out of the paddock? A rail must be down. Well, Peaseblossom must be caught, that's all.

She started to run, a fluttering yellow butterfly with a blue underneath, but she tripped. When she picked herself up, the yellow dress was a little green with grass-stain and the atmosphere adjacent was a little blue with Evelyn's opinion of circumstances. However, she quickly approached Peaseblossom, whistling soft notes that sounded like sugar. But the favorite of the stable was not to be cajoled. She splashed across the brook and started on a hard trot down the road.

Evelyn, not to be outdone, splashed into the brook herself, holding the yellow dress up as daintily as a ballet girl but making speed withal. Down the road she pelted after Peaseblossom, followed her when the truant left the road, climbed the Randall's fence to head her off. She was going to catch that horse.

Little while after Evelyn disappeared from view, a man came blithely around the bend in the road, swinging his bag as he walked and sings, not too well, but one could

recognize the air—"Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea, Silver buckles on his knee"—and then he saw it. It came out of a bridgeway upon the road, almost in front of him. He looked at it and it looked at him, the maddest, darlinest girl in a yellow dress astride a bridleless, saddleless horse he had ever seen.

He didn't laugh, not even the least crinkle of a smile. Evelyn didn't dare laugh. Instead he went and picked her down off the horse and patted her and got patted a little in return. George was happy. Evelyn was happy. She didn't care if there was grass stain on her knee, mud on her slippers, grease on her nose. This was her George she wanted you to know, just as much hers as Peaseblossom was. "Why didn't you wire, you had thing?" she demanded. "I'll not let you get away again. I almost went over to Green Hedges this morning."

George looked a little grim at that. "Not without me, would you, Big Fellow?" You observed a certain intensity in George at that moment, not in keeping with his gay, blond face; a certain power and drive, and you understood how Evelyn might have married him, or perhaps, how he wouldn't let her do anything else.

When George had put Peaseblossom back into the paddock and the saddle back into the stable, God was in His heaven once again. He returned to find Evelyn plunging into his bags right out on the lawn. She had just extracted a box. "Can I open it now, Sunny?"

"No," said George. "It wouldn't be proper." Which made Evelyn very anxious to see it. She liked them, those things, and she wanted to know whether it was pink or white and whether it had French flowers on it. "I must open it right here this minute, Sunny." So she did, and it was white and had blue ribbons and six French flowers.

George didn't like to tell Evelyn after dinner that he must return to New York the following noon. In fact the prospect made him nervous. He waited until they were out on the porch watching the red splash where the sun had dropped behind the purple mass of the ridge. "You know, dear," he began, "it's a shame I can't stay down here and play with you all the time. If people only knew they would all want to build their houses in Virginia anyway."

"You know they would," agreed Evelyn with enthusiasm. "But I have you here now and I'm not going to worry. The Upperville Horse Show is day after tomorrow, Sunny. Oh I'm so glad you are home, George."

"Maybe I'm not glad to be here!" said George. "Soon I'll be through with the confounded place up there, and we'll be together for a solid year on the proceeds. I wish I hadn't agreed to supervise construction as well as design. I couldn't have escaped this time if we hadn't been held up for it."

[Turn to page 72]

How do they accomplish it?

The women who give their skin the hardest wear manage to keep their faces young long after other women have grown old and unattractive

The actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with cosmetics. It must be fresh in spite of late, weary hours.

How does she accomplish this? By careful study of her skin she has discovered the two indispensable things it needs to keep it in the fresh, beautifully supple condition she demands.

First the perfect kind of cleansing at night that leaves the face soft and clear as lovely spring flowers are soft and transparently fine—every bit of dirt, every trace of cosmetic, every shadow of weariness, taken away. Then the exquisite morning freshening that keeps the skin flowerlike through the day and also guards it completely from every coarsening thing.

These are the two fundamentals of skin livelihood, the two essentials that keep the skin young and lovely for years longer than any other method.

For these two things many well-known actresses depend on the two entirely different creams that Pond's developed especially for this method of keeping a woman's skin young and fresh—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

The perfect cleansing—the delicate freshening and complete protection. With Pond's two creams, no hateful dullness, no harsh dryness, no premature lines can mar the skin. Beautiful actresses of the stage and the screen tell how wonderfully smooth and fresh these two creams keep their skin.

And many other women write such enthusiastic letters as these:—

"Pond's Cold Cream takes out the dirt that clogs the pores. Also by gentle massaging with the cold cream I find there is no place for wrinkles



Photo by Edward Thayer Mousier

Charming Peggy Wood, now playing in "The Clinging Vine," says, "Pond's Cold Cream cleanses easily and leaves my skin feeling fresh. Then the Vanishing Cream really protects and is a lovely base for powder."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Mae Murray, one of the most alluring of screen stars, says, "I have found that Pond's Two Creams give the complexion a lovely freshness and smoothness."



Allyn King, a *Follies* beauty, says, "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my face fresh and stimulated. Pond's Vanishing Cream I use to hold the powder and freshes the skin."

to come in my face. I have been a constant user of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream for over ten years. Although I am thirty years old my face looks twenty and I think I owe it to the use of Pond's Two Creams."

SEE WHAT THIS FAMOUS METHOD WILL DO FOR YOU

Do this every night. With the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it penetrates every pore of your skin. Let it stay on a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day are taken off your skin and out of the pores. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

And every morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream, covering your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! Nothing can roughen it. And it will stay that way all day.

To see how Pond's two creams actually improve your skin, use this method regularly. Buy both creams tonight in jars or tubes. Neither delicate cream can clog your pores or grow hair. The Pond's Extract Company.

The common troubles that make a woman's skin look older—Pond's banishes them

Accumulation of oil and dirt in the pores. Sometimes the oil in your skin accumulates in the glands and attracts dirt and bacteria. Soon your whole complexion has that horrid muddy look. The oil shines through the powder, mixes with it! For this condition cleanse every night with Pond's Cold Cream, which is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Then



Roycroft Studios, Chicago, from Paul Stone Bureau Evelyn Gannell says, "Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps my skin soft and holds the powder for hours. Pond's Cold Cream keeps it always clear."

every morning put on Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and keep your face fresh through the day.

Premature wrinkles, scaling, dry shine. These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them, keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and keep some on over night. Feel your skin relax. Then by day, Pond's Vanishing Cream prevents your skin from drying out again—forms a delicate, sure protection.

Coarsening Sun and Windburn. The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. For this exposure, use faithfully the nightly Pond's Cold Cream cleansing and in the day the delicate yet sure protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



Every skin needs these Two Creams—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect and to hold the powder

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co., 130-S Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is inclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....
 State.....

Forsythe's Folly

(Continued from page 6)



"And now young lady, if you try to double-cross me, the penitentiary will be waiting for you just the same!"

But the newcomer was Bradley. "What did you come to see me about, Clifford?" he asked.

"I didn't come to see you, Bradley. I came to see Mary Regan."

The narrowed eyes held to Clifford's face for a long moment. Then without a word he went out, and returned with Mary.

"A gentleman to see you, Mary," he said, with a gesture toward Clifford.

"What is it, Mr. Clifford?" she asked calmly.

"For a moment Clifford could only gaze at the proud, ivory-white face of this wife of his, who was his greatest mystery. Her black eyes returned his gaze without a quiver.

"Could I see you for a few minutes—alone?" he asked lengthily.

Bradley spoke first. "As far as I am concerned, yes."

"Don't go, Mr. Bradley," she said in her self-possessed voice.

"I've given you your chance, Clifford, and you've had her answer." Bradley turned back. "And now, Mr. Clifford, what is it you wish to say, if you please?"

Clifford flushed with chagrin at this rebuff. But he made one more try.

"I am returning to the city by the next train. I was hoping that you were returning by the same train and that I might have your company."

Her cool voice and cool bearing did not alter. "Thank you. I am going back by a much later train."

At this Bradley stepped in front of Clifford, square jaw out-thrust, grin, mocking triumph in his dark face.

"I've given you your chance, Clifford, and you've had her answer. Now get this: it always will be a late train—for you! And get this: I'll not stand for Miss Regan being eternally pestered by your undesired attentions! Certainly not in my house! Understand?"

Clifford shifted his gaze questioningly to Mary Regan. Her expression remained unchanged, and she did not speak.

With a stiff bow, and not another word, Clifford went out. When he reached the station Clifford saw young Richard Forsythe and Jean Fenton, his fiancée, sitting in a roadster and evidently awaiting the train. Clifford remained apart and cautiously studied these two figures in the unfolding drama, whose beginning Mrs. Forsythe had related to him.

Unquestionably the pair were profoundly in love; every glance, every gesture showed that. Young Forsythe, who was about twenty-three, was a sensitive, highly-strung individual, who even in the company of his fiancée could not banish the air of being under a great strain. Jean Fenton, despite her unusual beauty, and despite her topmost social position and her being the sole heir of the stern Henry K. Fenton of the great Fenton Holdings Corporation was unspoiled, simple, sincere. The finest kind of girl—a girl with ideals, unless Clifford estimated her all wrong. No wonder the Forsythes didn't want that story to get to Jean Fenton!

On the ride back to the city Clifford rehearsed and dissected the ancient story which had been told him in Mrs. Forsythe's sitting-room. The other girl's name was Lockette Morgan, she belonged to Bradley's and a year or two back young Dick Forsythe had come under her spell. Just how far the affair had gone, Clifford had not been told; but the young man had written her most ardent letters—this he admitted—and Miss Morgan, with an eye to the future, had carefully preserved these missives. The now regretted romance was still a secret, as it would remain if Lockette were paid an adequate price for the letters. Otherwise, there

would be a breach-of-promise suit and a scandal.

The Forsythes had put this matter of negotiating for the letters in the hands of Bradley, he being a neighbor, and by repute a discreet and most able detective. Their offer, made through Bradley, had risen to one hundred thousand dollars. But thus far Bradley had secured no results; he had reported to them that Miss Morgan seemed indifferent to the offer, and would make no proposition of her own. Therefore in their desperation they had called in Clifford. Clifford's face became grim. The situation was tailor-made to fit Bradley's private business devices; his immensely profitable practice of minting the indirections, the secret follies, of the rich into gold. Undoubtedly Bradley was in collusion with this Lockette Morgan; and undoubtedly she was acting under his orders; and undoubtedly Bradley, unless checked, would bleed the Forsythes white before he was done with them.

HE managed to compose himself, and by the time his train drew into the Pennsylvania Station he had decided upon his first step. He would see Lockette Morgan himself—see her at once—size her up, sound her out.

At six o'clock that same evening, by appointment, Clifford was shown by a smartly dressed mulatto maid into Lockette Morgan's softly lighted sitting-room. Miss Morgan kept him waiting several minutes, and Clifford used the time to make mental notes of the apartment and its mistress. The room and all he could see of the apartment told him that a decorator had been turned loose here with just one order, to spare careful luxury.

Clifford knew a little of Lockette Morgan by reputation, and had occasionally seen her in the smartest restaurants and in midnight dance-disks. She had seen a model's model at forty dollars a week, until she had graduated into one of Mr. Ziegler's productions as a show-girl at one hundred dollars a week, from whence she had graduated into this apartment, and he understood, a Rolls-Royce with a chauffeur. Presently she came in, a slight, graceful, dainty figure, not one bit of hardness or coarseness in face or manner. She laid a soft, slender hand in that of Clifford.

"Mr. Clifford, is it not?" she inquired pleasantly, "You wanted to see me, I believe. But let's sit down. And after they were both in the embrace of soft upholstery—"

"Just what did you wish to see me about, Mr. Clifford?" Clifford had decided that diplomatic approach would be wasted effort. So he came straight to the point.

"Oh, you mean Dickie Forsythe?" she smiled. "Rather a nice boy, Dickie. But I thought Mr. Bradley was representing him and his mother?"

"I also am representing them. They informed me, Miss Morgan, that you have in your possession certain incriminating letters addressed by young Forsythe to you."

"Oh, no, Mr. Clifford—not incriminating!" she protested. "All right, the letters are concerning me, but they are green."

"The Forsythes want these letters back. They told me they had raised their offer to a hundred thousand."

"A hundred thousand—that's not a very interesting sum, Mr. Clifford."

"Then how much do you want?"

"I don't care how much in any figure, Mr. Clifford," she said soberly. "I'm getting rather—rather tired of all this. I'd like to settle down."

"Then marriage is what you want?"

"Dickie is nice, and I like him."

"Then I'm to understand it's either marriage, or a suit for a big sum for breach-of-promise, with lots of publicity and lots of scandal?"

To this she made no reply, merely sat twisting her rings. But Clifford, gazing at her, understood. She was playing the game of Bradley's instructions.

Before going to Lockette Morgan's apartment, Clifford had made a telephone dinner engagement with his old friend Detective Sergeant Jimmie Kelly of the Police Department, to whom he had given much official credit in past cases, and who was always eager to give Clifford assistance in return for these favors. The two had now finished their dinner in the grill of the Grantham Hotel, and Clifford had just completed his outline of the Forsythe affair.

"And so," commented Jimmie Kelly, "you're out to block Bradley's game, and get Bradley with the goods on. But how?"

"By breaking his weakest link. No, by using it. The answer is Lockette Morgan. You know her."

"Sure."

"The idea came to me while I was pretending to talk business to her late this afternoon, but was really studying her and her apartment. Now you know mighty well and I know, Jimmie, that in this little town of New York no woman of such a type is likely to keep up such a pace for five years without getting mixed up in some shady deal."

"I see what you're driving at. You think there may be something that can be pinned on Lockette Morgan?"

Yes, Bradley has got to operate through her. Therefore she knows Bradley's game, deals his cards for him. Now I don't want her, I want Bradley. But if I could get the goods on her I could frighten her so badly that, to save herself, she'd tell all she knows. Rather, she'd go through this game as my tool instead of Bradley's."

"Surest thing you know; the double-cross applied to a professional double-cross. Grand little idea—if it works."

"Now right here is where you can help me out, Jimmie. Clifford continues. "Help dig up the record of Lockette Morgan, find if there are any spots in it that she'd rather give her life than have exposed!"

Clifford finished his cigar, then went upstairs. As he passed the wide doorway of the main dining-room he casually glanced in, then checked himself shortly at what he saw. At a table within, Mary Regan was having dinner with a woman whose back had hints of vague familiarity.

Mary saw him in the doorway, and gave him a cold, frowning stare. Her companion saw the look and turned in its direction. Clifford then saw that the other woman was Lockette Morgan!

Miss Morgan arose and came swiftly toward him with a gay smile. "Mr. Clifford! Again we meet! Come—you must sit at our table for a while!"

She caught his hand and led him, not unwilling, to where Mary sat.

"Miss Regan, this is that very, very great detective I was telling you of—she sits at her liveliest, prettiest manner, beneath which Clifford sensed and mused. "And, Mr. Clifford, this is Miss Regan, a new friend of mine, and I am very jealous of her because she is so very, very handsome."

"I have already met Miss Regan," Clifford said formally. "And I, Mr. Clifford, Mary coldly remarked.

"Ah, you know each other and don't like each other!" A bit of the devil flickered in Lockette's eyes. "Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Since you don't like each other, then for punishment I shall leave you together."

Instantly she had fluttered away and was chattering with friends at another table. Clifford observed a moment, then sat down in her chair, eyes on Mary's eyes.

[Turn to page 27]

Beef is always in season

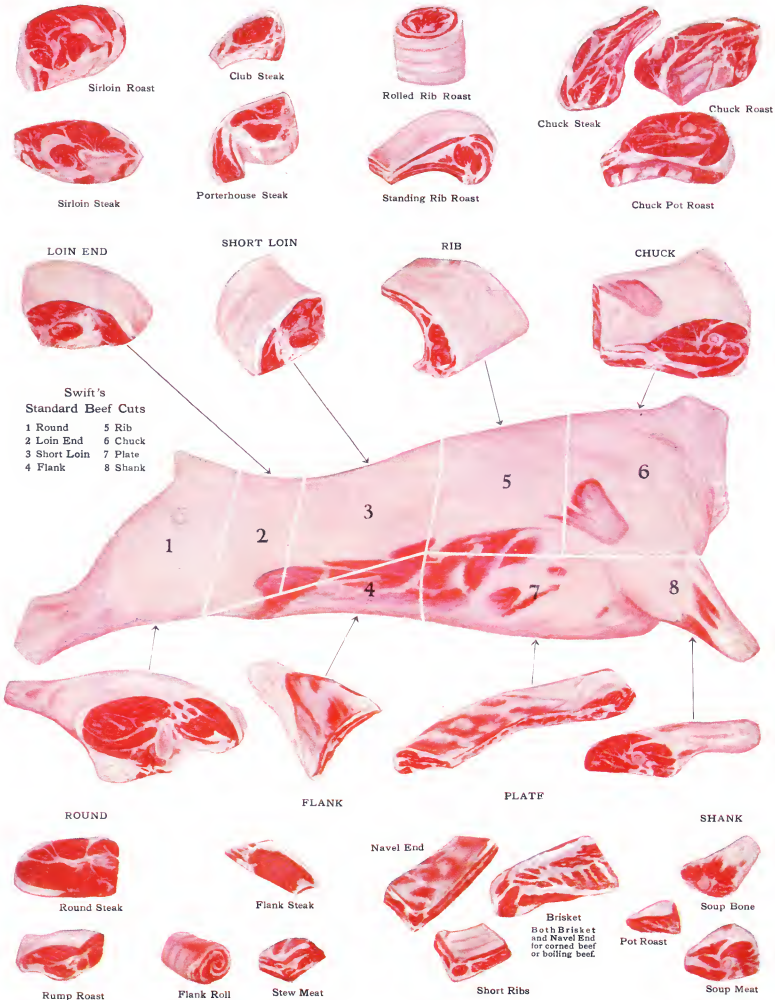
Beef is probably the most generally used of all the meats and it well deserves its popularity. Yet it seems that many women overlook the possibilities of variety in serving this meat—and opportunities for economy in its purchase.

Many of the cuts shown in this chart may be "new" to you—cuts from the chuck, for instance, from the plate, the flank and the round. These are economical pieces which

may be very temptingly served. Instructions and recipes for preparing such cuts will be sent you free upon request.

In publishing this and other charts, in distributing these recipes, Swift & Company hopes to make more complete its service of supplying meat to the American public—service for which it receives as profit from all sources only a fraction of a cent a pound.

Excellent recipes for beef cuts, on filing cards, will be sent upon request to Swift & Company, Home Economics Dept., Chicago.



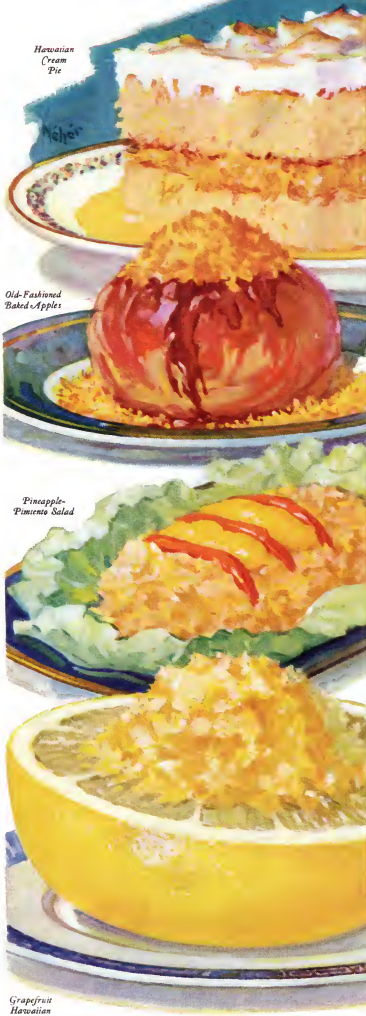
Swift & Company's meats are Government inspected. When you buy meats look for the legend "U. S. Inspected and Passed" on the wholesale cuts.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

The Question we asked/

How Do You Serve Crushed (or Grated) Hawaiian Pineapple?

- In Pies? In Cakes? In Salads?
- In Puddings?
- Or as "Pineapple Sauce"—just as it comes from the can—for breakfast or with meat?



Hawaiian Cream Pie

Old-Fashioned Baked Apples

Pineapple-Pineapple Salad

Grapefruit Hawaiian

The Answer we got

20,475 Women Say They Use Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple in 169 Different Ways

We knew Hawaii's favorite uses for gold-en, luscious, full-ripe *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple*.

We knew how famous chefs, domestic science authorities and food experts served it.

But we wanted to know how you liked it best. So we asked you—in a recent advertisement.

And here's the answer you gave:

- 6,300 women said "In Salads"
- 4,300 women said "In Cakes"
- 3,500 women said "In Pies"
- 2,800 women said "From the Can"
- 2,600 women said "In Puddings"
- and 975 gave other ways.

We appreciate this overwhelming vote. We feel sure that we have your permission to make the result public, in the hope that it may be of service to some women who do not serve Hawaiian Pineapple—or who have not yet learned the economy and the convenience of buying it in ready-to-use *Crushed* form.

Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, of course, is exactly the same in quality and flavor as the Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple that you use so often and like so well. It is the same tempting, un-sugared fruit—packed in the same model canneries—simply crushed. It is better that way, for hundreds of culinary uses.

Serve it often—all year round in tempting, "second-helping" dishes like those illustrated here. Just say *Crushed (or Grated) Hawaiian Pineapple* to your grocer.

ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco

Crushed HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Pineapple Parfait

Try These Proven Recipes

GRAPEFRUIT HAWAIIAN: Remove center meringue from a half grapefruit and loosen sections. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and fill the center with *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple*. Chill before serving.

PINEAPPLE-PINEAPPLE SALAD: Thoroughly drain 2 cups *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple*. Add 1 cup sliced celery and 1 chopped red tomato. Mix with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce.

OLD-FASHIONED BAKED APPLES: Wash and core 6 apples. Fill the centers with *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple*. Place in a greased baking dish and pour in 1/2 inch water. Add 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon drop to the water. Bake until the apples are tender, adding more water if necessary and basting frequently with the syrup. Just before serving, bake the centers with additional pineapple.

HAWAIIAN CREAM PIE: Cream together 1/2 cup butter and 1/2 cups sugar. Add beaten yolks of 4 eggs and 1 cup juice drained from *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple*. Mix well in a 9" pie pan, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking powder and gradually add to the mixture, beating constantly. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites and pour in a greased and floured 9" pie pan. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. When the cake is cool put together with a thick layer of well-drained *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple*, rippled with powdered sugar, and on the top layer spread a meringue. Brown quickly in a hot oven and serve with cold cream sauce.

PINEAPPLE PARFAIT: Mix 1 cup each of sugar and water and boil 5 minutes. Pour one 1 egg that have been beaten until light. Cook in double boiler until eggs thicken the mixture or about 3 minutes. Cool, add a cup cream, whipped, 1 cup *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple* and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Mix thoroughly and pour into a mold. Cover lightly and pack in equal parts of ice and salt for a hour.

PINEAPPLE COCOANUT MERINGUE PIE: Heat 1 1/2 cups milk. Mix 4 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup sugar, the hot milk and cook in double boiler about 10 minutes or until mixture thick and pour thoroughly cooked. Pour onto 1 egg yolk, return to double boiler and cook until egg thickens or about 3 minutes. Cook 1/2 cup well-drained *Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple*, 1/2 cup shredded coconut and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla and pour into baked pie crust. Add 1 tablespoon powdered sugar to a stiffly beaten egg white and spread on top. Sprinkle with coconut and brown quickly in a hot oven.

WAIKIKI PUNCH: Mix 2 cups strip drained from *Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple*, a cup ice water and 4 cups grape juice, serve with crushed ice.

Send For This Free Book!

Here is a notable contribution to cookery—a book of proven recipes which every woman should have. Write for your free copy! Mail the coupon below!

Department 65,
ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS,
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Please send me free of charge your new book, "Nineteen Tempting Pineapple Treats."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Forsythe's Folly

(Continued from page 24)

"Mary, haven't you yet got anything to tell me?"

Her voice was frigid, distant, self-possessed, as always.

"Nothing."

The sudden flare-up of his love swiftly receded at her indifferent finality. "So—after defying Bradley in the affair of that young Mrs. Hendron, you've reached things up with Bradley and your good friends again! So—again you are working for Bradley, helping put things over—helping him in the matter of the woman whose chair I am now occupying."

"Would it be impertinent in me to ask what you think I, as Mr. Bradley's agent am trying to put over with Miss Morgan?"

"Helping to fleece that young Dick Forsythe and his money! Holding them up to the very limit!"

She made no response to this. His scorching words continued.

"In the case of that young Mrs. Hendron you declared to me and to Bradley that you would have no hand in helping to hold up a woman or ruin a woman's reputation. Evidently your noble scruples do not apply to me! And most evidently not to you, Forsythe!"

Her gaze and her voice did not waver. "Mr. Clifford, I'm sure, with her icy, remote quiet, 'are you going to leave this table? Or are you going to oblige me to leave it?'"

He got up, all fiery, without and abruptly turned up. As he went out he thought he heard his gaze, silver, mocking glances of Lolette Morgan come tripping him.

Three times during that week of intense scrutiny of all that pertained to Lolette Morgan, Dick Forsythe came into Clifford's office and asked for news. The young man seemed to be close to the breaking point under the strain. Evidently Lolette was in need of immediate money for running-expenses, for she had demanded money as payment on account, and her negotiations were pending. He had given her two thousand in cash—he insisted on cash—and unless the affair were settled soon he knew he'd have to make a further preliminary payment.

When he came two days later, just after luncheon, Clifford had more positive hope for him, though he did not tell the young man which his hope was. It was he and Jimmie Kelly at last had come upon a real clue which might very shortly be decisive upon a level of money.

Lolette Morgan, Young Forsythe was still checked and in his gratitude he drew out his check-book.

"Mother reminded me today that we haven't paid you anything yet, Mr. Clifford. While I have the money I'd like to give you something toward your fee—if you don't mind."

"Certainly. Though it's not necessary."

"I don't know what your bill will be; but will a thousand on account be enough?"

"Perfectly satisfactory."

Forsythe wrote his check for one thousand dollars, handed it to Clifford, saying apologetically, "I hope you won't mind my asking for a receipt—I've been regularly so horribly messed up in my accounts."

As Clifford wrote the receipt for one thousand dollars, young Forsythe rose, in the restless manner which had characterized him since Clifford had known him, walked to the window, gazed nervously out, then turned about, remaining where he was, the window at his back.

"There's just a little favor I'd like to ask you, Mr. Clifford," he said in his strained, apologetic manner. "I've been drawing so many checks this month and I'm sure I've been—well, I've kept no proper record of what I've spent. I'd like to know just where I stand with your bank. Can you regularly monthly statement from my bank. This is the twenty-ninth, and it is now half-past three. If you could give me a check this afternoon, it would go through and be included in the statement I get on the first."

"That's a favor I can't grant you, Mr. Clifford, gazing at the face of the check, then turning it face downward and reaching for his pen. "That's your receipt."

Just then the door to Clifford's office opened and his secretary appeared. "Mrs. Forsythe has been making inquiries on the wire some time, Mr. Clifford," she announced, "and she now insists on speaking to you. She's on the booth wire, in my room."

"Excuse me a moment," Clifford said to his young client and went out. After five or three minutes he was back again. "Your mother was unnecessarily wrought up over the delay in affairs. I calmed her down at much as I could."

Clifford sat down again at his desk and endorsed the check to his bank and slipped it into his bank-book. He had Miss Jansson get that over before my bank closes. And now, Mr. Forsythe, if you only keep your nerve for a few more days, I'm sure your worries will all be over."

For the next four days Clifford did not come to his office. On the afternoon of the

fourth day he had at last a clue that would give him a hold on Lolette Morgan.

On the fourth day he did manage to get to his office for a few minutes around five o'clock. He found there an appealing note from young Forsythe, who had called in the course of the morning. The note begged for quick relief; it said that the pressure had become unbearable that day was being compelled to make Miss Morgan a further payment, this time ten thousand dollars.

As Clifford tore up the note it occurred to him that this payment might fit into his plan, provided Miss Morgan still had the money.

At half-past six, by appointment, Clifford was a second time in the sitting-room of Lolette Morgan. She entered, as dainty a figure as ever, and came to him smilingly, her hand outstretched.

And after they were seated—"Now, Mr. Clifford, please, what makes you look so—so frowny?" she said.

"You remember Mr. Philip Harrison?"

"What if I do?" she demanded.

"Just this, Miss Morgan. Over a year ago Mr. Harrison had stolen from him a pearl necklace and other jewels, value fifty thousand dollars, belonging to his wife. The matter is cleared up now, Miss Morgan. You are the thief!"

She shrank away from him. Her mouth fell twitchingly open. "You lie!" she breathed.

"You are the thief!" he drove at her. "I have shall show you part of it." Clifford stepped to the hall door and opened it. "Bring him in, Jimmie."

Propelled ahead by Jimmie Kelly then entered a smartly dressed man of perhaps thirty, whose smartness was distinctively of Broadway derivation.

"You—you—Jack Bantry!" Lolette Morgan gasped at sight of the man.

"You questioned it the first time!" he sneered at her.

"I believe you were formerly engaged to Mr. Bantry, is that correct?"

"But thank God, not now!" she breathed.

"In those days," continued Clifford, "you and Mr. Bantry were—ah—shall we say companions—partners?—in several ways."

"You questioned it the first time!" he sneered at her. "You were facing a certain and a long term in the penitentiary for that Harrison jewel theft."

"The first is, you are facing a certain and a long term in the penitentiary for that Harrison jewel theft."

"And—and the other proposition?"

"That you join with me against Bradley; help me in everything I ask of you, do this, you escape the penitentiary."

She was silent a long space. Then she shrugged her shoulders hopelessly.

Clifford turned to Jimmie Kelly, "I guess that'll be all we'll need of you and Bantry, Jimmie."

The next moment Lolette and Clifford were alone and seated face to face.

"Forsythe gave you this morning ten thousand dollars, eh? You will still have it?—and here?" said Clifford.

"Yes, it's in my wall safe."

"Ten one-thousand-dollar bills."

"Of course you will be report and turn over the money to Bradley. Have you yet done so?"

"I tried to, but Mr. Bradley wasn't in the office when I went."

"Good! And you have young Forsythe's letters here?"

"They are in my wall safe."

"You and I have a busy night ahead. Miss Morgan!" Clifford exclaimed with suppressed excitement. "Here's what we'll do. First, you'll telephone Bradley that you have something of immediate importance to discuss with him. He'll mark each of those thousand-dollar bills. At Green Manors I'll get the local chief of police and one of his men to help me out; suit my schedule. You then get Bradley into his study and you pass him the money, making certain leading remark, and the second and the marked money as on Bradley, we'll jump him and have him for fair."

"And if in any way you should try to double-cross me," Clifford reminded her, "the penitentiary will be waiting for you just the same."

At half-past nine, Clifford, with the two Green Manors officers he had enlisted, crossed fourth on that little balcony with the French windows that clung to Bradley's study. The windows were imperceptibly ajar.

On that floor, who had called in the morning, Lolette Morgan entered the study followed by Bradley, whose low voice came to Clifford. "The two sat down."

"Everything going according to our plan?"

"Of course, Mr. Bradley; but are you sure he'll pay?"

"Of course he'll pay," Bradley returned contemptuously. "He's been a fool, hasn't he? Fools have always got to pay for their folly—and pay the limit! But you proved that you had something of importance to tell me. Any money?"

Lolette Morgan opened her bag and handed him a folded packet of bills.

"Count it," she said. "There should be ten of them."

It was at that moment that Clifford, followed by the two officers, burst through the French windows, automatic in hand.

"Stick 'em up, Bradley!"

Bradley had come lurking to his feet. "What the hell's this mean?"

"It means that at last I've got you, Bradley! Got you in the very act of pulling one of your old-time tricks!"

"Go on, have you! Well, what for?"

"Blackmail—extortion—conspiracy against your own client!"

And then Clifford became aware that Mary Regan was in the room. She must have gazed silently in through the door at about the time of his rush through the French windows.

"I've blocked your partner's name, Miss Regan," he cried. "I've got Bradley this time—not him with marked money on him!"

"He's wheeled to the Green Manors police chief."

"You search him, Green," he commanded.

Green advanced and slapped the pockets of Bradley's coat. "Yes, here's the money."

"Count it," ordered Clifford. "There should be ten bills."

"Just a second," said Green, who was recounting the evidence entrusted to him. "Yes, ten is right. Ten ten-dollar bills."

Clifford snatched the money. Green was right. There were ten ten-dollar bills.

"You're right, you're right, you're right, even voice of Bradley, "Miss Morgan and I are merely transacting a small matter of business of an important nature. Now you know in that money the proof of my statement."

"Clifford came out of his stupor and whirled upon Lolette Morgan. "Double-cross me!"

"So, after all, you did double-cross me!" he grated. "Remember this: that Harrison jewel theft, and you'll pay for this by a long visit in the penitentiary!"

But before she could make an answer there came a sound of hurrying footsteps without, and then into the study came Dick Forsythe and behind him his mother.

The young man was aback with anger, and he made straight for the desk behind which Clifford was standing.

"Just what are you doing, Clifford? If choking rage, glaring at Clifford. "You infernal thief! I've been after you since noon today—from the moment I received my bank statement."

"The statement and my canceled checks. I had nine thousand dollars less than my own figures showed. I could not understand until I came to the check for a thousand. I had given you. Then I understood. It was a check for ten thousand! You had raised it!"

Clifford stared at the insane make of this in a moment of confusion. "What you infernal little liar!" he breathed.

"Am I? Well! See Mr. Green, since you're in here, I want you to help me." He drew out a packet of canceled checks, selected one, and gave it to Green. "Just show them here, I want you to help me."

He held up the lot of it; he may try to destroy it! Show him the back first; see if you can get the endorsement."

Green did as instructed. Clifford gazed at the endorsement. It was indubitably his own, and he so admired the endorsement. "Now let him see the face of the check."

Green turned the check over. Sure enough it showed ten thousand dollars.

"You—you forger! You check-raiser! young Forsythe spat out at him.

"There's some devilry you trick here!" declared the dazed Clifford. "I never received any such check!"

"You'll have a hard time proving your innocence to any judge and jury," said Bradley, his eyes glittering at Clifford. "If you see me again, Clifford, I'll mark each of those thousand-dollar bills. At Green Manors I'll get the local chief of police and one of his men to help me out; suit my schedule. You then get Bradley into his study and you pass him the money, making certain leading remark, and the second and the marked money as on Bradley, we'll jump him and have him for fair."

"And if in any way you should try to double-cross me," Clifford reminded her, "the penitentiary will be waiting for you just the same."



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Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

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methods were embodied in a new-type tooth paste. The name is Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over began to advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations employ it every day. And to millions of homes it is bringing a new dental situation.

Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. These are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.

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Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film comb which contains harsh grit.

These discoveries are everywhere changing the old methods of the clean teeth men. They have brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

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We offer here a delightful test which will be a revelation.

Send coupon for the 10-Day Tube. Now how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. You will learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now.

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 301, 1104 W. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Canadian Office and Laboratories
191 George St., Toronto, Canada.

Forsythe's Folly

[Continued from page 27]

of the Forsythe case, all his activities in it had been subtly directed toward just this present situation; he having caused a check which all testimony would declare he had raised.

"Better be putting the handcuffs on him, Green," said Bradley.

Clifford, still wondering how the thing had been done, sat in grim helplessness as Green approached.

And then Green paused in his tracks, for into the study glided a slight, wraith-like figure. It was Jean Fenton. She moved straight across to Dick Forsythe. Clifford saw that her fine face was as pale as though just touched by agonizing death.

"I've heard it all, Dick," she gasped.

"I learned that something was wrong, and—and I followed you here. I've been listening just outside. I—I hate to eaves-drop, but I'm glad I did. I had the right to know, and now—and now—I know all about what Mr. Bradley called the skeleton in your closet."

"But, Jean, you don't understand!" Dick Forsythe cried wildly.

"Oh, yes, I do. I understand that you do not really belong to me. You belong to Miss Morgan there, even though you have arranged with her to keep your love affair silent. And so—and so!"—she drew off her engagement-ring and held it out to him.

"But Jean—" began Dick Forsythe in his agonized cry.

Just then the lights went out. A babel of voices came through the darkness to Clifford who still was sitting behind Bradley's desk. Several moments passed. As suddenly the lights went on, Clifford noted that the two were drawn from him to the scene between Miss Fenton and Dick Forsythe—even those of Mary Regan, who stood just where he had last seen her.

And then Clifford's attention reverted from this interruption of Jean Fenton's treaty to his own crashing calamity, and his eyes lowered to the desk in a tense attempt at study. He started. At his left hand was a sheet of paper. It might have been there all this time; he had not noticed. On that paper, in the small distinctive letters of Bradley's personal machine, were typewritten these words:

Memoranda Forsythe Case Upper Left Hand Drawer

BEWILDERED as he was, this sheet Clifford craned and slipped into a trouser pocket. Under cover of the scene between Miss Fenton and Dick Forsythe, which still he heard rapidly and swiftly drew open the upper left-hand drawer, took out a sheet of paper, closed the drawer, and slipped the sheet under the desk, and lowered his head in his two hands above in the attitude of a man overwhelmed by his misfortune. The sheet was covered with typed data, all done by Bradley's machine. It was the sheet by which a wire clip was a narrow slip of paper with perforated edges. In an instant Clifford's brain had photographed the sheet and the slip's every fact. For a moment he was stupefied in every faculty by the astonishing things he had read. Then his senses came blazingly back as an electric light that has been turned on. He folded the paper, slipped it into his inner coat pocket, and went through the group in the study like a limp-plunging half-back. His right hand gripped Dick Forsythe's shoulder.

"Come through, Forsythe!" he cried in a terrible voice, shaking the young man. "Come through—for I've got your number now! I know your record since a child, you thief, you forger, you check-raiser, you!"

Dick Forsythe interrupted with an agonized cry to Bradley.

"Stop! Stop! Stop! You promised this should never be known!"

But Clifford, giving Bradley no heed, continued his shaking of Forsythe. The young man turned eyes that were anguished upon his mother. "Mother," he gasped wildly, "I simply can't stand it any longer—I can't stand it! Not with Jean believing what she believes! And it's no use trying to keep it up. So I'm going to learn the way to benefits you want. Cut out coupon now."

"No, you don't!" harshly snapped Bradley, shaking in fury Forsythe.

"Keep back, Bradley!" Clifford cried him, with the straight-arm of foot-ball.

"Jean, it's not at all what you think!" Dick Forsythe began. "You may think it's even worse—the truth—"

"Dick, if it's got to be told," broke in his mother, "let me tell it, since I know more about it and am most to blame."

She sank into a chair, a huddled, broken woman, and sobbed intensely into her hands. Presently she looked up at Jean Fenton. "Jean," she quavered, "you heard Mr. Clifford here, has given you the outline of the truth. As a small boy, Jean, Dick was a kleptomaniac. If I had openly admitted Dick's weakness, I might have

curd him as a boy, and there would have been nothing more to it. But I was horribly ashamed. It was so horrible and disgraceful and I was afraid people would find it out. So instead of trying to cure it, I tried to hide it. The instinct grew worse as I grew older and more care to see clever ways to steal. Finally he got to forging and raising checks—mine and other people's."

"But, Jean," Dick Forsythe interrupted huskily, "I've done nothing of the kind for over two years!"

"No, Jean; he hasn't!" corroborated his mother. "Not once—not a thing! He's cured. I think he just woke up to what he was becoming and cured himself—"

"Of course all along I promptly made good on all the bad checks and hushed everything. Everything—except you, Mr. Mortimer."

Dick had forced his name to a check for a thousand dollars. Mr. Mortimer wouldn't let me settle. He didn't need the money, and he had an old grudge, and he preferred to hold that check over us as a constant menace. Somehow Mr. Bradley got possession of this Mortimer check and all the facts. I finally offered Mr. Bradley a hundred thousand dollars for the check and his silence. He wouldn't accept. The only terms under which he would agree to return the check was if I was to get Dick to write compromising letters to a girl he'd pick out and—"

Clifford was still staring in amazement at Lorette Morgan. "Well, I'll be—"

"No need to swear, or be surprised at me. Mr. Clifford is a very extraordinary man. His directions were to string you along with some business about a bunch of love letters. Let me read them. I was to get Dick to get Dick to pick out and—"

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[To be continued.]



Here it is!

The All Winter Weather Underwear for Children
That Meets With All of the Requirements
of Changing Weather Conditions

Lackawanna Twins Underwear

MOTHER, of course you want your child's tender little body protected from drafts and cold snaps throughout the winter, and you know the seriousness of dampness caused by perspiration in the warmth of the home or if the weather suddenly moderates.

The new, hygienically constructed fabric, from which LACKAWANNA TWINS UNDERWEAR is made, solves these problems for you.

This truly wonderful underwear fabric consists of a scientifically correct combination of pure wool and selected cotton. It's warm enough for the coldest days, yet comfortable on moderate days. It absorbs moisture readily and so regulates the body temperature that

it gives comfort and satisfaction at all times. LACKAWANNA TWINS is famous for its remarkable fitting and wearing qualities. Correct sizes, non-gaping seat, sturdy seams, well-made buttonholes, strongly sewed on buttons and the beautifully finished fabric, which is pre-shrunk by numerous washings and sterilized in live steam, assure that this Underwear will last until it has been outgrown.

You should buy LACKAWANNA TWINS UNDERWEAR for your children. It costs no more than the ordinary kind.

Most good stores sell it

The Lackawanna Mills
SOLE MAKERS Scranton, Pa.
61 Worth Street, New York



"—the Nap lasts longer when a Hoover is used"

In the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Roe at 25 Piedmont Court, Piedmont, California, the floors are softly carpeted by a dozen rugs—Oriental, Wilton—all in excellent condition today because, for twelve years, they have been regularly beaten, electrically swept and air-cleaned by The Hoover.

There are some twenty-year-old rugs in the Roe collection, yet we doubt if you could pick them out, so well has this efficient cleaner protected them from wear. Some are cleaned every day, others twice a week, which is more often than usual.

The rugs are never sent out for cleaning, Mrs. Roe saves herself this bother and expense because she finds that The Hoover removes dirt thoroughly, keeps the nap erect and preserves the brightness of colors.

"I have had people who don't own Hoovers tell me that vacuum cleaners wear off nap," relates Mrs. Roe. "I tell them my experience of twelve years has been that the nap lasts longer when a Hoover is used."

Gritty dirt, which ordinarily escapes removal, is what really wears out rugs; gently beating all dirt out of them, as only a Hoover does, cannot but increase their life—as it is doing for Mrs. Roe and more than a million other satisfied users.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

Jewels of the Pharaohs

(Continued from page 9)

fastidious Thehan had reached the opinion that white linen, immaculately clean, was the only fabric which a delicate man or woman could wear. With their bodies robed in white, they could afford a display of bright colors in their adornments.

No great treasure of jewelry was recovered from Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb during the first season's operations, but such pieces as were taken out were full of interest and promise. Chief among these, from the archeologist's standpoint, was the pair of jeweled leather sandals found in the anteroom. These are probably unique. Sandals heretofore recovered from even royal tombs have been simple affairs, usually of plaited straw or palm-leaf strips, and quite unadorned.

But Tut-Ankh-Amen's jeweler utilized the construction of the Egyptian sandal to make a beautiful design. The toe thong represented a lotus flower, the thong itself (of round leather wrapped in gold filagree) being the stem, and the gold inlaid blossom forming the central part of the buckle. The base of the flower is flanked on both sides by small golden duck-heads in repoussé work. The buckle wings are of gold adorned with rosettes of semi-precious stones and enameled paste.

Another interesting object found in this same chamber was the young emperor's throwing-stick, or boomerang, of faience tipped with gold. This would be part of the celestial ordinance supplied to every mummy of high estate. The incarnated soul, in the old belief, needed weapons with which to defend itself against the demons and fearful beasts through which had to pass in order to reach the high court at the gate of paradise. The recovery of the boomerang indicates that somewhere in the unexplored portions of the tomb exists the rest of Tut-Ankh-Amen's armament. If Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy proved to have a complete equipment of arms, the tomb explorers will bring out battle-axes, throwing-hatchets and bows and arrows. These will be the product of the goldsmith and silversmith rather than of the armorer for the tomb objects were only intended to be doubles of actual weapons at the disposal of the mummy, not of materialization in the other world.

We happen to know from ancient records about the lava flow of gold in the court of Ramses II, who reigned within seventy years of the death of Tut-Ankh-Amen. Ramses cast the gold in gold and ordered his jewelers to fashion for him great golden caskets for flowers or wine, any one of them so great that it took a dozen men to lift it. He built his throne of solid gold inlaid with precious stones. Yet there is nothing to show that the court of Ramses outshone in splendor those of his predecessors of the Eighteenth Dynasty, of whom Tut-Ankh-Amen was the last.

Those who were admitted to Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb after the opening of the inner vault, squeezed along past the gleaming cataphage and presently found themselves looking into the doorless side chamber which is called the treasury. There, when they could take their eyes off the glorious canopic chest, they saw tiers of boxes and caskets of beautiful workmanship, all closed and hiding their contents from the world as they had been hiding them for three thousand years and more—as they are still hiding them in the cool, dark room under that burning valley, blocked away from the hereditary tomb-roblers of the region by tons of rubble and desert sand filling the pit over the entrance. Who can say what those caskets contain? The promise of their contents is as alluring as that of a sunken galleon.

If the boxes do give up a treasure in jewels, it will not be the first find of this sort in modern times, but rather the third. In 1894 the French excavator de Morgan, working at Dashur, broke into the tombs of three royal women of the Twelfth Dynasty. From them he recovered a great mass of rings, bracelets, necklaces and pectorals, and even royal diadems.

For many years it was supposed that such good luck would never be repeated, but just before the outbreak of war in 1914, W. M. Flinders Petrie, the English Egyptologist, working at Luxor, sixty miles above Cairo, found the tomb of another princess of the Twelfth Dynasty and from it took even richer and finer spoil. This is now known as the Laban Treasure. It consisted of the entire equipment of jewelry and toilet vases, all exquisite in workmanship, of the Princess Sit-Hathor. The Laban Treasure is of peculiar interest to Americans, for the reason that all but one or two of Sit-Hathor's jewels are now the property of the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Of these the masterpiece was the so-called pectoral of Sesostris II, the gift of that king to his daughter.

The pectoral was an indispensable article of dress to a high-horn Egyptian woman. The classic gown for women reached only slightly above the waistline, leaving the

upper part of the body bare except for the two shoulder-straps. To cover the breasts, the Egyptian woman wore a necklace of thin tubular beads or of woven fresh flowers. Over this was a necklace of gold or fine stones which supported, pectoral, a broad and somewhat heavy piece of jewelry. The pectoral thus fell between the breasts, which were also sometimes shielded with enameled gold caps.

Whether or not the inner treasury of Tut-Ankh-Amen's tomb yields any new master works of the ancient jewelers, those who have entered the sanctuary have seen two objects which, though they are of gold, nevertheless are ranked as jewels. One of these is the sarcophagus itself, its enameled surface promising even greater magnificence for the series of coffins within. The other is the gorgeous box which the experts instantly recognized as the canopic chest of Tut-Ankh-Amen's mummy. This creation paled the other beauties of the treasure room. The entire surface of the chest was seen to be elaborately carved and overlaid with gold, but the chief decoration was the group of goddesses protecting the sides of the chancel, lovely figures separately modeled of wood and then affixed to the chest by pegs or some other fastening. The Egyptians did not understand relief sculpture in the true sense, their so-called reliefs being simply raised pictures in outline.

Canopic chests are among the more interesting exhibits of every good collection of Egyptian antiquities. To understand the meaning and purpose of the chest, we must approach one of the deepest and certainly the most interesting Egyptian religious mysteries—the legend and cult of Osiris.

According to the legend, Osiris was a good king of Egypt who was slain by his envious brother Seth. Seth was walking alive in a chest which floated to sea and eventually landed at Byblos, a Syrian port north of ancient Egypt. The Egyptian king of Osiris, searched long for the chest and finally found it and brought it back to Egypt. Seth discovered the body, dismembered it and scattered the fragments. Isis in another long search found the parts buried in the marshes and by her magic resurrected Osiris and dwelt with him in Elysium over which he was made King. The goddess Isis, however, was not content and avenged his father by overthrowing Seth.

Among the great state divinities, Osiris had no endowed institution to perpetuate his worship; and yet he was for centuries the most vital and powerful deity of the Egyptian religion. Horus, the son of Osiris, became the symbol of filial devotion, and the goddess Isis, his fiancée, was called "his Horus."

Originally the worship of Osiris maintained a high standard of morality, as he hereafter acted as judge of the dead, and only the righteous could enter his judgment. There were no gods of sin, and which a man must be guiltless, and these forty-two moral laws encompassed the Ten Commandments of the Jews, and beyond them. Osiris in the presence of forty-two divine assessors, each of them representing one of the laws, weighed the heart of the suppliant against the feather of truth in a balance which went up or down as the heart replied to each of the judges. If the heart sustained this ordeal, the dead man's *ka*, or material soul, received the title "True of Speech" and passed on into the blessed *Akhu*.

The Egyptian beetle was a sacred insect because its name in the ancient tongue was identical with the word for resurrection existence. The beetle became the symbol of eternity. The Egyptians made images of the beetle in metal and stone, and of many sizes and materials, ranging from pebbles and pottery to the finest of gold inlay. These images we call scarabs.

WE must go to still another part of the tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen to see the part played by the canopic chests. The Egyptians never seriously doubted the resurrection of the body; and they were accordingly placed in their tombs all the things they desired to enjoy in heaven, yet they seem to have had no opportunity to chance that the priests might be wrong about the materialization of the tomb objects in the hereafter. The Egyptians did not regard their *ka* as immortal spirits, as we regard our immortal souls, but as actual flesh-and-blood creatures with all the desires and sensations of the flesh. For such beings food was the one indispensable. For the sensual or esthetic pleasures of the heavenly domain, it was necessary to place in the tomb the chosen articles themselves, but to make sure of its supply of food they employed simultaneously no less than five separate methods.

The first was the obvious one of depositing in the tomb the necessary products, mummified or dried. Secondly they painted on the wall scenes represent-

[Turn to page 31]

NAIRN

Straight Line

Inlaid Linoleum

Years of wear in every inch!

Whatever your preference among the many colorful Nairn *Straight Line* Inlaid designs, you may be sure that the harmonious pattern will be just as attractive years hence as on the day you selected it.

The distinctive tile effect will not wear off—the colors go through to the burlap back. Every time the floor is cleaned the freshness of the colors is restored.

An exclusive process, on special million-dollar machines insures clean-cut edges on every tile. Accuracy in manufacture permits perfect matching of all seams.

Sanitary, easily cleaned, extremely durable—Nairn *Straight Line* Inlaid Linoleum is ideal in every way for your kitchen.

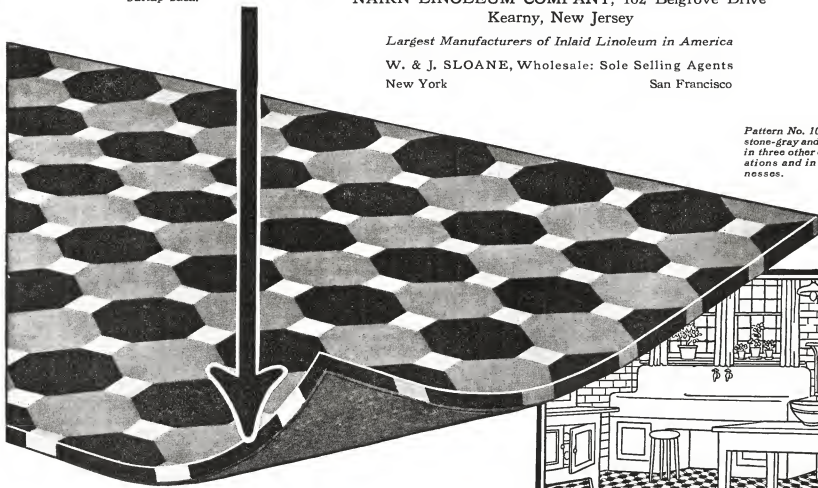
Your dealer knows Nairn. Consult him today. Write for free booklet, "The Floor of Enduring Beauty" showing patterns in full colors.

NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, 102 Belgrave Drive
Kearny, New Jersey

Largest Manufacturers of Inlaid Linoleum in America

W. & J. SLOANE, Wholesale: Sole Selling Agents
New York San Francisco

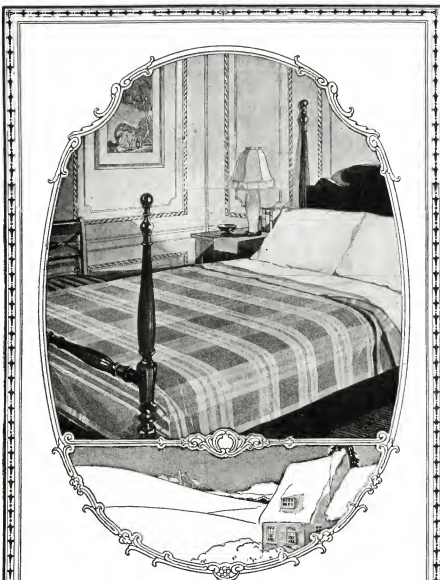
The edge shows you that the Straight Line linoleum tiles are built in to form a permanent pattern. The colors go through to the burlap back.



Pattern No. 1031 | 1 in blue, stone-gray and ivory. Made in three other color combinations and in three thicknesses.



The Three Thistles on the back of every yard



A Striking Blend of Beauty and Warmth

Put Nashua Blankets in the guest-room. Your friends will feel your hospitality more certainly, and carry away a more lasting sense of luxury of your home. And here's a test to prove their warmth. Rest your hand on one of them and feel the heat urged back upon itself by the soft, fleecy nap.

You can sense the "feel" of these blankets even before your eyes take in their distinction.

They are generous and roomy in size—for example, 72 x 84 inches for double beds—their hospitable folds come up well about the neck. They'll stand repeated washings—look and feel like new when off the line—and their price is most attractive.

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 531, Box 1266, BOSTON, MASS.



A new blanket for Daily brings delight to the partner's arms and her friends. A doll's pink or blue-lined Nashua Blanket six to twelve, will be sent for six cents coin or money order. Specify color.

Nashua Blankets

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Warmth without Weight

Jewels of the Pharaohs

[Continued from page 30]

ing the production and preparation of food. These scenes would double in paradise into eternal plantings, harvests and bakings. As a third method, the wealthy endowed their tombs with incomes designed to pay forever for daily offerings of fresh food, while the pious orphans of humbler folk from time to time paid the priests to make such offerings at the sepulchers of their fathers.

The fourth method was a curious piece of necromancy. In the Nile tombs today the visitor who can read hieroglyphics finds himself time and again adjured by all he holds dear to repeat aloud this phrase:

"An offering which the King gives, an offering which Anubis gives, thousands of bread, beer, oxen, geese, for the ka of— This phrase, which was a magic that refilled the paradisiacal barns and granaries of the deceased, was recited at the funeral feast and also inscribed on the tomb walls that every future visitor might utter it.

Yet mummified food might perish, tombs be lost and forgotten, inscriptions obliterated. The hierarchs therefore brought forth from their estates a fifth rite, the surest and best of all, of which the material representation was the canopic chest. The ancients conceived that it was not the whole body which suffered the ravages of hunger, but only the vital organs. Consequently the brain and viscera of the corpse were removed during the mummifying process, separately embalmed, and then sealed in four jars now known as canopic jars. Each jar was dedicated to one of the four sons of Osiris, and all four were placed in one box or chest and immured with the mummy in the safest and most sacred part of the tomb. The faith was that the four good spirits would never let the vital organs suffer.

Wooden canopic chests there are in the museums, but not one to be compared with the glorious masterpiece seen for a few days in the dead Tut-Ankh-Amen's treasury and then walked in again to await the recovery operations of another season. When the excavators come to remove the contents of this treasure-room, they will probably bring to light one of these peculiar objects known as Osiris beds. The Osiris bed was not a beautiful creation nor one to attract the tomb-robber, and consequently they are often found in tombs looted of every marketable object. To the modern believer in Christianity, however, no other relic of Egyptian belief has captured the emotional appeal of this humble man-

ifestation of the faith of an ancient race in the resurrection of its dead.

A rectangle of linen backed over a rude frame in the rough representation of a couch—such was the Osiris bed. On the stretched linen the Nile-belted mummy lay, his feet tucked up to his mummy and its most sacred possessions. There in the warm darkness of the tomb the visitor can see the mummy who had eventually died for want of light and moisture. When the Osiris beds are found today, the gold-forms resemble thick mats of lusterless, hairlike straw.

Remembering the Egyptians' ancient belief that everything in the tomb created its counterpart in eternity, we can understand the service rendered by the Osiris bed. It must have seemed to the people that some means had to be devised to summon life into the ka, which otherwise must have evoked this life; but that was not enough, and the exploring theopians fixed upon the device of the Osiris bed, fashioning it in the form of the one who had first experienced resurrection. In short, they entombed in the house of death the actual process of rebirth, in the belief that what went on in the body of the faith would somehow be duplicated in the body of the mummy's double.

A heathen practice, we may call it; but we are not apt to be severe in our judgment when we remember that fourteen centuries after the death of Tut-Ankh-Amen the great Apostle of Christianity was writing to the church at Corinth on this same difficult theme.

"But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? I answer that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not as that which is to be, but as that which is dead; but God giveth it a body as it hath been sown: and to every seed his own body."

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown in a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."

The Tomb of the Bird

[Continued from page 2]

Several days passed. The work of excavating in the Valley of the Kings was soon in full swing; nor was it long before we came on the first traces of the hypogeum—the subterranean passage showing that we were on the threshold of a tomb. When the first steps of the staircase were revealed was a profoundly stirring moment.

"Ah!" exclaimed the leader of the working gang, "that bird is truly Bah-b-het—a luck-bringer! And the notes he sings are magic!" But although we worked on feverishly with the least delay, as the mummy was removed, the real significance of our discovery was not clear for several days. But you will wonder why I call all this to do with the bird. Well! One day when enough of the detritus sand and silt had been removed, and a messenger came to my house to tell me that the men were now ready to begin the investigations of the staircase, I suddenly observed that it had become strangely silent and depressed—a depression still more observable when I gave orders for the work to cease until it could be present in the morning.

All next day we worked at high pressure, and ere long uncovered what proved to be a sunken staircase in the living rock of the Valley's bed. The deeper we descended the more evident it became that a find of importance was before us. It was late in the evening when a doorway, blocked and sealed, was disclosed. The seals were those of King Tut-Ankh-Amen! And then beyond all doubt we knew that we were on the edge of a great discovery.

I decided to make further steps under Lord Carnarvon arrived. A cable to London was, therefore, sent announcing the news, and the entrance of the Tomb was again covered up. But on returning home in the evening I was astonished to hear the bird, singing lustily but with wonderful energy and charm.

Well, in due course, Lord Carnarvon arrived. Operations proceeded. Step by step the stairs were laid bare, until nineteen were revealed, and here we left work for the night. The excitement of all

of us was intense, and except by the servants, the renewed depression of the bird was scarcely noticed.

On the following day the seals were broken and the blocking doorway removed, and the beginning of the passage became visible, completely blocked by stone and rubble. Meter by meter this was removed. It descended below the valley-bed. Anxious hours of excitement followed until, after reaching a depth of twenty-five feet, another doorway also blocked and sealed, was discovered. This doorway was laid bare, and found, like the first, to be sealed with the King's Seal and that of the Keeper of the Royal Tombs. The necessary lights were brought, and a small hole pierced in the sealed doorway, sufficiently large to admit a human body. It was then that all doubt was dispelled and we knew that a great archeological triumph was our reward. It was at this point, when the nerves of all of us were on the extreme tension, that the messenger brought news of the tragedy. The man, who was almost breathless, told me that a cobra had entered the house, passed down the passage, made its way to the room where we are now sitting, coiled up the leg of the table on which the passage was resting, and killed my pet!

And as I realized what had happened, the significance of the accompanying incident and odd coincidence made itself felt even through the overwhelming excitement of the moment. For the very light from our candle revealed the contents of the antechamber to the Tomb, and shone on the head of the table on which the cobra-headed Uraeus—the symbol of Royalty and Protection—the Cobra.

The workmen saw at the death of the bird a portent of evil even in spite of the treasures spread out before them. What did it threaten? Had the cobra which protected the tomb for 3,000 years become enraged and hostile. But who shall say this? The dark night, the silence, the land of old magic, is still the land of mystery and superstition.

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COMMUNITY PLATE



THE GROSVENOR owes its charming simplicity to inspiration gathered from exquisite interiors decorated by the Adam Brothers. It carries forward still further that notable series of Community designs, whose beauty has won the distinguished patronage of—

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont | Duchess of Rutland |
| Marchioness of Dufferin | Mrs. Honoré Palmer |
| Mrs. Oliver Harriman | Countess Cadogan |
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Teaspoons, \$3-75 Set of Six

At Your Jeweler's

ONEIDA COMMUNITY MADE

The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 20]

head His people back from the path of wickedness and depravity. This had been said by many, but Herod gave orders that all boys born in Bethlehem within the last three years should be killed.

Warned, Mary and Joseph fled southward as far as Egypt. As soon as the massacre came to an end through the order of Herod, they returned to Nazareth, where Joseph once more opened his carpenter shop.

Herod was now dead and Augustus was dead, and Jesus had grown to manhood and was living peacefully in Nazareth.

And now, behold! just when everything was going smoothly, the peace of Judea was upset by the sudden appearance of a strange man from the desert who spoke without fear and went up and down the valley of the Jordan, exhorting the people to repentance. The man proved to be the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, the little boy who was born while Mary was visiting the old couple some time before.

Dressed in a shirt of camel's hair, and with a long beard blowing in the wind, and his arms waving as he spoke of the coming Day of Judgment, John was a man to inspire fear in the heart of the most hard-hearted sinner, and to arouse the hope of the just.

At last the news of John's successful career reached Galilee. There in his home-town of Nazareth Jesus was living a carpenter's apprenticeship. When He heard of John He left Nazareth and went on foot to the town of Jericho, where He stayed a few days, then, after a short while, He decided to go into the wilderness for further contemplation.

He was not like other people, which we find in Himself a spiritual quality which set Him apart from men. There was something in His eyes, in His gesture, which attracted the attention of the casual passer-by. And when He reached the River Jordan, the Jews, who were living in a momentary expectation of a great miracle, the followers of the Baptist whispered behind His back and asked him to answer the repeated question, "Is that the man who is to be our Messiah?"

But the Messiah, whom those who flocked together to hear the sermons of John, was a great warrior and a stern judge—a sort of king, who was to establish the great Jewish kingdom and make all the nations of the world subject to the laws of the Jews.

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who preferred action to mere talk. And so Jesus left and together with His friends, He traveled back to Galilee by way of the land of Samaria.

Upon His next visit, before He had even reached the temple, Jesus was in open conflict with the powers that ruled Jerusalem.

It happened that when He came near the gate of the temple, He was met by the chief priests. He heard a man crying out to Him for help. The poor fellow had been lame for more than thirty years. He had been told of the miraculous cure in Galilee. He too hoped that he could be cured.

Jesus looked at him. Then He ordered him to pick up his mat and go home.

The delighted patient did as he had been told, but he forgot that it was the Sabbath day and that it was against the law of the Pharisees to carry so much as an extra pin in one's clothes. Several of the Pharisees were told of what had just happened and as they could not allow such a breach of the holy commands to go unpunished, they crowded the poor fellow.

He who was now possessed of two perfectly good legs) and they told him that it was against all law and precedent to be seen with a mattress on one's back on the Sabbath day and that he ought to be punished for this breach of decorum. But the man was a true nature, had had his mind on other things.

"He who cured me told me to take my mattress and go home," he said. "I am doing what He told me."

Thereupon, without further ado, he went away. The Pharisees next crowded him with their rage. One thing they understood very clearly: unless this use of things was stopped, right then and there, no one could foresee what would happen.

At their instigation, the Scribes were called together to decide what to do. Jesus was ordered to appear before them and to clear that law or so law. He did not intend to stop doing good just because it happened to be a particular day of the week.

The Scribes plainly was puzzled. Of course the law had no matter before the king. But their king (whose title was very uncertain) would refuse to act without the king's order. But the king was the use of trying to explain anything to a Roman?

On more than one occasion, Pilate had already shown his total lack of sympathy for those who came to him with religious questions.

In this instance, he would do what he had repeatedly done before. He would refer the matter to the king, and would close attention. Then after many months, he would come to official conclusion that Jesus was innocent. But the king was the Roman law. Next he would throw the case out of the court and everything would be as if it had never happened, but that the position of Jesus would have been greatly strengthened by His acquittal.

Herod, therefore, offered the only hope for retreat and escape, if he were to be arrested. He could not be found. For the second time He had left the town, and followed by a vast, increasing number of pupils, He was slowly winding His way back to Galilee.

From a worldly point of view, His career was already reaching its climax. The belief that Jesus was really the Messiah had been the cause of the masses. They would have marched against the king, but that matter, against the entire Roman army, had Jesus been willing to lead them.

But He had no pretensions of a king. He did not work for riches or crave the glory and the doubtful pleasure of being acclaimed a national hero.

He wanted the people to look beyond the immediate desires of this earth and to see the true purpose of His mission, which was to unite them in love and in charity and pity for their fellow men.

But He had no pretensions of a king. He did not work for riches or crave the glory and the doubtful pleasure of being acclaimed a national hero.

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"How We Solved the Clothes Problem in Our Family"

A YEAR ago I found not only the way to have smart, becoming dresses and other pretty garments for myself, but also a solution of the clothes problem in our family.

"What is more, I have found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn altogether; my discovery has meant so much to my happiness and success that I am sure other women and girls will be interested in hearing about it.

"Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us, Ted, my ten-year-old brother; Sister, just six; mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage, and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There never seemed to be any money left for clothes.

"Well, one night, after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. But soon I became so discouraged by my mistakes and the disappointing garments I made that I realized I would have to learn more about it. But what was I to do?

"I could not possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes—we could scarcely get along as it was.

A Wonderful Story

"Then one night I read in a fashion magazine the story of a girl who had learned right in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and sciences, how to make for herself just the kind of smart, becoming dresses and hats she had always wanted.

"It seemed such a wonderful opportunity that I wrote for more information and a few days later I joined the Woman's Institute and took up dressmaking."

"I began at once to make actual garments. That's the most wonderful thing about the Institute's plan. There are no tedious preliminaries. You start right in making pretty things to wear. And even the materials for some of the garments are furnished free.

"I was so fascinated with it all that I devoted every spare moment to the course and in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

"Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. It's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

Distinctive Clothes at Last!

"I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had

always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

"Then, too, my Woman's Institute training taught me the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

"Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to do more than make just my own clothes.

Earning Money at Home

"It wasn't long before my dresses attracted the attention of the best-dressed people. I called in several women that I knew liked to have individually distinctive clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

"In less than six months from the night I first read about the Woman's Institute, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. I had to get first one, then two women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

"Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses we wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes, and there is no more worrying about money. My income is large enough to make us very comfortable indeed."

This is the story of what just one woman has accomplished through the help of the Woman's Institute. Thousands of other girls and women, in every section of the country, have proved that it is possible for you to learn, easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make all your own and your children's clothes, or prepare for use as dressmaker or millinery as a business.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "Making Beautiful Clothes"

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Institute and what you can do for you. Just send the coupon or a letter to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-Y, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that brings the happiness of distinct, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being able to make your own and your children's clothes. *Write for this free booklet today!*

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 3-Y, Scranton, Penna.
Please send me, without obligation, your copy of your 48-page booklet, "Make Beautiful Clothes."
Name _____
Address _____
I desire to become a Professional Dressmaker and Milliner, or to learn how to make my own and my children's clothes, or to prepare for use as a dressmaker or milliner. I desire the full story of the Institute and its work.

Essential Clothes



To the clever woman, who knows how to accentuate her individual charm, nothing is so intimate, so personal as her perfume. It is the very essence of her thoughts and moods—the outward expression of an inner loveliness

Only a perfume of rare quality can give true expression to a fascinating personality—a perfume such as Florient

(Flowers of the Orient), whose mystic, dewy fragrance lends an enchanting air of mystery, yet has the delicacy demanded by good taste

The story of the famous Perfume Test, a miniature Test Set and information on the art of choosing the perfume that suits you best, will be sent you for a two-cent stamp.

Colgate & Co., Dept. L, 199 Fulton St., New York

COLGATE'S

Perfumes



The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Congolem Art-Rug No. 534. The 9x12 ft. size costs only \$18.00.



**For Some Room
in Every Home—**

What a charming room!—rich in atmosphere yet so homelike in detail. Quaint balcony, intimate fireplace, gay cretonnes—and a Congolem Rug to set it all off!

No matter whether it's a room in a cozy apartment, city home, summer cottage or farmhouse, there's an appropriate Gold-Seal Congolem Rug for it. There are designs for every room—rich, elaborate, Oriental motifs for living rooms, dainty, floral effects for bedrooms and neat conventional patterns for bathrooms and kitchens.

These attractive rugs require so little care—a boon to the woman who does her own work! A light going-over with a damp

mop and they are spotless—fresh as new. And they cling to the floor as though they were a part of it—never turn up at the corners or edges.

Ask your local dealer to show you these beautiful rugs for you must see them to fully appreciate them. You will be delighted with them and amazed at their very low prices.

Popular Sizes—Popular Prices

6 x 9 ft. \$ 9.00 The patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes: 3 x 3 ft. 1.40
7½ x 9 ft. 11.25 only. The small 9 x 9 ft. 13.50 only. The small 9 x 10½ ft. 15.75 rugs are made in 3 x 4½ ft. 1.95
9 x 12 ft. 18.00 **WHOLESALE TO BUYERS TO BE QUOTED TO FREIGHT COSTS. PRICES IN THE SOUTH AND WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI ARE HIGHER THAN THOSE QUOTED.**

Look for the Gold Seal

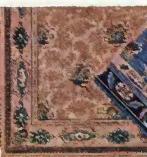
You will find it pasted on the face of every guaranteed Gold-Seal Congolem Rug and on every few yards of Gold-Seal Congolem By-the-Yard. This Gold-Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) guards you against imitations and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee. Look for it!

An interesting illustrated folder showing all the beautiful patterns in their actual rich colors will gladly be sent to you free upon request to our nearest office.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

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Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



To Dwight James Baum, Architect of this Eighth House in McCall's Homebuilding Series, has been Awarded the New York Architectural League's Medal of Honor



The Mellowness of Sun-Warmed Brick

The Simple Dignity of Great Houses of Colonial Days Lives Anew In This Thoroughly Modern Home Which May be Built for \$13,500

By Dwight James Baum

THE house shown on this page is of the late Georgian period in England, as seen in some of the suburbs of London. These characteristics, however, were modified to meet our modern ways of living. The porch was added to the left and a gateway to the right giving an appearance of greater size. The windows are kept large, giving plenty of sunlight and ventilation. Shutters make it possible to leave the windows open and at the same time keep out the sun on the hot summer's day. Plenty of ventilating space is obtained over the bedrooms; and the gutter, usually hanging, is placed inside of a small parapet wall.

The material for the exterior is a common brick to be selected from two different kilns, getting them well burned, and laid with a three-eighths of an inch raked out joint. The roof is of metal, either copper—which would take on a fine color with age—or of tin which lasts for years if kept properly painted.

The mortar joint should be a gray-white; the trim, main entrance features and shutters, white; and the ironwork painted a flat black.

The plan shows a central entrance with arches on three sides of the small hall. To your left opens the living-room with a vista through to the porch, and on the right is the dining-room.

The stairway starts through an arch balanced on the other side by a conveniently arranged coat closet. Back of the dining-room is a kitchen, carefully arranged so that the home owner can do her work with the minimum of steps. The range and kitchen sink are conveniently placed. The work space runs around two sides of the room with cupboards above and below.

From the kitchen you enter a small hall which serves the triple function of a refrigerator room, entry for tradespeople, and entrance to the cellar stairs. These are placed for economy under the main stairs and a very convenient, too-often-neglected, first-floor store-closet is provided. The rear porch is arranged so that it cannot be seen from the living-room or porch and serves the purpose of privacy in case there is a maid in the house, as well as an entrance.

McCALL'S offers for sale the house plans listed below. Each set costs \$15.00 and is complete with architectural drawings and building specifications—an extraordinary service as the architect's usual charges are about one-fourth of the building cost. Miss Marcia Mead, a woman-architect, has collaborated with the architect who designed the houses, to plan each for the convenience of the woman who does her own housework.

Five-Room Cottage, designed by Ernest Flaggi; see McCall's for April. To be built for \$4,000. Suitable investment for family whose income is about \$2,500.

Six-Room House, by Clarence Smith; see June McCall's. Construction cost, \$8,500. Investment for income of \$4,000.

Six-Room Colonial House, by Aymar Embury II; see July McCall's. Construction cost, \$10,000. Investment for income of \$5,000.

Seven-Room Cottage, designed by W. D. Foster and Harold W. Vassar; see August McCall's. Construction cost, \$12,000. Investment for income of \$6,000.

Seven-Room House designed by Grosvenor Atterbury; see September issue. Building cost, \$12,000. Investment for income of \$7,000.

Seven-Room House, designed by Frederick Lee Ackerman; see October issue. Building cost, \$12,500. Investment for income of \$8,000.

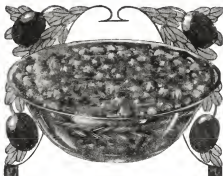
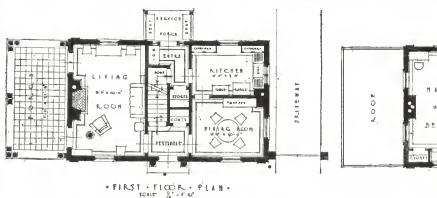
Accompanying the blue prints and building specifications there will be sent without extra charge. A list of labor-saving devices and their approximate cost estimated as a suitable investment for each home; suggestive suggestions for beautifying the grounds; Address, enclosing money. The Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 27th St., New York City.

The second story has a small hall, well lighted, with a bathroom arranged at the end for easy accessibility. The owner's room is of good size having three exposures and double closets. Each of the other two rooms has a double exposure and good closets. A small linen-closet is placed in the hall. It is intended to have a trap-door in the center of this hall with a block and tackle above connected with the ridge of the roof so that the attic space can be used for storage. All the rooms have been designed with the necessary furniture in mind, as this is too often neglected in planning a small home. The bathroom is laid out so that the built-in tub may be used for a shower at a little added expense.

THE porch floor has a white cement border with a center of red cement lined off in squares. This can be made more attractive by using brick laid in a basketweave pattern. The first story finish floors in the living-room, front hall and dining-room should be of plain white oak slightly stained and given a waxed finish. The woodwork consisting of doors and trim, as well as the sand finish walls of these rooms can be made attractive by painting them with a light putty color, the difference in materials giving all the variation in color needed.

The ceilings should be tinted cream, and the mantelpiece of a Georgian Colonial design in wood should have a hearth facing of Harvard brick. The kitchen and back hall floors should be covered with heavy linoleum or a composition floor with sanitary base can be substituted at a slightly extra expense. It is suggested to pumpkin yellow. The all white kitchen, while it may be sanitary, looks too much like a factory. It can be made much more attractive by the introduction of color.

The bedrooms, with comb-grain pine floors slightly stained, could have the woodwork of ivory as well as the doors, the walls to be tinted as desired. The walls painted throughout the first story as suggested require very few pictures and the furniture should be of the simplest.



Cranberry Sauce for Delightful Desserts!

Just put up cranberry sauce in mason jars and keep it on hand for making delicious desserts that are different! Cranberry Sauce, properly prepared, can be made in ten minutes by this recipe:

Ten-Minute Cranberry Sauce

One quart cranberries, two cups boiling water, 1 1/2 to 2 cups sugar. Boil sugar and water together for five minutes; skin; add the cranberries and boil without stirring (five minutes is usually sufficient) until all the skins are broken. Remove from the fire when the popping stops.

Served in any way, cranberries are most appetizing. Especially fine with all roast meats, such as beef, pork, lamb and mutton.

Easiest fruit to prepare. Economical—no waste. No coring, no peeling. Healthful, aids digestion. To be sure of getting the choicest cultivated varieties, ask for

EATMOR CRANBERRIES

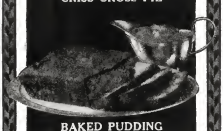
Illustrated recipe folder showing many ways in which cranberries may be preserved and prepared, free upon request.

American Cranberry Exchange 90 West Broadway, New York

Here are three helpful suggestions for quick, tasty desserts with cranberry sauce.



CRISS CROSS PIE



BAKED PUDDING



SHORTCAKE

Eatmor Cranberries

Having Fun With Your Money

(Continued from page 2)

case of "nose to the grindstone," working with every ounce of my mental and physical power, pushing straight ahead full steam to put over the thing I was trying to do. That return to my girlfriend home marked the beginning of any expenditure in which I ever indulged solely for myself. In a neighborhood city I bought the make of automobile I decided upon. I sent there a man I knew to be capable and competent, and had him trained to handle the machine properly; gave him instructions to deliver it at the home where I was going to stay during my vacation. I made the home-ward trip by way of Indianapolis, and in the largest store in the city, in the French room, I got some keen joy out of being dithered in a proper traveling dress and hat. In the designing room, with the help of the head milliner, I evolved the sort of motor poncho I wanted. I thought at the time, and still think that, it was a mighty clever production. This was accompanied by an exquisite silk motor veil such as was popular fifteen years ago, and among the French creations there was a motor coat of double weave. The outside of the basket coil of snow white, the inside an exquisite shade of lavender. There was a wonderful sweep to collar, the cuffs, and the belt. It was a full-length garment, and accompanied by the bonnet I designed, the veil in question, and a pair of properly-cuffed white gloves, the combination was one I had not seen except before, nor have I since. In a seven-passenger car, thus strapped, and with number of other dresses suitable for different occasions to bolster my self-respect, I made my descent upon the home of my girlfriend. There, for a month, I had perhaps the biggest picnic of my life from doing precisely what I chose, with money of my own earnings to pay the bills. I intended to "show them" when I went, and I did show them, not brains or intellectual endeavor, but the amount of fun that could be extracted from a dollar when it had been squeezed to the hilt.

my business to go a few days ahead of time, and at Marshall Field's, to equip myself as best as I could as manager as possible. Prominent in my memory there stands a French evening coat of the finest all white brocade, not even lined with velvet satin, embroidered with deep and heavy decorations of white and pale yellow flowers. I sent there a case of solid embroidery, the knotted cord fringes of which reached to the knees, with an Elizabethan ruff, not dreamed about. I had real fun riding in a car lined with white broadcloth and warmed with a tiny white porcelain heater, to the entertainments at which I was to speak. And I had real fun out of the entire visit—so much fun that it remains as one of the brightest spots in my life, an occasion on which I spent all the money necessary, and got every cent of it out of the brightest spots in my life, an occasion on which I had a lot of fun in selecting a location, after years of searching, that particular spot, and building the house of my dreams and gathering into it a world of treasures sent me by admirers of my work from all over the globe. I had a lot of fun in selecting a location, after years of searching, that particular spot, and building the house of my dreams and gathering into it a world of treasures sent me by admirers of my work from all over the globe. I had a lot of fun in selecting a location, after years of searching, that particular spot, and building the house of my dreams and gathering into it a world of treasures sent me by admirers of my work from all over the globe.

There was about the development of Lindebrook, Ind., as it stands on the shore of one of the most beautiful lakes in northern Indiana, very near as high a degree of pleasure as I ever have experienced in this world. It was one of the things I did anything wildly extravagant, or that my dream was fantastic. I only wanted one hundred and twenty acres, but I got the earth for my very own, just a little stretch of primeval wood, with a mile of winding lake shore. I had a lot of fun in selecting a location, after years of searching, that particular spot, and building the house of my dreams and gathering into it a world of treasures sent me by admirers of my work from all over the globe. I had a lot of fun in selecting a location, after years of searching, that particular spot, and building the house of my dreams and gathering into it a world of treasures sent me by admirers of my work from all over the globe.

But my ideas of fun might not be those of everyone. For example, when the new car rolled in, in all its shining splendor of dark green body and brass trimmings, after it had been tested until I was sure of it and my driver had set down the delivery order, I made up a list of the people I knew in my home town who very seldom, if ever, entered an automobile. They were one little lady, the wife of a man who once had been prosperous, and who had entertained her friends lavishly, who now sat a bundle of twisted muscle and jangled nerves, and watched the cars flash by containing friends who she remembered to send her a bow and smile, but who did not think that, by the aid of a few pillows, the front seat and the arm of a sturdy man, she might be carried over her city once more, and even to the country, where, for the first time in years, she would see a lawyer, fisher, and hear the bobolinks singing.

There was an elderly lady who had been a friend of my father in his youth. Once a year, as long as he lived, he had gone to dine dinner with her and talk over old times. It is very doubtful whether that charming and estimable lady got as much fun out of her ride as I did.

There was another little lady, who had spent most of her life upon a farm, in later years coming to town. Everybody knew her, everybody was her friend, but everybody who was riding in automobiles in those days did not remember the joy that the couple got from flitting over the road for her youth by the new method of transportation.

When I had gotten through with every blessed one of these old people, shut-in, house-bound and neglected, then I looked up the boys and girls whom I had known to school. I do not recall at this minute that I ever got quite the fun out of anything in all my life as that I did in showing these boys and girls the kind of clothes, and cars, and ornaments that real money would buy. But, the pure, unadulterated joy of the thing lay in the fact that the classmate to whom they had not always been kind or considerate had been able to produce things by the exercise of her own mentality.

I have gotten a great deal of joy in spending money on my friends. A few times in my life it has been within my power to help someone I dearly loved to have a home, and I have done it. I have nothing in all the world more precious than just a home. Homes are the bed rock of society. They are the place where the souls come into life, and are developed. The finest thing in all this world is a home, and I have had a lot of fun in helping my friends whom it is possible for me to help, into the possession of a home. Sometimes I have had fun in putting a piano into a home where there was a musician and no means for making music. I cause a very large amount of fun to be put a heartstone into a house that lacked the spirit of fire, the worship of ascending smoke, the inspiration of wrangling flags, I have had much fun in giving to a being able to help a goodly number of girls and boys to specialize in some branch that is of the greatest use to the world. And I imagine that what I have done with money that has given me the greatest pleasure has been in helping somebody else to do. After all, it is a personal matter, and what gives one human being pleasure is the pleasure of another. I have seen other human beings are finding joy.

I remember one time that I heard an individual who had been a New York clerk against money. He cursed it bitterly as the root of all evil, the cause of contention and discussion, the cause of poverty and envy, the cause of wars and trouble. He ended by crying, "The accursed stuff!" And then, after a pause, seemingly deep meditation, he added in a lower voice of

Use as your own
30 Days
FREE

THE subdued soft glow of the candleabra * * * Your favorite smooth, choice, snow-white linen * * * Your favorite flower-motif delicately expressed * * * Your china a tribute to your good taste * * * You survey your dining table— are all its appointments correct? Are they? How about your silver service? If it is not exactly right; right as to quality and right as to design, then all your table decorations fall. For high quality silver, discerning selections is one of the true tests of the perfect hostess.

32 Pieces COMMUNITY PLATE Exquisite Grosvenor Design

Made by the Onedia Community Limited who rank with the world's greatest silversmiths. High Class as to quality, and so exquisitely and richly beautiful in design as to be a constant joy and pride to its owner. Community Plate is as enduring as it is beautiful. Each piece is made on a hard metal base on which is placed a very heavy layer of the purest silver. Community Plate is of the finest quality. It is Guaranteed for 50 years.

Table Spoon Service

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL ONLY Easy Monthly Payments

Write today for full particulars of the most liberal, the most attractive offer ever made on Community Plate. Learn how only \$1 with order brings you the Complete silver service of 32 pieces in the beautiful Grosvenor design. Learn about my 30 Days' Free Trial offer—how you can use this beautiful silverware every day as enduring as it is beautiful. Each piece is made on a hard metal base on which is placed a very heavy layer of the purest silver. Community Plate is of the finest quality. It is Guaranteed for 50 years.

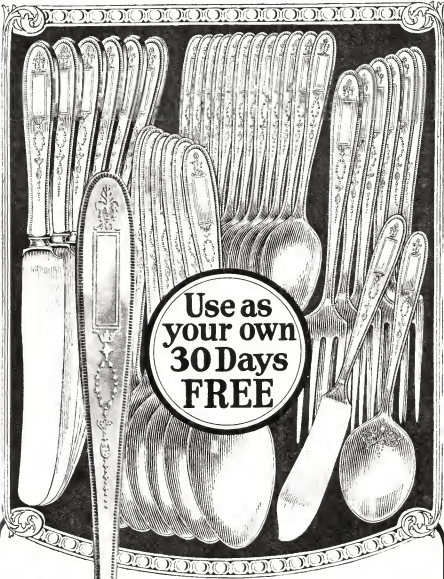
FREE CATALOG OF HOME FURNISHINGS

For 30 Years I have been selling finest, dependable furniture and furnishings at the Lowest Prices and on the Easiest Terms. Everything I sell is new and my 30 Days' Free Trial with a Money Back Bond. My Big Bargains will be sent to everyone who orders this advertisement. It shows Thousands of Wonderful Home Furnishings at the Lowest Prices. Buy Square and Easiest way to get at once the complete list of home furnishings at terms so low that you will never feel the cost.

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President
SPEAR & CO.
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Occupation _____
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Post Office _____ State _____

Which every set of
"Pete Walker" for
"Pete Walker" for
charge is made. It
is a velvet-lined
Carrara and Dresden
table with a
gold and silver
design. It is
made in
Italy.





TWO THINGS CAUSE THEM

THE first is neglect. As the nail grows the skin stretches and pulls out until it cracks and splits. Then the cracks spread and you have hangnails to make things worse! The second cause is cutting. When you try to snip off the little split edges you cannot help cutting the live cuticle. This makes fresh cuticle grow back rapidly in coarse smoothen bumps!

The photograph to the left shows you what NOT to do. The photograph to the right shows you how neglected cuticle grows fast on the nail and splits.



HANGNAILS and COARSE RAGGED CUTICLE

make you ashamed of your hands

The right way to correct them

THERE are two reasons for that ragged coarse cuticle that makes you ashamed of your hands.

The first cause is neglect. If you neglect your cuticle it grows fast to the nail. Then as the nail grows the skin stretches and pulls out until it cracks and splits. These cracks make the nail rim ragged and catch dirt and germs. This is ugly and embarrassing enough in itself, but the cracks spread and make hangnails that are a constant danger of infection and are often really painful.

The second cause is cutting the cuticle. When you see the jagged rim of dry cuticle and horrid little raw spots that come from neglect are you tempted to take the scissors and try to trim the skin away until you have a smooth even rim? That only makes it worse!

For if you cut the cuticle you cannot fail

to wound a most sensitive place—the nail root. It lies only one-twelfth of an inch below the skin and your scissors are sure to snip through it. Then, to protect the hurt, the fresh cuticle grows back so rapidly that it is coarse and lumpy. You have only made worse the very condition you set out to correct with your scissors.

The right way to make ragged cuticle smooth

However, there is a simple method that gives a rim of smooth even cuticle safely and quickly. Five minutes attention with Cutex once or twice a week keeps the cuticle from growing fast to the nail and removes the surplus skin as the fresh grows out and the old dies.

Directions:—Dip the end of the Cutex orange stick wrapped with cotton in the bottle of Cutex Cuticle Remover. Then work gently around the base of each nail, rubbing any particles of dry cuticle that cling to the

nail. Rinse the fingers in clear water and wipe them with a soft towel. All the surplus cuticle wipes away. How fresh and even the nail rim is. White, smooth and free from the nail as it ought to be.

To bleach the nail tips work the Cutex stick still wet beneath each nail tip. Instantly they are stainless and transparent, with that lovely fragile look.

Then to keep this lovely manicure, smooth a little cream into the base of each nail at night when you cream your face. Your regular cream will do, but Cutex have a Cuticle Cream (Comfort) especially prepared to keep the cuticle and nails smooth and healthy.

A rose pearl lustre completes the manicure

Finish this lovely manicure with one of the splendid Cutex Polishes. The new Powder Polish gives a charming brilliance that lasts a whole week with just a few strokes on the palm of the hand or with the buffer. Cutex Cake Polish is for those who prefer the solid form. The Paste Polish is equally good and there is a new Cutex Liquid Polish for those who want a particularly high and lasting lustre.

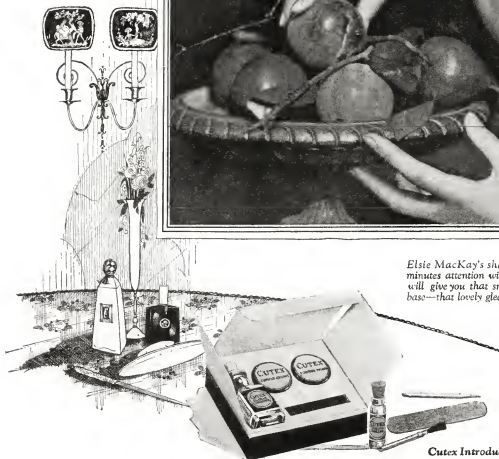
Keep a bottle of Cutex on your dressing table and care for the cuticle this safe way. It and the other Cutex preparations are only 35c each. The manicure sets are the most convenient and the most attractive things. They contain the Cuticle Remover, Polishes and all the other preparations necessary for a complete manicure, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50, and \$3.00. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.

Introductory Set—Now only 12c
Fill out this coupon and mail it with 12c in coin or stamps for the Introductory Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board and orange stick. Address, Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. F11, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



Photo by Ira L. Hill Studios

Elsie MacKay's shapely, well-kept hands. Five minutes attention with Cutex once or twice a week will give you that smooth even rim around the nail base—that lovely gleaming lustre.



Cutex Introductory Set containing enough for six manicures.

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Northam Warren, Dept. F11,
114 West 17th St., New York
I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set containing enough Cutex for six manicures.

Name
Street
(or P. O. Box)
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The Three Talmagdes

[Continued from page 18]

We went to the Vitagraph the next day to register.

At the studio we went through the usual formalities, such as registering Norma's name, address, height, weight, color, age, etc., and departed, having been told she would be sent for tomorrow.

After two weeks of watching and waiting, the postman, one morning, brought Norma a letter which came from the Vitagraph Company.

"Peg, Peg! They've sent for me!"

I shall never forget the excitement to the longest day I live! All that night, Norma slept with one eye on the clock. When we reached the studio the next morning, it seemed to us as though everyone else in Brooklyn was doing just what we were doing.

I showed our letter to the official in charge and immediately a personal note was struck. He abandoned the other waitresses, to usher us into the casting director's office. Mr. Wilmore, the director, was a big man with a kindly face and graying hair, but his manner was brusque. I saw Norma stiffen and instinctively draw back, as his appraising eyes scrutinized her from the tip of her pointed ear to the immaculately shined toe of her boot. Then he asked her to smile, to show her profile, to walk across the room, to walk back again. I had a momentary feeling of horror—as though I were experiencing the agony of a mother watching her first-born being sold as a slave on the auction block. Finally, the big man smiled.

"You'll do," he said. "Good eyes—good teeth. Please fill out this blank."

Norma filled it out with careful pen, and then was told that she was being "taken on stock," which meant that she would be employed by the week at a salary of twenty-five dollars, whether she worked or not.

Then Mr. Wilmore turned us over to a young man, who, we were told, would lead us to the studio where Norma would be required to wait around until she was needed. And then, veritably, we entered the "New World!" "Here," Norma ecstatically whispered to me, "is where 'They' act." And I knew by the same inflection of her voice that "They" meant the magical shadow-shapes of Florence Turner and Maurice Costello.

There were three "sets," as we say in movie parlance, built on this outdoor "lot." Each "set" was occupied by a group of glamorous-looking persons—or so they were to us—all of whom seemed to be exceedingly busy doing goodness only knew what! Opposite, was the large, glass-roofed studio. Many strange people were hurrying back and forth, some in queer costumes, some in rather conventional gowns and suits, and all with faces as white as circus clowns. Those were the days before the yellow make-up. The impression this whole scene left upon me was really quite awful. The costumes and make-up, the hammering and jostling and shouting of incoherent commands, the settings and buildings—it all seemed so awfully and cheaply. I was inclined to compare it with the aftermath of a big night at Coney Island.

"I love it! Isn't it wonderful?" Norma whispered.

The following morning Norma went to the studio alone. It was her "job" and she loved it and had no further fears—no doubts. She wanted to be there more than anywhere else. To her mother's she looked a small but gallant figure as she started promptly in the early morning.

"Good luck, dear!" I called after her.

We awaited her anxiously that second day—her first day alone. The first time, really, that Norma had ever done anything, quite alone, without me to stand back of her, or Constance or Natalie to companion her. But when she came home that night, she told us what was practically a repetition of the day before. They just let me stand around and look on," she said. "I wish they'd make me do something."

The first week dragged by and still Norma was not called upon to be more than a spectator. The second week began and ended the same way. She started off every morning, with the best hope that perhaps she would be called upon, and returned every evening, with only a shake of the head and a muttered "not yet." But on Saturday of the third week, we knew, the minute she came home, that something had happened. There was the sound of tumultuous tramping footsteps on the porch. A slammed front door. The fleeting glimpse of a scarlet-wreathed face rushing past me in the hall. Then Norma's voice wailing loudly, dimly, "I've failed!"

I followed Norma's desperate footsteps up the stairs and into her room, where I found her prone across her bed, sobbing. I sat down beside her, gently stroking her head. I knew that such devastating grief must spend itself before a calm could set in, but my own heart was hammering against my ribs. Norma sobbed on and on, her

face buried deep in the ruffled pillow. Finally, I attempted to talk to her, and gently lifted her from my arms.

"Come now, dear, get over with you. Do tell me what has happened."

When she spoke, her voice was listless, a marked contrast to the tragedy of her face. "They gave me a small part today, a very small part. Any child could have done it. But I couldn't do, do, do, do!"

"Certainly you would fail—the first time," I told her. "That's to be expected." She stared at me, arrested for a moment, and I knew I was on the right track. "Success does not come so easily." I went on. "It means work and defeat, and defeat and work, and then more and more of both. It means suffering and all sorts of failures and a very few hard-won triumphs. Above all, it means courage."

Little by little, Norma's grief subsided. And after a while she was almost herself again; perhaps a little more than the self she had been. A new reasonableness was in her eyes; her mouth had taken on lines of determination; she had tested failure and had come to sense it as but the salty flavor of future success.

We were at dinner, and Constance jumped in, perhaps a little more than the subject of the night before, excepting that Norma wept more stoically, as it were. The wild abandon of her first humiliation had abated. "I did a little bit better today," she told me. "But it was so little, Peg, that no one but myself knew it."

One night, about two months after Norma had begun at the studio, she said to me, "I came home today. 'Well, I nearly my Waterloo today!'"

We were at dinner, and Constance jumped in, perhaps a little more than the subject of the night before, excepting that Norma wept more stoically, as it were. The wild abandon of her first humiliation had abated. "I did a little bit better today," she told me. "But it was so little, Peg, that no one but myself knew it."

"I was almost tongue-tied, and all I could say was, 'I'm—I'm afraid I'm not v-very good!'"

"Not very good?" You're very bad!" he said. "Why, because you're not!"

"Oh, Peg, I can't tell you how I felt when he said that."

"I asked."

"Well," Norma went on, "then he said, 'But you got something that's very rare and very valuable. It's like a jewel he'd come up in stiff paper wrappings; if you can get the teeth of a trick horse, revealing Norma and a boy of her own age in the act of kissing each other.'

Then began for Norma a series of little roles, largely comedy roles, which hurt her vanity. Now she was blacking her face, so she had to get the teeth of a picaninny, together with some real dummies. Now she was covered with a cloth, which was jerked off the teeth of a trick horse, revealing Norma and a boy of her own age in the act of kissing each other.

But soon, hard study and patience had their reward. Norma was given the rôle of the daughter in "A Dilemma," starring her beloved Florence Turner with Maurice Costello and Clarice Blackwell. Her apprenticeship was served and her parts began to take on more importance.

After a while she failed wholly to suffice Constance. She wanted to see for herself, hear for herself, try for herself; so one time, I permitted her to accompany Norma to the studio, to see how she liked it, but I warned her, over and over, not to get into the act.

"Either they will love her," I thought, "or she will make them simply furious. The chances are about even."

And the chances fell on Constance's side. She was amusing a group of players, one with a ludicrously burlesque of her favorite movie, Flora Finch, just as Ralph Ince was passing that particular corner of the studio.

Norma and Constance could scarcely tell me about it, when they came home, they laughed so hard.

"Well," Norma began, "Constance was imitating Flora Finch in one corner of the studio, she had arranged to meet me there with her, because he's the fattest boy in the place, and had told him that he could be John Bunny. And the first thing she knew there stood Mr. Ralph Ince and Anita Stewart laughing for all they were worth at Mr. Ince simply hold his sign and I heard him say if he had ever seen better mimicry in his life, he couldn't remember it. Then he asked her to go on, and she laughed some more and told her to stick around the studio; that she'd make the world to laugh yet."

And the next tale they brought home to me was that Mr. Ince had engaged Constance as an extra.

[Concluded in the December McCall's]

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"A Lil' Girl in Lotta Trouble"

(Continued from page 31)

girl friends were more enthusiastic than ever, and she felt that she had learned a great deal. Miss Anderson, in return for her generosity, totaling large profits on the season, gave her a note of introduction to Robert Alston, the New York producer, for whom Miss Anderson had once tried out a play. And Katherine, exultant, had stepped lightly along the street. Cunningham, convinced that this thing they called the theater was to claim her from now on. Only she must take it over with Lucile again.

As she came singing into their little flat, Lucile looked up from an account book. Later an examination of the pathetic family account book disclosed all too soon that Lucile could not possibly spare more than three hundred dollars.

"But that leaves you with only twenty dollars to your name," Katherine protested, glibly at the realization that her education and the expenses of her first venture into the theatrical world had practically wiped out her mother's resources. "Suppose you should be taken sick?"

"Nonsense," answered Lucile. "I wish we had something to mortgage, as they do in those plays of yours; but our furniture wouldn't be any good for such purposes. I'm afraid."

And so this mother tossed onto the table a check which represented her all, doing it with a grace worthy of those gamblers who pride themselves upon "shooting the works." It had seemed a sizeable fortune back there in Connecticut when the bank cashier converted it into crisp yellow-backed bills, but the trip east and a few weeks in New York had made it vanish like the first light snow from the streets of Manhattan.

MISS ANDERSON'S note had gained her an opportunity of seeing Mr. Alston, after she had climbed the stairs to his office above the Alston theater half a dozen times in vain. He was reading it when his secretary ushered Katherine in. "How do you do," she spoke in the stiff tone made famous by magazines which praise our self-made men. "Sorry I haven't anything for you now, Com. In and see me in a week or so," he went on in a monotone, tossing the note into a wastebasket. "I'm waiting," he said slightly so as to reach his secretary, who was retreating through the doorway. "Take this young lady's name up," said Katherine. Whereupon Katherine heard herself outside before she had hardly entered.

"She'll had to wait all again, and she did, several times, until she began to suspect, as she met only the impassive secretary each time, that he hadn't meant it."

A vicious young person who flattered her eyelids needlessly as they sat on a bench in the outer office, assured her that it was a stock phrase used by managers generally as a polite means of dismissal. Katherine began a young of managers' offices that seemed entirely meaningless. Only twice did she succeed in penetrating to a director's private office; both times to hear again the old formula of invitation to return in a few weeks.

She had visited oftener the office of the great William Rendel, hoping that some fortunate chance might take her in to talk with this brilliant producer, whose name was always mentioned first when critics wrote of the fine accomplishments of the American theater. But at the other producers were elusive, Rendel seemed to be almost mythical.

But this very afternoon, the vivacious girl whom Katherine often met on her rounds of the producers' offices, had insisted to Mr. Rendel's secretary she knew positively that Mr. Rendel was inside, loudly proclaiming she had seen him. She came down the street, stepping from his car and starting upstairs. "Well—if you know more about him than I do, I wanted the secretary—and turned away without taking the trouble of finishing her sentence.

And then the vivacious one, naming Katherine, started out; but in her pretended confusion, she opened a different door from the one by which they had entered. A voice from beyond it, low and authoritative, inquired, "Well?" Nothing abashed, the stranger girl made a bow and smiled pleasantly. "Anything today, Mr. Rendel?" "No," came the answer, crisp and coldly, with all the finality of a judge refusing a last appeal. And the door closed again as Katherine realized that she had been almost inside the holy of holies itself!

Katherine escaped from the girl's chatter as soon as she could, and turned toward the Alston theater, stealing herself for the long, hopeless climb to the offices above it. She would make one last visit to the place which she had approached so hopefully on her arrival in New York, and then she was through. It would give this ill-fated expedition a sort of completeness, as if even failure might yield a grim satisfaction with the circle closed in.

She found the outer office full of men and women. One of the latter threw a newspaper onto the table in the center of the room, and Katherine, picking it up, saw a marked paragraph stating that Mr. Alston had bought a melodrama. "The Yellow Diamond," which he expected to produce immediately.

Just then, the door into the inner office opened, revealing Mr. Alston himself in conversation with a young man who wore old-fashioned spectacles and carried a manuscript under his arm—obviously a playwright. Mr. Alston was saying in a raucous voice and with a swagger, "Take that high-brow stuff to Rendel, he doesn't care how much money he loses. When you set it outa your system and wants write a real, honest-to-God play, come back to me. Make it 'bout a lil' girl in lotta trouble. That's what the public wants. Look! 'East is West.' Look! 'Peg o' My Heart.' Just a lil' girl in lotta trouble. . . . Make a million dollars. Good-bye!"

As the playwright passed on, Alston stood in the doorway, uncertain. The crowd surged toward him. He looked at them blankly, waved his hands and yelled, "Shoo!" Then he turned and walked back into his office, slamming the door. The crowd, with a murmur, began to melt away. It was the most ludicrous, the most pitiful, the cruelest dismissal Katherine had ever seen.

"Lil' girl in lotta trouble. . . ." The words rang through Katherine's mind, as she sat in the Hotel Fidelity lobby. So that's what people cared about was that? Cinderella, the rags-to-riches story, the prince (coach) and the ball—and the prince.

But Cinderella had to be back by midnight. Katherine's hand to her forehead, her mind went back to the telegram which must carry the news of her defeat to Lucile. Was it the brief hour of ambition and hoping was over. The coach that was to have carried her to fame had turned again into a rickshaw. No! No! she had to enter into their little girls with troubles, so long as their troubles were kept on the stage. It didn't care for the same little girls in real life.

THE tall young man stepping briskly down Madison Avenue and swinging around the corner, slowed up in-stantaneously. "Come to that, he had turned off too soon." He glanced at his watch. No; there was the church, there were the old brownstone houses opposite it. He was on Thirty-fifth Street. But what had happened? The street was torn up—nothing surprising in New York—but there was something else. The street lights were out. That was what gave the whole place an air of strangeness. He glanced at his watch. It was a quarter of eight, but half-ten because of its familiarity.

These thoughts occupied him as he turned to take a step down the entrance of one of those old brownstone residences which had been remedied into apartments. He pushed open the vestibule door, and turned to the mail-boxes on his left. Then, to make sure that no letter had eluded him in the dim light, he ran his fingers into his keys, and as the key-ying came out, a loose key came with it, dropping to the floor with a sharp tinkle. Damn that mutterer—and, reaching over for the key, instantly became aware that someone was standing beside him.

He saw her feet first—very neat feet, in slender, black shoes—and he straightened up in surprise. "What a nice girl!" he surveyed the rest of her. This more extended scrutiny was so satisfactory that he thought he might open the vestibule door. He saw the shadowy vestibule; and as he continued to look to let her convince himself that she was not, her eyes—particularly nice eyes, they were!—fell before his, revealing long, curling dark lashes.

"I beg your pardon," he ventured as he fumbled with his keys. "I didn't know you were there when I swore a moment ago."

"It's all right," Katherine answered. He noted with relief that her voice, though somewhat hoarse, was a pleasant surprise. "I know you didn't expect to find anyone here," she went on, "but it was the only place I had to wait."

Now he had the key ready to insert in the lock, but he hesitated a second. "If your friends are out, he suggested, perhaps I can find the superintendent and persuade him to let you to their apartment."

"No; thank you," she answered hastily. "I'm not waiting for anyone."

"That gave him pause, and he stood a moment longer, considering. "Sounds like—Well, anyway, it's none of my business." He thrust the key into the lock, making an unnecessary clatter.

[Turn to page 32]



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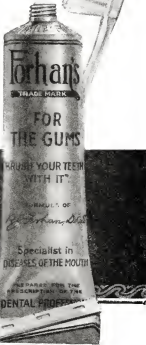
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shadow, and for a space she felt that his attention was no longer focused upon her. After the final curtain they rose and passed out of the box into the crowd that filled the corridor.

"It's pouring with rain," said Rotherby, as they emerged into the vestibule. "Wait while I get the car!"

He left her, and she took her stand at a corner of the steps, idly watching the press of people that thronged past her on to the pavement. She was very tired and slightly dazed. A man on the pavement below her, wearing an ulster with a cap drawn over his eyes, evidently waiting for a conveyance, caught her passing attention because the set of his shoulders was somehow reminiscent to her of the lonely horseman who had awaited her coming on the moor.

Out of the press of hurrying people Rotherby detached himself and came to her. "It's all right. Take my arm! The car is just here."

The car slid on through the night. They turned out of the glaring streets, and in the dimness Frances closed her eyes again. She did not want to talk; and Rotherby's mood seemed to coincide with hers, for he sat in utter silence by her side. She was hardly aware that the car had stopped when suddenly he spoke. "You'll come in here for a few minutes? I'll tell the man to wait."

He was opening the door. "It's a half-way house where you can get some supper. I have ordered it specially for you."

"Supper!" She echoed the word, slightly startled. "Oh, really I don't want any. I would rather go straight back."

He was already out of the car. He stood in the doorway, laughing. "Please don't keep me here in the rain to argue! Let's do it inside! I can't let you go supperless to bed."

She went with him, still possessed by that feeling which had held her tired senses in thrall throughout the evening.

She passed out of the lift with Rotherby, and he unlocked a door that led into a tiny hall.

He opened another door, and switched on a light that showed her a luxurious red-curtained apartment, with a polished table spread with refreshments of all kinds, and an electric stove that burned with hot glow before a deep settle.

"She stood staring at him. "I—don't understand. You said you did say—it was a public place?"

He came to her then, and though the smile was still upon his face, she knew that like herself, he was braced for battle.

"Why this tragic attitude?" he said. "She hung down her gauntlet with a supreme disregard of consequences. "You hound!" she said.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I like you for that. Yes, I am a hound, but I don't appreciate an easy prey. I'll conquer you now I've got you. But I'm in no hurry. Sit down and let's talk it over!"

Something that weakened her more than any violence she had deliberately trapped her, and he was not ashamed that she should know it. She stood before him speechless.

"That's better," he said. "You're getting a grasp of the situation. Now listen to me! I love you. I can't tell you why, but I do. I've always wanted you, and I made up my mind a long while ago that I would have you. You belong to me. I will am going to enforce my claim. Is that quite clear?"

"You have no claim," she said through white lips.

"That is merely your point of view," he rejoined, "and I do not care at all. You gave yourself to me, remember, and I never gave you any cause to regret your action. If you had behaved reasonably, we should have been married by this time, and all your troubles would have been at an end. As it is—" He paused.

She saw his face harden. "As it is," he said, "you have tried my patience, to the utmost limit, till I have come to the point when I will stand no more trifling. Do you understand? Tonight for the last time—I ask you, will you give me your hand and before you decide! Tomorrow—possibly—you may be not only willing, but anxious, but"—he shrugged his shoulders again—"I may have other plans by that time."

She raised herself slowly, propping her chin on her hands. She spoke, haltingly, with difficulty, almost as if it were in a foreign language.

"I'll give my promise—to—to—to—m—m—m—y—you—you—let—me—go—"

"Why should I do that?" he said. "She met his look through an irresistible shudder went through her at his touch. "Because," she said, in the same slow, uncertain way, "you are a man—and I am a woman. But—you are not all beast. If you will let me go, I will promise to marry you—as soon as you wish. If you will not let me go, you will have your way to—ri—t. 'Tut after to-night—"

Tetherstones

(Continued from page 10)

"Well?" he said, awed in spite of himself by her voice, her words, her look, yet half-mocking still. "After tonight?"

"After tonight," she said, and drew herself from his hold facing him with a gesture of freedom that was even regal, "you will never see me again. I swear to you—before God—that I shall be dead."

He hung round savoring, "There's someone else, isn't there? I suspect it before. Who is it? That maniac at Tetherstones?"

"She cannot forward a little further to the glow. "It doesn't really matter," she said.

"You loved me once," he repeated doggedly. "What did I ever do to forfeit your love?"

"I will tell you what you did. You desecrated my love. You killed it at birth. You treated me then—as you are treating me now—dishonorably. I think you are incapable of anything else. Love—real love—is out of your reach!"

"Well," he returned with a flash of anger, "you've made your conditions. I accept them. You are free to go."

She stopped. For the moment she could not speak, so terrible was the strain, and in that moment, as she stood summoning her strength, there came the sound of an electric bell clanging when suddenly she cried out and almost fell.

"Damnation!" Rotherby said. "See here! I shall have to go to the door. You don't want to be seen here. You'd better go into the other room."

He indicated a door at the further end of the one in which they stood, and she turned away from him. He went with her, opened it, switching on a light. She glanced within, and drew back instinctively. He almost pushed her into the room, and shut the door upon her.

The door was shut, but there came to her the sound of voices, in the distance, and she listened intently, holding her breath.

Then, very suddenly, she heard the tramp of feet in the room she had just quitted, and a voice raised abruptly like the blare of an angry bull, and she sat rooted to the spot, listening, with her hands clasped tight upon her breast.

Words reached her through the tumult of sound, words and the sounds of a fierce struggle, and she felt that she could have sworn I'll kill you if you don't speak."

There followed a dreadful series of sounds, the sound of something being hanged against the wall by which she stood, and then suddenly there came a terrific blow clapped the door flat. A cry followed the blow—a gurgling, terrible cry, and it did for Frances what nothing else could have done.

She sprang to the door, and threw it open. Then she saw that which she had already beheld that evening, but with unseeing eyes—the big man in the ulster who had waited just below her in the rain at the door of the lift. A cry followed the blow—a gurgling, terrible cry, and it did for Frances what nothing else could have done.

He was holding Rotherby between his hands as he might have held a sack of meal, and striking his head against everything hard in the vicinity.

"Oh, stop!" Frances cried in horror. He got slowly to his feet. "For your sake, then!" he said. "Now tell me—what are you doing here?"

His manner was absolutely quiet, but there was that in his look that warned her that the danger was not past. She glanced away before that evening, but she could not meet his eyes. "We had been to the theater. I came in—for supper."

"Get up!" he said.

Rotherby had drawn his hands over his face. He relied on to his side as the first command reached him, and in a few seconds, grabbing at a chair, he dragged it up to his feet. But he could not stand, and he could not stand. He dropped into the chair with a groan. Frances went to the washing-table, squeezed out a sponge in cold water and brought it to him. He took it in a dazed fashion and mopped the blood from his forehead.

He stood by, massive and motionless, his face set in iron lines. He had no comment when Frances brought a towel and basin to Rotherby's side and helped him.

But at length, as Rotherby began to show signs of recovery, he raised his head to one side. "Now, you! Let's have your version! What are you and Miss Thorold doing here?"

Rotherby looked at him through narrowed lids.

"What the devil is that to you?" he said sullenly. "You go to hell!"

Though he was bested so that he could hardly lift his head, he showed no fear, and for that Frances, who had known the temperament of the man who had beaten him, accorded him a certain admiration.

At Arthur's swift gesture of exasperation, she intervened. "Let the speak!" she said. "I will answer your questions."

(Turn to page 48)

Nature's Green

Palmolive takes its color from the palm and olive oil blend which is responsible for its mildness. It is as much nature's own color as the green of grass and leaves.

Remember this when you are enjoying its wonderful cleansing qualities and marveling at its mildness. Palmolive is a modern, scientific blend of the most perfect soap ingredients that the world has been able to discover in 3,000 years.

*Palm and olive oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*

Reflecting Beauty Secrets of the Past

Women of ancient Egypt knew that cleanliness was the first aid to beauty. But they knew, too, that cleansing methods must be *mild, gentle*.

Famous Egyptian beauties solved the problem by using palm and olive oils. The same rare, natural oils are blended in Palmolive Soap today.

How it acts

This gentle, thorough cleanser never leaves skin dry and rough.

The smooth, creamy lather actually soothes as it cleanses. Yet it removes every trace of dirt, perspiration, and surplus oil accumulated in the tiny pore openings.

Your skin is kept free of imperfections which result from pore-clogging. It remains fresh, soft, radiantly clear.

How to use it

Never sleep without cleansing the skin.

Wash with this mildest soap at bedtime—massaging the creamy lather well in. Then rinse very thoroughly. Dry the skin well, and—if necessary—apply cold cream.

Mornings—just an invigorating rinse in cold water to bring the fine, natural color to your cheeks.

Supreme quality—low price

This scientific combination is within the reach of all—at the price of ordinary soap. Palmolive Soap is produced in such enormous quantities that the price is brought extremely low. Thus 25¢ quality costs but 10¢.

Everyone can afford this thorough, gentle cleanser—foreverytoiletpurpose, hands, face, and the whole body.

Supply yourself today with a cake of Palmolive Soap. Once you experience the effects of its profuse, creamy, smooth lather no other soap will satisfy.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Volume and efficiency produce 25¢ quality for

10¢





Keeping your child's hair beautiful

What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky,—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant.

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch;

or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful, luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in the hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Mulsified
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Cocanut Oil Shampoo



McCall Special Patterns for Embroidered Garments



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6 to 14 years
35 cents
With Transfer

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6 to 14 years
35 cents
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3163 Dress
2 to 8 years
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3443 Dress
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3374 Romper
6 mos. to 3 yrs.
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3373 Romper
1 to 4 years
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3164 Dress
4 to 8 years
35 cents
With Transfer

3441-Girl's Dress with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 2 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. The embroidery in French knots, darning, and lay-daisy-stitch requires 6 skeins of embroidery wool or twice the amount in silk floss. Colors stated in pattern.

3442-Girl's Dress with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 2 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. The embroidery in darning, buttonhole-stitch, and French knots requires 6 skeins of wool or 12 of silk floss. Pattern states what colors to use.

3443-Girl's Slip-On Dress with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 2 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. The embroidery in darning, buttonhole-stitch, French knots and single stitches takes 5 skeins of wool or 10 skeins silk floss. Pattern states what colors to use.

3444-Girl's Dress with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 2 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 36 inches wide. The flowers take 3 yards of 1-inch ribbon or lace, and embroidery 8 skeins of silk floss including 4 colors. Full directions are given.

3163 Dress
2 to 8 years
35 cents
With Transfer

3444 Dress
6 to 14 years
35 cents
With Transfer

3164-Girl's Dress with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 2 sizes, 4 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 2 1/2 yards 36 inches wide; cross-stitch embroidery takes 4 skeins of strand cotton.

3374-Child's Romper with Special Transfer. Price, 25 cents. In 4 sizes, 6 months to 3 years. Size 2 requires 2 1/2 yards of one material, and 1/2 yard of contrasting, 32 inches wide; smocking and embroidery, 3 skeins of strand cotton.

3373-Child's Romper with Special Transfer. Price, 25 cents. In 4 sizes, 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 2 1/2 yards 27 inches wide; and 1/2 yard of contrasting material in same width; embroidery in outline- and buttonhole-stitch takes 2 skeins of cotton.

3162-Child's Dress with Special Transfer. Price, 35 cents. In 3 sizes, 4 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36 inches wide; embroidery in darning, lay-daisy- and buttonhole-stitch takes 1 small ball of wool or 4 skeins of cotton.

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 132-136 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.



The right way to relieve pain

It doesn't just deaden the nerves—This treatment rouses the natural bodily forces to drive out the cause of the pain

PAIN—whether sharp and acute or dull and insistent—it seems as if you couldn't stand it a minute longer. It may be splendidly courageous to just "grin and bear it"—but it is a frightful waste of the very vital resources you need to help you get rid of the cause of the pain.

Your doctor would tell you that pain should always be relieved—just as quickly and as completely as possible. And you'd give anything to be rid of it—but it's so deep down, nothing seems to reach it.

And yet relief is easily at hand. Right among your own neighbors are people who can tell you about it.

Ask your next-door neighbor, or the woman across the street, if she has ever found anything of the kind. About one out of three will tell you of Sloan's Liniment—easily the foremost household remedy in America, as widely used as the telephone, recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep-down in joints and muscles, it can be reached if the natural curative powers inside the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, under the place where the Liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new bloodcoming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to stick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic, it means that disease germs are attacking the aching joints and muscles. In the tide of pure, new blood that is brought straight to the affected spot when you apply Sloan's, are millions and millions of germ-destroyers. So when you send this increased blood supply to the place where the germs are, you also send the very forces that alone have the power to destroy them.*

If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain or a bad bruise—it is because muscle fibres have been stretched to the point of actual injury. The damage must be repaired. The blood supplies the materials out of which the new tissue must be built up—and it washes away the "fatigue poisons" that are produced by over-exercise.

This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives you your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain. It rouses and reinforces all the natural curative powers of your own body.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Spread it on gently—you don't have to rub it in. It will not stain the clothing. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

* After an attack has been cured, another one on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding place of the infection germs—possibly a deficient tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—Kills pain

Tetherstones

(Continued from page 44)

Whatever the outcome, she recognized that the protection of Rotherby must somehow be accomplished. To save the one man from death and the other from committing a murder, she braced herself for the greatest battle of her life.

"You say he brought you here for supper," Arthur said. "He has never given you any cause to distrust him?"

She hesitated momentarily. "I am trusting him now," she said finally.

"Why?" he flung the word with a touch of ferocity. "You are saying this to bluff me. It is not true."

"It is true," she said resolutely, passed a second time—very firmly made her position secure. "I am trusting him because—because I have promised to be his wife."

The declaration fell between them like a bombshell.

He spoke at length, and in his voice was subtle difference that told her the end was within sight—the battle almost won.

"I am beginning to understand," he said. "If he marries you, no doubt you will consider yourself lucky. But—just in case you don't know—I had better warn you that he doesn't stick at letting a woman down if it suits his purpose. You may have heard of a sister of mine who died some years ago—Nan? He ruined her deliberately, intentionally. She didn't know the world as you know it. She actually loved him. And she fell the penalty."

Again there fell a silence, before he spoke again, and there was a sound of dread laughter in his voice. "It seems to have come on a fool's errand," he said. "I can only apologize for my intrusion, and withdraw."

That was all. He turned from her with the words, and she knew that the awful battle was over. Because of her, he would let his enemy go free.

She still sat with her hands outstretched, but her face was red and down her face, unheeded, unchecked, the tears of a great despair.

"I have slain his love," she said to herself over and over in the desolation of her soul. "It is dead. It is dead."

For a long time there came a voice behind her—Rotherby's voice. "Frances," he said, and with her outer consciousness she felt emboldened to comment in his tone and faintly wondering, "I've made a pretty poor show of this, don't you?" "You're right," she said.

He came and sat beside her. "Listen!" he said. "I've been a damned cad. And you're a topper. You've given me a hard time in you—or any woman had, for the matter of that. There's nothing I won't do for you after this. Understand?"

Something in his tone reached her. She turned slowly and looked at him.

"I had to do it," Frances said with simplicity. "He would have killed you."

"Yes, he would have killed me—and swung for it. You didn't mean to let me swing?" "I was. He came suddenly to her and knelt by her side. "You told me a little while ago that I was not all beast, that I was a man. And you were right. I am—I am. Frances, I swear to you—I'll never let you down after this."

He gripped her hand fast. "You don't know what a brute I am," he said. "I'm going to tell you. That fellow—Arthur Dermot as he styles himself—is my cousin. His father is Dr. Rotherby's brother. We were friends once, he and I—sort of brothers, you understand. He had a sister—a lovely girl—Nan." He paused. "Somehow you have always reminded me of Nan. I don't know if in your way, or my, so quick of sympathy, so full of charm. Well, I loved her, she loved me. It was a mutual madness. I had those exquisite dreams that one revels in like a draught of wine, and then forgets."

"But she's not," said Frances.

He lifted his shoulders. "Isn't it? Well, perhaps you are right. But we were young. No one suspected us of falling in love until the thing was done. Then there was an outcry—first cousin—no marriage. We had to even begin to think of marriage, but I swear—I swear—I never meant to let her down. The old bishop, my trustee he was then, sent for me and told me he had had Arthur for an executor in Australia."

"I'm not defending myself. I'm just telling you the plain truth. I didn't know when I went about poor Nan's trouble."

"It was away for over two years," he went on, speaking as one impelled. "I never heard her during that time. I almost forgot her. Then I came home, found they had left Oxford. Did I tell you old Dermot Rotherby had held a professorship in Art and Architecture at the Bar? Of Theodor, the bishop, had been appointed to Burmister. I went to him, asked him for news of Arthur. Dermot's health had broken down, and they had taken a farm in the country. They had never been much to one another. He spoke

very vaguely of them. It was Dorothea who let it out. She told me Nan had died mysteriously; that there had been a child; that she had been in the country in consequence—and then she got badly scared and begged me not to let the bishop know she had said anything. I was not so going near them as it was more than my life was worth. I must admit I didn't feel that way about it. I depend on you. So I decided to clear out of the country again. Then at last I got tired of wandering and came back to you. I met Burmister, and met you. You caught me there. You've held me ever since. And I could have won you—I could have won you!"

He stopped abruptly. "What's the good of talking? You'll never look at me again."

"Never," Frances said.

"I haven't told you quite everything even now," he said. "There's one thing I'm almost afraid to tell you."

"After some damnable fate had taken you to Tetherstones, after they had tried to murder me and failed, after they had come at Fordestown when you refused to come with me, the devil entered into me, and I made up my mind I'd get you—no matter what the cost. And so I flung you a trick. I lied to you."

"She did not flinch or give any sign of feeling," "Do you mean about my sketches?" she said.

"Yes. That's just what I do mean. I have got them all here. No one has seen them but myself. You were always so independent. I thought when once you had seen them you would give me my money, it would break your spirit."

"How old—old?" she said.

"That was all. A word of reproach or condemnation; yet the man winced as if he had been struck in the face."

FOR two days Frances remained in her bleak hotel room sick in body and soul. On the third day she was told that day a bell-boy brought a note from Rotherby, telling her that he had something important to say to her. She went to her in the lobby. She hesitated—thought of sending him away—then went down to see him.

"Now," said Rotherby. "Let me tell you first that the bishop wants you back as soon as you can. He has written and invited you to return. I don't know whether you'll be angry, but I've told him everything."

"Why should I be angry?" she said. "I think it was—rather brave of you."

"I'm not angry," he said. "You'll never see me again after this. I've got to own up to a lie. You remember that affair about Tetherstones—when I was shot at?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Yes." She knew whose was coming.

"It was not Arthur Dermot who fired that shot," Rotherby said. "It was the old man, and he meant murder, too. And Arthur and I were shot at unexpectedly from different directions and chased him, but somehow he got away. Again she saw his twisted smile. He went on, scarcely pausing. "I didn't tell you the truth for several reasons. I daresay you can guess what they were. Arthur is sane enough except when he sees red. But the old man—well, the old man is a raving lunatic at times. He has a right to be so. I don't believe. He ought to be shut up of course, but his wife has never been able to face it. He had got down here yesterday when she and that is to kill me. It was poor Nan's trouble that sent him off his head in the first place. He had a right to be so. The way he would probably have remained harmless. You understand that, do you?"

He seemed sick to pass on. "Now to come to Arthur! He would have let me alone if it hadn't been for you. You realize of course that I depend on you."

"Oh, yes," Frances said, wondering with a faint impatience why he harped upon the matter.

"I saw the wonder and grimly smiled at it. "I realized that too," he said. "It has simplified matters considerably. After he had got down here yesterday I saw the bishop. I wrote to Arthur. I told him the whole truth from beginning to end."

The bitter line deepened about his mouth. "I told him that I should go today to Fordestown, and from Fordestown I would meet him at the house. In an hour that he cared to appoint, to give him such further satisfaction as he might wish to."

"Oh, you mustn't go!" she said. "It would be madness."

"I would meet him at the house. In an hour that he cared to appoint, to give him such further satisfaction as he might wish to."

"You have?" She stared at him. "What is it? Quick! Tell me!"

[Turn to page 113]

It does for you what you will not do!



YOU might get your teeth clean with an ordinary brush, if you would also clean between your teeth with dental floss, clean the backs of your back teeth with cloth wrapped on your finger, and massage your gums with your finger tips.

You will not take the time to do all this when you brush your teeth. The Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush does it, with the least of effort, for you.

The curved shape of your Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush permits the widely set, serrated (or saw-tooth style) bristles to reach and clean the crevices between the teeth. Ordinary brushes merely bridge over these crevices. The large end tuft of your Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush reaches and cleans the back of your back

teeth. The Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush gives mild and stimulating massage to the gums, if you will remember to brush away from your gums.

The Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush has these distinctive and essential features—curved brush shape and large end tuft. The curve, size, and shape of the Pro-phy-lactic brush handle, entirely different from that of any other tooth brush, make it easy for the widely spaced bristles, set serrated or saw-tooth style, to reach and clean the danger points in teeth that are often overlooked.

Make sure of tooth cleanliness. Remember, a clean tooth never decays. See that your tooth brush comes in the sanitary yellow box marked Pro-phy-lactic.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary **yellow box**. Three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft.

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Brush your lower teeth upward.



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The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lactic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this:



The Pro-phy-lactic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this:



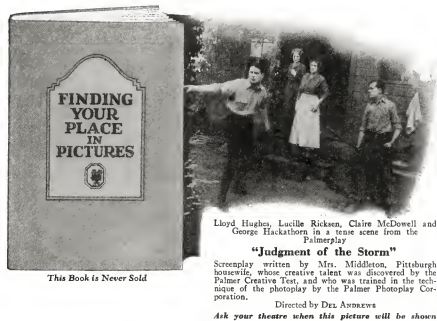
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The free book illustrated above was issued by the producers of the Palmerplay "Judgment of the Storm." The author of this screenplay is a Pittsburgh housewife, who received \$1,000 advance royalties before the picture had begun to earn its way, and who will receive royalties for the next five years—sharing the producer's profits. A New York State country doctor's screenplay will be the next to appear under the Palmer banner.

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Acute Danger-Spots

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers"

IN EVERY family in which there are children, the question of removal of tonsils and adenoids is very apt to arise.

The tonsils are a part of the normal construction of the throat. Everyone is born with tonsils and they perform a function in the development of the throat as a whole, particularly as regards its formation.

If a physiological function is carried on by the tonsils it is not known at the present time. From the standpoint of utility other than a mechanical one, tonsils apparently are useless. Children thrive and prosper just as well when these small bodies are removed early in life as do those who grow up with tonsils intact and in a perfectly healthy condition. Early removal however—and by "early" I refer to children under five years of age—is to be avoided unless the tonsils are diseased or very large, sufficiently so to cause an obstruction to respiration.

A badly diseased tonsil, however, should be removed regardless of the age of the patient, for they are breeding places for various forms of poisonous bacteria which may cause great damage in different portions of the body.

Acute rheumatism (so-called inflammatory rheumatism) and acute heart disease (endocarditis and pericarditis) have their origin in the vast majority of cases, in diseased tonsils. The germ that causes tuberculosis has been found repeatedly in the tonsils. Permanently enlarged glands at the angle of the jaw are usually tubercular, the infection having been carried to these small organs by the blood stream or the lymphatics, from the tonsils. In the infectious diseases such as scarlet fever, diphtheria and measles, diseased tonsils are a menace, as there is invariably a throat involvement in these diseases and their presence means that a diseased process already exists.

There is a much better way for the development of pathogenic bacteria which means that the infectious diseases of whatever nature, are made more serious because of the favorable culture-field in the throat for pathogenic micro-organisms, who are falling in unison with the specific infection, cause complications and make scarlet fever, diphtheria or measles more severe.

An enlarged tonsil is not necessarily diseased, and may be much less dangerous than the small buried tonsil, those which are difficult of demonstration to parents. Time and again I have removed tonsils, small and deeply seated, that were filled with pus and bacteria. These small, hidden danger-spots are often the cause of slight elevation of the temperature, of anemia, of poor appetite and general ill-health. Every competent physician in the examination of a child for the cause of any obscure

disorder will never fail to note the condition of these small glandular bodies.

Tonsils that are simply enlarged without being diseased—an unusual condition—may interfere with breathing and they are a menace in the sense that anything that interferes with the intake or outgo of air is harmful through preventing a proper oxygenation of the blood.

Further, enlarged tonsils interfere with the right development of the mouth and jaws and give rise to the mouth-breathing habit and to snoring. Repeatedly I have had tonsils removed in very small children for this reason. My youngest patient was a girl nine months of age in whom the parents insisted in the operation of removal because of the child's frantic struggle to sleep. In this instance the tonsils met in the center of the throat.

ADENOIDS are usually found associated with diseased tonsils, whether enlarged or not. The recognition of the dangers of adenoid growths which occur in the upper portion of the space known as the throat and hidden behind the soft palate, have been appreciated only about thirty years.

Habitual head colds are often dependent on the presence of these growths. Head colds are often the forerunners of infection. Removal of adenoids and diseased tonsils should never be delayed. They may be the cause of grave injuries.

Adenoids exist as an overgrowth of glandular tissue normally present in the naso-pharynx, the space this connects the nostrils with the throat. This overgrowth of gland tissue may be very slight and cause little inconvenience or it may exist to such a degree as entirely to close in the upper breathing space. Adenoids, even in lesser amounts, in children with narrow air passages may cause difficulty in breathing. The child must get air and when he cannot get an adequate amount of air through his nostrils, he must get it through his mouth and he becomes a mouth-breather. This constitutes a facial deformity.

The growing child, who is continually drooped and the mouth constantly open, the child takes on a staid expression and he becomes a block the office of the Eustachian tube, proper ventilation of the ear is interfered with. So-called catarrh deafness is not an infrequent outcome in later life.

Adenoids also harbor bacteria and are distributing centers for disease-producing organisms and their products to different parts of the body. Their presence is one of the chief factors in acute middle-ear disease. There is always a tendency to acute ear-trouble in influenza, scarlet fever and measles, and if adenoids are present the danger is many times increased.

In diseased tonsils and adenoids lurk germs that may cause tuberculosis, acute rheumatism and heart disease. Anemia may be due to them, and they are a menace in infectious diseases

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Tetherstones

[Continued from page 45]

He pulled a telegram from his pocket and gave it to her.

She opened it with shaking hands. Three words only—brief, characteristic, uncomplaining! "Tonight at ten."

She looked up. "You mustn't go," she said. "Or if you do go—I shall come too. He will kill you—he has sworn to kill you, if you go of your way again."

"Do you think you could prevent it?" said Rotherby.

She crumpled the paper in her hand. "Yes, I could—I would somehow."

"Very well. You can," he said.

He made a curious gesture, as of a player who tosses down his best card knowing himself a loser. "I mean," he said, "that you can go in my place. Either that—or I go alone."

Somehow that passionate utterance of his went straight to her heart. If he had not forgiven him before, her forgiveness was now complete and generous.

Very simply she made answer. "I will go to Tetherstones."

He put an urgent hand on her shoulder. "Frances," he said, "you must make him understand."

"He will understand," she said.

"I want to win your forgiveness," he said, and there was a gleam in the pressure of his hand. "Have I got that?"

"Yes," she said.

"You will never love me," he said, "but it may please you some day to remember that you taught me how to love."

And with that he turned and walked away from her, not uttering himself to look back.

AN owl was hooting in the moonlit distance, and the ripple of running water filled in the silences. A vast loneliness wrapped the whole world. The rough track that led to the Stones was clearly defined in moonlight, and the Stones themselves stood up like sentinels on the hill.

A woman stood at the gate that opened from the lane on to that steep track that had walked up from the village in the moonlight, and before her it was as clear as day, but she stood as one hesitating to emerge from the shadows. At last she began to mount the hill, walking rapidly.

She came into the great circle, pushing through coarse straggling grass till she reached the smooth, boulder-strewn turf where the sheep and the goats had grazed. And here she stopped and looked around her at the moonlight with the feeling strong upon her that she was being watched.

Was it fancy? Was it reality? The monstrous thing was moving! Like a seated giant giving her salutation it swayed slowly forward. And what were those long, crimson streaks upon it that glamed as if wet in the moonlight?

Downward and yet farther downward rocked the great Stone, and at the last there came a grinding noise as though some substance were being pulverized beneath it. It was unutterably horrible to the looker-on, still she could not turn and flee.

She stood and watched, quaking and powerless, saw the thing begin to lift again like some prehistoric beast of prey rising from its slaughtered victim, saw it roll slowly back again soundlessly, as if on hinges, with the inevitable poise which alone kept it in its place, saw the dreadful crimson streaks and patches that dripped down its scarred face. And suddenly the bond that held her snapped. She turned from the dreadful sight and fled through the ghostly solitude as if she fled for her life.

She reached the open hillside beyond that awful circle, and stopped.

She walked across the grass toward the track by which he would come. And as she went, there came to her the clang of the gate that led out of the lane. He was coming!

What moved her suddenly to look toward the cattle-shed that same shelter in which she had passed those dreadful hours with Rotherby, which was immediately behind her? She knew not, but in that moment she looked, and looking, sprang forward with a cry. For in the entrance, against the blackness behind, she saw a face, corpse-like in its whiteness, but alive with a murderous malice—the face of a devil.

Her cry arrested the man upon the path. He stood still, and she rushed to him with arms outstretched, intervening between him and the evil thing that lurked in the shed. She reached him, flung her arms around him. "Arthur—Arthur! For God's sake—come away from this dreadful place!"

—But still he stood, resisting her desperate efforts to move him. "I have come to meet Rotherby," he said. "You go—and let me meet him alone!"

She was trembling violently, and his hand came up and supported her. So for a long moment they stood, then his arm went round her.

"We will go to the Stones," he said.

"and leave these hanshes to look after themselves. It was probably a goat you saw."

She went with him, almost convinced that he was right and that her fancy had tricked her. As they passed into the great arena, his arm relaxed and fell.

"Why did that soundless send you to me? You came to save his life?" suggested Arthur, with a bitter sneer.

She answered him with the simplicity that is above bitterness. "I came to save you both."

They went on together, side by side down that great arena, the giant Stones all around them like monstrous idols in a forgotten place of worship. They drew near to the Rocking Stone, and very suddenly Arthur stopped.

The giant barrels! There they grew at the foot of that grim Stone where the child had lain that night, unaided because God was there. She saw them, pale in the moonlight, and in memory of little Ruth she stooped to gather one.

It was then that it happened—so suddenly, so appallingly—with a crash as if the heavens were rent above her. A binding red flame seemed to spring from the very ground in front of her, the smell of burning choked her senses. The whole world trembled and burst into a blaze. She went backward, conscious of Arthur's arms around her, conscious that they fell together. . . .

WH^O was that whispering behind the screen—Lucy and Nell, could it be, subtle as ever, though hidden from sight? It was like a long-forgotten story, begun years since and never finished.

"Dr. Square says she may just drift away and never recover consciousness at all, but she may rally and sleep it off. I wonder if she will remember anything if she does."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" This was surely Lucy's voice, husked and tearful. "She may have seen him lying dead, all torn by the explosion. It would be dreadful for her to remember that."

"Well, thank God he is dead!" Nell spoke stoutly, as one expecting of rebuke.

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In his discreet way he told her

IT had never occurred to her before. But in his discreet, professional way he was able to tell her. And she was sensible enough to be grateful instead of resentful.

In fact, the suggestion he made came to mean a great deal to her.

It brought her greater poise—that feeling of self-assurance that adds to a woman's charm—and, moreover, a new sense of daintiness that she had never been quite so sure of in the past.

* * * * *

Many people suffer in the same way. Halitosis (the scientific term for unpleasant breath) creeps upon you unawares. Usually you are not able to detect it yourself. And, naturally enough, even your best friends will not tell you.

Dentists know that this well-known antiseptic they have used for half a century, possesses these remarkable properties as a breath deodorant.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells lots of Listerine. It has dozens of other uses as a safe antiseptic. It is particularly valuable, too, at this time of year in combating sore throat. Read the circular that comes with each bottle.

Fortunately, however, halitosis is usually due to some local condition—often food fermentation in the mouth; something you have eaten; too much smoking. And it may be corrected by the systematic use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For **HALITOSIS** use **LISTERINE**

[Turn to page 52]

Food that pampers your gums



and ruins your teeth

DENTAL SCIENCE has demonstrated how direct is the relation between healthy gums and sound teeth.

It has been conclusively proved that this soft, delicious food we eat today cannot give the stimulation to our gums that rough, coarse food once gave.

Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

It is one of the penalties of civilized existence that teeth and gums are less robust. Tooth trouble, due to weak and softened gums, is on the rise. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

How to clean teeth and protect your gums

Dental authorities are not insensible to this condition. Today they are preaching and practicing the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth. Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleansing with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziralol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettable good. Send for a sample today.

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A trial tube, enough to last for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

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Address _____
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The Jolly Roger

(Continued from page 12)

A clear, lemon-tinted light lay over the river as Gray caught sight of it—a comely, narrow strake, here; glassy still; shore-set with reeds and willows and tall meadows. Beyond him, among the willows, the young man he pursued was becoming more clearly visible with caution that amounted to stealth, and always seeming to maneuver so as to catch sight of something on the water at the same time, to keep his presence concealed.

Then, with another step or two among the sweet-pepper bushes, Gray came into view of what seemed to interest his quarry. It was the faded, weather-ravaged wreck of an ancient ferryboat lying out beyond the point. And, amidships, under her port paddle-box, he read the partially obliterated name of the craft: *the Marie Hallett*.

But now Gray's straining gaze left the wreck and reverted to his quarry. He saw him saunter out of the willow clump, walk along the shore, drag a flat-bottomed net out of a thicket of tall reeds, coolly step into it, and, erect, stroll out through the glassy water toward the *Marie Hallett*. Right alongside the partly-submerged after-deck he paddled his boat.

"Solomon!" he called in a distinct voice. "To read the future of a man came out from the after-cabin of the board side, traversed the sloping deck, got up and over the rail and cast itself into the water. Then the young man sculled the boat back to the reeds; both got out; the boat was tied to a stake.

Gray now could scarcely see the two men who were coming up through the dusky bushes; but he could hear a voice with falsetto crack in it, and distinguished, in part, what was said: "Now, not a thing stirring. Your way was the best way, Skipper. Who in hell can ever bet on a fuse? Hey?"

"If it's short enough—" "Say, Skipper, where do I get off? I gotta get to shore, ain't I? You don't think about them things, do yeh?"

"You wait on it, I never know but what our party may get aboard. But if guess we've got the dope about Thursday night." "Ain't you going to have a tryout to-night?" asked the other.

"Certainly. I've got to. . . . You have both letters in your pocket, haven't you?" "Sure. I brought them up from New York with me. They halted not far away. "Who did 'em?" inquired the younger voice.

"I give 'em to Harry Snell. He done a slick job. Wax, seal, stationery, perfume. Sky, skipper, it's some fine job. I had to skin 'em."

GRAY heard them moving away eastward through the bushes, and he crept around the edge of his own shrubbery with the intention of following; had already taken the first stealthy step after the two retreating shadows—when a slight sound from the shore arrested his attention.

He hesitated; then, still listening for sounds from the two men, but looking down at the letter in his hand, he made a rowboat in motion, paddled silently, and already nearly under the port paddle-box of the *Marie Hallett*.

It seemed to him more important to find out who had gone aboard the *Marie Hallett* than to follow the men whose conversation and behavior offered him no clue to anything in particular.

He sat down behind some underbrush near the shore and looked at the *Marie Hallett*, meaning also to have a good look at whatever returned from her to the shore in that rowboat.

After he had sat there for nearly half an hour he heard an unmistakable splash far out in the bay, and he knew that he understood. The man had gone overboard from the starboard side for a swim. Instantly it occurred to him that this was his opportunity. He was an expert swimmer. Off came his clothes. He rolled them into a bundle and tied it snugly with both shirt-sleeves. With one hand he held it on top of his head, waded out until he was within a few feet of the shore with one hand and both feet he struck out for the rowboat.

When he came alongside he listened. The unknown man was still splashing far out in the stream. And now Gray dumped himself upon the stern and, as if he were climbed in astride the bow, dived himself as best he could, which was scarcely at all.

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(Turn to page 17)

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ARMAND—Des Moines

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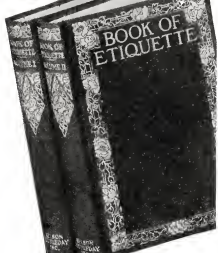
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Tetherstones

(Continued from page 31)

here. Nan's baby was born here. We settled down. We hoped my father's brain was recovering. Then—one winter night, while I was away on business, he got up in the early morning, went to Nan's room and ordered her out of the house with her child. He terrified her, and she went. The next morning she was found by the Stones in deep snow, dead. The child was living, but she was always a weakling, and she lost her sight. Our father thought to have been sent away, but my poor mother would not hear of it. After that, I never left home again. Either Oliver kept guard day and night." He uttered a heavy sigh. "It brutalized me. I was harsh with the girls, I was harsh with everyone—except my mother. Life was so damnable. Then you came. You changed everything. But that lost letter of yours from Rotherby—my father found it, recognized the writing, knew that my cousin was in the neighborhood. On the night my cousin came to meet you at the Stones—that ghastly night—he broke out. I think you know what happened. He tried to murder him, but he got away. My father dodged us and came back to the house. There he left his gun, thinking he had killed his man. Then he must have seen the child. The lust for murder was on him that night. He followed her to the Stones, dodging us again, and saw her climb on the Rocking Stone. He had made a great study of the Stones, and it was he who had discovered how to make the thing move. He used his knowledge on that occasion, and—and—well, you know what happened. The man died, and he died horribly. That is how you know, he was taken ill. I was nearly mad with trouble myself after that. And afterward—when you were gone and I had gone into going up to town alone to meet that sounder, I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to follow you. If you hadn't stopped me, I should have killed him. "Wait!" he continued. "Fear it all! I came back. I found my father better. I told my mother he must be certified insane and put away." I told her to sign away too—to save my own sanity. Then I had my cousin's letter, telling me everything, vindicating you. I shouldn't have believed him if I hadn't known you. He asked for a meeting, and I agreed. I don't know what would have happened if I had met him. I might have killed him. But I didn't set out to kill him. And then—you came instead. You were frightened. You thought you had seen a devil. Do you know what it was you saw?"

"Your father?" she whispered.

"My father, yes. He had been wandering among the Stones, and I can only think that he had remembered about the child, and in a fit of mad remorse he had made up his mind to destroy the Rocking Stone—possibly himself also. Anyhow, when you saw the Stone move he must have been putting the charge underneath. And afterward—when you and I were standing there—the murderer himself must have seized his again. Perhaps he took me for Montague, and he may have thought you were Nan. Anyway, he fired the fuse, and blasted the Stone. God only knows how we escaped unhurt. But he—but he—"

"He was killed?" said Frances.

"Yes, instantly. When I came to myself, I was unconscious and he was lying dead among the stones. Oliver, the son of the man heard the noise and came up. We carried you back."

The tears sprang to her eyes. She clung to him voicelessly for a few seconds.

He took her shoulders between his hands, holding her slightly from him. "Frances, listen!" he said. "I'm going to be fair to you. I won't take you—like you don't know what I am—a hard man, melancholy, bitter, the son of a murderer, not fit for any woman to love, much less marry."

He turned away from her with the words. He would have gone. But in that instant Frances spoke—in the language that comes from the heart and speaks to the heart alone.

"I am not free," she said, "and you can never make me so. I am yours—as you are mine—for ever and ever. Nothing can ever alter that, because—God made it so."

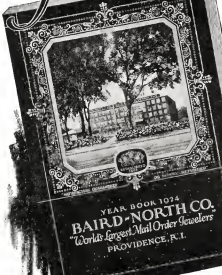
Then, as she stood motionless, he drew close to him, twining her arm in his wretched one to her.

"Ah, don't you understand?" she said. "I love you—I have always loved you—I shall love you till I die."

And then he yanked her. He turned with a low, passionate sound that was almost of pain, and held her to him, bowing his head against her, besting at last. "You are sure?" he said.

She held him to her, so that the throbbing of her heart was against his own. "But you and I are one," she said. "God made us so."

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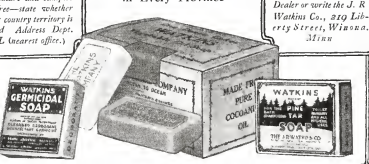
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"A Lil' Girl in Lotta Trouble"

(Continued from page 42)

"If you—" She was speaking again, and he stopped instantly, hopefully. "I hate to trouble you, but did you notice a man walking up and down outside?"

He turned back. "No, I didn't. But I'll look now, to make sure."

"Thanks," said; and he went out and looked carefully up and down the darkened street, first toward the lights of Madison Avenue and again toward Park, trying to make out some furtive figure lurking in the shadows. When he came back into the vestibule, he risked a suggestion.

"No one there; but if you're uneasy, I'd be glad to take you to the subway or the car, whichever it is you're taking."

"Would you?" she looked at him frankly. "I'd appreciate it very much if you'd take me as far as Lexington Avenue."

"Let's go!" he said promptly, using a phrase assimilated in army days. And they started east along the darkened street.

He observed with much satisfaction, as she stepped ahead of him onto the sidewalk level, that she had an easy, sliding way of moving, and again the realization of so much more than he had dared to hope for came with a sense of pleasant surprise.

She spoke. "If I hadn't interfered with your plans, you would be comfortably stretched out before the fire in your apartment by now, wouldn't you?"

"Indeed? And what am I doing—reading, perhaps?"

"No. The light isn't strong enough. There's just a slow creak, with an occasional crackle from a stick of hemlock."

"You do me rather well, fanciful lady. Not any better than you yourself."

This palpable thrust at his bachelor case caused him to scrutinize again the girl who, after a moment's acquaintance, seemed to understand him so thoroughly.

"Old hits of poetry come to you as you lie there, gazing into the fire."

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces. The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude."

"You credit me with taste—Lamb and Shelley. But tell me—what would you be doing while I lay there basking in poetry?"

"Oh, I should be most prosaic. I wander home from the Grand Central where I've sent a telegram to a certain lady who in a little town called Cunningham—a very nice lady, incidentally, if I do say so, who shouldn't—that her more or less provincial daughter thinks of coming home to-morrow."

"And she might put the fattest calf on the fire?"

"Hardly that. She works for a newspaper. You can guess her salary doesn't permit of any such welcome."

"I can," he remarked with sufficient emphasis to cause her to turn and look at him. They were at Lexington now, and the lights of the avenue gave her the opportunity to see that this man beside her was most acceptable, with his well chiselled countenance and his smiling eyes.

He paused on the corner. "Is this where you take the car?"

"It's where I might," she answered. "But I shan't. I go down only a few blocks, and I'll walk."

"May I?" he asked.

"You may." She also knew the value of economy in words.

As they turned south, in this mood of understanding, both unconsciously slackened pace. It was she who broke the silence that had lasted for a block. "I've been thinking how ironical it was that I led from one strange man to another, just as strange. How could I know that you would be a shield and buckler?"

"You couldn't. I should have guessed myself that I'd serve a useful purpose so congenially. But we do lots of things by intuition, even in the eyes of psycho-analysis, and impulses still bring us our best moments."

"I suppose so. The man gave me such a fright, the way he came up all at once in the dark, with no one else around. I simply rushed into the first vestibule at hand and waited there until you came. I'm glad you were so nice about it."

"Not at all. Being an average man, I enjoy using the protective instinct. One has so few opportunities to take it out for exercise."

"What sort of women do you meet?"

"The sort that try to make me feel how totally insignificant I am, unless I hand them what they desire at the particular moment. Have you encountered any theatrical stars?"

"No real ones. Do you meet many?"

"Yes, I have the pleasure of seeing my advice scorned by actresses every day or so."

"If know?" she cried eagerly. "You're a journalist!"

He scanned by this guessing-game. "I once flattered myself I was just that. But I've since found that the chaps who are any good at it prefer to be called newspaper men."

"Then you are a newspaper man, I suppose. Perhaps even a critic?"

(Two to page 47)



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ON MARKET-DAY all the Noah's Ark animals come to do their shopping. Mr. Pelican likes fish but Sammy Lion demands a bone for his supper. There are lots of bananas for the monkey family and a big basket of red apples for hungry Peter Rabbit.

Paste the cut-out page on a sheet of stiff white paper and cut out the figures very carefully, following the heavy black lines. Fold on dotted lines. Bend down the front of the table, stand Noah in the long slit, touching the ground. Fit fruit baskets and vase into smaller slits. Set the shop-sign in the small opening at right of Noah. The long strip with the red ends goes through and braces the table legs. The big box is to hold the fish and bones. Fold edges of food box on dotted lines, cut on heavy black lines and paste over the corners.

When the shop is open see how quickly the animals will come to buy!





Turkey and Cranberries

By Lilian M. Gumm

CAN you think of a more delicious combination than turkey and cranberries?

It is no wonder that they are selected as part of the Thanksgiving feast—perhaps the most important part.

In selecting the turkey do not buy one that weighs less than eight pounds. A ten-pound turkey is an ideal weight for the average family, and makes one certain of getting a young bird.

To prepare the turkey for roasting, the tendons in the legs should first be drawn. Carefully cut through the skin just above the first joint, and with a meat skewer or the tines of a steel fork, find the tendons, insert the skewer under them one at a time, and pull them out. There are nine in each leg. When the tendons are drawn, the drumstick becomes tender and delicious. After the tendons have been removed, cut off the feet. These should be put into very hot water for a few minutes, then into cold water to remove the outer skin, after which they may be used for soup or stock for the gravy.

Next, the turkey should be singed to remove all the hairs; then opened and cleaned. The opening may be made at the vent or just above the second joint where there are no bones. Take the crop out at the neck-end, and remove all the kidneys. These lie in the back and do not come out easily. Wash the bird quickly in clear, cold water, and dry. Let the water run through it from the neck to the back opening.

Put in the stuffing and then truss. To do this, draw the thighs close to the body and hold them by inserting a skewer under the middle joint and running it through the body, coming out under the middle joint on the other side. Place the wings close to the body and fasten them by running a skewer through from one side to the other. Draw the neck skin under the back and fasten it with a small skewer. Cross the drumsticks. Take a piece of white string, wind the center once around the tail; bring both ends once around the breast and pass them under the wing and over the back of butter and flour. Put the turkey into a hot oven until the foil begins to brown, then reduce the heat and roast slowly. When it has browned, add two cups of boiling water to the pan. Baste often and roast, for a ten-pound turkey, about three hours. If it browns too rapidly, cover it.

A turkey basted with cream is delicious but a luxury. When ready to serve remove the skewers and garnish with parsley or celery-tops.

PLAIN STUFFING

2 quarts bread crumbs 1/2 teaspoon pepper
(crumbed lightly) 1 table-spoon poultry seasoning (more if desired)
2 table-spoon salt 1/2 cup melted fat
1/2 cup melted fat

For a moist stuffing add a little stock or hot water.

OYSTER STUFFING

3 cups bread crumbs 1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 table-spoon salt 1/2 teaspoon celery salt
1/2 cup melted fat 1/2 cup cream or rich milk
1/4 teaspoon paprika

Drain the oysters from the liquor. If very large they may be cut in two.

CHESTNUT STUFFING
2 1/2 cups mashed chestnuts 1 1/2 cups cracker crumbs
1/2 cup melted fat 1/2 cup cream or rich milk
1/4 teaspoon paprika

Shell and blanch the chestnuts; cook in boiling salted water, drain and mash. Add the seasonings, the fat, then the crumbs, and last of all, the cream. If desired add one-half cup of raisins.

Though we usually think of the cranberry as an accompaniment of turkey, there is no berry more delicious to use through the year, and it is one of the earliest berries to "put up." In the autumn when cranberries are cheapest in the markets, wash them carefully and pack into sterilized jars. Cover to overflowing with clear, cold water, and seal. They will keep perfectly until warm weather, and be as nice as the fresh berries. The cranberry may be used in many ways, in salads, cocktails and other drinks, conserves and jellies, pies, puddings, catchups, pickles, and frappes and ices. For jellied cranberries, here is an unflattering recipe for a small or very large amount of berries.

1/2 cup cream
1/4 cup cranberry jelly
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup sugar

In using these recipes, all measurements should be level. Use standard measuring cup and spoons. Each recipe serves about six persons.

Cook the water and sugar together for two minutes, add the washed cranberries and boil closely covered for ten minutes. Count the time when the berries begin to boil; do not guess.

CRANBERRY SALAD

1 cup of raw cranberries cut in halves 1/2 cup plain salad dressing
1/2 cup cottage cheese 1/2 cup minced parsley
1/2 cup raisins Dash of cayenne

Add the seasonings to the cheese, then the berries and raisins. Serve cold.

CRANBERRY COCKTAIL

1 cup cranberries cut in halves 1/2 cup plain salad dressing
1/2 cup raisins 1/2 cup sugar
1/4 table-spoon flour

Mix and allow to stand one hour. This is a very tart cocktail which may need more sugar. Serve very cold as a first course for luncheon or dinner.

MOCK CHERRY PIE

1 cup sugar 1/2 cup water
1/2 cup raisins 1/4 teaspoon salt

Cut or chop the cranberries; add them to the raisins. Add the flour to the sugar and mix with the fruit, adding the salt and water. Line a plate with a plain pastry crust and fill with the fruit. Cover with an upper crust, or a pastry lattice.

CRANBERRY PUDDING A LA PAIN
Grease a baking-dish and pat into it a layer of course, buttered bread crumb.

Put a layer of cranberries cut fine and sprinkled with brown sugar and a few grains of nutmeg. Repeat until the dish is full, letting the last layer be crumbs. Bake for forty minutes in a slow oven (about three hundred and forty degree Fahrenheit). Serve with whipped cream or a foamy sauce. Or, if you have some cranberry jelly left over, you can make of it a delicious sauce for fish, and other bread and butter puddings.

CRANBERRY CREAM-CAUSE

1/2 cup cream 1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup cranberry jelly

While of one egg

Beat the egg white and beat the jelly slowly into it. Fold in the whipped cream when ready to serve.

STEAMED CRANBERRY PUDDING

2 cups sugar 2 cups flour
1/2 cup milk 4 table-spoon baking powder
1 1/2 cups cranberries 1/2 cup sugar

Cream the fat, add the sugar; sift the rest of the dry ingredients with the flour. Beat the eggs and add to the first mixture. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the milk. Stir in the berries. Pour into buttered molds, cover and steam three hours for a large mold, or one hour for small individual molds.

CRANBERRY CONSERVE

3 pounds cranberries Juice and grated rind of two oranges
1 1/2 pounds sugar Juice of two lemons

Cook slowly for ten minutes; then add one pound seeded raisins, one cup nutmeats cut fine, one-half cup finely cut citron, and one-half cup crystallized ginger cut fine. Cook very slowly until very thick, stirring often so it will not burn. Store in jelly glasses.

CRANBERRY PUNCH

Cook together four cups cranberries, two cups sugar and two cups water. Boil slowly fifteen minutes and put through a jelly bag. Add two cups of freshly made and cooled tea and one or two bottles of charged water. Serve in a punch bowl with whole cranberries floating in the bowl. Garnish with slices of lemon.

FROZEN CRANBERRIES

4 cups berries 1 1/2 cups water
2 cups sugar

Stir the sugar and water together, add the washed berries and cook ten minutes. Put through a coarse sieve. Pour into tin molds with a cover and pack in ice and salt for four hours, using equal parts of ice and salt. Turn out and cut quickly into slices.

CRANBERRY COMBINATION

4 cups cranberries 2 cups water
4 cups and when soft, strain. To each cup of juice add:

1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup sliced bananas
1/2 cup shredded orange

Serve very cold in cocktail glasses.

SWICED CRANBERRY BUTTER

3 quarts cranberries 2 table-spoon clove
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup sugar

Cook the cranberries in the water until all are soft, then press through a sieve keeping back the skins only. Add the other ingredients and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until thick like apple butter.

Most truly
American of our
national holidays.
Thanksgiving Day keeps
for us all its old time
sentiment, since it is
dedicated to the home,
the family and the
Thanksgiving
feast

Dogs That Tree and Stay

[Continued from page 13]

Aunties, was ever known to quit. They stayed till th' master came, or died at th' post. An' th' master always came. That too, was an honor, honey—th' master never failed 'em."

They did go down the Trinity that year to see their far-flung neighbors and were received by these strangers with open arms and joyous faces. Neighbors in that land in that day, were precious as the gold which was responsible for the hegin of the great trail over east.

The young pair from White Stone Valley returned to their simple holding well pleased with their venture and beholding the seat in their wabbling ox-cart lay two new pups, as pretty little fox-hounds as one would care to see.

"These here little fellers, honey," smiled John Auntis, "are right pet specimens of our own American fox-hounds. Can't wait until they're growned, these little chaps."

Life was good to the Aunties. They sowed and reaped and prospered, and the Indians about were friendly to the point of nuisance. The young pioneer with the keen blue eyes and the unbreakable will became a sort of white-chief among them—a stern but just personage, striving always among the spotted hounds.

Tongue's pups were not so, were the "little chaps" he had brought from down the river, and Alda Auntis smiled, dreamy-eyed, above the tiny garments she was making.

"This here little boy that's comin' honey," said the man gravely; "he'll be a man of th' new west, he'll know how to fight for his own, to live an' love an' get along. He'll run with th' pack, too, like the Mississippi Light-foot, he'll have courage to follow to th' finish, to stay to th' last end."

"But, man," said Alda, "suppose he ain't a boy?"

"Then he'll be th' staunchest woman-child this side th' Rocky Moutains an' th' prettiest, barrin' his mother."

INDIAN summer in White Stone Valley. The crops were all laid snugly by. There was corn in the punchion bins, hay in the great left, and in the store-room potatoes crowded pumpkins, dried berries hung in sacks between the strips of "jerky." John Auntis dreamed, smiling, about her work, and far on a distant slope young John tramped for bear.

That night he heard his fox for the catching—the country was full of "sign." And already his dogs had distinguished themselves in their track. His pack, nine in all, was true to a dog. Trailer, lean, tough, steady, twenty-seven inches high at the shoulder, straight of front leg, curved of hind, his padded feet like good live-rubber behind their well set nails, was king of the pack. When the old dog led away on open trail the music that he made was joy to the heart of a hunter.

And so, on this hazy golden day, he smiled when Trailer, Tongue and the seven younglings took scent and sailed away down a sunlit hill where the pine-trees shed serried ranks. It was cold trail he well knew by the expectant tone of their baying, and would mean a long run, so he settled his rifle in the bend of his arm and swung away at an easy gait. At the cabin on the river flat Alda heard the music of the hounds and noted their direction. This, to her, was a never failing habit. Down the slant the dogs went streaming, a beautiful sight in the soft sunshines, their long ears fanning, their spots shining bright; they disappeared in the fringing firs that shadowed up from below.

John Auntis was young and strong and he went swiftly in his easy trot—but who can forestall disaster? Before his dogs had rounded the first bend of the great hill he had fallen there!

A smooth round stone under his boot-shod foot slid gently from its bed and the man swoled, staggered, flung out his right arm beating for balance, and pitched headlong down the steep declivity.

Twenty feet below he brought up sharply across the upright hole of a sapling—and something in his right hip snapped like a shot. When his breath, granted from him by the impact, came sucking back, he essayed to rise—and tumbled forward on his face. For long time he remained perfectly still, while a stinging, deadly numbness began creeping over the right side of his body. Then he opened dry lips and whispered: "Lord Almighty! Alda—honey!" And: "Trailer, ol' man, I—can't—come!"

Picture now the day that followed. The pack ran on, doubling, circling, playing with the trail, and the lumbering bear had ample time to enjoy life while chafing his enemies.

Once the pack made loss, and Trailer raised his voice in the most doleful cry imaginable, while he circled for two hours trying to pick it up again. And John Auntis, hunching grotesquely on hands and knee, heard and understood. With his

handsome mouth set in a hard line he hunched along, a foot at a time, and each effort brought its grant of agony.

The sun dropped low. Long, blue shadows began to creep up from the gorges, sharp as paint being laid on the slopes.

Hand—grat—hand—grat.

So the hours passed—and far over on the other slope he could hear the master music of the pack barking trees.

The moon came drifting up in a sky of clear black steel. In the crotch of a dead pine-tree a fat old bear sat comfortably, one leg dropped down across a limb, little eyes gazing contemptuously at the spotted circle below which was telling all the world about his predicament.

At the cabin in White Stone Valley Alda set the blue linoware plates on the hand-made table and watched the dusky slants with anxious eyes. She was a woman of wide wisdom, of great patience and wisdom in the ways of life, and schooled to its great changes. So she kept up the fire and set a candle in the open window.

Dawn found her shivering in the beewn rattle, wrapped in a shawl, her eyes wide with fear. She was not deceived. If John Auntis were himself, and free, he would be there beside her, that she knew.

By daylight she was out on the great hills, going up in the direction she had heard the dogs singing trail the morning before, and her hands held a little packet of food, a flask of John's old corn-whisky, which he had brought from Mississippi, and some clean white cloths. All day she followed as best she could the way her man had taken. Noon came—and late day—and twilight. She too came to the slant where the little round stone had slipped from its bed—and she read the sign of the fall along the steep declivity. At the sapling she saw where a man had tried to rise and floundered; and there a trail lay plain as print in the shadows, a trail that told a story—but that went on, not back toward the cabin.

As long as she could see, she followed it, calling with her hands curved at her lips, and long after she could no longer see she sent her ringing call across the night.

Dark again—and John Auntis on hands and knee in a thicket—his head hanging low, and his senses far away.

"Can't—come!" he muttered thickly with drooping eyes of fever fixed on the green lace of the thicket. "Tain't no use—no manner of use."

It was here his young wife found him and with a sharp cry caught the heavy head to her breast. Under her fierce kisses the man revived, and she got the story of the fall, the sapling and the mumbing pain.

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"Th' first Auntis to fail his pack—an' th' first Auntis to be so sick!"

Runner got his throat thro' so's he couldn't sing—an' stood—tired—for six days—on an island in th' Bright Bayou. When they did find him he was skeam' up again his tree as dead as stone. Aunties an' Auntis dogs—don't fail—"

"Hush!" said Alda, weeping. "Hush! John, man, stop frettin' in this way! I am Auntis, but I'm a soul one—and we don't quit. Which a-way is Trailer tired?"

Very quickly she gave her man to drink from the stout bottle; fed him a bit from the shoulder-pack; bathed his flushed face carefully from the small canteen. Then she took his belt-ax and cut three thin, tough saplings, stripping them clean to the white hearts. These she laid beside him and with his hunting-knife, removed the garment from his broken leg. Both John and she knew what was coming, and prepared for it. With the thin sapling which always hung with the belt-ax, Alda tied the swollen ankle to a small near-by tree. As methodically as if stringing a serious fracture were a daily necessity, John Auntis drew his body backward, making the rope taut. The young wife knelt behind him, firm bands under his arm-pits.

"Ready?" she asked, and at his nod she flung all her sturdy strength into the jerk. There was a groan, a wrench, and the bulged and swollen limb came straight.

With quick, deft hands losing no motion, Alda Auntis laid the peeled saplings in line to tie her brother linsy tight and wrapped it in soft strips around the fracture. Outside of this she bound the saplings, neatly, firmly, making a clumsy but efficient case from hip to knee—a splint, simple and rough, yet practical.

Again she gave him to drink of the whisky. Then she laid him gently back with his fair head on her shoulder pack, kissed him and stood up. "Which a-way?" she said.

[True to page 53]

Ready to Serve A new cooked food deliciously prepared



HEINZ

COOKED

Macaroni

WITH CHEESE AND MUSHROOM SAUCE

You do not have to cook Heinz Macaroni. Heinz makes it and then cooks it with Cheese and Mushroom Sauce. It is only necessary for you to heat it and serve.

Another Ready-to-Serve Heinz food

HEINZ

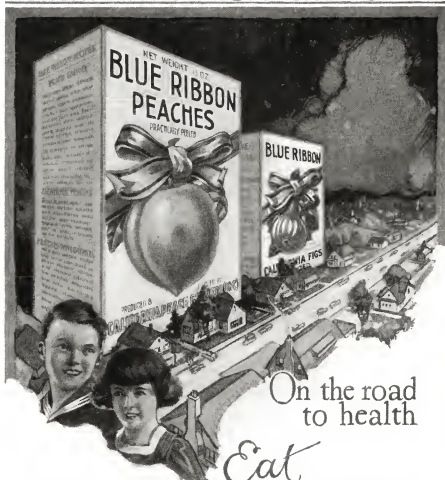
COOKED

SPAGHETTI

in Tomato Sauce with Cheese



HEALTH-FRUITS FROM CALIFORNIA

On the road
to health

Eat

BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches & Figs

Sold in packages and in bulk

In California's wide-spread valley orchards, rosy-hued peaches have ripened in the glorious sunshine. Figs, too, plump with delicious goodness have been picked from their hiding places among the dark green leaves.

California's climate, giving unsurpassed flavor to these finest of fruits, also prepares them so that you may enjoy their health-protecting, health-creating qualities the year around. For California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs are dried on sun-drenched trays—slowly, carefully—and all their natural stored-up goodness is retained for your enjoyment.

Health authorities, dietitians, mothers, all recognize the necessity for the liberal use of fruits in the daily diet. With an abundance of easily digestible fruit sugar, essential mineral salts, needed vitamins, valuable fruit acids and mildly laxative effect, California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs play an important part in every menu. Their value as a balancing element and natural regulator is universally acknowledged.

Then, too, BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs offer such variety in sauces, puddings, pies, cakes, and unusual desserts, that men, women and children alike find them always appetizing, always enjoyable.

California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs are so beneficial, so essential to health, and so readily available at grocery stores everywhere, that every family in America can enjoy the health protection they furnish.

Always insist on California BLUE RIBBON Dried Peaches and Figs. It is the mark of quality, purity and cleanliness.

Produced and Packed by the
CALIFORNIA PEACH AND FIG GROWERS
Over 3500 Grower Members
MAIN OFFICE FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Try Peach Sauce for Breakfast

Made from Dried Peaches

Rouse that drooping appetite with a dish of Peach Sauce. Temptingly delicious, you will enjoy it thoroughly. The fruit sugar it contains is easily digested and quickly turned into energy for the day's work. You will feel better if you establish this healthful morning habit.

Steamed Figs

Made from Dried Figs

There is no more effective regulator known to dietitians than steamed figs. Ideal as a breakfast dish, California Dried Figs are now packed under a new process that prevents the loss of the natural fruit sugar. Dried figs are easy to prepare and inexpensive. They add a delightful variety to the daily menu.



How to Get Our Vitamins

They are Foods, not Medicines. Buy Them from Your Food Dealers, and not from Your Druggist

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

FOR years the American Medical Association has made a strong fight against fakirs who played upon the hopes of the credulous and led them to attempt to diagnose their own ills and to prescribe, with the help of the medicine advertisement, the treatment of their cases. Most of these fakirs have been convicted of fraud and sentenced by the court one or more times. Reputable magazines and newspapers have refused to accept advertisements for these "medicines," and the business has become less profitable than formerly. But a new opportunity for fraud has appeared in the marketing of so-called vitamin preparations to that portion of the public which does not "feel well."

The scientists who discovered these vitamins gave their authoritative statements that some of our most common foods are lacking in one or another of the vitamins.

The quack saw his opportunity and began to offer his pills made of flour or other equally cheap and harmless substance, under the guise of concentrated vitamins at a dollar or more a bottle, with about enough pills to last a week if taken after meals as directed.

They are recommended, in general, for "that tired feeling" which most of us have after we have attended well to our daily duties and need a good meal and eight to ten hours sleep, and for all the little aches and pains which anyone is likely to feel at some time.

The advertising matter represents a competition of the methods of vending quack nostrums, with the claims transferred to the new vitamin. A newly discovered vitamins, Last year we tested in our laboratory more than a dozen of the most widely advertised of these commercial vitamin preparations, and found them with a single exception to be entirely worthless for the purpose for which they were sold. One was found to be positively dangerous to health if taken in any considerable amount. The worthy ones contained no more vitamin than do most of our common foods, and some even as little as is found in our foods which are poorer selected of food. The one which was a menace contained a considerable amount of strychnin and scarcely a trace of vitamin B. The clever vendor put a little strychnin into the pills so that one who took them would feel the stimulant effect of this drug, and attribute the temporary stimulation to the vitalizing effect of the vitamin which the pills were said to contain, but did not.

This is much like the old trick of putting enough alcohol

into the "patent" medicines to give one who took them the same feeling of freedom from fatigue and care that the toper got in the days of the saloon from taking a drink of whisky.

There is no need for the patent vitamin preparations. In general these preparations are deliberate frauds and do not contain any considerable amount of vitamins. The only vitamin found in most of the preparations on the market is vitamin B, which is the one most abundant in many of our natural foods and the one which we are least likely to run short of in our diet.

TRUE, some of our most common foods, such as bolted flour or polished rice, are deficient in one or more vitamins; true, too, the diets of many people of America today are more or less deficient in these essential nutrients. But this does not justify investing in the commercial vitamin preparations. Instead it is an argument for wiser selection of foods. If the rules outlined in previous articles are followed there will be no lack of vitamins in the diet.

It has been found by nutrition investigators that any diet which is lacking in vitamins is likely also to be lacking in other equally essential nutrients, especially in certain mineral elements without which normal health cannot be maintained. Such is the case with our diet of white bread, meat, potatoes and sugar, so common in America. One might take any amount of any of the most advertised vitamin pills, and still not correct the faults in his diet. One clever promoter of a so-called vitamin tablet directed the purchaser to expect to take his tablets three times a day with a glass of milk. He had become acquainted with the fact that good results in the form of improved nutrition were to be expected from supplementing the ordinary diet made up of bread and meat, potatoes and sugar, with one or another of the protective foods, milk and leafy vegetables.

The keynote to successful nutrition lies in the proper selection of food. The place to get our vitamins is in the grocery store and the fruit and vegetable market, and not in the drug store. When the family budget is invested in wholesome foods, properly selected so as to form a well-balanced diet, the vitamins necessary for health are obtained; and in addition the body will be supplied with a great array of other equally important substances which nobody's commercial vitamin tablets can furnish.

Our bodies
need several of
the life-giving,
health-giving
vitamins. Dr. McCollum,
investigator of nutri-
tion problems, tells
us, here, why we
should obtain them
all in our regu-
lar diet

She has won two prizes for health

Dorothy Loraine Francis has already been voted the best baby in two better baby contests. Her mother, Mrs. Clay Francis, 5204 Barbara St., St. Joseph, Mo., says she owes her baby's perfect health to Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. "I don't believe there is another brand of baby milk that comes up to Eagle Brand," she writes. "I have started lots of young mothers using it." And what could be a better proof of her satisfaction with it than that?



Better and better babies

FOR about sixty-five years the use of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has been spreading until today it is more used than all other infant foods combined.

So many prize babies have been raised on it, so many mothers have testified to its benefits, so many physicians have recommended it, that Eagle Brand has become the standard food for babies who must be fed artificially.

Eagle Brand is pure cow's milk and sugar, combined by a process which breaks down the hard indigestible casein of the milk and makes it exceptionally digestible. With Eagle Brand you need not fear the evil effects of contaminated milk. It is safe because it is pure to begin with, and put up in a sealed container to keep it so. It is extremely convenient, too, for it keeps indefinitely in the unopened cans and can be carried about safely, and bought anywhere.

Nothing is better for baby than mother's milk. But if you cannot nurse your baby, the Eagle Brand way is the sure way.

Ask us for your copy of Baby's Welfare now, while you think of it! It is a very useful guide for young mothers.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
1711 Borden Building New York City

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK



Dogs That Tree and Stay

(Continued from page 57)

"What you mean, honey?" he asked in distress. "You ain't follerin' no houn-dawgs—not for Little John's sake."

"For jest that," she said firmly, "and for yours. 'Tis Aunties can't quit now—more than any time in all their history."

So it was a soul-Auntie who came to the waiting pack when the sun was gay with its early light; who gave the halloo of find and reinforcement and to'd them they had done well. It was an Auntie's hand and eye that sent the ball to Bruin's contemptuous brain as he sat high in his treecrotch, that took the valuable skin from his fat carcass as neatly as any man might have done.

That was a long, long day. Hours and miles long to the man waiting in the thicket and to the woman trudging the steep slants, just when the round moon acts up at last, it saw the Aunties making down the last long slope, safe and glad, Alda leading the bay mare at whose heels dragged a narrow litter, made, laboriously, of two long saplings and a stout blanket. In it rode John Auntie and the bear skin. Trailer, Tongueur, and the seven younglings made a faithful cohort; their tails waving and bright spots shining, as they neared the haven—home.

A somewhat heavy task, you say, for all concerned? It was all in the work of these who had "honors and obligations," who had a past to remember, a future to form, who had by blood and by soul a tradition to be true to. The Aunties'll not quit—man, mate or dog-pack.

IT was April, of the year 1923. In the great city, pale sunshine coaxed the flowers in the gardens of trim parks, and the little showers damped the heels of pedestrians.

In a Wall Street office a man on the pleasant side of forty stared at his mahogany chair and stared for a moment at the strip of blue sky beyond the buildings' tops. Just for that swift fraction of time the real feeling inside him showed in his eyes, and it was despair.

He felt old, old. For a while he sat with a clenched hand resting on the desk-top, staring into space. Then he lifted the telephone and gave a number.

"Carhart?" he said unsteadily. "Will you come out to Paradise tonight? For dinner."

The voice that answered was of an arresting quality, so cool, so studied as its own indifference. It was detached from its owner, would have formed a mental picture of the speaker. A man in a middle-life, but not a young, yet athletic, as if indulgence and abstinence met in him, of a world-knowing mind, a nature which suggested all things exacting a winner of success beyond all the uncertainties of life. A true picture. In his ordered orbit, Carhart was a god.

"Last night," muttered Marroo; as he started for home.

AT Paradise, between the huge gates on either side of the gravelled driveway, his wife stood, like the spirit of her name—the Peri at the Gate. Always she made Marroos think of the frail, winged sprite denied its heaven—though if she had ever been denied a whim in the short span of her life he did not know of it. Slim to fragility, white as the lilies that bloomed at the lake's edge; her amazing white-soul hair escaping in soft rings from expert coiffing, she stood, waiting. Her wide, golden-green eyes as blue as genius smiled at him. Her gown, diaphanous, floating, had the look of lifting wings; the slight of her set the man's heart racing. A black dread of the morrow swept over him, and he set his lips hard upon the groan that all but escaped his throat. What, for wealth, what would happen to this Paradise?

That night Carhart dined with them in the great hall at Paradise. He looked like a polished satyr in his well groomed elegance. His subtle, curtained eyes missed nothing, neither the wretched heat of the fragile woman nor the love that was between her and Marroos.

He had known of all this, for he knew the pair after a cursory fashion. He had once said of her to an intimate friend that he "had rather be kissed by this woman than go to Heaven"—and he had never so much as touched her pale hand more than a few times in conventional greeting.

"She may have capacity for love," he had said then; "those golden, prement-lacking people sometimes astound the world."

Now he looked at her across the great table with her background of priceless tapestries and smiled, studying her.

"If you could choose tonight, Mrs. Marroos," he said suddenly, "what treasure would you take from all the world?"

The woman looked up with her gentleman-like smile.

"Why, I don't know," she said gently, laughing a little, considering. "Yes, I do."

(Turn to page 100)



Are you overlooking the most reconstructive force in the world?

OF all the forces that make for health, strength and vitality there is none more important than sleep.

Anything that interferes with sound restful sleep is a thing to avoid.

Many people find that coffee—especially when taken at night—causes wakefulness. The stimulating effect of the caffeine in coffee irritates the nerves, and may keep you tossing for hours and hours—when you should be sound asleep, building up health and strength for the next day.

Why take chances? Why not stop coffee and drink healthful Postum instead? It's a pure cereal beverage that many prefer for its own delightful flavor and aroma.

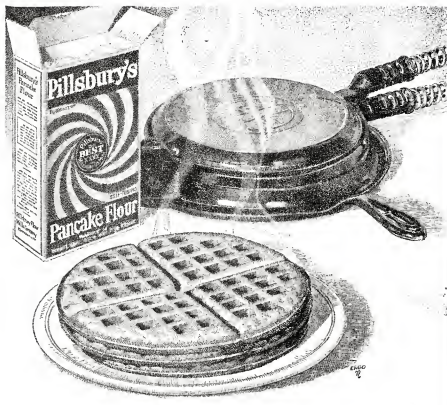
Postum is guaranteed to be absolutely pure—free from any injurious element—as safe for little, delicate children as for the sturdiest man or woman.

Thousands of people who formerly drank coffee or tea, and who turned to Postum for health's sake, continue with Postum because they prefer its appetizing goodness.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer the flavor brought out by boiling fully 20 minutes. The cost of either is about one-half cent a cup.

Sold by grocers everywhere!





Delicious Waffles—quickly made

Golden waffles . . . crisp, melting, delicious . . . so simply prepared that you can have them any morning!

Make a creamy batter by adding milk or water to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Add a well-beaten egg and a tablespoon of melted butter, and your batter is done. Have your waffle-iron piping hot, and pour in the smooth, golden Pillsbury batter. The heat puffs and crisps the waffles to a delicate brown and they're ready to serve . . . tempting, rich-flavored, satisfying.

Light-textured and delicate as Pillsbury waffles are, they are really a wholesome, substantial breakfast because Pillsbury's Pancake Flour is made up entirely of important nutritive elements. It contains flours of highest quality . . . every ingredient selected with scrupulous care. And waffles made of Pillsbury's cook so quickly and digestibly because the ingredients are mixed and sifted to powder-fineness.

Have some of these tempting, delicately-crisped Pillsbury waffles for breakfast tomorrow morning.

Just a postcard request will bring "Better Pancakes and How to Make Them," a little book of helpful recipes which tells you how to make these delicious waffles, and explains all the secrets of good pancake making.

And if you like pancakes with a real old-fashioned buckwheat flavor, get some Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour Health Brins Wheat Cornal
Rye Flour Graham Flour Fatina



Make This Test Yourself

Pour a little Pillsbury's Pancake Flour into your hand. Note the creamy, white color due to Pillsbury's high-grade flours. Rub it with your finger—see how smooth it is—its fine, velvety texture. Now you know why Pillsbury's makes such perfect pancakes and waffles.



Are You an Oven Executive?

Why Waste Fuel by Heating the Oven Too Soon or Overheating It, or Waste Food by Burning?

By May B. Van Arsdale, Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber

Department Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

ONE of the signs of the inexperienced cook is the burned cake, or the overbaked, curdled custard. As she becomes experienced, she is likely to allow more time and less heat for baking. The thermometer is a substitute for experience, and is in much more common use among housekeepers today than it was ten years ago. Manufacturers are even making gas and electric ovens which are thermostatically controlled, so that once the temperature gauge is set, the heat will not vary.

But whether the housekeeper cooks by thermometer or by practical experience she learns that the foods she cooks in the oven can be classified according to the temperatures at which they are cooked.

Certain things are cooked in a slow oven—about 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit. In this class are angel cake, sponge cake, custards, soufflés and meringues for pies and puddings. You will notice that all these are egg dishes, which would be toughened or curdled by a high temperature. Custards and soufflés are usually set into pans of hot water for baking in order to give them more even heat, and to prevent them from browning on the bottom. With a higher temperature the top of the soufflé will become dark and tough, even though the water protects the lower part.

The size of the baking utensil affects the time rather than the temperature for baking. A large custard will have to cook longer than small individual molds.

A sponge cake in the conventional type of pan with a tube up the center requires a long time for baking because of the depth of the latter. If baked in a sheet to be cut into squares, the same temperature will be used but the time for baking will be shortened because it will cook through more quickly. Although some persons put a pie covered with meringue into a hot oven so that such a meringue is likely to be watery, and may fall when taken from the oven. It will be tough, also, and will stick to the knife when cut. It pays to allow it to bake in a slow oven for a longer time (125 degrees Fahrenheit, for twenty minutes).

Next come foods cooked in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit to 400 degrees Fahrenheit.) Probably most of our baking is carried on within this range of temperatures. Foods cooked at a temperature ranging from 350 to 365 degrees Fahrenheit include nut bread, loaf cake, gingerbread, chocolate cake and escalloped dishes made

from uncooked materials such as oysters and potatoes. Somewhat hotter, but still moderate, is the oven for plain layer cake, muffins of all kinds, corn bread, drop cookies and gingerbreads. The chocolate cake and gingerbread are baked at a lower temperature than plain cake because they burn more easily on account of the molasses and the chocolate.

CREAM puffs may be put into oven of 400 degrees Fahrenheit until they puff, and the temperature then dropped to about 355 degrees Fahrenheit so that they can finish baking and dry out slowly. A higher temperature is used for starting many things which are finished at the moderate temperature. Custard or pumpkin pie is put into a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) in order to bake the crust so that the filling will not soak into it. The temperature is then lowered to about 350 degrees or less, so that the custard will not curdle. Popovers are put in at about 425 degrees Fahrenheit and after they pop the heat is lowered to 350 degrees so they will dry inside without becoming too brown.

The hot oven, 400 to 450 degrees Fahrenheit, is used for biscuits, rolls, cinnamon buns, bread which is well risen, rolled cookies, baked potatoes and escalloped dishes made from cooked food. The rolls and biscuits being small and easily baked through will be cooked at the higher temperature; but the loaf of bread is better if baked at about 400 degrees, so that it will have an opportunity to finish rising before the crust is formed. Rolls and biscuits can be baked at a temperature higher than that used for popovers because they are thin and will bake through quickly and evenly.

It is a wise woman who understands her own oven. She knows what temperature will give best results in cooking foods—and how to obtain that temperature by using modern methods

It does not become too brown before it is done in the center. If the bread is not fully risen it should be put into a moderate oven so that it will have an opportunity to finish rising before the crust is formed. Rolls and biscuits can be baked at a temperature higher than that used for popovers because they are thin and will bake through quickly and evenly. It is not a very hot oven—about 500 degrees Fahrenheit—is used for pastry shells, cheese straws and puff pastries. If the temperature for these is too low the fat will melt and run out and the pastry will not be so flaky.

Roasts and meat loaves should be put into a very hot oven—about 500 degrees Fahrenheit—until they are seared so that the juices will not have an opportunity to escape. The heat should then be reduced to about 425 degrees. Fish should be cooked in a hot oven (about 450 degrees Fahrenheit) for a short time, rather than in a moderate oven for a longer time as it loses its juices and flavor at lower heat.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

One of the family



New Ideas in the Idea School

Conducted by F. G. O.

FIRST THING ON OUR PROGRAM TODAY is an original story by Mrs. M. N. M. of Seville, California. There will be sotto voce comments, throughout, by F. G. O. "It was Monday noon," she says, "and I had just hung out the last little pair of overalls when a joyous honking out front proclaimed five guests for luncheon."

Mrs. M. N. M. bless her just thinks of this as a nice time—a little precipitate, perhaps, but not out of all reason. We are all for the extermination of announced guests in these days when there are few maids and plenty of operators for Mr. Bell's perfectly good invention called the telephone!

But to proceed with the story. It seems that Mrs. M. N. M. had planned potato salad, string beans and stuffed peppers for three. She dispatched Junior to the store for cold ham, ran the peppers, stuffing and all, through the coarsest knife of the food chopper with a slice of onion and the cold string beans.

She seasoned the mixture with salt, lemon juice and mayonnaise; then, she says, "I piled this in the middle of a nest formed from the potato salad and garnished the whole with cold peas, radishes and cucumber pickles."

"With the cold ham and a glass of jelly this made our main course. We finished up with canned peaches, sugar cookies and coffee."

To Mrs. M.'s amazement the guests asked for her delicious salad rule!

ONCE WE HAD A LITTLE COUSIN. An auto load of guests came upon us even as upon Mrs. M. Said young cousin, "Oh, cousin like this make me fit in! They come and make a lot of work, and then they come around and say, 'Oh, can't I help you?' Ya, ya, ya!"

ONE GETS A TIP FROM A WAITRESS. F. P. A., columnist of one of the great New York dailies, asked his favorite waitress to get him a rabbit pie, and she replied, "Get me a raise in pay!"

THESE SCIENTIFIC COOKS! Do you tend to hand off a bit when they seek to "tell" you, saying to yourself, "You can't impress me. I've been impressed by experts!"

What do you give for this specification for salad? It comes from habitage of the Home Economics Practice Cottage at Middlebury, Vermont.

"Shrimp and pineapple with mayonnaise for dressing!" The girls admit it sounds weird, but they swear on their honor, with hands on the cook book, that you can eat it, enjoy it and continue in good health.

SOMEONE FROM BOULDER, COLORADO, HAS REGISTERED a complaint with the conductor of this column.

She says that on February twenty-sixth, she sent in five ideas, and that in the June issue F. G. O. used one of them and never paid her the two-dollar stipend. Sometimes, contraria, F. G. O. has ideas "her-own-self!" It has been known to happen. If either F. G. O. or some other contrib' happens to get on your thought wire, and her idea, through the intervention of the fates, gets read and "gets by" before yours does, you'll just have to be a good sport about it.

Relax and trust in F. G. O.!

EXERCISES ARE BEING HELD REGULARLY in the Idea School conducted by me, F. G. O., with you as contraria. But I want more of you to contribute to the column! Send your ideas—e-mail 'em right along to F. G. O., Care McCall's Magazine, 216 West 37th Street, New York City—and I will pay two dollars for each of your ideas that is used in this, our column.



Queen

of the breakfast table
Like nut meats puffed

No breakfast dainty children ever get compares with Quaker Puffed Rice in delights.

The grains are puffed to airy ovals, 8 times normal size. They are thin, crisp and flaky, and the flavor is like nuts.

The food cells are broken for easy digestion. This is done by steam explosions—by shooting the grains from guns.

These rice puffs are both foods and confections.

No other process so fits whole grains to digest.

No other process makes whole grains so enticing.

Puffed Rice is used like nut-meats in candy making and in garnishing ice cream. It is served with melted butter poured over it for children to eat like peanuts in the afternoon.

Yet it is a scientific food—the best-cooked rice dish in existence.

Wheat

that is steam exploded
The premier dish at night

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat puffed in like way. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. The whole-grain elements are all fitted to feed.

Whole wheat supplies the minerals growing children must have. Also the essential bran. Milk supplies the vitamins—all three.

Every day should bring to all its dish of Puffed Wheat in milk. You will never find a wheat dish more delightful, more ideal.

The Quaker Oats Company

On bake day— use Carnation

You will find that Carnation Milk is a wonderful aid to good baking. Use it in your fillings and icings as well as for creaming vegetables, makingsoupsandgravies. Cream the coffee with Carnation, serve it with fruits and cereals. Just cows' milk, that's all, pure milk from which about 60% of the natural water content has been removed by evaporation. Hermetically sealed in containers and sterilized, Carnation is absolutely pure. Send for Recipe Book.

Laser Cake—4 eggs, 2 cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup butter or substitute, 1 tsp. vanilla, ½ cup water, 2½ cups flour, 4 tsp. baking powder.

Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar and well beaten yolks of eggs. Mix and sift the flour and baking powder and add alternately with the milk, diluted with water. Add the vanilla and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Bake in three layers in a hot oven.

Plate Icing—1½ cups sugar, ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, 1 tsp. butter, ½ tsp. vanilla.

The sugar and milk in a saucepan and stir until mixture begins to boil. Boil without stirring until it makes a soft ball in cold water. Remove from fire, add butter and vanilla. Beat until of right consistency to spread.

One Egg Cake—1 egg, ½ cup sugar, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1½ cups flour, 6 tbsp. water, 2 tbsp. Carnation Milk, ½ cup butter or substitute.

Cream the butter or substitute, add sugar gradually and well beaten egg. Mix and sift flour and baking powder, add alternately with milk diluted with water, to first mixture. Bake in a loaf cake pan. Spread with Plain Icing.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
1153 Carondelet Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
1213 Stuart Building, Seattle

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"



The Label is Red and White



What does HIS health mean to you?

YOUR husband's health—it means *everything* to you. It is the very foundation of your home, your happiness, your security. Keeping him fit and cheery is the biggest task you have.

Start him off at breakfast with a dish of stewed Sunsweet Prunes [with cream or without] and you give him the morning "set-up" he needs for a winning day!

There is no mystery about Sunsweet Prunes—or what they will do. Nature has singled them out as the fruit-food that keeps us fit through natural means. Nature has made them a body-builder and body-regulator.

Quick-to-use energy comes from their rich fruit sugar. Body tone comes from their tonic iron

and other mineral and vitamin elements. But, more important than all—prunes supply a *natural laxative* that the body needs and needs every day.

That's why Sunsweet Prunes are so essential. Nothing can take their place. They are *health-insurance*. And with Sunsweet Prunes priced as low as they are today, they offer the cheapest health-insurance you can buy.

Ask your grocer for these rich, meaty, flavorful prunes—the pick of California's pack—either in bulk or in the handy 2-lb. carton. And send for the Sunsweet Recipe Packet. It will show you how to guard the health of your household in new and tasteful ways. And it's free—use the coupon below.

There's a right way to stew prunes: Try this method worked out in the Sunsweet kitchen by our own Domestic Science Director: Soak Sunsweet Prunes over night. If possible, but, if not, for several hours at least. Cook slowly until tender in water in which they are soaked. Use plenty of water so fruit will be "loose." Do not cook too long lest fruit becomes too soft. Flavor with rich stick of cinnamon or some lemon or orange juice. No sugar is needed.



SUN SWEET
CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED

PRUNES

60 delicious health-recipes free!

California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association, 2514 Market Street, San Jose, California
Please send me, without cost, the Sunsweet Recipe Packet.

Name _____ Address _____

Silk

[Continued from page 41]

fail him, my own unworthy life were poor recompense.

"How are you living here?" he asked next, quickly.

"In an excellent house—"
"And you speak their hideous language, Wen says."

"Oh, yes." With beating temples I achieved that utter semblance of carelessness. "Oh, yes."

"I will move in with you tonight."

THAT was all. He spoke to Lu—it looked as if he were asking permission—and then had his personal baggage brought here. We moved in my old quarters. Mossula wondered, but I could not explain. He evidently expects me, even in private, to keep up the pretence regarding him. And I am contriving it. It is better. I am in this way in smaller danger of a misstep in public. So I call him Ching.

Prince! And he, offhand, calls me Jan.

Then, after dinner, he coolly opened his clothing and took out the pouch in which, I knew, were the miniature painting and the seal.

"This," he said, "must be got to the Queen tonight."

That was all of that. He simply left it to me, and wandered out on the roof to gaze at the stars of heaven. And I have sent Mossula. She knows the palace and is known. I told her nothing except that no one but the Queen is to know what she carries. Heavily veiled, accompanied by her maid-servant, she slipped, more than an hour ago, out the garden gate on the narrow side street.

The Prince's personal effects were brought on the backs of a dozen gigantic porters. There were many bales bound up in travel-stained matting with ropes; just as they have been labeled, one weary day after another, on the pack-saddles of his caravan. A number of them I opened for him, while installing myself as his personal servant. Six of the bales were left unopened in a corner of his sleeping apartment. I believe these contain gifts for the Queen; though he was asleep as you please about them, merely asking that the native servants should not enter these rooms.

Mossula has not yet returned. I have gone to the starry sky on the roof to row side street. A second hour I pass. My Prince is on the roof, calmly enough awaiting his answer.

Mossula has not before been out at night in these dark streets. I am deeply anxious for his life, so much so, in fact, that I am almost afraid to ask him any sequential a thing! So easily could he get and be maid-servant with her, he spirited away, unannounced, through the walls through which no voice can be heard!

It writes at Dawn for later when they came. The Prince had waited patiently, sipping and sipping at the wine. He had by that time drunk a considerable quantity of it; and I could not see that he was in any degree drunk, merely quieter, more aloof. His hair was a head, this great of princes.

From the window I heard the faint sound of a key rattling in an old lock, and hurried down to the garden. They were coming softly, like ghosts, along the path between the poplars—three softly flitting shadows moving under the poplars—Mossula first, walking with the free light stride I would know through any disguise of costume and in the dress of a woman; another who moved as freely, and last the more timid step of the maid-servant.

I held open the door to the women's quarters, and they stepped within and ascended the stairs. My mind was fighting my eyes. I could not believe that the third figure could be— In my presence they removed their cloaks and veils and I beheld, with the sparkle of adventure, her eyes that had hitherto appeared sulky to me, Roxana the Queen.

"Prepare him for later," whispered Mossula, "while I dress her."

So that mad little Queen had come in person, stealing through the night to the man who bore her seal! How much Mossula knew then I could not perceive. But she knew much. Nothing escapes those brightly denured eyes of hers. And her life at court, lighted by the native shrewdness that everywhere on this earth is woman, has taught her to accept always the fact. She does that, my Mossula; she is more practical than I.

But if my face was calm, my knees shook under me as I mounted those last stairs to the roof. I have seen men go mad—with drink or through passion or in battle. For the first time in my life the thought came, this night, that I might find myself on that unlitway roof.

Three bronze lamps were burning in the pavilion. Through the lattice I could see a hurried scene. The white robes of the Prince seated there, with the light flickering uncertainly over his noble figure. I paused outside to recover my breath, for

one cannot appear hurried before royalty; then entered. He put down his glass and slowly lifted his eyes.

"She is here," I said.

He rose, and smiled. He had thrown aside his heavy robes, and appeared hardly more than a youth in his short coat and trousers. I recall thinking then that with the high spirit he exhibited in this adventure he might yet conquer new worlds for the glory of the Han. He will be a great emperor indeed, if ever he returns alive to China. As the probability of a safe return, however, I cannot say. Dangers threaten all the way. And here, in the thrill of my young blood, we are playing at shuttlecock with thrones.

I felt his eyes narrowly upon me, but could not look him in the face. Then I heard his voice saying, "Take this," and found my fingers closing about a wine cup. I drank it down at a gulp. He then refilled the cup, and again I drank. He commanded me to sit, and I sank to the edge of a divan, while he paced the floor. I sat, while the Son of Heaven stood before me! But I understand his purpose; he is quite right: It is the only way to carry off the incredible situation. He, plainly, is reveling in the unconventionality as in the danger of it. His eager, strong blood rebels against the continuing formalities of the court. For the first time, this night, I have thought that princes and queens are to be pitied rather than envied.

"Jan," he remarked thoughtfully, "what do you make of this—of her coming?"

I hesitated to speak. It was not my province to rebuke or warn my Prince.

"She can't have so much as seen me," he went on. "The message she sent around by that far Southern Ocean begged me to come to your Court with my presence, or to permit her to journey to Lo yang and in person lay her tribute at my feet. They gave me a high seat, but I have refused and a painting of her pretty as in ivory."

"Her coming tonight is clandestine," he continued, surely, I murmured, "and that embassy must have been a public matter. Old Red-Beard knew of that, surely." "Oh, surely," I murmured, "and he has rapidly, struggling in this poor brain of mine to frame a counter. Was Roxana's coming to the starry sky so much as seen? Had Hsu Shu Ber Din sent her? Or had he, smiling within his red beard at the center of the court, been permitted to admit her to think she was carrying off her adventure unobserved? Or had she successfully slipped through the walls? Someone within those lofty palace walls must know; for queens cannot breathe in China, that I trust. Shu Ber might not know at the moment he paced the moon learn."

"I have ran through all as I sat there, and my teeth chattered. Ching! I must so write it! must have seen this, for he poured yet another cup of wine for me; and to look at I drank it down, and light in his eyes."

And then my spirit broke. I felt forward, and his fist clapped in his knees and cried softly:

"O Son of Heaven, by those noble ancestors who have enrolled the Faint of Ten Thousand Years, let us escape from this home of devils before that girl is harmed. In my stables are the fleetest Arab horses in the world—there is, O Son of Heaven, a conspiracy to ruin China, that I trust, and she is in the world—... even Your Majesty's august—"

I felt his hand pressed firmly upon my mouth. For a moment I struggled like a madman—struggled with my Prince! But he held me fast with digital fingers, and held and thrust me off, saying sternly, "Jan!" And then, with a catch in his voice: "She is here."

I moved to the lattice. Two cloaked figures were approaching across the roof. And I withdrew through a casement and stumbled to a place in the shadow by the parapet. The light of the moon flooded gently the blue-white roofs of the old slumbering city.

Through the lattice I saw her when she stood proudly on the sill. The Prince inclined his head with dignified courtesy, low low. Nor did she. Then each surveyed the other; it seemed to me that their eyes struck fire. The Prince then Ching deliberately opened his coat, drew out the pouch, and with that painted bit of ivory in his hand advanced before her; sank low on one knee, touched the taintine to his lips and held it out to her. She was there. I could plainly see.

Recollecting myself, I went for the wine. When I returned the Prince was standing with bowed head, while the queen lounged on the divan looking out at him under lowered lashes, like one who dreams. I saw a hurried scene. The white robes of the Prince seated there, with the light flickering uncertainly over his noble figure. I paused outside to recover my breath, for

[Concluded in the next McCall's]

1,782

“ Domestic science experts say,
Cream of Tartar baking powder
is the best ”

Recently a representative group of Domestic Science experts in all parts of the country was asked “which type of baking powder do you use and prefer?” 83% unhesitatingly replied “Cream of Tartar.” An overwhelming sentiment in favor of cream of tartar for perfect baking.

OUR mothers and grandmothers prided themselves on their perfect baking—to them it was an art worthy of the most painstaking care. How well we remember mother's pride in her freshly baked cakes, her light, tempting biscuits! She used cream of tartar for baking and so did her mother before her.

Cream of tartar was one of the first leavening agents to be used in baking. For years the best cooks insisted on cream of tartar for perfect cakes, biscuits and other baked foods. Then came Royal Baking Powder, in which are

perfectly blended soda and pure cream of tartar derived from grapes grown in the famous vineyards of Southern Europe. For 50 years Royal Baking Powder has been used by the housewives of America for successful baking.

Special tests of experts experimenting with cakes and biscuits have proved time after time that Royal gives results so superior that they can be immediately identified. Cakes and biscuits made with Royal can be distinguished from all others because of their tempting appearance, fine texture and utter lack of bitter taste.



A complete recipe book free

There are over 350 delicious recipes in the Royal Cook Book — cakes, hot breads, meats, vegetables, candies, etc., — a complete recipe book. You will find it very helpful. We will be glad to send it to you free on request.

Use the coupon for your convenience. The Royal Baking Powder Company, 101 East 41st Street, New York City.



Made from pure grape cream of tartar
Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste



ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
101 East 41st Street, New York City
Please send me free the Royal Cook Book containing
over 350 recipes for all kinds of foods.
Name
Street
City
State
Zip

Send for the Royal Cook Book — it's FREE

VIVAUDOU'S MAVIS Beauty Secrets



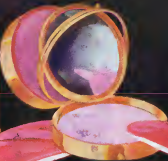
Irresistible



TISSUE CREAM
Helps to give you
the right foundation
for a satiny skin—
firm and beautiful
\$1.00



**LA POUFRE
VIVAUDOU**
A tissue face powder
that softens and
smoothes and beautifies
75¢



LIP STICK
Will not cake or
rub off 25¢

**VIVAUDOU'S
DOUBLE COMPACT**
Swivel mirror Automatic
push button opener
\$1.50



FACE POWDER
Irresistibly fine 50¢



TOILET WATER
More lasting than
most extracts
\$1.00



TALC
Largest selling
in the world
25¢

MINERALAVA THE ORIGINAL BEAUTY CLAY KEEPS YOUR FACE ALWAYS YOUNG

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

The Rewards of Beauty in the Business World

By Bruce Barton

ONE afternoon I was sitting in a business man's office when a woman's card was laid on his desk. He picked it up and looked inquiringly at his secretary.

"Is the lady good-looking?" he asked. "Very," the secretary answered. "All right; tell her I'll see her in just a minute or two."

As the secretary went out, the executive turned to me and answered my question before I could ask it. "The chances are two out of three that she either wants a position or has something to sell me," he said. "In either case she comes under my general rule that only good-looking women are to be admitted to this office. You know the proverb, 'Only the brave deserve the fair'; well I have a variation on that. I say that the only fair deserve a chance to interrupt the busy."

"Isn't that a little hard on the plain ones?" I demanded. "A bit unfair on the surface?"

"Not at all," he insisted. "It is a conviction with me that any woman can be good-looking if she wants to be good-looking and will work at it with half as much energy and thought as a man must put into his job. Some of the most attractive women of my acquaintance were rather shabbily treated by nature. They were not blessed with regular features nor lovely hair or eyes. But they have studied themselves, learned how to make assets of their little peculiarities, discovered how to choose gowns and hats that will set their features off most happily, and, by so doing, have achieved a degree of charm which surpasses that of women who were much more generously endowed."

Obviously this was one of his hobbies. "You know me," he said. "I'm a middle-aged father of three children, and just about as susceptible as the Brooklyn Bridge. It isn't because of the esthetic enjoyment of looking at an attractive woman that I have established my rule. It is because I believe that a woman who doesn't have interest enough to make herself attractive probably doesn't have interest enough to make herself successful. If her hair is disheveled, the chances are pretty good that her mind is also. If she has no respect for her person she probably will have very little for my time. On the other hand if she is neat and attractive outwardly, the chances are that her proposition is neatly thought out and ready for presentation in an attractive, businesslike way."

"Of course I sometimes get fooled, and doubtless by shutting out the homely ones

I occasionally miss a young woman who might have something of value to this business. But in a world which is so full of men and women that you can't possibly see them all, I make it a rule to do business with lucky men—that is, those who have established the habit of succeeding—and with good-looking women, that is, those who care enough about making good to give a lot of thought to making the best of themselves."

As I went away from that office I thought of an experience which had happened some years before. Mrs. Barton and I were breakfasting in a hotel in Detroit when a young woman came up and spoke to us. We recognized her at once as a high-school classmate, a girl of unusually brilliant mind. We invited her to join us and learned that she had been teaching school in a country town and was on her way to interview a school superintendent from whom she hoped to obtain a better appointment at increased pay.

She is naturally a good-looking girl, with regular features and an attractive manner and voice. But we remembered that in high school her interest had been centered in books, and it needed only a glance to tell us that she still treated the matter of personal appearance with an intellectual contempt. Her hair was badly arranged; her petticoat showed; her shirt-waist was ugly and her shoes unshined.

"Do you think she will get the appointment?" I asked Mrs. Barton, when she had left.

"No!" she answered positively, and a moment later added: "What a shame it is! I'd like nothing better than to take her to a good hair-dresser, and then fit her out in new clothes, a new hat and new shoes. The whole thing wouldn't cost a hundred and fifty dollars, and she would get her appointment and an increase of a thousand dollars in pay. It would be so simple, whereas now she will come back disappointed and probably resign herself to a country job for life."

THERE are those who say that this is all wrong—that a teacher should be judged by her intellect and ability, not by her looks. But who wants to employ a brilliant mind which is adverted by such an unimpressive appearance? What father or mother wants to send a daughter to be taught by a woman who does not represent in her aspect and as well as her mind, the best that a woman can be?

From what I have said thus far, it is easy to infer my belief that good looks are

The naturally brilliant woman is not always in business, but the woman who knows she has only average good looks and makes the most of them will travel far

a tremendous asset to a woman in any field of endeavor. History is full of proof. A former professor of Columbia University made a list of the thousand individuals whose lives occupy the largest space in the biographical dictionaries. Among the first hundred names there was only one woman—Mary, Queen of Scots. Now there have been able women in the world than Mary, by far; and women who have made a more important contribution to human progress. But Mary has taken hold upon the imaginations of men and women alike, not merely because she was a woman who lived and suffered dramatically. She lives in our memories because of her looks, as well as because of what she was and did.

If, then, good looks are an asset in all fields of women's endeavor, surely they have a special importance in the advertising business—that with which I am concerned. One night in a lecture to a university class, I was asked: "What is the first essential of success in advertising?"

I answered without a moment's hesitation, "Good health." I am sure the answer was a true one. Advertising is not merely a device for the marketing of products. Unlike an advertising man is a normal human being, unless he shares the interests and desires, the ambitions and likes of the average folk whom he is addressing, he cannot hope to influence them. How can a dyspeptic write good advertisements for mink-meat, or a nervous cynic write with conviction on the health-giving joys of an automobile?

Similarly, with women, I should say that two very important requisites are good health and good looks. Unless a woman shares the interest of her fellow women in beauty, in dress, in attractive homes and food, she cannot write or talk effectively to them. The opportunities for women in advertising are large and constantly expanding, for women are the buyers in America. In England it is different. England is a man's country; America is a woman's country. In England a large percentage of the advertising is addressed to men; here the great bulk of it is addressed to women. And no one can appeal with conviction to women, unless he or she has a sympathetic understanding of the things which women like and seek.

Napoleon said: "Women shall have no influence at my court." He was a powerful individual. He could destroy armies and dictate humiliating terms of peace to emperors and kings; but he was not powerful

[Turn to page 26]



For Chapped Hands and Skin

"VASELINE" Camphor Ice will take the bite from winter winds. Apply a little "Vaseline" Camphor Ice to the lips before going outdoors and liberally to your hands when you return. This will prevent the skin from becoming chapped or roughened.

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The Story of the Bible

[Continued from page 34]

rate guide on the difficult path of life. He gave them the prayer which to this very day is repeated by a hundred million people and which turns up all into children who appeal to one Father.

Then, having laid down the general outline of a new philosophy both of life and of death entirely at variance with the narrow faith of the Pharisees, He asked those twelve men who were now His steady and faithful companions to follow Him.

Jesus then began to illustrate His teaching with those simple stories which appeared so greatly to the imagination of the people who flocked together to hear Him and which have become part of the language of many countries.

It would be foolish, however, for me to try to retell them in my own way.

I am not, as I have so often said before, writing a new version of the Bible. I am merely giving you the general outline of a book which (especially in its early parts) is often somewhat too complicated for the readers of our own hurrying days. The Gospels, however, are simple and direct and very short. Even the busiest of men can find leisure to read them. If my little book can give you the desire to read the original, to study those wise parables, to comprehend the immense vision of the Greatest of all Teachers, I shall not have written in vain.

The end of course was inevitable, as Jesus knew very well and as He had indicated to His disciples and His friends more than once when He was still in Galilee.

He wanted His impulsive people to love their neighbors and to stop quarreling among themselves. He told men to obey the law of the land and to think more of their own faults than of the defects of their rulers. He did not tell his pupils to keep away from the service of the temple, but encouraged them to be faithful in the performance of their religious duties.

As for the last days of Jesus, they have so often been told that we can be short about them.

When the Pharisees set out to destroy a man they did not rest until their victim had been killed. And Jesus, Who knew this, was in a very serious mood as He came to Jerusalem at the Passover.

There was something else which gave Him reason for anxiety. Thus far His pupils had been very faithful to Him, and the twelve who were always with Him had really loved each other like so many brothers and had borne with each other's shortcomings with exemplary kindness. But with one of them, all was not well.

When all the other disciples were asleep, Judas escaped from the house, and soon the Great Council, sitting late, heard that there was a man outside who offered to give them some very important information. They told the guards to bring him in. So the bargain was struck. Judas had been sold to his enemies. The price was thirty pieces of silver.

When evening came, Judas, looking bland and innocent, left the house together with the others.

They went down the Mount of Olives and entered the city and found that everything was ready. They took their seats around one long table and began to eat. But it was not a cheerful meal.

At last, Peter could stand it no longer. "Master," he said, "we want to know. Do you have reason to suspect one of us?"

Softly Jesus answered, "Yes. One of those who at this very moment is sitting at this same table with Me will betray Me." Then all the disciples got up and crowded around Him. They protested their innocence. But Judas slipped away. They now all knew what was to come. They left the inn and walked out of the gate and went back to the Mount of Olives and opened the wicket to a garden which a friend had told them to use when- ever they wished to be alone.

After a while Jesus walked away from the little group. But three of the disciples who were closest to Him, followed.

He turned around and bade them wait and watch while He prayed.

A moment later, the whole garden was in an uproar. Led by Judas, the guards of the Sanhedrin rushed upon the Prophet.

Judas threw his arms around his Master and kissed Him. That was the sign. Jesus was handcuffed and through the dark streets of Jerusalem He was taken to the house of Annas, who together with Caiaphas, his son-in-law, was acting as High Priest. The questioning began. Jesus answered quietly that it was useless to reply. The priests knew the answer to their own questions.

One of the guards hit Jesus a terrible blow.

Suddenly there was a rumor near the door. The guards had not held one of the disciples. One of the men, so they explained, had just told them that this hidden man was a great friend of Jesus and had often been seen with Him when they came to town. Poor Peter was struck by

[Turn to page 69]

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"A LI' Girl in Lotta Trouble"

(Continued from page 54)

"Aren't we all critics?" he responded noncommittally. "But it's taking mean advantage of you, to unload puns this way. All because you gave my protective instinct a chance to play."

"I'm enormously interested," she said, smiling. "I was about to ask you a question. Don't you think there is just as much danger from over-praise as there is from too severe criticism?"

"More. That's the reason for the flood of young men and women pouring in here, only a small percentage of whom have any real ability. They don't realize criticism has no value unless it comes from someone who knows; and those who know acting are very scarce indeed."

"And they make it just as difficult as possible to reach themselves before they pronounce their valuable opinions?"

"Certainly. The grain has to be threshed and sorted at least roughly before they can grade it, choosing the finest. Otherwise they would spend most of their time handling chaff. But—and this time it was his turn to observe her closely—"who are you to be making such observations on our well known theater?"

"I like the youth in 'Rosinda,'" she answered. "I am usually in particular. I'm just the thing: Eton, Oxford and so to be—only in my case, it will be and so home again."

"A reader of Barrie, too, I see?"
"Yes," a reader she said with a trace of bitterness. "You don't know it, but that's almost as devastating as if you had said, 'a nice, sweet girl.' But never mind. You meant well—that is where I'm staying." They stopped in front of the Hotel Fidelity.

"I believe this has been called 'The Old Ladies' Home,'" he said.

"Yes. And everyone here has in her time been called a nice, sweet girl."

"Whereas you, with that fire in your eye, deserve so much more."

"Don't be sarcastic. It's not fair, when you're saying good-by."

"You misunderstand me. I was merely admiring a quality that we term, in good, old-fashioned phrase, 'spunk.' Have you ever thought of going on the stage?"

Katherine was startled by his question. "Yes, I've thought of it. But I suppose that's only another quality common among us 'nice, sweet girls.'"

"The desire may be." His tone was quiet, almost impersonal. "But the expression is individual. The voice, the quality of the words as you speak them. You don't have to go home tomorrow, do you?"

"No." It seemed as if another self were speaking for her.
"Then I'd suggest you to see Richard Monroe. You will find him at the Alston Theater tomorrow morning. He's rehearsing there, and he has had a great deal of trouble filling a certain part. A part which requires both assurance and talent. I believe you could do it."

"I'll talk to him on the phone myself when I get home. He and I are very good friends, so it's all very simple. He has no trouble seeing him. Now what is the name I'm to give him, the name that's to raise you out of the class of nice, sweet girls?"

"Katherine Prentiss."
"Very well, Miss Prentice. You make good—then we'll both be glad." And that was, he was gone.

MR. JOHNSON: don't you think you could give us those lines without the script?"

A voice out of the darkness of the auditorium interrupted the rehearsal once more. The voice was authoritative, but its tone indicated annoyance. The interruption in sequence with five or six others, Katherine understood plainly enough that the temper of Richard Johnson, director extraordinary, was rapidly vanishing.

The company sat around the stage with the amber and blue glazes in the borders overhanging shading a soft light upon them; but Monroe had entered through the rear of the auditorium and sat there, somewhere in the blacks.

She realized with a start that she must pay more attention to the play. Fortunately she must do so, not only under the second act, and they were still working on the first. But, "you make good," he had said, "then we'll both be glad." Well, she would try very hard—but who was he, her knight errant of Thirty-six Street?

Another thing that made Katherine uneasy was friction in the company. It centered chiefly in Miss Willis and Mr. Johnson, the leading man. The two were painfully courteous to each other, but to the rest of the company they revealed their hatred in plain speech.

Katherine kept aloof from the feud out of contempt for such struggles. But she observed with alarm that there was more trouble brewing in the attitude of both Miss Willis and Mr. Johnson toward their director. It was the one feeling they shared.

[Turn to page 70]



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The Story of the Bible

(Continued from page 66)

panic. Tremblingly he denied that he had ever known Jesus.

Jesus was left alone with His enemies. In this rough-and-tumble fashion the night was spent, but the next morning, as early as possible, the Great Council convened and without examining the evidence or listening to any witnesses, they condemned the Nazarene to death.

There came insistent messengers from Roman headquarters. Pilate wished to know what this commotion meant.

He gave orders that Jesus be taken into his private rooms. A few minutes conversation convinced him that there was no cause for a death-warrant. Pilate sent for the spokesman of the council and informed him bluntly that he had not been able to find Jesus guilty of anything known to Roman law.

But there was only a small garrison in Jerusalem, and the members of the council grew more and more threatening. Pilate weakened. Then he yielded. The High Priest and his friends could have their victim and do unto him as they would.

Once more the dirty, purple robe was pulled across His shoulders. A crown, heavily woven of thorns, was pressed upon His head. A cross, made out of two heavy beams, was laid upon His back.

There was a wait until two thieves, condemned to die at the same time, had been brought from their cells.

Late in the afternoon, the dreadful procession began its way to the hill where the gallows stood. It was called Golgotha, from the "palatial" or skulls which lay around. Jesus, weak from lack of food and dizzy with the blows and the flogging which He had received, could hardly walk. The road was lined with people. They watched Him as he dragged Himself and His cross up the steep path of the low hill.

The tumult had died down. The anger of the mob had spent itself. There were cries of mercy.

But it was too late. The ghastly drama had to be enacted unto the bitter end.

Jesus was nailed to the cross. Over His head the Roman soldiers fastened a slip of paper, carrying the words "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." It was meant as an insult to the Pharisees and Sadducees, who were responsible for this terrible miscarriage of justice.

When the last nail had been driven in, the soldiers sat down to justice. In a wide circle, the people stood and looked. Some of them were merely curious. Others were former pupils. They had ventured back into the town to be with their Master at the last moment. There were few women. It was growing dark rapidly.

On the cross, Jesus was softly murmuring words which few could understand. A kindly Roman soldier had given Him a narcotic to deaden His pain.

By a last and supreme effort, He regained consciousness. And He uttered a prayer. He asked that His enemies be forgiven for what they had done unto Him. Then he whispered, "It is all over."

And He died. In less than a dozen years after the crucifixion of Jesus, His teachings had been put into a definite shape which forever separated the Christian from the Jew, as it separates him from the Buddhist or the Mohammedan.

From that moment on it was comparatively easy for the new doctrine to spread across western Asia. The wisdom of the old Jewish law hurried to the unknown tongue of the forgotten Hebrew language. But everything connected with the "Christ" was being written down in Greek, the international language of antiquity. At first the new teaching met with indignation on the part of the authorities, but as more and more people came to accept it, they grew alarmed. Terrible stories were spread abroad regarding the mysterious followers of Jesus, and although all the reliable authors of that day agreed upon the silliness of these tales, their Christian neighbors, there were many who were ready to believe these tales and to spread and exaggerate them.

Again and again there were bitter persecutions in which the Christians, men, women and children, were put to death in the most cruel fashion that human ingenuity could devise. Invariably they denied all guilt and their innocent behavior on the scaffold made them so many friends that public executions were always followed by an increased number of candidates for the Christian faith.

In the year 313, a formal edict of tolerance made an end of all further persecution. A century later, the Christian religion was recognized as the spiritual capital of east and west and south and north. The Church stood triumphant.

And ever since, above the noise of battle and strife, have been heard the words of the Prophet of Nazareth, asking those who love Him to cure the ills of this world by that perfect love which understands all things.

[THE END]



Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

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"A Li'l Girl in Lotta Trouble!"

(Continued from page 67)

And she wondered how the play could go forward without disaster.

Her attention came back to the stage. Mr. Johnson was explaining that he had been unable to learn his part thoroughly because the author constantly changed speeches.

"Certainly he's changing speeches," answered Mr. Monroe from the darkness. "I'll see opportunities to improve the play, and I'll keep right on seeing them, up to the finish. If you expect to find a manuscript with lines altered, I think all set, you'd better go somewhere where they're putting on old favorites."

Mr. Monroe came striding down the aisle and took a position in the third or fourth row, where she could see his eyes snap while he waved his walking-stick about. "Now we will go on with the scene," he said, his voice still jerky with nervous tension. "Miss Willis, you enter at this point."

"I'm ready," Miss Willis answered, languidly disposing of a magazine, a purse, gloves and a vanity case she got up.

"Then come ahead."—"A pause as she started to move."—"No, no, no! Not there! A capital C meant center, do you see? It always did in the theaters where I worked."

Miss Willis, her eyes set straight before her, marched upstage and came through the space between two chairs which indicated a door. "Now down left to Mr. Johnson." She crossed down, reading her part as she came. The actor was clearing his throat preparatory to giving a line, when Mr. Monroe said: "Will you please make that entrance again, Miss Willis, and notice how you walk, remembering that the way a woman moves is as much a part of her character as her speech?"

Miss Willis, with the same, set expression, went back to the two chairs and turned without even so much as a glance at Mr. Monroe. She began to walk, slowly, emphatically. When she reached the point at which she was to stop, she stopped, doing that, too, with emphasis. Then she spoke sharply, looking at the director for the first time. "Does that satisfy you?"

"No, it doesn't," Mr. Monroe responded curtly. "But I suppose it's your idea of a lady's walk."

She smiled down at him with the sweetest sarcasm. "I didn't know this was to be a finishing-school when I took the part." Mr. Johnson laughed—rather too obviously, Katherine thought—but Mr. Monroe paid no attention to him as he glared at the leading woman. "I don't conduct such a school, Miss Willis," he said with ominous calm. But perhaps we can institute one for your benefit, Miss Prudence, will you please walk across the stage and show Miss Willis how it's done?"

Katherine sat numb. She couldn't believe her ears, yet she knew that he had spoken her name. Mr. Monroe spoke again, his voice reassuring in its firmness. "Across the stage, Miss Prudence."

Then, with a peculiar elation in the doing of it, Katherine rose and walked over, directly past Miss Willis, who stared at her incredulously and back.

To describe that walk would be difficult indeed; but it was beautifully graceful, and there was something about it that suggested courts and laces. From Mr. Monroe came a murmur, "Excellent!" But Miss Willis's reaction was even more pronounced. Electric with anger, she marched down to the footlights, shouting, "I was never so insulted in my life!" and threw her part at Mr. Monroe so viciously that one could hear the pages crackle and tear. Then, with a swagger for her belonging to the floor-out of the stage door.

A silence followed her exit; the company looking abashed. Katherine despite her regret at having precipitated the scene, felt tempted to laugh.

Mr. Monroe spoke. "Are there any more whose feelings have been badly hurt?" Whereupon, much to Katherine's surprise, Mr. Johnson picked up his hat. "You can accept my resignation also, Mr. Monroe" he announced. "Shall I leave my part here on the chair?"

"Certainly," came a prompt response from the auditorium, and there was another pause until Mr. Johnson had passed out. "If that is all," Mr. Monroe said pleasantly, "we shall dismiss the rehearsal, and you will report here on the stage at half-past ten tomorrow."

The members of the company began to gather up hats and coats, talking in undertones. Katherine decided the night as well as being long. What, she wondered, would happen next? Would the play ever be produced?

Then a familiar voice came over her shoulder.

"I was proud of the way you did that, Miss Prudence."

She turned. There, hat in hand, stood the Prince, smiling at her.

"Thanks," she said, somewhat, now that she stood so close, she found it unexpectedly hard to talk to him.

[Turn to page 77]

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Her New Flag of Freedom

How One More Overworked, Weary Woman
In "Our Neighborhood" Renewed Her Youth

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough

BRING 'em in—I'll wash 'em while you wait!"

As the demonstrator spoke, Mrs. Emory and I exchanged glances. We were both thinking of Mrs. Baker. Was there anyone in town who had a bigger wash or was more in need of "being shown?"

"Why not take the bull by the horns?" she asked as we left Miller's store when the washing show was over. "Come along! And she led me to her car."

We sped to Mrs. Baker's—way down past untilled fields and across the railroad track. The freshly painted house and well-kept garden beckoned us cheerfully, belying the antiquated engineering within.

We went to the back door and in proper suburban fashion knocked and entered at the same time. There stood Mrs. Baker at the wash tub, her figure a semicircle as she rub-rubbed her soul out on the washer. Poor little house-bound creature, faded at twenty-six, a slave to a good husband, two adorable babies and a lovely little home in which a new davenport (more than the price of a washing-machine!) bespoke recent prosperity—but a woman to clubs and parties unknown!

"Give me your clothes!" Mrs. Emory's mature but twinkling face commanded willing obedience. We gathered up the soiled things—rompers, frocks, sheets—and stuffed them in the clothes basket.

Mrs. Baker looked with starting eyes. She thought we had gone crazy.

"But it's impossible!" she protested when Mrs. Emory explained that we had come to take her and her clothes to the man who was laundering the town. "I can't leave the children."

"Bring them along!"

"Besides, Fred would not think of buying a washing machine! It's too expensive."

"Not when you buy it on the instalment plan—two five dollars down and ten dollars a month. Less than you'd pay a laundress!" was Mrs. Emory's prompt, experienced elucidation.

"He never buys anything that way. He says women can't run machines anyway—they don't understand mechanics."

"Well, he does—can't he show you?" I marveled at her courage—but then we all knew Mrs. Emory and love her.

"There are only a few rules—prepare soap solution, don't overload, learn the wringer—you won't have to cut your sheet out with the scissors as I did. And the care?" turning to me.

"After using it, rinse the machine by operating it for a few moments with clear

water to prevent the formation of that gummy substance," I piped up. "Dry. Oil, as directed, every three months in some parts and once a year in others. Loosen rolls of the wringer after using. Have a cover like Mrs. Irving's, made of unbleached muslin."

"But there's no place to keep such a machine," countered Mrs. Baker.

"It would cost only from three to fifteen dollars to connect pipes in your unfinished basement," Mrs. Emory pursued. "You must have conveniences, my dear. Haven't Mr. Baker every up-to-date garden implement and a new-style living system?"

"Well, he says it's business."

"So is your work. And think of the time you'd save!"

MRS. EMORY put a motherly arm around the little housewife and led her out of the kitchen. "Come, my dear, take off your apron and slip into another frock." And then, "Here we are!" as she and I grasped the basket.

A few moments later we all trooped out. Then we tumbled the grimy little kiddies, basket, mother and all into the car and away we went to the wash-man whose eyes, as he saw us with our harvest of soiled clothes, widened like those of a child at the sight of candy. And when we glimpsed the new light in Mrs. Baker's face as she watched another person than that of her own muscles and nerves wrestling the dirt from her linen, we knew we had won!

On our way home, we talked like missionaries converting a heathen. We showed her how she could use the gift from Aunt Caroline for the initial bas followed in its wake. She has learned that her strength and time and happy spirits have a money value, and that it is a sound business investment to purchase them by harnessing machinery to some of the most taxing household tasks—winning as an extra bonus the adoration of a husband who now understands!

two years later, as she and her husband were walking in the sun, I thought as I took in her twenty-year-old face and smart frock, "Surely the washing-machine is her flag of freedom!" For a host of other mechanical servants ("McCall's" booklet, "The Modern Home.") has followed in its wake. She has learned that her strength and time and happy spirits have a money value, and that it is a sound business investment to purchase them by harnessing machinery to some of the most taxing household tasks—winning as an extra bonus the adoration of a husband who now understands!

In this dramatic little story are given the practical instructions of a skilled housewife for the care and use of that friendly servant in the home—the washing-machine—to relieve Monday of blues



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Years of successful experiments and the scientific blending of its pure ingredients, have made Resinol Soap one that is free from all injurious properties, and that satisfies the need of every skin. Soft, foamy and luxurious, its lather sinks into the pores, rooting out the impurities and providing that thorough cleansing which promotes lasting loveliness.

But soap must do more than wash away visible dirt, and that is why Resinol Soap is so indispensable to those who really want a perfect complexion. Through its peculiar Resinol properties it builds a healthy condition which resists germ development. An unprotected skin is as bad as a neglected one. Resinol Soap protects the skin, and your druggist and toilet goods dealer sell it.

"Simply perfection for any complexion"

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The Last Hurdle

[Continued from page 22]

A little suspicion came into Evelyn's eyes. "When must you go back, George?" So you see, it was inevitable. When George said, "tomorrow noon," a minor cataclysm occurred. He was told he could go up north and stay there. "I might as well be a widow," declared Evelyn. "You leave me down here without a single human being. Of course I'll get into trouble."

George took her into his lap and explained that he had been away only twice and that his absence hurt him even more than it did her and that it was positively the last trip. "After this I'll do nothing but plans. Big Fellow. I won't be away a minute."

But one can't argue with a volcano in eruption. Or, rather, one can argue, but the volcano always wins. "I'll go to the Upperville Show by myself then." It rumbled. "I don't intend to be cut off from life in my best years. How can you expect a woman to keep all her hair and color when she is cut off from everything? Oh, I should have married an older man, someone who had done his struggling."

George could kiss her eyes and dry her tears with his handkerchief, but he knew the thing was more fundamental than that. He wondered if she really would go over into Loudoun. He was frankly afraid to have her go unless he was with her. "Why don't you run up north with me," he suggested; but the happy thought was of no avail.

"I'll not put my foot out of Virginia," declared Evelyn. "I hate New York. You can just go and stay away as long as you please, I don't give a hoot. I will make my own plans."

He hadn't anything to say then. His blond head was crestfallen and that did for her. She smoothed down his hair and brushed his forehead with her lips. "Don't you see I'm disappointed, Bumpy?"

They rode over to the station the next morning and took two hedges and a fence on the way. It was fun, but Evelyn couldn't conceal a little disappointment in George's form. He was loose in the saddle and his hand was uncertain on the leading. "You will have to practise it, George." But she said nothing more when she saw that he was sensitive about it. She can't make a horseman out of a man who has been raised in the water and on the golf course. No, dear, as he was, so was she, sometimes afraid George was not her kind. He just never would learn and she would never quite get over it.

Horseman or not, she choked up a little as she sat and watched him fade into a speck on the back platform of that north-bound train. She felt forsaken and her head was low and Pesechlosson's head was low as they made their way slowly along the road, George's mount trailing after them.

When she turned up the driveway, Evelyn heard the gay-ginghamed Hester waving frantically from the front porch. She called even before her mistress was within hearing distance. "Miss Evelyn, de telephone operatress keep a-ringin' an' a-ringin' an' a-sayin' Green Hedges 'I wantin' you all for a hour. I done told de operatress you was gone for to take Mr. George to his train, him goin' away up north agin'."

A HORSE show in a horse country: flags, the glare of a rural brass band, refreshment-booths; excited people rushing about in groups; a hubbub about hocks and withers and hanks high in the paddock. Then the crowded stands and the colorful movement in the rim of boxes caught the eye, and then the steady, listless parade of the crowd walking around the ring. There in this Piedmont cradle was Upperville town, gay, alive. It was Horse Show day.

Strolling around the ring, one who knew could recognize the various parties: the Blands, the Carberrys and the Langdons, the Green Hedges box. Talk huzzed.

Betsy Flower leaned over and rested her hand on the back of Evelyn's chair. "The Dudley colt has it—easy." The two were habited in black coats and white linen breeches. "Don't, you think the Dudleys have it, Evelyn?"

Evelyn shook her head. Her mind had strayed to other things, but she returned to the present now. "That little bay of the Langdons has a fine action, Betsy. I'll bet Kitty Langdon takes her into the Ladies' Jump tomorrow." She had scarcely finished when the pair put out of line and wheeled around the ring with a blue flaunting from her bridle.

"Well, I'll swear!" declared Betsy. "Nancy Boland always said you knew a horse—and a man."

Miss Boland turned at the mention of her name—striking-looking, white hair above a young face. The owner of Green Hedges was a gentleman of Virginia. "Of course, Betsy. The Langdon bay was sired by Gambie, and Gambie took four

blues at Berryville three years ago. Remember, Evelyn?"

Attention went to the gentlemen's driving class which whirled into the ring. Evelyn caught her breath. The second entry was Phil Tilton. She would have trembled had she not felt the eyes of the others in the box upon her. Instead, she glanced carelessly at her program, and turned casually to Nancy Boland. "I thought you said Phil was entering nothing but the steeple-chase," Miss Nancy. "It was rather admirably done."

But her head whirled. She saw nothing of the event save a blurred picture of a tall, dark figure, eyes straight before him, handling his horse with the perfect form which distinguished him in the ring now. A class of pairs was in the ring now. And then she saw Phil, down in the promenade, walking toward them. Would he never arrive? Why didn't he hurry and get it over with?

Her averted gaze rested indifferently upon the arraralous old gentleman in the next box. Even with her thoughts stung by the immediacy of seeing Philip Tilton eyeing again, she could not but listen to the old fellow's rambling talk. "... but I will buy the tract if it will support the sort of house I want. I've contacted the Springs just to look it over and I've wired up to New York for my architect."

Somewhere else broke in Evelyn's train of thought. "Hullo Phil, my dear. You haven't changed either. Nobody is a bit more so." Was it really four years ago—or was it yesterday?

He had the habit of pausing before speech. "Well, Evelyn, we could find anything better to charge to."

She tried to carry the situation. Couldn't you be so systematic? She felt the nerves in her fingers tingling. Something seemed to snap inside of her. She could not see the fellow's eyes. He was straggling, composure. Things were flying all to pieces in a second. The four years; George's marriage; the struggle; the little white house over in Clark, and the other of her memory, and the present connected with the kaleidoscope of events and emotions which had marked the meadow under the stars four years ago.

They were talking to each other about things which did not matter to either of their minds could be with things which did. Evelyn had left the box. Evelyn didn't remember how they were making their way through the crowd which thronged the promenade around the ring. Her hand was upon his arm and she noted that she had to reach higher than she did for George's arm. She was sorry she had thought of that.

Evelyn heard her own voice: "Of course I will—graze for the chance." Then she realized that Phil was asking her to show his hunter, Farewell, the following day.

"—She was born that spring, Evelyn—just four years old now. I had to name her something, didn't I. You'll take a name, won't you?"

Evelyn couldn't say anything just then. But finally she demurred. "Really, Phil, I can't enter. I've, of course, that I'd love nothing better."

"Why not?" he asked. "Out of practice?"

"No, not that." She paused. "You see, I'm a sort of runaway, Phil. George is up north. I'll tell him about being over here when it's all over, but—"

"When it's all over," he repeated her words. "We always had asking her to face haven't we? That's one reason I wanted you to ride Farewell." He smiled.

She thought a moment. Phil's string of hunters was famous, the least of them worth double the value of Pesechlosson. It hurt her to remember Pesechlosson, the had, sweet thing, worth all the prize hunters in Loudoun County. Oh, sentiment again! She was weary and she had to be more years she would be thirty! "Well then, I'll enter," she said suddenly. "I'll have to try to get over, E. She in the stables? Let's go back."

They turned into the paddock where groomers were giving the horses to the next class. Blankets were coming off and saddles being hurried on. Other mounts were being exercised to the ring. One of these caught Evelyn's eyes, as

[Turn to page 2]



DELICIOUS RAISIN CAKE: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or shortening; $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar; 2 eggs; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon baking powder; $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour; $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sun-Maid Raisins; 1 teaspoon vanilla



RAISINS are dried in the sun in beautiful clusters, just as they come from the vine. For your convenience they are then stripped from the stems and packed, seeded or seedless, in cartons, ready for use.

They add to old-familiar foods a bit of stored-up sunshine

IN golden California, in the fertile valleys of San Joaquin and Sacramento, the vineyards grow heavy with clusters of wonderful grapes.

At the moment of perfect ripeness they are cut from the vines and placed on trays in the sun.

And then the sun, which has stored within their delicate skins so much of health and fruity goodness, completes its work—and gives us Sun-Maid Raisins.

They make it easy to give the good old foods NEW goodness

Have you learned what magic you can work in the daily menu with this delicate fruit?

Do you know how easy is the way to please and benefit your family by simply adding raisins to the old, substantial foods like good white bread, oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, cup custard, and famous old B. P.?

These morsels of stored-up sunshine make it possible to give so many of these foods a new appeal to your family's appetite. They make it so easy for you to provide the variety

that every family craves. And to provide it inexpensively, too, for raisins are cheap this year.

Raisins offer, too, so much besides their tempting goodness. As the sun is rich in health, so are raisins. They



Because it's good, because it's wholesome, because it gives variety to the daily menu—serve raisin bread often!

are high in fruit energy units in a form practically predigested by the sun. Their fibre forms a "roughage" which helps to make laxatives unnecessary. Their iron and other valuable minerals supply urgent bodily needs.

Here for once, we are urged by those who know to eat more of a food we really love—a food delightful as well as healthful and nutritious! And that is why, today, we are using more

than twice as many raisins as we did ten years ago.

Once we all bought raisins largely on blind chance. Now, twelve years of effort on the part of thousands of California growers has changed all that, has given us a guide to all that is best in raisins—the name Sun-Maid.

With vineyards averaging only 20 acres each, the 14,000 Sun-Maid growers are today supplying 80 per cent of all the raisins used in this country. Their strict grading and inspection assures you always of obtaining the most perfect raisins in the Sun-Maid package.

Send for free recipe book

Give your family their favorite raisin foods more frequently. They supply variety to the daily menu; they give the good old foods new goodness. And they provide added nourishment in a delightful, inexpensive form.

The surest and easiest recipes for many tempting dishes, new and old, are given in the free book, "Recipes with Raisins." Fill out the coupon and send for this free book today. Address: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Dept. A-511, Fresno, Calif.

Sun-Maid Raisins

Seeded — Seedless — Clusters



Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association
Dept. A-511, Fresno, Calif.
Please send me a copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

Will Your Gas Range Do This?

LET'S PRETEND it's Thanksgiving Day. The family is going to the matinee, and friends are coming for six o'clock dinner. It's the maid's day off. What will you do?

"Why—there's only one answer", you say, "stay home and cook the dinner." And your answer is quite correct, unless—you own a Gas Range equipped with a Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

You see, women who own Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges can cook a Whole Meal—soup, vegetables, meat and dessert—in the oven at one time. While the meal is cooking they can go to the matinee, football game, visiting, or do other work about the house for three, four or five hours.

At the end of the pre-determined time the entire dinner will be found deliciously done and ready to serve—as fine a dinner as you or your friends ever ate and all cooked without spending one minute in the kitchen.

Now, will your gas range do that? Or will it do any of these things? Does it enable you to do all your canning in the oven by the sterilization process—the easiest, surest, quickest and best way to can. And, are you absolutely certain every time you place a pie, a cake, cookies, biscuits or bread in the oven that they'll come out "just right" every time?

If you can't do these things with your gas range you should be willing to make most any sacrifice to buy one equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, which makes all these things possible. Why let cooking and meal-getting take up one-third of your time and cause you more worry and hard-work than any other task about the home?

Wherever gas is available are dealers who sell these wonderful gas ranges, dealers who'll be glad to explain and demonstrate the remarkable advantages of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the device that measures and automatically controls the heat of the oven. Go soon to look and learn for yourself. Then you'll surely purchase a Lorain-equipped Gas Range, just as thousands upon thousands of other women have done in the last few years.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 standardized controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.



Note—The illustration below was made from a photograph of a complete Thanksgiving Dinner prepared in the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range at one time and without any attention on the part of the housewife. This, her first attempt, was made after reading the Lorain Thanksgiving Menu and "Time and Temperature" recipes prepared by a nationally-known cookery expert and distributed free of charge by American Stove Company. Fill in and mail the coupon and we'll gladly send you the Menu and Recipes.

Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

- Quick Meal—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
- Reliable—Reliable Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
- Clark Jewel—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
- Dangler—Dangler Stove Company Div., Cleveland, Ohio
- Direct Action—National Stove Company Div., Lorain, O.
- New Process—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.



AMERICAN STOVE CO., 1511 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

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OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

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Check your favorite stove:
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1923



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Look for the RED WHEEL. **LORAIN**
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER



Mrs. Goodnow at her desk in her charming room which is her office

The Woman Whose Dream Came True

By Planning and Making Beautiful Homes for Others, Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow Has Won the Title Deed to Her Own Castle in Spain

Reported by Dorothy Giles, Service Editor of McCall's

HOW would you build a house? Of bricks and cement and planks and beams? Of shingles and plaster? "Of course!" you say and blink your eyes at the very absurdity of the question. "Is it not of such things as these that houses are made?"

Ah, but there is another way! In a certain down-town office in New York—a room no more like the ordinary business-sanctum than its owner's ideas are like those of the average house-builder, a room all soft, worn browns and dull greens and gold, whose walls are lined with hundreds of books in open, paneled cases, and where a few fine pieces of old French and Spanish furniture balance each other harmoniously, while rich-toned curtains shut out the clamor of teeming Broadway—you will find a woman whose fingers possess the fairy gift of making houses out of the oddest materials imaginable. It may be of a "Bachelor's Fing" bed-quilt and a pair of brass andirons; or an antique Chinese screen and a Persian prayer rug; or a fireside chair and a ginger jar, or even out of a trunk full of old lace.

Seated at her desk in this picturesque and colorful room which is both office and studio, Mrs. Ruby Ross Goodnow, whose series of articles on interior decoration have won an enthusiastic response from McCall's readers, spoke with sincere conviction of her theory that the most beautiful homes are those which have been built around one or several beautiful objects.

In her simple street dress of soft brown and gold and dull red figured silk, and the smart brown and gold turban that crowned her fair hair, she fitted into the room's background as completely as did the rich-toned lacquer screen behind her chair.

"In that chest," Mrs. Goodnow continued, and called my attention to an old trunk of toolled leather studded over with brass nails which stood in one corner of the room, "are the foundations of a house. What are they? Just some bits of old brocade, some laces and embroideries which these clients of mine have collected in their travels. Now they have brought them to me, along with the plans for their new house; and out of them—my architect's blue prints and the contents of the trunk—we are going to make a really beautiful home."

It is not nearly as difficult as it sounds. Each piece suggests something to go with it, and that, in turn, calls for something else. For instance, "she threw back the lid

of the trunk and drew out a long scarf of heavy, hand-woven linen, with insets of Spanish lace, "this belongs on a table of dark, unpainted wood of the rectory type. To use at such a table, a certain kind of chair is required so we add them, and then—since the conventional sideboard is quite out of keeping with the Spanish or Italian furnishings—suppose we use, instead of a sideboard, a serving-table—the console type, and hang over it either an interesting mirror or a length of rich-colored embroidery or brocade?" There, you see, are the main furnishings of your dining-room. The rug, draperies, china and pictures are easily added to fill in the picture."

"But suppose one can't have all those lovely things at once?" I objected. "After all, it is only the very rich who can buy beauty so lavishly."

Mrs. Goodnow shook her head. "Money has nothing whatsoever to do with it," she replied. "I have seen many homes of millionaires that were depressing in their ugliness; and I have been in little, four-room cottages whose fittings represented an outlay of very few dollars, but which were absolutely lovely. It is not money that is needed so much as an eye to recognize beauty and a real enthusiasm for it. In fact," she smiled reminiscently, "not long ago a very rich man engaged me to decorate his house. He had unlimited means at his disposal to gratify every whim. But what he said to me was, 'Mrs. Goodnow, I don't want you to put in one thing that looks like a rich man's house. I don't want to see the dollar-sign anywhere!' And we didn't—though I can't imagine how hard it was."

She went on to tell me then of other houses she was now working on—of five at Palm Beach, "which belong to families who know each other well—and each one wants the fittings of her house absolutely different from those in the others. I dare not duplicate so much as an inch of light fixture."

Of an Orphan's Home in a Pennsylvania town, in which each bedroom—accommodating three or four—was decorated in a different color, with curtains and bedspreads of chintz or gingham to correspond. "We have a little room to work in here, but you have no idea how pretty and distinctive we made them. There was not a thing that looked institutional. And instead of one bureau in each room to be

shared by the three, we gave each little girl a dressing-table beside her desk. These were just the cheapest, most ordinary, small, pine tables with two drawers, which we painted to suit the room, and over each we hung a small mirror. When the pretty chintz covers were added there was a dressing-table to delight the heart of any little girl. Moreover, its very prettiness has proved the greatest possible incentive to neatness and personal daintiness."

IT IS such things as these that this famous decorator does, and loves to do. The many-roomed mansions at Palm Beach and Newport share honors with a Colonial cottage in Connecticut; a bride-and-groom apartment in New York; a Country Club in a mid-Western city and an old farmhouse in Virginia.

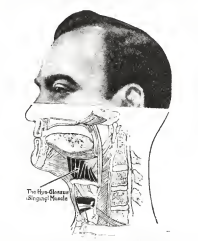
One might think she would run short of ideas, but when I suggested this Mrs. Goodnow laughed. "Dear me, no! I can't use them up fast enough. They keep coming and coming. All kinds of things suggest themselves—looks I meet, the plays I see. Then, too, I go abroad every year and haunt the museums and palaces and antique shops, and because of the many friends I have made in England and France and Italy and Spain, I have an entree to houses which the ordinary traveler never sees. I can visit at leisure among old and rare and beautiful things. Then, back I come, eager to put into practice all the ideas they have inspired."

And it is the result of this—the travel and experience—that Mrs. Goodnow shares each month with McCall's readers. It is not theory, but what she has learned through observation and experiment; nor is it "studio talk," but the counsel of a woman who is herself a homemaker and whose home is the summit of her ideals.

"My girlhood was spent in a little southern town," she told me. "We were poor, certainly; there never was an idea to buy new pretty things for the house. We had just the old ones, and not very different from what I saw in the stores, ever rearranging, trying new effects. In the living-rooms my activities were naturally musical; and in my own room I was free to try out all kinds of ideas. Once, I remember, I cut out a border of gay-colored calico and pasted it in a design on my white-washed walls, for I loved color—I still do. And always I said to myself, 'some day I shall have a

(Turn to page 74)

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice



It is in that fine human instrument known as the larynx that the greatest singer of all time... This diagram of the human vocal tract shows you the perfect development of the Hypo-Glossus muscle... The Hypo-Glossus muscle... developed... becomes strong... last voice retained... stammering and stuttering... never... help you.



EVERY normal human being has a Hypo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the PERFECT voice. They even Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, you can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by proper training.

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There is nothing complicated about the Professor's method. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. The exercises are silent. You can practice them in the privacy of your own home. The results are sure.

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State

Prof. Feuchtinger



The Rewards of Beauty in the Business World

(Continued from page 62)

enough to make good on that rash boast. An amazing amount of his time and thought was taken up with worry about one woman. And so he banished her from the country finally, saying that she "inspired thought in people who had never taken it into their minds to think before, or who had forgotten how." That woman was Madame de Staël, and even the decree of banishment did not destroy her influence. She was attractive to men not merely as a thinker but as a woman. They came to admire, and stayed to listen and think. She understood very well the power of charm, and she made the most of it.

It would be interesting to write a history with feminine beauty as its theme. From the days when the face of Helen of Troy "launched a thousand ships," down to the present hour, when a beautiful hostess in London or Washington carries her point with the statesmen at her dinner-table, the attractive woman has played a powerful—though often an unseen—part in shaping human destinies. And it will be so until the end of time.

Does this seem unfair? Are there those who will say that women should be judged by their minds, as men are judged, and not by their appearance? The average man finds out very early in business that appearance counts immensely, and that no first-class concern wants to be represented by an individual whose manner and dress do not proclaim success and self-confidence. My business friend says that any woman can be attractive if she really desires it, and I believe he is right. Life is a great game in which we are all players. To come up with the generous supply of natural talents; to most of us a rather niggardly supply. But the game is to see how much you can do with what you have got; and the player who starts with little and makes the most of that little, is a greater winner than the player who starts with much and adds nothing by effort and will to what he has been given.

The Woman Whose Dream Came True

(Continued from page 72)

house of my own, and it shall be beautiful and colorful and different." That was my dream. And now that dream has come true and I have my own house.

Later, when I lifted the knocker on the gay green door set with shining gold stars, and I saw the smiling face of the woman who speaks of it. For not all of us realize our castles in Spain so completely.

It is a very demure little house—"only twelve feet, six inches wide," Mrs. Goodnow will tell you, and delight in your surprise, for it does not seem narrow or constricted, so cleverly has it been arranged.

Color there is, too, in quite daring effects, as in the music room which occupies the entire third floor. Here, walls and woodwork have been painted a soft gray-green, as a background for a glorious red lacquer cabinet, curtains of glistering chintz showing bold crimson flowers, and a divan and several chairs upholstered in crimson damask. It is as brilliant and as satisfying as a cherry orchard in full fruit. The living-room is a warm gray cream, the color of a ripe peach; and the open velvet armchairs invite you to linger by the open fire, or to read by the sunny window.

But it is the dining-room that charms most, since to enter its silver walls on which are painted in very soft and delicate color all manner of quaint figures resembling the scenes on Oriental china, is like entering a new fairyland. Round the lower portion of the wall appears a garden fence with blossoms peeping through, and above is a picnic party resting under a tree, a laborer putting down a fence, a plum tree in exquisite bloom and a procession of lords and ladies.

It required a true artist to create that gay and delicate symphony of silver and pale color, just as it has taken a real home-loving woman to plan so cunningly arranged pantry and china closets built into the curves of the oval room. But then, that is what Ruth Rose Goodnow is—artist and homemaker, both of them.

A Little Book of Good Looks, with explicit directions for care of the skin, hair, hands and figure; and another booklet, "The House of Good Taste"—magazines for interior decoration by Ruth Rose Goodnow—will be sent, without charge, this month. Send stamped, addressed envelope to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 57th Street, New York City.



WHEREVER window shades are operating silently and faultlessly day after day, you may be sure they are mounted on Hartshorn rollers. They rise at your slightest touch; they lower and "stay put." They run straight and never "jam."

This is because a shade is only as good as its roller and a roller is only as good as its spring. Hartshorn makes all its springs and holds to one standard. They are the best that can be made!



On request we will send you with our compliments the latest edition of Mrs. Alice Barrell, Freese's "Shade-Careful Housewife's Encyclopedia," a book-let invaluable in home decoration.

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Lablaché protects your complexion! Use only a safe powder. Lablaché is safe—and is praised for over 60 years. Softly clinging—invisible. It is delightfully delicate and dainty. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50 cts. a box of druggists or by mail. Send for free samples.

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Does your disinfectant really disinfect?

NO DOUBT you regularly disinfect all those places in your home where germs can breed—those danger spots which soap and water alone can never make healthily clean.

Nowadays every careful housewife knows that this is a vital sanitary safeguard. She knows that she must purify those dark, damp or hidden places—sinks, wash bowls, toilet bowl, closets, refrigerator—all nooks and crannies where sunlight cannot purify. So in the modern home a disinfectant has become as indispensable as soap.

But—

Does the disinfectant you use thoroughly and effectively disinfect?

The effectiveness of "Lysol" Disinfectant in thoroughly destroying harmful germ life is proved by its use in leading hospitals everywhere. Years of demon-

strated results and unvarying uniformity have made it the standard disinfectant.

One reason for "Lysol" Disinfectant's effectiveness is its complete solubility in water. If you were to examine under the microscope a solution made by pouring "Lysol" into water and stirring well, you would see that every single drop is clear and transparent; there are no undissolved globules.

Each and every drop of "Lysol" Disinfectant solution (in proper proportion as given in the directions) has 100 per cent. germ-killing power.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is neutral as well as completely soluble. It contains no free acid nor free alkali. Diluted in the correct proportions, it is non-caustic.

All drug stores sell "Lysol" Disinfectant.

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COMPLETE directions for use are in every package. The genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant is put up only in brown glass bottles containing 3, 7 and 16 ounces; each bottle is packed in a yellow carton. The 7 ounce bottle also comes in a special non-breakable package for travellers. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.



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GERMS taken from an imperfectly cleaned nursing bottle may begin a fatal trouble for your baby.

The Hygeia Nursing Bottle has no narrow neck, nor *has it any angles*, where germs can take hold and propagate.

It is made with straight lines and has a wide mouth, so every bit of its inner surface can be reached and cleaned thoroughly.

The non-collapsible Hygeia breast is broad and flexible, and so like mother's that baby is easily weaned.

The new, improved Hygeia Nursing Bottle (in circle) is now on the market. *The Breast put over the cell easily—without effort.* The circular rib, midway in the Breast, prevents collapse. The new food-cell cover is now on sale. *Easy to adjust.*

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Mothers—Don't use the old-fashioned, dangerous, narrow-necked bottle

The narrow neck prevents cleaning. Every time you use it—over 2000 times a year—you are endangering baby's health and life.



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Every woman should learn. We train beginners, practical nurses, teachers, hospital nurses, and nurses by our exclusive Home-study Method. Leading Chicago system. Endorsed by physicians. Thousands employed in hospitals. Established 25 years.

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"A Lil' Girl in Lotta Trouble"

(Continued from page 70)

"Did you think I had vanished again as mysteriously as I appeared that night?"
"I wondered."
"I've looked in, from time to time, out there in front with Monroe. I seldom come backstage, and I particularly dislike the Willis woman."
"Is her going, or Mr. Johnson's, likely to hurt the play?" It was such a comfort to ask questions, at last, from someone who knew!

"Not at all. Best thing that could have happened. It's very fortunate they went of their own accord."
As she looked at this person who appeared to have so much natural dignity and so much influence, yet indulged so unceasingly in banter, a voice called, "Bill!" She saw that far back in the auditorium the door of the box-office was open, and the figure of Mr. Monroe stood silhouetted against that small rectangle of light. "Can you come to lunch with me?" the director called.

"Yes, in just a minute," her companion called back. Then he continued in his light, conversational tone: "I was taking a bit of a chance when I recommended you so strongly. But it has turned out well enough. When I saw you answer to the summons this morning, I knew you had it in you to act."
"But you haven't heard me read a line," she persisted.

"Oh, haven't I? There was an occasion when you quoted Shelley to me. I'm not yet deaf to the tones of a resonant voice. Anyhow, this is a rare opportunity, but it will do for your start on Broadway. They scoff, sometimes, at walking parts; but now they're so full of you that I almost forgot!" He drew some very legal-appearing papers from his pocket. "They had contracts ready for you and I brought them along. They're the regular thing—no trick clauses, no options. Only I wish you would let me know before anyone else gets you away with a starting contract."
"I will," she said, catching his tone of banter. "But isn't this salary rather large for my small part?"

He glanced over her shoulder at the clause to which she was pointing. "One hundred? No, that's what I suggested that they pay you. If you want to draw anything in advance, have Monroe introduce you to the auditor. And of course you're entitled to have your gowns supplied. Go to Morrisons. Monroe will try to pick out the one you own, but let the art director know the color."

"If it weren't for your telling me, I should believe a word of this," she declared. "It's all so fantastic—but you make it so plausible."

"You'll find the contract is real thing. Rendel has signed already. Very unbusinesslike, that chap. He's the one you want to know, or take the contracts back to the Old Ladies' Home and lodge it."
She borrowed the contract pen and signed, laughing as she did so. "I'm very unbusinesslike, too."

"I don't let theatrical managers know that, or they'll take advantage of you," he cautioned, handing her one contract and putting the other into his pocket. "Au revoir."

After he had gone, she unfolded the long sheet and looked at it again to make sure that magic hadn't changed it back to blank paper. But all the printed clauses were still there, and she read the first two names: "Katherine Prentice" and "William Rendel."

FROM a corner of the stage, Katherine watched them "strike" the scenery of the first act and replace it with that of the second. Through an open door in the scenery, she could see Jack Burke, a tall, lanky Irishman who was known as the best stage carpenter in America, watching every move, checking up every detail.

He came over to her now, carrying a beautiful antique chair that had been used on the set. "Better sit down," he said in his kind, fatherly way. "Can't have my girl getting all tired waiting every five minutes, can I?"

She smiled her thanks as she sat down, and asked, "Are they ready for the second act?"

"We are," he answered. "It's Miss Carlton with her gowns who holds up things. But we can't blame her, when she came into the cast late."

Apparently, thought Katherine, others beside herself were out of sympathy with Alice Carlton, the new leading woman.

"Did you see any of the first act?" Jack inquired.

"No, I was much too busy trying to get myself ready."
"I suppose so," he said indifferently. "But don't you worry. You're going to be all right. You'll be a pretty good. Glad we had our troubles early and get 'em over with. The cast's all right now. Have to hand it to the governor,

(From page 74)

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Written Guarantee to stop falling hair and grow new hair in 90 days—this new way

Van Ess—noted in laboratory research—announces amazing new discoveries in hair treatment. Results are remarkable—almost incredible. In thousands of test cases, made during the last two years, the Van Ess theory was proved over 90% correct!

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Why 6 Women in 8 Have Dull, Unattractive Hair

Van Ess traced the source of most hair troubles to a simple infection of a scalp oil called Sebum. Then it was proved this infection could easily be corrected. And as amazing evidence, that even where baldness had set in, dormant hair roots could be revived and given new life. Hair was actually grown in 91 test cases out of 100 treated!

Falling hair, dull, lifeless, uninteresting. Six women in 8 have it! The reason is infected Sebum clings to the scalp and destroys hair growth—mars, devitalizes. This new Van Ess

Note This New Way

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess Liquid Hair Massage is not a "tonic." You do not rub it in with your fingers. You package comes with a rubber massage disc. The disc is used as follows: Just insert bottle, rub your head, and slip it in a few minutes. It is then to be used down into follicles of the scalp. It is never easy to apply. One minute each day, one month.

method quickly overcomes it. It starts to act almost instantly. One need wait months to see results.

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Sebum forms at the follicles of the hair. Its natural function is to supply the hair with oil. Thus it serves a useful purpose. But it must be thoroughly removed at regular intervals. Exposed to air, it decomposes, forming acids. If neglected they irritate the tissue and the hair follicles. This is the cause of most hair trouble.

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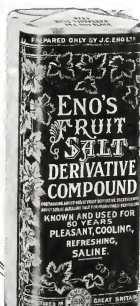
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START THE
DAY RIGHT
WITH ENO'S

"A L'il' Girl in Lotta Trouble"

[Continued from page 77]

the way he takes things so easy but has everything in shape at the finish."

"Mr. Monroe?"
"That old fuss-budget? I should say not! I remember. We always call him the governor. I've got a joy older than he is, but he's 'Governor,' just the same."

"You said the other day he'd be sure to come to dress-rehearsal."

"That's so. You're awful anxious to see him, aren't you? Well, he's on deck."

"Where?" She looked around eagerly.

"Oh, not back here."

"Why, I thought producers always rushed around madly at dress-rehearsals."

"Some of 'em, but not him. No, he's sittin' nice and peaceful in the back of the house out there—Jack nodded toward the curtain—"smokin' away on a big cigar, and the only time he ever lets out a word is when something's wrong."

So the great Renard was to see her at last, though Katherine. How terrible it would be if her acting evoked his criticism! Was the Prince and the too? It would be even more terrible if he witnessed her failure! She asked, "Is anyone else out front?"

"Sure. Mr. Alston and that crazy woman play agent and—"

"Mr. Renard's initials, I mean," she broke in eagerly. "Did you see a tall, good-looking—?" But just then Miss Carlton walked onto the stage, and Jack with a hurried, "Sorry; got to go," left her.

THE curtain went up immediately, and the act was on. How it sped along! They were almost up to her scene. She climbed the steps leading to a platform from which she was to make her entrance, through a door out to a landing, opened the door and walked into the soft radiance of shaded lights illuminating a room of refinement in which she felt herself quite at ease.

In a chair at the right of the stage, sat Miss Carlton, in her part as Rita, Roumanian princess, desperately in love with a young American business man and entirely unable to understand him. Katherine appeared as Mildred Brooks, a New York girl the prince's friend and to whom she had turned in her hour of perplexity. Mildred quietly explained to Rita that her lover's shy manner and his constant uneasiness in the novel situation; that he was used to the straightforward, companionable girls like her who had grown up and was only bewildered by the nuances of the princess's affection.

It was a scene of genuine feeling, beautifully expressed through the halting questions asked by Rita in her broken English and the tender, soothing assurances of Mildred. All through Mildred's speeches ran the undercurrent of her own love for the man, which the princess, absorbed in her own affairs, did not detect. She appeared to Rita as a simple, warm-hearted friend, one of the very ideal about whom she was speaking; but the audience was entirely conscious of her heart-breaking sacrifice.

From the moment that she first read the scene, Katherine had sensed its acting possibilities. She had known that she could play it well, and she did. From her entrance onto the stage, the interest of the audience was focused on her. She held it as she sat down on the edge of the chair and gathered Rita into her arms. All through the emotional climax, she dominated the scene, and at its end, as she turned and walked quietly off, from the scattered figures in the great auditorium, there came a sharp burst of applause. The unexpectedness of this—applause at a dress-rehearsal—startled her. She stopped, confused, in the darkness behind the scenery. A big, brawny hand seized hers, and Jack Burke's voice said, "You showed 'em."

The low tone in which he spoke reminded her that they were progressing with the next scene onstage. She was thankful for that; it gave her a chance to catch her breath. She squeezed Jack's hand, then, picking her way through the wooden braces, she hurried to her dressing-room.

She was moving about, trying to still the wild beating of her heart with the pretense of being busy, when there came a knock at the door. "Come in," she called, steadying her voice. Would it be Prince? No, the man whom the opening door revealed was Mr. Alston.

"That was a good performance, little girl," he said as she stepped inside.

"Thanks," she said quietly. "Won't you sit down?"

"Do you go on in the third act?" he asked as he took a chair.

"Then I won't keep you more than a minute." He was man of the theater enough to know the value of minutes' barga. "How would you like to work for me?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm not sure that I understand," she

[Turn to page 60]



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Sani-Flush cleans closet bowls! And nothing else. It works quickly, thoroughly, visibly. It does away with scrubbing, scouring, dipping of water.

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(162)



The Grand Prize

VACUUM CLEANER

'IT GETS THE DIRT'

A Comfortable Guest-Room

Good Taste in Decorating Will Create a Tranquil Retreat Both for Visitors and for Yourself

By Ruby Ross Goodnow

IF I were to record the things that have made me most uncomfortable in my friends' guest-rooms, I should not be invited to make any more visits. I shall try, therefore, to remember the things that have given me most pleasure in the hundreds of guest-rooms in which I have slept.

If you would like to see your guest-room as your guests see it, spend a weekend in it and keep a notebook and a pencil case beside you. Deny yourself the conveniences of your own room and try to live as your guests would live and you will be amazed at the things you discover.

A guest-room is such an impersonal place that it should not appeal to any one person, but must meet the requirements of many tastes and many habits.

If there is only one guest-room in the house it should be furnished with two single beds but if there are several, an old-fashioned double bed will be a luxury in one room. The bed should never be placed facing the window if there is any other possible space for it. If it is necessary to place the bed so that the early morning light will shine in the eyes of a guest, then dark window shades and a standing screen should be provided, because there are many persons who suffer acute discomfort when awakened by the light shining in their eyes.

An excellent rule in furnishing a guest-room, is to have nothing that will not be needed by the guests. This will make space for the guests' own belongings and will make the room tranquil and restful. It is most disconcerting to visit a house and to find the bureau drawers and closet filled with the hostess' belongings. If you really need the space that should be left for your guests' belongings, it is better to pack your possessions in boxes for the short period of the visit.

A small writing table with the proper equipment of blotters, stationery, inkwell, pens and pencils, is a great comfort in a guest-room. If there is a double bed, only one bedside table is required. When there are a pair of beds, if the room is small, they may be placed close together with a small bedside-table on the outer side of each bed. If the room is large they may be placed three feet apart with a fairly large table between them.

The bedside-table should hold a lamp which is high enough to give a good reading-light, a cigarette-box, ash-tray and matches, and a small closet if you have one. A bedside-table with a drawer is a great comfort, because many persons like a place to put their eyeglasses or watch at night. There should also be a space on which a small tray containing a pitcher of water and glasses may be placed at night.

One of the most charming guest-rooms I have ever known was as simple as a convent cell in appearance but it offered every possible comfort. The walls and ceiling were whitewashed. The woodwork was painted white. The floor was covered with a cream-colored matting. The heavy curtains were of very coarse white linen hanging from the top of the windows to the floor, and made full enough to draw. White

muslin curtains hung back of these white linen ones.

The furniture in the room was all of pine which had been stained very slightly with a grayish stain and waxed to a beautiful finish. A dressing-table made of an ordinary kitchen-table draped with white dotted Swiss stood between the two windows. The pictures on the wall were a series of old black and white engravings framed with white mats and narrow white moldings.

The only color other than white and the natural color of wood, was a light, bright yellow. The bedspreads were made of yellow-and-white checked gingham, and there was a standing sixfold screen which could be placed at the foot of the bed, covered with an old-fashioned yellow calico.

ANOTHER room I love to visit is in a house down on Long Island. The walls are covered with a gray paper with a gray polka dot. The woodwork is all white. The curtains are made of old-blue-and-white checked bedspreads and a large oval rug, woven of blue and white rags, covers the floor. The bed is an old-fashioned maple four-post one, so high from the floor that little maple steps have to be provided to climb into it. This bed is covered with an old-fashioned knitted bedspread and its canopy is hung with white dotted Swiss. A maple chest of drawers with a mirror over it, a small oval table and several chairs of maple complete the furnishings.

In a little cottage in the Connecticut hills there is a pink-and-blue guest-room and a green-and-yellow one. The pink-and-blue bedroom has its walls covered with a morning-glory paper, white with a gray lattice on which brilliant pink and red morning-glories climb. The window is hung with a pinkish red, dotted Swiss—just the color of the darkest morning-glories—and a dressing-table of the same Swiss has rows and rows of violet and blue ribbon running around its skirts. An old-fashioned washstand has been painted a rather deep sky-blue and furnished with wood, pitcher, and so on, of clear glass. The green-and-yellow room has a set of old furniture painted in light green and striped in yellow. The walls have a green paper, and the trim is painted yellow. The washstand is furnished with green glass bowl, pitcher, and so on, and lamps made of vases of the same glass are used. The wide boards of the floor are painted green, and the rugs full of flowers are placed in front of the hearth, the bureau, the washstand, and the fireplace. The curtains are of yellow chambray, much beruffled, and held back by old glass knobs.

Make your guest-room as pretty as possible, but keep out the bric-a-brac, the bridge prizes, and Christmas presents. No one enjoys being lodged in a curiously shop yet that is what many guest-bedrooms resemble. Put in only those things that will contribute to your guest's comfort and it will be a source of delight to your friends and a tranquil retreat for yourself between visitors.



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Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....
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Dark red..... light blonde..... blonde.....
Name.....
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"A Lil' Girl in Lotta Trouble"

[Continued from page 78]

answered, turning a chair to face his and sliding into it. "Don't you think this play will be a success?"

"It may be and again it may not. I never can tell about the things Rendell puts on. They drive me crazy; can't see the actors half the time, with those dim lights—but some people fall for them. Anyhow, no matter what happens to the play, we're talking about you. I'll put my cards on the table. I think you've got some abilities. You can't expect too much money at first, but it'll do you a lot of good to have my training, and afterwards I'll pay more. The first year you'll get seventy-five."

KATHERINE looked up and found the Prince standing in the doorway, smiling quizzically. "Don't mind me," he said in the bantering tones she knew so well. Mr. Alston whirled around at once, and she could feel the tension between the two men. "I see you're actually trying to steal our young lady," the Prince said. "You might at least have waited until after the opening."

"When she's made a hit, and everybody else is trying to get her? That wouldn't be very smart. Katherine realized, as Alston frowned these words, that she disliked him even more than she had that day in his office. She glanced toward her to summarize. She felt strangely detached, as she sat there listening to the two men arguing about her, but she was glad to realize that the Prince was her champion.

"No, it wouldn't be a little bit," he said sardonically, "but it wouldn't hurt either. Rendell's your theater. I've booked it now, but after all, it's my play and my company. She glanced toward her with a complexity as he went on: "The silly part of it is that you're offering her less than I'm paying her. Did you think that a blate of footlights was going to make up the difference?"

"You never were a good business man, Rendell!" Katherine reached out and grasped the table at the Prince's elbow. So that's who he was! It was all so obvious now. She wondered that she had not suspected before.

The Prince glanced over at her and winked. "So I told Miss Prentice," he said as Mr. Alston rose and moved toward the door. "She's not much of a business woman either, but I darsay she knows enough not to take your offer. Not when I'm going to do so much more for her."

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," growled Mr. Alston from the doorway. "I've certainly got the right to talk to the young lady—especially when she's been in my office asking for a job."

"What's this?" The Prince looked at her sharply, but before she could answer, Mr. Alston went on: "Sure. She's one of Miss Anderson's girls, came to me weeks ago with a letter of recommendation, and I've had my eye out for her ever since."

"Ah, but Mr. Alston was her turn to speak now, and she found both men looking at her, the one curious, the other annoyed that she should have picked him up so quickly in his subterfuge—"you never could see me when I was in your office, not even that day when you were so eloquent about 'a lil' girl in lotta trouble.' Remember, when you were talking to the playwright?"

"No, I don't," Alston barked, thoroughly angry as he saw them both smiling at his incredulity. He whistled and dismissed them.

"A lil' girl in lotta trouble! There's a quotation that's not in 'The Golden Treasury,'" Mr. Rendell laughed as he came over and stood beside her. Now that they were alone, she suddenly became embarrassed. She blushed furiously, and her eyes fell.

"You never told me you were an actress," he said. "And all the time I've been so clever, suggesting that you go on the stage. Do you call that nice?"

She twisted her fingers in and out. Then she forced her eyes up to meet his. "But I'm not a nice, sweet girl any more, I P—"

"No. You have progressed. You're an honest-to-goodness actress, all right, and Katherine Prentice will soon have all the fame you want. You're at the very clouds of glory, there will be at least one man who will still want to think of you as a lovely girl with sweetest eyes."

"And is that man, by any chance, a celebrated person named William Rendell?" There was a catch in her voice, but she managed to smile up at him.

"Whatever they call him, to you he's Bill."

"He might have admitted it before. He could have done so much to cheer up 'a lil' girl in lotta trouble'."

"He has. But he's going to start in now and make up for lost time. How about supper as soon as you're through tonight?"

She smiled through tears of happiness. "That'll be grand."

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Headed. Easy to operate extra money during spare time. In the privacy and comfort of home. Dozens of thousands of women are each knitting dozens and dozens of dollars worth of stock every day. Gearhart Knitter, receiving substantial checks for the sums given to him in knitting work.

Added to. Don't you want to add to your income? Isn't there something you want, that makes your regular income a trifle? A new fur coat, some extra furniture, a new car or other little luxuries? You can have them by knitting Standard All-wool Hosiery on the Gearhart Knitter during the long winter months to come.

Kept at hand. The Gearhart Knitter is very simple to use and easy to operate. It is a simple machine, simple to use through the long winter months. Gearhart Knitter is very simple to use and easy to operate. It is a simple machine, simple to use through the long winter months.

Original, simple, and ready to knit. The Gearhart is the "Original" simple knit-physician's order; you can knit in your own home. It is a simple machine, simple to use through the long winter months.

Workers. We will gladly send you a copy of our book, "How to Knit with the Gearhart Knitter." It is a simple machine, simple to use through the long winter months.

Golden Rule to Knitters. Don't you want to add to your income? Isn't there something you want, that makes your regular income a trifle? A new fur coat, some extra furniture, a new car or other little luxuries? You can have them by knitting Standard All-wool Hosiery on the Gearhart Knitter during the long winter months to come.

Writes us today. Dept. at once to turn over your time into money.

GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
1113 West 4th St., Clearfield, Pa.

The Jolly Roger

(Continued from page 52)

and lost no time in dressing. As he buttoned his collar, he heard splashing close at hand.

Instantly he reached up, unloosed the painter, which had been tied in a land-lubber's knot, cast off the rowboat and, sculling—just a sound, passed into the safe and depths shadow of the headland. As he lay there on both oars, listening, he heard the light thud of two wet feet on the shelving after-deck, heard the padding of those same feet up the incline and into the starboard cabin. Surely the man would strike a light aboard now. But there came no gleam, not a sound. One thing was evident; the man aboard the *Marie Hallett* had not yet missed his rowboat. He seemed to be a long time dressing. But the time must be near when he'd look for his boat and find it gone. Gray decided to see how the man was going to behave about it and, after sculling cautiously to within a cable's length of the *Marie Hallett's* afterdeck, lay on his oars, waiting.

Finally he heard footsteps on deck, and made out a dim form approaching the rail. He could just distinguish the head and body of a man. Gray, however, as though searching for the boat which should have been alongside. Presently the figure grew more certain, and he saw that it was the man he had caught sight of him where he lay on the edge of the headland's shadow. "Well, so," he called out, "Marie Hallett, scarce raised his voice from a conversational pitch:

"Aboard the wreck! Is this your rowboat?"

After a silence, "Yes," came the answer in a low, hoarse voice.

Gray, facing the wreck, paddled slowly toward it. When he had drawn close enough to catch him he was able to make out a curly-headed youth in a refer, resting both arms on the rail and looking down at him in silence.

"My son, do you think you have any business aboard that boat?"

"It's only a wreck. I went swimming."

The youth did not stir when he leaned with folded arms on the rail, his face a pale, indistinct spot in the gloom.

"Well, son," Gray said, "I suppose you want your boat."

"Yes, I do."

"Very funny, I have no right to bully you. But if you'll give me a little information I'll make it worth your while."

"What information?"

"To begin, then; do you live here?"

"No, but I was born here."

The boat had drifted close to the wreck. Gray, resting on his oars, looked up at the pale blot of a face above him.

"Do you know where the old Hallett place is?" Gray asked.

"Yes."

"Did you know the family?"

"Yes."

"Did you know Marie Hallett?"

After a moment the youth said: "Yes. If you wish to know something about her throw me that painter."

"I promise you'll know more than you know now."

"Do you know where she is?"

"I do. And so shall you if you'll throw me that painter and take me aboard."

"Come aboard, my son. I'll hold the boat."

The youth, standing in the scuppers, was up and over the rail as a swallow breasts a hill, and the next second was seated in the stern. And the next second was looking intently at Rudolph Gray over the sights of an automatic pistol.

(Continued in the December McCall's)



BEFORE
Photo of Mrs. Grace Horcher, 652 Michigan Ave., Chicago, before getting into the new dress; weight 237 lbs.



AFTER
Mrs. Horcher just four months later, showing what 116 lbs. reduces records did for her; weight only 160 lbs.

From 234 lbs. to 160

"I had just about given up hope when I heard of Wallace" said the lady whose pictures appear above. "I had tried everything for reducing without success, but Wallace's records have made me a normal woman."

surely as heat and cold works on the thermometer.

Wallace's reducing record for the first week's reduction will open your eyes! Don't you want it? Isn't it worth a trial that costs you nothing? That's Wallace's offer! To show you inside of one week results that will settle the weight question for all time! *Send no money.* The trial is really free. Let the scales decide whether you want the course! Fill out this coupon—and prepare for a wonderful surprise!

This case should convince anybody that Wallace has really solved the problem of overweight! Seventy-four pounds reduction in four months; a bulky figure re-proportioned; with new health and activities.

No Starving—No Punishment

Mrs. Horcher will tell you she had tried everything from fasting and Turkish baths to drugs and mechanical devices, and could scarcely believe her eyes and feelings as Wallace's delightful method started her superfluous flesh to flirly melt away. You don't starve; you don't study tedious books or go through any irksome regimen. Just a natural, enjoyable method done to music—that works as

Mail This Coupon to WALLACE
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Bring First Lesson Free
—Record and All!

Please send me FREE and PREPAID for 5 days' free trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my first reducing lesson. If I am not perfectly satisfied with the results, will return your record and will neither owe you any cent nor be obligated in any way.

Name _____
Address _____

Whooping Cough
Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza

A household remedy avoiding drugs. Creosote is vaporized at the bedside during the day. It is the best remedy for whooping cough, the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup. Children often complain of sore throat or cough.

Vapo-Cresolene
Send for descriptive booklet HA. For sale by Druggists

THE YAPCO-CREOLENE CO.
62 Grand St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

ROUGH ON RATS
The secret of killing rats
Rats won't eat food they know has killed other rats. That's why ordinary rat poison fails. Rats remember from one meal to the next. But Rough on Rats is mixed with other foods, a different food each night. This food kills. Rough on Rats economically exterminates rats and other pests. Use it in homes, on farms and general areas. Send for free booklet.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist
Newark, N. J.

DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

BUNIONS
SEND ON TRIAL
I want only the best for my feet. I have tried many bunion cures but have not found one that gives me relief. I have heard of your "Bunion Cure" and I want to try it. Please send me a trial bottle of your "Bunion Cure" and I will pay for the rest when I am satisfied.

WANT MORE MONEY?
Our agents make big profits on soap, extracts, spices, toilet articles. Repeat orders every day. Our free samples sell best. Write Ho-Ro-Co. Manufacturing Co., 136 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Having Fun With Your Money
(Continued from page 34)

concentrated longing: "How I wish I had a barrel of it!" So there we are!

I think, deep in our souls, of some one who has had a barrel of it, and we have a very clearly defined idea in the backs of all our heads as to exactly what we could do that would give us the maximum of pleasure in the spending of it. My own personal experience is the criterion by which I mostly live in this world. Personally, I have had as deep joy as I could find words to express, upon a few occasions when I spent money purely for self-gratification; but, in the long run, the abiding joy, the thing that smooths the rough path and lights the way, is the fun I have had spending money on my friends, the things I have been able to do that had really been of benefit to my fellow men. And I believe that this is quite true of everyone in this world whose earning capacity has been sufficiently large to enable them to see how much fun they could get from it.

The Cream of Distinctive Quality

Even "Rushed to Death" you can keep your skin lovely

Harassed by duties you may be, but you aren't too busy to keep your skin clean and beautiful.

For it needn't take you any longer than it does to give a good soap and water washing, when you use Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. With "D & R" you cleanse your skin of both surface and pore dirt and at the same time supply it with natural elements every skin needs.

A DAINTY LITTLE GET ACQUAINTED TUBE MAILED FREE to any one wishing to see how beautifully and simply this cream cleanses the skin. Address Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 2068, D & R Building, New York.

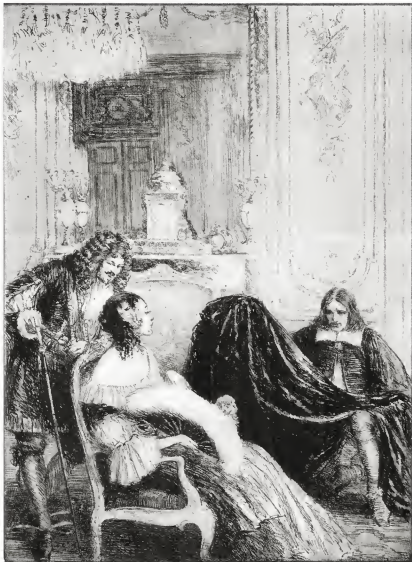
At least once a day smooth this soft cold cream over your face, neck and arms, leaving it on a few minutes. Then wipe it off on a cloth and your skin will be clean, soft, radiant. Occasionally massage a second coat of "D & R" into your skin to bring out even greater beauty.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. In tubes 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

The Last Hurdle

[Continued from page 72]



GAY SILKS ATTIRED THE BRILLIANT COURT OF LOUIS XIV

FRANCE, during the reign of *le Grand Monarque*, was supreme in Europe. Beauty and luxury combined to make hers the most brilliant court the world has ever known—a court in which lords and ladies vied with each other in the magnificence of their dress and the splendor of their jewels.

Gorgeous silks from Italy and the Orient were spread at their feet and silk merchants searched the very corners of the earth for cloths which would win for them the coveted patronage of court favorites.

Today, the glory of Louis XIV lives only in history, the elaborate costumes of his court are replaced by modern fashions, but beautiful silks are still the favored fabrics of the gentlewoman.

As of old, the raw silk grows in the land of the mulberry, but America weaves and dyes her own silk materials, so that the woman who would be sure of *enduring quality* in her gowns, linings, and lingerie need only look for our guarantee mark, "Belding's," on the selvage.

Belding Bros. & Company, 902 Broadway, New York City.

Belding's

Fabrics, Embroidery, Spool Silks



powerful a hunter as she had ever seen. He had the devil in him too. She could see that. "Whose horse is that, Phil?"

He laughed. "That's Werhaway—belongs to the Carberrys. He'd win the steeplechase if anyone could hold him to the course. Bert says however, that he's not going to risk his own neck, or anyone else's. Werhaway is a fool horse, can take a five-foot fence one minute and blunder into a two-foot wall the next."

It was all just horse talk, but to Evelyn it was the language of heaven. They watched Phil's groom put Farewell through her paces. Evelyn was enthusiastic. "She's a beauty, Phil. Couldn't I try her later in the afternoon? But you must take me back to the box now. They will think—well, let them think."

They did ride that afternoon. A couple of miles out of town they left the road and took to the open country. Evelyn put Farewell at a hedge and the beautiful little chestnut took it perfectly in stride. The exhilaration of it all flooded through Evelyn until she knew that the meadows were gay, the woods greener, the winding dirt road more mysterious and the sinking sun lovelier than she had ever known these things to be, gay, green, mysterious and lovely before. After an hour they crested a hill and stopped to survey the country they had crossed.

It was familiar ground. The two of them had ridden over it before, many times before. A hundred memories hurried in procession through Evelyn's mind, each happier than the one before but all falling in the end into an abyss of unhappiness. Phil's face was averted, but even in profile she could see the sadness in it. Life had not been very kind to Phil, and for all of his *savoir-faire* and apparent indifference, he was the sort who could be hurt.

He leaned over and gently took her hand when he saw tears starting into her eyes. "Come on; we'll go back, Evelyn," he said. "Life's a rotten deal, isn't it?"

She thought how George was always combating this idea that "Life's a rotten deal." She wished someone were there now to declare it wasn't a rotten deal. But she didn't want George. His hair would be all rumpled up, and he would seem too young to know whether life was rotten or not.

They walked their mounts back toward the city. They weren't talking now. There did not seem to be anything to say.

Lights had begun to sparkle here and there against the blue of the evening when they came out upon the road. Before turning their horses' noses backward, they stopped for one last look at it all. Up there on the hill the light-filled windows of Carter Tavern glowed warmly, red-yellow.

"Evelyn?" Phil had been thinking. "I suppose we must keep away from each other. You've found a chance to be happy, and I'll have to forget that there isn't anything somewhere in the world. I'll leave London to you. That's only fair; but tonight—"

"Don't say anything more, Phil; please." She put her hands to her face. "Tomorrow morning I shall ride your horse in the ladies' hunters, and in the afternoon I shall watch you win the steeplechase. And then you shall tell me good-bye and let me go back over the ridge to my little white house." She was weeping now.

"But tonight he was going to dogeedly, we shall have dinner up there at the tavern, as we did then—remember? After that we'll ride home under the stars. And we'll be gay and happy, won't we, dear? Come on."

He put his hand on her bridle because she could not see to it. It's a beauty of a night. Evelyn. Come on—let's have a run."

THE Sherandoah House, an inadequate country hotel, was two blocks up from the midtown station. A group of men sat outside, drawing hard upon big cigars and tilting their weather-beaten chairs back against the ledge of a huge play-little window. In the lobby was a solid bank of men just like the ones outside.

There one might hear that Miss Nancy had bought Foxlove from the Carberrys and that Kitty Langdon had the ladies' hunters before the first jump, and that Ted Bland would give Tillian the surprise of his life in the steeplechase. This last brought forth an argument, and a bet was placed at the desk.

The room clerk took the money and laughed. "Tillian will win," he said. "—say if it were your gentleman's race and the Carberrys could hire a professional jockey to ride Werhaway, it'd be different; but there ain't none on no road enough to stay with Tillian's horse."

A young man who had forced his way to the desk waited until the clerk had decided the steeplechase result and then claimed his attention. Something had gone amiss. The young man insisted that a mes-

sage must have been left for him, and the clerk was quite as certain that none had been left. "I can have the lady paged for you again, sir," he offered.

"I've done that about fourteen times already!" The young man stood there a moment in the open and watching the lady back from the forehead, palpably worried. "Have you a private telephone downstairs? Where?"

The booth was hot, but the perspiration upon his brow was stimulated by impatience rather than heat. "Hello, Hello, Hester, it's Mister George. Will you ask your mistress if I can speak to her."

Hester's voice over the phone was difficult. He gathered that the mistress had "gone and went somewhere" over the mountains. "No, sir, no; telegraph come after she got an 'Ambrose give it to de pos' office to mails her."

George hung up the receiver. One could see determination return to him. It was a pronounced characteristic. He straightened up and took the receiver again. He knew where Evelyn was. "Operator, could you get me Green Hedges, please—Miss Boland?"

It was a brief conversation. Miss Nancy said that Evelyn had not come in yet. Could he come up?

George was sorry that he couldn't. In fact he didn't know what he could do, now that this had happened. Evelyn had gone back to her own and had gone alone. That was all he could think about. Her sort of people, horses and hunting and the Virginia hills were more to her than a Yankee man she had loved up north. He'd show her that he too belonged. He'd do something that would.

George's thoughts were so confused that for a moment he did not notice the little clerk "brass button" who was to be and drawing his name through the lobby. A hand upon his shoulder brought him back to the present. "Good, you've come down, George. I would not have asked it if I didn't have something to offer."

"Oh, I did mind," said George. "You see, my home is only a few miles over the ridge. I wired my wife to come over." The older man watched him intently and closely and the scrutiny made George uncomfortable. "Well, do you want to tell me your plans?"

Mr. Holden had made his own wealth. But now he was trying to forget all that and keep his mind on the asking now. He'd a little time. "Well, if you haven't dined, we might drive out to a little tavern. Nothing fit to eat in this place. I was there last evening. It's only a few miles out."

Holden's car took them quickly through the town and out upon the trailing road. It was dusk, a greenish twilight. George lay back in the seat and gave monosyllabic replies to questions.

"Holden—what's the matter with you, George?"

"Nothing, nothing," said George quickly. "Mr. Holden, what should one say for a really good burner?"

Mr. Holden leaned back in disgust. "He shouldn't pay a cent. He should say his money for golf balls. You'll go back to Sulphur with me, of course, George. One of the prettiest courses I ever disgraced."

CARTER TAVERN had once been a mansion house, and the dignity still clung to it. A long driveway descended from the road, and one upon the left side of the road led to a tall column down and far away into the purple gloom. They were told that the little room was the sun-parlor, but they still had but that there were only two or three in the main dining-hall. They would be quite alone over in the coromoro.

George tried to be polite through dinner. He did manage to give a report on the race. Indeed he was, but his mind was in another living-room than the one which he described so minutely to Mr. Holden. He saw it clearly, a small room to take the dampness from the night, a group of people, real people, some dressed for dinner, a few still in riding-clothes, lounging comfortably about—a buzz with horse-show talk. They were interested. And probably on the table sat Evelyn, clasping her neck, content, except for a gasp now and then, as if she thought of her Yankee husband, who didn't belong. That would be Green Holden tonight.

George realized that Mr. Holden was talking now—yes, about a new place down here. "I can't say," he said. "Lots of things I must do, and I want to enjoy spending part of this evening with you."

"By the way, George," Mr. Holden reached in his pocket—"I might as well give you that. We agreed upon it, I believe. I'm going to make it ten because I think so highly of a job well done."

George did not attempt to conceal his delight. "It's a sort of stake for us, Mr. Holden. You don't know how much it

[Turn to page 102]

Honeymooning in the Alps

THEY stepped out on the little balcony for their first look at the Alps in the moonlight.

"They are wonderful," she sighed.

"Not so wonderful as you—"

"—and so beautiful," she added, leaning against his shoulder.

"Not so beautiful as you," he added fervently. "You are always so complete, dear. Entirely aside from your pretty clothes—you always have such a flower-like skin, and there is a faint perfume about you too, like a flower—"

She glanced up shyly. "I like our honeymoon," she said quaintly.

For "Instant Beauty"

EVERY well-dressed woman today realizes that she must pay as much attention to the appearance of her skin as she does to her costume. These are women who appreciate the Pompeian Instant Beauty Quartet. The Quartet consists of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (a rouge), and Lip Stick.

Apply according to the following order:

Distribute the Day Cream over the skin, covering every exposed surface. It vanishes as soon as used, leaving a delicate coating as a foundation for powder and a protection against the weather.

Apply the Beauty Powder next, distributing over face and neck with equal thickness. This powder is exceptionally soft and delicate, and adheres with remarkable tenacity.

Next select the right shade of the Bloom and blend on the cheeks in the normal places. The Orange Tint gives a more natural tone when blended with the Naturelle or Rachel shade of Beauty Powder.

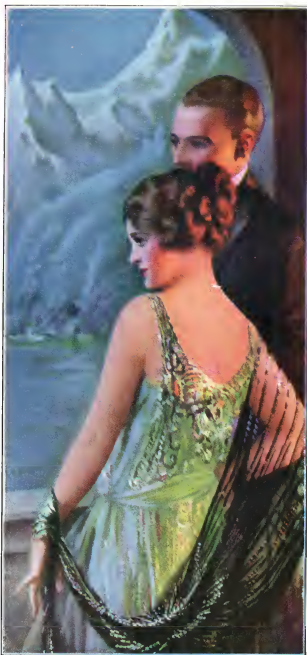
The Lip Stick gives the slightly heightened tone to the mouth that is called for by accentuating the color in the cheeks with rouge. It is of a natural tone and of a consistency neither too hard nor "salve-like." Chisel-pointed end for easy, accurate application. Dainty telescoping gift container.

POMPEIAN DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	25c each
POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM (cold cream)	60c per jar
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE (a talc)	25c per can

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2021 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
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Day Cream · Beauty Powder · Bloom



GET THIS NEW 1924 POMPEIAN ART PANEL

"Honeymooning in the Alps"
and four Pompeian samples;
sent for ten cents

This newest and most artistic of the Pompeian art panels is now offered for the first time to the readers of this magazine. The picture, done in pastel by a famous artist, has been faithfully reproduced in the rich colors that impart to the original the very atmosphere of an Alpine night.

Above, the upper portion of the panel is shown in its beautiful coloring. At the right appears a small illustration, giving the form of the complete panel. Actual size is 28 x 7 1/2 inches. For 10 cents we will send you all of these!

1. The 1924 "Honeymooning in the Alps," Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in an art store.)
 2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
 3. Sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder.
 4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
 5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.
- Clip the coupon now.



A Powder and Rouge Chart for Various Types of Women

By MME. JEANNETTE

I have been asked many times about when to use certain tones of powder and rouge together. Though there are always exceptions the following rules are safe to observe:

The Pink-White Skin

The "pink" blonde, certain "brunze-haired" women, and the brown-haired, blue-eyed women with pink flesh tones can wear to advantage Flesh or Naturelle Powder at night—and in most cases use Naturelle, The Medium shade of Pompeian Bloom is used.

The Creamy Skin

The ideal Spanish type has the skin that has been likened to "magnolia blossoms." We find many women of this beautiful type in the United States. And if a woman of this type is clever she accepts her skin as a mark of beauty and makes the most of its beauty.

The Naturelle or Rachel shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—with medium rouge—gain the desired effect on this type of skin.

The Light Olive Skin

Gray eyes, hazel eyes, green eyes, or blue eyes accompany this skin. It is a skin that may be very "neutral" looking, or may have the greatest vivacity of all. If it is kept in healthy condition, it lends itself to more effect than any other.

In the daytime this type should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Some of these women can use the Rachel shade; all of them require Rouge. The new Orange tint is the most effective for such women.

At night this type can use any shade of powder they want—except *White*. They should always strive for warmth of tone. These women can use a very light "make up" at night—or a very vivid one if they are skilful.

The Dark Olive Skin

This woman is fortunate if with the dark olive tone of her skin she has a very clear skin. Rachel Powder was especially made for her. She can use it lavishly and thus get the effect of great smoothness and clearness even if she hasn't naturally.

The woman with this skin may have a lot of "gold" color in her skin. If she has she will find that Pompeian Orange Bloom brings out the warmth and glow that no other tone will do. But if she has rather the more definitely "olive" tone she should use the Dark shade of Pompeian Bloom and get the greatest degree of beauty from the gifts the gods have given.

The White Skin Type

Certain auburn, or red-haired women, some ash blondes, and raven-black-haired women generally have the white skin that is almost opaque in its whiteness.

Such skins—at night only—can be powdered in varying degrees of thickness, with Pompeian Beauty Powder, the White shade.

The blonde and red-haired women should use with this powder the Light shade of Pompeian Bloom, placing it as nearly as possible in the manner of natural coloring.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES,
2021 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

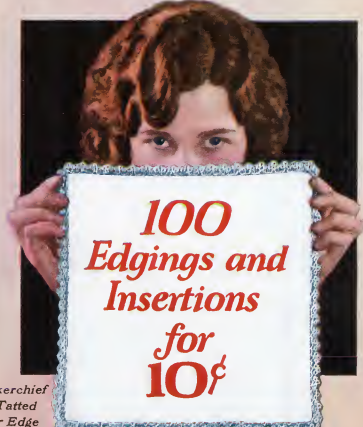
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

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Edgings and insertions are ideal "pick-up" work for odd moments and there is no end to the ways you can use them—for lingerie, household linens, children's clothes, curtains, etc.

Even beginners will find it easy to follow our simple, clear instructions for these pretty laces and can feel assured of their beauty and durability if they are careful to make them with Clark's O.N.T. Mercerized Crochet—preferred by all experienced needleworkers because of its superior lustre, strength, and smoothness.

If your dealer cannot supply you with Clark's O.N.T. Book No. 19, send us Ten Cents and we will mail it promptly.

THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY
Dept. 167, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Be sure to purchase

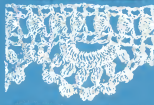
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MERCERIZED CROCHET



Wild Rose Basket Design



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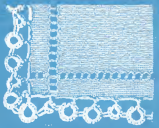
Shell Lace made with Coarse Cotton



Feather Lace



Interlaced Edge



Hit-and-Miss Tatted Edge



Handkerchief Fringe



Shell Scallop Lace for Hard Usage



Detail of Crochet for Library Table Piece



Venetian Lace and Insertion



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I am enclosing Ten Cents for Clark's O.N.T. Book No. 19

For November Days and Evenings Paris Sends
These Contributions To The Mode



THE OUTLOOK

By
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

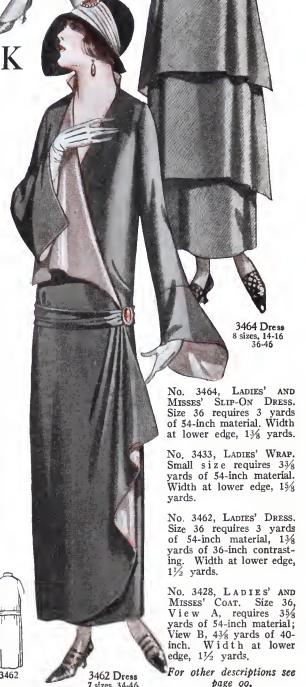
THE avenues of New York are a-glitter and a-swirl with clothes and with people who come to buy, to look, to gratify curiosity. If one would see all, one must be argu- cycled. And what does one see in the crowd and the press and the splendor of it all?

Here are the gleanings of a reporter's quest for news, the glimpses of out- standing facts that shine at one from the shop windows, that show themselves on the mannequins, that are exploited and sponsored by those who govern our clothes.

May I run them over to you, rather breathlessly, so that you may get a composite picture of these new fashions that sparkle and flash in the November sunshine?

There are cloth frocks, first. They multiply themselves in delightful ingenuity. They are the fashion of the hour. Of that, be well assured. Ribbed cloth with a fine silken luster builds the majority of them. It is a new weave in which the American manufacturer de- lights. Velvet is used for the more im- posing of these frocks, serge comes into the line where practical values are sought; duvetyne drapes itself softly into afternoon gowns; broadcloth and wool rep are both seen.

[Turn to page 88]



For other descriptions see page 99.

New Details Hold Our Interest in the Straight Silhouette



3364 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Ensl. No. 1055



3461 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

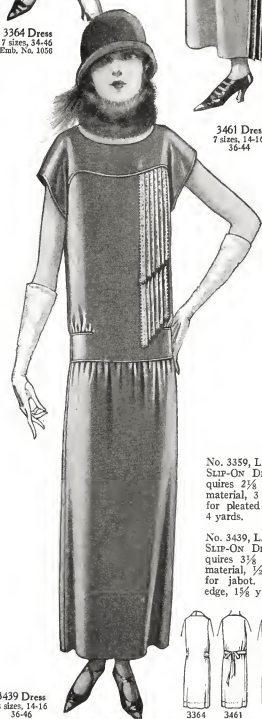


3436 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
16-44

3359 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-42



3434 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44



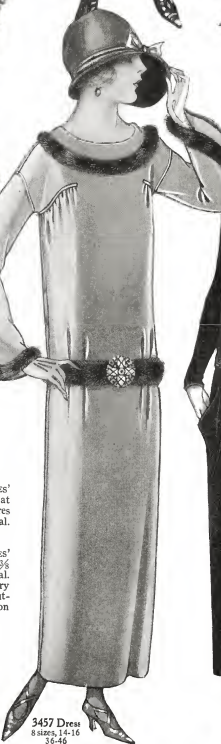
3439 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

No. 3359, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, 3 yards of 40-inch for pleated sections. Width, 4 yards.

No. 3439, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material, ½ yard of 18-inch for jabot. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3457, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; closing at left shoulder. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 3458, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1065 in darning- and out-line-stitch would be pretty on neck and belt.



3457 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46



3458 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Ensl. No. 1055

Velvet and Ribbed Fabrics Build Many Frocks This Season

No. 3448, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material, ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting. Width, 2½ yards.

No. 3381, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, 1¾ yards of 36-inch. Width, 1½ yards. A fitting decoration will be found in the braiding design Embroidery No. 819.

No. 3348, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch velvet, ¾ yard of 40-inch for sleeves. Width, 1¼ yards. Especially charming in velvet and chiffon.



3448 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
35-42

3381 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
35-44
Emb. No. 819

3348 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
35-44

3459 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
35-46
Emb. No. 1200



3432 Dress
9 sizes 34-51

No. 3429, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch figured, 1½ yards of 36-inch plain. Width, 1¾ yards.

No. 3432, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards.

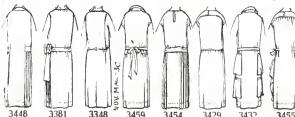
No. 3454, LADIES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36, 3¾ yards 40-inch chiffon, 2 yards 40-inch velvet. Ribbon flower from Embroidery No. 1187.

No. 3455, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. Single stitches in wool develop Embroidery No. 1309.

3429 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
35-44

3454 Dress
5 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1187

3455 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46



To Dispense With the Belt Is One of the Artful Things
Some of the Latest French Frocks Are Doing



3448 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42
Emb. No. 1188

3426 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50
Emb. No. 817

3459 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1287

3436 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3457 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 992

No. 3458, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 3/4 yards. To brand your frock is most smart, and Embroidery No. 1272 furnishes an excellent design.

No. 3459, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Very much in vogue is the Chinese monogram which may be developed from Embroidery No. 1267.

No. 3457, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, 1/2 yard of 18-inch lace. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Embroidered flowers in heavy silk or wool may be worked from Embroidery No. 902.

No. 3436, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch, 2 yards of 4 1/2-inch contrasting, collar and cuffs, 1/2 yard of 36-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3448, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 2 1/2 yards. Cross-stitch in two or more colors would be exceedingly pretty worked from Embroidery No. 1163.

For other descriptions see page 98.

3424 Dress
4 sizes, 14-20
Emb. No. 1075

No. 3424, MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 2 3/4 yards. Branding is lavishly applied on many frocks, and for a smart effect Embroidery No. 1315 is recommended.

[Continued from page 85]

SUCH frocks are tiered and pleated and plain of skirt. Bodices are slight and tight, bloused and sagging, or joined to the skirt with an ornamental seam as near the hips as grace permits. Apron fronts and narrow sashes that tie in back continue a fashion of last spring. Sleeves are long and conspicuously tight in most of the popular gowns. They are wrinkled like a mousetrappare glove by one designer of power; they are snugly fastened at the wrist or extend to the knuckles. Does this mean that the sleeveless armhole must get itself an appendage if it would be in fashion?

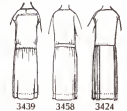
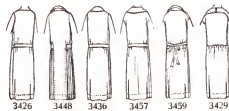
Has the straight silhouette been retired, you ask? It has not. The obstinacy of smart women keeps it in power, but the clothes-makers have invented a dozen details to lend to it an air of novelty. The fabric makers have woven the new stuffs so softly that flounces and pleats and panels do not give circumference. They do not produce bumps and curves and bulges. They cling to the figure.

[Turn to page 85]

3439 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1296

3429 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

3458 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1072



Where Lines Are Straight, Pleats Are Pressed Into Service;
Where They Flare, Flounce and Tunic Appear

No. 3424 Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch. Width, 2 1/2 yards.

No. 3461 LADIES' AND Misses' DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3434 LADIES' AND Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3427 Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. For trimming, a Chinese monogram motif from Embroidery No. 1267, is suggested.

No. 3420 LADIES' AND Misses' Dress. Size 16, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch; sleeves, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3466 LADIES' AND Misses' Dress. Size 16, 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, 2 1/2 yards. The closing may be emphasized by braid using Embroidery No. 1130

No. 3430 LADIES' AND Misses' Dress. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch; contrasting, 1 1/2 yards of 12-inch; collar, 3/4 yard of 27-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards.



3424 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20

3434 Dress 7 sizes, 14-16 36-44

3461 Dress 7 sizes, 14-16 36-44

3427 Dress 4 sizes, 14-20 36-44

3430 Dress 10 sizes, 14-16 36-50



3429 Dress 7 sizes, 14-16 36-44



3464 Dress 8 sizes, 14-16 36-46



No. 3464, LADIES' AND Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1313, a Chinese design, worked in several colors would give the desired Oriental touch.

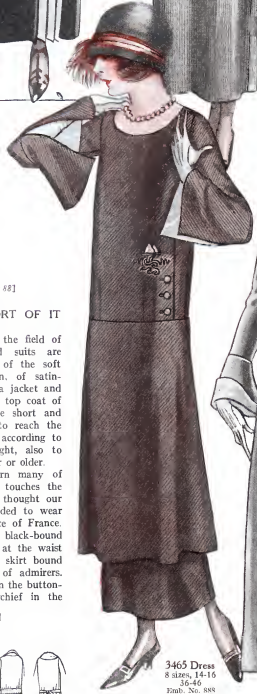
[Continued from page 88]

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

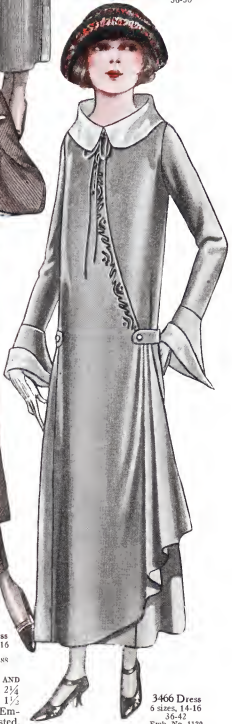
ROCKS do not usurp the field of street dress. Tailored suits are made of velvet, of any of the soft ribbed cloths, of duvetyen, of satin-crépe for those who like a jacket and skirt that can go under a top coat of cloth or fur. Jackets are short and jackets are long enough to reach the knees. Take your choice according to your dimensions and height, also to your desire to look younger or older.

Quantities of fur adorn many of these suits, but it rarely touches the severe kind that we once thought our own, but are now persuaded to wear again through the influence of France. The gray tweed suit with black-bound edges, short coat fastened at the waist with one button, wrapped skirt bound with black has its host of admirers. When they stick a flower in the button-hole and a gay handkerchief in the

[Turn to page 87]



3465 Dress 8 sizes, 14-16 36-46



3436 Dress 9 sizes, 14-16 36-42

No. 3465, LADIES' AND Misses' Dress. Size 16, 2 1/4 yards 54-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Braiding from Embroidery 888 is suggested.

Emb. No. 1130

The Overblouse Is of Velvet, Satin or Silk for Fall



Photo by Campbell Studio

Posed by Irene Castle

Corticelli Satin Sa-On reveals its dual nature in the interesting bands on this new jabot frock.

When Irene Castle chooses a frock

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No. 3009, LADIES' SLIP-ON Blouse. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 1 3/4 yards of fur banding.

No. 3334, LADIES' JACKET Blouse. Size 36, 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch. Elaborate in effect is the darling-stitch trimming from Embroidery No. 1314.

No. 3435, LADIES' Blouse. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and 5/8 yard of 10-inch contrasting. In two shades of satin with a finish of braiding such as Embroidery No. 1056 offers, this blouse is charming.

No. 3147, LADIES' SLIP-ON Blouse. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch chiffon, 1 yard of 36-inch taffeta. To finish neck and sleeves, Embroidery No. 1073 is suggested worked in beads or diamond-stitch.

No. 3361, LADIES' SLIP-ON Blouse. Size 36, 1 yard of 36-inch figured and 1 yard of 36-inch plain.

3009 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3334 Jacket Blouse
6 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1314

3435 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1056

3147 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1073

3051 Blouse
8 sizes, 34-48
Emb. No. 1108

No. 3051, LADIES' Blouse. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Braiding is most fashionable and may be developed from Embroidery No. 1308.

No. 3450, LADIES' SLIP-ON Blouse. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36- or 40-inch material.

3361 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44

3361 3450

3450 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

Cloth Frocks for the Street Are Welcome in November

No. 3430, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch plaid, 1½ yards of 9-inch plain material and ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3466, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 2¾ yards. Suitable for davey, broadcloth or rep, as well as satin or velvet. A narrow fur banding adds greatly to the smart effect.

No. 3426, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLEEP-O-S DRESS; closing at shoulders. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for waist and 2 yards of 40-inch contrasting for skirt. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. Silk and cloth may be combined, or two different silks.



3430 Dress
10 sizes, 14-18
16-30

3466 Dress
6 sizes, 14-16
36-42



3426 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-30



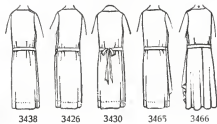
3438 Dress
6 sizes, 34-44



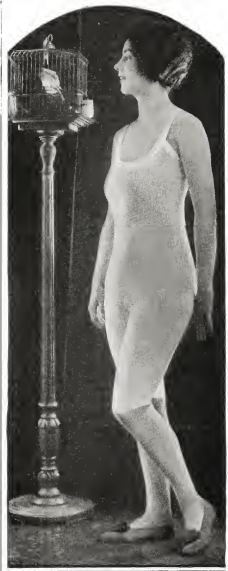
3465 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

No. 3438, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 48-inch material and 1 yard of 18-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards.

No. 3465, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with apron tunic. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1½ yards. A lovely model for cloth or silk.



3438 3426 3430 3465 3466



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3343
Coat and Hat
8 sizes, 1-12

3437 Dress
6 sizes, 2-12
Emb. No. 352

3355 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 352

No. 3343, CHILD'S COAT AND HAT. Size 6 requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch.

No. 3437, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 4, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch; inset, 3/8 yard 3 1/2-inch, which may be braided using Embroidery 352.

No. 3355, GIRL'S MIDWY DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch; collar, 3/8 yard of 36-inch. A midwiy dress is hardly complete without the U. S. flag emblem which Embroidery No. 833 furnishes.

No. 3225, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, 3/8 yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 3213, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; collar, 3/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 3246, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; collar, 1 3/8 yards of 27-inch.

No. 3456, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material. Colored embroidery on collar, sleeves and applique pockets would be effective if worked from Embroidery No. 1297.

3225 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3213 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3245 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1257

No. 3245, GIRL'S SLIP-ON Dress. Size 10, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch, 3/4 yard of 30-inch. An initial worked in satin-stitch may be carried out from Embroidery No. 1257.

3456 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1297

3453 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1297

No. 3453, GIRL'S SLIP-ON Dress. Size 14 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The Chinese motif will be found in Embroidery No. 1267.

3456 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1297

3453 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1297

3245 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1257

3246 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3343 3437 3225 3355 3213 3245 3456 3453 3246

The Schoolgirl Mode Is Entirely Charming

3375 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1178

3376 Coat
6 sizes, 2-12

3362 Cape
6 sizes, 2-12

3449 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3452 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

3453 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14

No. 3453, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3376, CHILD'S COAT. Size 6 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3375, GIRL'S TUCKED DRESS. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Very dainty in crêpe de Chine if trimmed with sprays from Embroidery No. 1178.

No. 3437, CHILD'S DRESS. Size 6 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material. Serge worked in French knots from Embroidery No. 1232 would be charming.

3427 Dress
6 sizes, 2-12
Emb. No. 1228

No. 3449, GIRL'S TUMPER DRESS. Size 10 requires 2 yards 36-inch material, 1½ yards 40-inch for guimpes.

No. 3451, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. Lazy-daisy-stitches develop Embroidery No. 1240 into attractive trimming.

No. 3456, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 14, 2¾ yards of 40-inch. A monogram for which Embroidery No. 1252 is suggested may be used.

3451 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1256

No. 3452, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12, 1½ yards of 54-inch, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

3376 3375 3449 3437 3453 3452 3451 3456



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3344 Infant's Set
 2½ to 3½, 3½ to 4½, 4½ to 5½



3357 Romper
 5 sizes, 6 months to 4 years



3431 Teddy Bear Suit
 5 sizes, 1-6



3351 Apron
 6 sizes, 2-12
 20th. No. 1576



3321 Suit
 4 sizes, 8-14



3360 Blouse
 5 sizes, 2-10



3310 Suit
 4 sizes, 1-4



No. 3344, INFANT'S SET; all garments opening on a shoulder. Dress requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material; petticoat, 1 yard of 36-inch; pinning-blanket, 1½ yards of 36- or 40-inch; shirt, ½ yard of 27-inch. These garments may be finished with sprays from Embroidery No. 848, eyelid and scalloping from No. 991.

For other descriptions see page 95.



3305 Infant's Set
Elastic waist, 2½-3½
size, 217

No. 3431, CHILD'S TEDDY BEAR SUIT; coat, trousers, cap and mittens. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3341, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE ROMPER. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. For other descriptions see page 60.



3431 Teddy Bear Suit
5 sizes, 1-6



3341 Romper
5 sizes
6 months to 4 years



3287 Suit
5 sizes, 1-6



3309 Suit
4 sizes, 8-10

3286 Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

3291 Suit
4 sizes, 4-10

Colors that are fast against weather and washing

It guarantees: "If you article made of Indian Head fails to give proper service in the fastness or wearing of Indian Head colors, we will make good the full cost of the article."

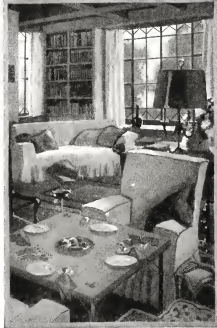
INDIAN HEAD is now made in 18 fast colors and white. Its weight, weave, and texture together with its resistance to sun and washing make it an ideal material for such things as hangings, slip covers, runners, card table covers, lamp shades, pillow covers.

Indian Head in white and colors is also used for table embroideries, table cloths, and napkins. It is durable, effective and launders well.

Fast-color Indian Head is made in 18 colors, 36 inches wide, and is sold for 50 cents. If your dealer cannot give you the colors you wish, write us and we will see that you are supplied. All 18 colors conform closely to the Textile Color Card Association colors.

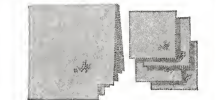
White Indian Head is woven 18, 27, 33, 36, 44, 54, and 63 inches wide and sells from 25 to 75 cents a yard.

"The Girl Who Loved Pink" gives full color range and over fifty every-day uses for Indian Head. It is sent free upon request.



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Parkhill Fine Gingham
Lancaster Kalbrosie Gingham



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Ready for Bed



are made of our hygienic fabric, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from unbleached cotton, with some soft wool.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and also the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give the unique *Soft-Knit* feeling.

The hygienic qualities are spun and knit into Dr. Denton fabric.

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. Our washing process avoids stretching. Dentons do not shrink but keep their original shape.

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child, even if bed covers are thrown off.

Our patented, extra-full seat provides ample room in seat and crotch.

Elastic outside seams, collars double thickness, strong buttonholes, facings all stayed. Fabric is a mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. Each size is amply proportioned.

Made for children up to fourteen years old. Prices low for the quality.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Name is on neck hanger. Our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment. Sold in over 5,000 Dry Goods Stores.

If you cannot get them from your dealer, write us.

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New Designs for Christmas Gifts and Winter Frocks That You Can Stamp With a Hot Iron On Any Material

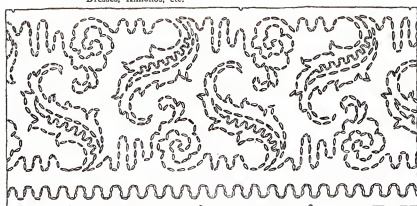
By Elisabeth May Blondel



1316—Darning-Stitch Motifs in Lace Effect



1317—Chrysanthemum Sprays for Dresses, Kimonos, etc.



1315—Braid or Darning-Stitch Border for Dresses, Blouses or Coats



1314—Darning-Stitch Border for Dresses, Blouses or Coats



1318—Corner Motif for Card-Table Cover

1315—Transfer Pattern for Darning-Stitch Motifs. Includes 7 squares 8 x 8 inches, and 8 corners 8 x 8 inches. On a pillow and scarf of black sateen, either light gray, silver or gold is effective, using wool or heavy silk floss or cotton. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1317—Transfer Pattern for Chrysanthemum Sprays. Includes 2 large sprays 12 x 10½ inches, 4 small sprays 9½ x 5½ inches. Work flowers in lazy-daisy-stitch with French-knot centers, leaves in single stitches. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1318—Transfer Pattern for Card-Table Covers. Includes 4 corner motifs 4½ x 8 inches, and 1 motif each of heart, diamond, club and spade sprays about 7½ inches across, with a patch design for each. Use red patches on black sateen, embroider as described in pattern. Price, 25 cents. Yellow or blue.

1319—Transfer Pattern for Small Baskets. Includes 2 each of 6 different styles, largest 5½ x 4½ inches, and 6 of the smallest size illustrated on napkins above. Full directions. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

1316—Transfer Pattern for Braiding or Darning-Stitch. Includes 4 borders, 2½ yards 12½ inches wide, and 7 yards of ½-inch border. Suitable for broad, wool or heavy silk floss. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

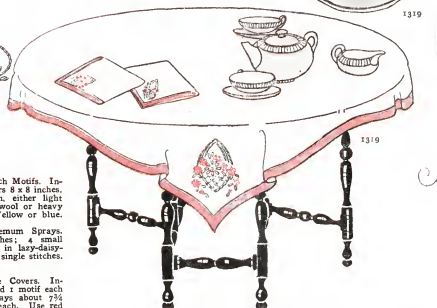
1312—Transfer Pattern for Darning-Stitch Border. Includes 4 yards of border 8½ inches wide. Develop in wool or heavy silk floss, working broken lines in darning-stitch triangles in satin-stitch. Price, 35 cents. Yellow or blue.

1314—Transfer Pattern for Flower Border. Includes 2½ yards of border 10½ inches wide. Use embroidery wool or heavy silk floss in color to match material, or contrasting. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

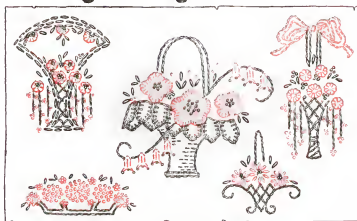
1313—Transfer Pattern for Chinese Borders. Includes 2 borders, 2½ yards of wide border 7½ inches deep, and 7½ yards of narrow ½-inch border. Embroidery fully described. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



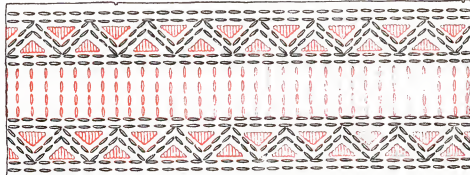
1319



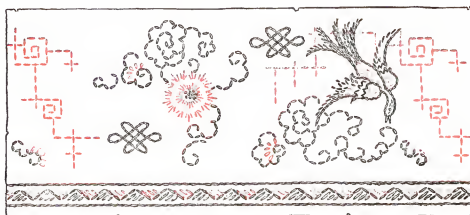
1319



1317—Assorted Baskets for Underwear, Children's Dresses, Tea-cloths, etc.



1315—Darning-Stitch Border for Dresses, Blouses or Coats



1313—Chinese Borders for Dresses, Blouses or Coats

Embroideries in Cotton and Wool for Household Linens, In Braid, Beads and Ribbon for Dress Trimmings

By Elisabeth May Blondel



1303—Butterfly Motifs for Three-Piece Vanity Scarf

1304—Design for Bedspread

1305—Butterfly Motifs that complete a decorative set for the Bedroom

1304—Transfer Pattern for Butterfly Bedspread and Bolster. Design measures 24½ inches long and 56 inches across; bolster design is 25½ inches across and 7½ inches deep. Use unbleached muslin, linen or satin, and develop in gay colors. The embroidery is in outline, lay-drapé, satin, button-hole, darning-stitch and French knots. Pattern describes colors. Price, 40 cents. Blue.

1306—Design for Pillow



1306—Transfer Pattern for Pillow. Double-bird design measures 25 inches across and 14½ inches deep. Suitable for a pillow 18x30 inches, which may be made either from black satin or satin, or from white, cloth or patterned colored linen or poplin. Develop in brilliant embroidery woods, working in button-hole, outline, and satin-stitch. Pattern gives detailed directions. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1307—Design for Scarf Ends

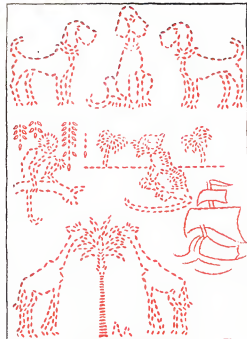
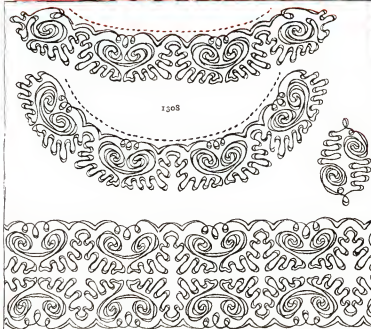
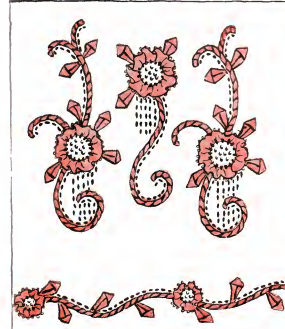
1307—Transfer Pattern for Scarf Ends. Includes 2 designs, each 12 x 12 inches. Matches Pillow Design No. 1306. To be developed in embroidery wools of different colors on black satin or satin, or on a light colored linen or poplin. Edges of scarf to be finished in hemming of two colors. Full directions in pattern. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

1305—Transfer Pattern for Butterfly Bedspread. Matches Bedspread Design No. 1304. Includes a pair of butterfly pillows and a pair of aprons for three-piece scarf illustrated above and the following for table cover or curtain, etc.—4 corner motifs 8½ x 9½ inches; 2 aprons 28½ inches long, and 8 small aprons 5½ x 2½ inches. Pattern describes colors and embroidery stitches. Price, 25 cents. Blue.

1309—Transfer Pattern for Dress Trimming. Includes 3½ yards of border 6½ inches wide; 6 yards of border 1½ inches wide. These borders, developed in darning-stitch and French knots or beads, make an effective decoration for a dress, blouse or coat. Work in two contrasting colors, or in any one color, or entirely in black. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



1311—Transfer Pattern for Ribbon Motifs and Borders. Includes 4 triple motifs 13½ x 14½ inches; 4 yards of border 1½ inches wide. A new touch of style is given to the dress that is trimmed with flower motifs made from gathered ribbon with centers of French knots, and leaves of ribbon tabs. Darning-stitch and rolled ribbon complete the stems. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



1311—Ribbon and Embroidery combined in dainty style for trimming dresses.

How to Obtain McCall Kaumagraph Transfer Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Transfers. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 238-240 W. 37th St., New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

1310—Small Motifs that make delightful trimming for Children's Dresses, Rompers, etc.

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If you want to make a dress or a pair of rompers, underwear, bedspreads, table covers, luncheon sets, window curtains or anything else that you might sew at home during your leisure time, be sure to use Bartons Double-Fold bias for binding and trimming.

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To further emphasize one of personality with an individual color throughout the toilette, all of the following world-renowned PIVER odors—
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CHAS. BAEZ, Sole Agent for U.S. 118 East 19th Street, New York City

The Outlook

[Continued from page 85]

breast pocket, they think themselves quite smartly attired for the hours spent in the street. A felt helmet hat goes with it and more than once, goes a manny fat umbrella with an amber handle inlaid with traceries of silver or one of teakwood inlaid with designs of mother-of-pearl. Such are the new ornamental touches borrowed from China, which the French dressmakers, backed by the government, have succeeded in putting up in place of Egyptian fashions.

OVERBLOUSES ARE REALLY MAGNIFICENT

You would be astounded at the power and glory of the faithful blouse in this procession pageant of fashion on the avenues. It is no longer a Cinderella in the ashes. It rides in a golden coach. The reason for its present elevation into a garment of splendid fabric is the effort of clothes-makers to induce women to return to the ways of their mothers in wearing such blouses to restaurant dinners and card parties, to theaters and luncheons. Gold lace, Chinese brocade, printed and embossed velvet, Roman-striped metallic tissue, white duvetyne sumptuously embellished with peacocks, butterflies and dragons, Persian brocades superbly girdled at the hips, are the things that flash in the eyes under the commonplace name of blouse. These are to be worn with separate skirts different in color and texture, but carefully and wisely different, mind that. The two garments can be joined in a haphazard manner.

Running as a side companion to these blouses is the separate skirt that will make them possible. Satin, duvetyne, broadcloth, moire are the fabrics most often chosen for these skirts. They are gathered, tiered, flounced or pleated. Do as you will, but don't drap them.

FUR HEAPED ON SPORTS COATS

All the plaids of the Highland clans are shown in topcoats. Striped borders give way to the insignia of Scotland. The fabrics used in such great coats are thick and heavy, yet soft and easy to carry when walking. Gray and faint blue makes one of the best plaids, topped and cuffed with squirrel. Brown and beige and yellow carry red fox or seal collars and cuffs; smoke fox and badger are used wherever the colors ask for them. The important thing is that peltry embellishes the service coat.

In cut and swing these new coats suggest the loose and graceful ranel, named after the Britisher who invented it. The sleeves are more often set in than not, however, which makes for a neater line on a woman's shoulders.

It's to be a fur year. Short jackets are offered for the half-cold autumn days of beige caracul, the natural color; of broad-tail trimmed with ermine; of summer ermine and Hudson seal. Black velvet circular caps of the kind worn in France last year, are lined with white ermine and worn for afternoon and evening.

MILLINERS BEG FOR BIG HATS

In the present of clothes the small turban and the best brimless helmet bob elatedly along as though they had not done the same thing for twelve months. They will be worn, but against the milliners' will. Large hats of the cavalier type flash into vision as the newer thing. Plumes sweep from beneath their wide brims. Coolie hats, sponsored by Lanvin, of Paris, along with mandarin coats, are of black velvet with lacquer red tassels from the peak of the crown. Travelers brought these home from China and used them, ingeniously, as lamp shades. Now they serve the purpose for which they were built.

Orchid feathers, long or bunched into fantastic shapes, insist upon being seen and regarded as a leading fashion. Metallic corsair turbans carry their own pendant earrings. Silver choli is made much of by milliners. The embroiderers use silver, too, but not as much as lamp shades. Now their influence commits us to whatever is gilded.

DESCRIPTIONS FOR PAGE 88

No. 3426, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; 16 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Width, 1 3/4 yards. Braided daisies from Embroidery No. 987 might be placed effectively where skirt and waist meet.

No. 3429, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; sleeves and tunic, 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 3439, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; 16 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Width, 1 3/4 yards. Entirely novel are the ribbon flowers on the sleeve which Embroidery No. 1296 offers.

"Will it wash?"
 That's the ONE big question.
 Says PETER PAN
 When you buy gingham with my name on it you need not ask questions. For wetting and washing will not hurt my rich and delicate colors—my charm, is upon them, and the colors will hold their beauty for the life of the fabric.
 Seems too good to be true, doesn't it? But it is true. Every yard of gingham that bears my name is insured by Henry Glass & Co.

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 To meet or replace any
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34 large and beautiful samples FREE
 They will have your order promptly filled by a reliable retail house. When writing for these free samples, be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells Peter Pan.

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It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musteroil breaks up colds in a hurry, but it does its work gently—without the blister. Rubbed over the throat or chest, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of Musteroil on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

To Mothers: Musteroil is now made in a milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musteroil. 35c and 65c jars and tubs; hospital size, \$3.

The Musteroil Co., Cleveland, Ohio

MUSTEROIL
 WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Our Monthly Dressmaking Hints

By Marjorie Kinney

Supervisor of Clothing, School of Household Science and Arts, Pratt Institute

Bound Buttonholes

WELL made bound buttonholes are a real decoration to a dress, often the only trimming in these days of simple, smartly cut gowns. These buttonholes are easy to make if care is taken from the first step. First mark the place for the buttonholes on the garment with a thread as that shows on both right and wrong sides. On the right side baste a piece of material (the facing) over

narrow buttonholes but loosely woven, heavy materials like ratine must have large, wide buttonholes. Stitch around buttonhole on the lines on the paper as shown in Figure A, about one-eighth of an inch either side of the center. Cut through the center to within one-eighth of an inch of the ends and cut diagonally to each corner.

Remove the paper on the wrong side and draw the facing on the right side through the opening to the wrong side to form a binding. Draw each end back close to the stitching and haste this facing in place, hasting from the right side to keep an even width binding, Figure B.

Figure C shows the wrong side as hasted. Tiny pleats are formed at each end of the buttonhole by the facing. The buttonhole facing should be trimmed and carefully pressed at this stage.

Figure D shows the edge of the garment turned back to cover the buttonholes and form an underfacing. Turn the edge on the hasted line and haste around each buttonhole to hold it in place. Cut through the underfacing for each buttonhole, and hem the underfacing back to the buttonhole, turning the edge in with the point of the needle as the hemming is done. Figure E, The underfacing should not be sewed down to the dress; the buttonholes hold it in place.

Figure F, the last, shows the right side of the buttonhole finished.



Fig. A



Fig. B

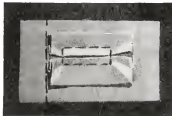


Fig. C

the buttonhole mark. Place this material right side down. A true bias is generally used as it makes a flatter buttonhole, but whatever grain of material is chosen, all the facings must be cut on the same grain. These facings may be cut from contrasting material.

An easy way to make sure all the buttonholes are exactly alike in size is to draw

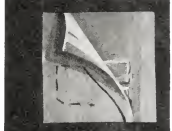


Fig. D



Fig. E



Fig. F

lines representing the buttonhole on a piece of paper and haste this paper mark to the wrong side of the buttonhole. Generally, bound buttonholes are made about one-quarter of an inch in width but this will necessarily depend upon the material. Closely woven materials may be made into



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INCORPORATED
LION SQUARE WEST, NEW YORK

DESCRIPTIONS FOR PAGE 85

No. 3460, LADIES' AND MISSES' SIZES/VELVET JACKET. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 2658, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3220, LADIES' PLEATED SKIRT; attached to camisole. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material; camisole, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, 2 1/2 yards.

No. 3203, LADIES' EVENING DRESS; with camisole. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch for camisole. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 3189, MISSES' Dress (suitable for small women). Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, 4/5 yard of 16-inch lace. Width at lower edge, 1 1/4 yards. A girdle of ribbon roses adds the finishing touch to this dainty frock. Embroidery No. 1157 may be used for roses.

No. 3435, LADIES' BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Any desired monogram in oval form may be worked from Embroidery No. 1257.

DESCRIPTIONS FOR PAGE 94

No. 3357, CHILD'S ROSEBUD. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 3431, CHILD'S TEDDY BEAR SUIT. Size 3 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 3351, CHILD'S APRON. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 32-inch material. Any little girl would love applique chicks on her pocket. Embroidery No. 1050 may be used for them.

No. 3321, BOY'S SUIT. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3360, BOY'S BLOUSE. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch striped material.

No. 3310, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, 3/4 yard of 32-inch contrasting.

DESCRIPTIONS FOR PAGE 95

No. 3305, INFANT'S SET. Dress requires 1 1/2 yards of 30-inch; cape, 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch; sacque, 3/4 yard of 27-inch. Bib and booties also included in set. To scallop cape, Embroidery No. 317 may be used, and to trim dress, sprays from No. 696 would be dainty.

No. 3287, BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material, 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3309, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT. Size 12 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 3291, BOY'S NORFOLK SUIT. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards of 48-inch material; collar, 3/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 3286, GIRL'S COAT. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.

Dogs That Tree and Stay

(Continued from page 35)

Eating for Health

she amended brightly, "I think it would be a castle on a hill-top somewhere, with walls around it. I've always wanted to look at the descending sun from hill-tops—it's in my blood, somehow."
"And jewels?" asked Ritches."
"Why, of course. One doesn't think of those, does one? They are necessities, merely."
A white line drew around Marroson's mouth. "Necessities—merely!"

He heard little of the conversation which followed, turning on the psychological effect of various settings, on Carheart's memories of strange countries—of many things.

He was recalled by his wife's slender figure, standing, in a shimmer of gold-cloth and gauze, beside her chair. She had risen to leave them to their tobacco and coffee. "I'll join you in the lobby a little later," she was saying.

It was dusky in that spacious library with its deep woods and somber hangings where the lights were turned off in favor of the spring twilight that drifted through the open windows. It seemed to Marroson that never in his memory had he seen days of spring been more poignant, their subtle charm more achingly keen.

"Carheart," he said dreamily, with dry lips, "I asked you out tonight for a reason."
"Yes?" the other answered quietly.
"Did I need it?"

His host flushed. "I need help—and of all my acquaintances you are the man with the clearest head. I need it because once that to take chances was the breath of life to you."

"Chance is the last thing left for thrill when one has exhausted the earth."
"Carheart," said Marroson abruptly, "tomorrow I need a million dollars—and you are my only hope."

The other smoked in silence for a pregnant moment. He flicked the ash from his cigar with a jeweled finger. The lids of his eyes were down, but the iris was beginning to shine like foxfire in the dark.

"Only?"
"Absolutely."
"Since you ask for this trifling amount, it will not be amiss for me to ask how and why, will it?"

"Absolutely not. It is for a simple and not dishonest purpose in that we consider the element of chance. M. I. C., Incorporated, is sound."

"As you know, I am responsible for its organization and my faith is in it—my heart and effort have been in it—and worst of all my funds have been in it. But for once in my career my judgment has been un-sound. I went deep into Argentine, Consolidated, M. I. C. capital, and you know what happened last week to Argentine. Tomorrow a loan will be called—and if I cannot meet it, I go down." The speaker paused a moment caught his breath with a just audible sound, then went on:

"And, worse still, my name goes down. That is bad. My heart is sick for those who have trusted me in good faith, with their money, but that is nothing, that shutting out the light of the universe for me is—"

he hesitated—"my wife."
She swallowed and Carheart heard the actual effort of his dry throat. It was this physical distress that made his voice rash.

"All else I could bear," he said, "but that last I cannot. She is my obsession, my idol, as you know, and Paradise is her sacred shrine. The Priestess! If her temple comes to ruin and disgrace, what will do to her? She has never let a breath of trouble in her life. Carheart, use that imagination of yours now, for God's sake! Tide me over sixty days and M. I. C. will be safe. We have securities that can be turned next month, or on the day of grace. Chance and you are Chance's friend. Think, Carheart."

He fell silent, his strained eyes on the tip of Carheart's cigar which glowed red in the dark, died and glowed again.

The clock on the book-shelves ticked away the minutes, and Carheart thought—such thoughts as Marroson could not dream of!

Tomorrow, if he did not help, Marroson would be smashed, done-for, with the shadow of oblivion across his future, oblivion for him in the world that he knew. As for his wife—life offered few examples of incomprehensible grief. The woman with the pigment-lacking hair, like white-gold in the sun. . . . His quick vision pictured a blue hair in a southern sea, little breezes blowing Periz's gauze draperies against her slender body—

He raised his eyes, and Marroson saw them shine like stars, like a cat's, in the flare of a match.

"I am very sorry," he said evenly, lighting a fresh cigar. "But my judgment. My imagination has defeated your purpose. You should not have invoked it. Allow me to thank you for a pleasant evening."

As he rose from his chair, there came the soft rustle of a curtain flung aside, and Periz's slim figure shone palely against the darkness.

"Forgive me, beloved," she said, "but I could not help hearing. I was resting in the alcove. And I have become very well listened-to. I have learned of life in these few moments!—We are sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Carheart, but we will not need your help."

She moved very lightly to Marroson and put her two hands on his shoulders. She forced the other man's eyes earnestly.

"Always," she said, "you have loved and guarded me, fulfilled my lightest wish. I have never taken your word, and your care for granted, your love as a precious right. Do you think for one moment my dear man, that that is so simple? Do you think I cannot be a woman, standing by her man?"

Marroson could not speak. He hit his lips and swallowed at the lump that filled his throat.

"When the world smiles we are happy, having each other. Shall we be less in adversity, still having each other?" I know what such a crash would mean—do I think I shall sit under it, or be crushed.

"But the crash will not come. Here is the money—worth a lot of money? Maybe half the amount you need—and there are the motor cars—and here—"

She touched the jewels at her breast, spread out her ringed hands, Marroson's trembling hand found hers and closed upon it like a vise; he tried to speak but his lips once more refused. He moistened them again and again.

"It is too good for any man to ask," he muttered. "The ghostly change the poverty—"

But the woman laughed in the dusk, a sound as of shallow waters over golden sands.

"It's all in the day's work," she said; "it's life. We have honors and obligations—"

"you to your stockholders, I to you, both of us to each other, my grandfather was an Autis—and the Autisies never quit, man, mate or dog-pack, as he used to say. It's in the blood."

She turned to Carheart where he stood shadowlike among the shadows.

"We hid you good night, Mr. Carheart," she said sweetly. "Maybe I'll see the sunset from a cabin—on a hilltop yet. My breed harks back to the rugged mountains anyway. I have a hankering for bounds that is not explained in any other fashion."

Carheart smiled, shrugged his shoulders.

"And—the necessities?" he asked curiously. "The jewels—and gowns?"

"It's all in the day's work, on a wooded slope, could one? The necessities have changed within the hour, Mr. Carheart. They are necessities and obligations now. Once more, good night and—good-by."

Five minutes later Carheart, rolling out through the great gates in his blood car, his plover hand tapping a tattoo on his knee, frowned at the night.

"This is the bite alone," he muttered, "these leaning lilies—they do sometimes astound the world. And I'd have given five times a million for her!"

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It is also delicious on the morning toast or muffins, or with the breakfast cereal. It makes the most delicious cake filling you ever tasted! And besides its appetizing charm, it is a healthy aid to digestion. It's simple and very economical to make with

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

- Mother's Gelatine Spread
- 2 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/2 cupful orange juice
- 3/4 tablespoonful syrup from orange peel
- A few grains of salt
- 1 cupful Karo Syrup (Red Label) or any clear stall syrup.
- Soak gelatine in strained orange juice for five minutes. Set cup containing this in boiling water. When gelatine has softened remove cup from hot water and stir in syrup, salt, and liquid from orange peel, leaving in refrigerator until it congeals or reaches a spreadable consistency.
- Mix the orange peel liquid by shaving off the yellow rind of 5/8 orange (do not use the latter white part), add 1 cupful cold water; cover and boil about ten minutes. Drain and use this liquid as directed above.

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much
larger
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The Last Hurdle

(Continued from page 1-2)

means. Wait until I tell Evelyn." Then strangely he wasn't delighted. He wasn't even happy. "He watched the other's search for a pen. "Oh, give it to me tomorrow," he said lifelessly. "It doesn't matter. I think I'll take a look from the sun-porch back here."

He stood in the doorway a moment and stared out into the night. It was black now. The murmur of voices came from the far end of the porch, figures there in the shadow. His attention went to them until his eyes accustomed themselves to the gloom. Every tendon in his body drew up tight and his hand trembled on the door. His head seemed to be whirling in ever widening circles. He couldn't believe it was Evelyn, but it was. He knew it was. Yes; he listened—just half-aloud words: "But that's gone, Phil. We can't recapture that. It just doesn't happen. Don't try any more, Phil—please! Can't I ever be happy?" She was weeping.

The deeper note of the man's voice, not quite audible. Then Evelyn again: "Yes, that's true. Perhaps he isn't like you or the rest—or like me. I don't suppose he'll ever. . . ." The words blurred. . . . "But riding is not the—Phil! What's that!" She seized his arm, and he supported her.

"I heard nothing," Evelyn. Where?" "Oh, I don't know. Perhaps I'm going crazy; but I thought I heard him call me—George, I mean."

George had a pen when he returned to the table. "You know, Mr. Holden, believe it or not, I checked tonight. Ten thousand—It's splendid of you."

An hour later he stood at the wide door of one of the stables in a picked-up conversation with Bert Carberry. Yes, he remembered a remark about Carberry and a certain horse named Whereaway. The hotel clerk had made it.

"You are the owner of Whereaway, aren't you?" he asked. "I'd give a lot to see it."

Carberry looked him over. "Come on," he said. "A man who's horse all his life, and ahead of the field any time he wants to be. But pretty near—crippled a couple of grooms and broke a shoulder. Why he didn't break his own fool neck."

A negro broght out a powerful black and removed the like of that broght out. "What's wrong with him?" asked George. "He is a beauty! I can see that."

"Is Whereaway for sale?" "Carberry laughed. "Any horse is for sale, but no one would buy Whereaway. I wouldn't sell him if there was a buyer. It would be conniving at murder. He's valuable, of course—sired by Poker King, out of Gray Day."

"Suppose, knowing the horse, I wanted to buy him?" "The other turned sharply. "I wouldn't take less than ten thousand for him." He was a little annoyed.

"I'll give eight," said George. "No. I don't want to sell."

"Ten then—but I want possession to-night."

THE ring around the show track began to fill rather early the next afternoon.

The closing event of the local horse show was always a gentlemen's steeplechase, ridden to mounts never shown over a registered course, owners up. And this steeplechase was probably the most popular event. Eagerly the spectators watched the temporary stands at the ends of the ring being cleared away and the rails taken down. A view opened out over the surrounding meadows where the course was laid. It was a two-mile-and-a-half run, with six jumps—a low stone wall into an outlying field; a hurdle; a watercourse; a stiff five-rail fence; a brush; another wall into the adjacent field and the final stretch before the stands.

Everyone was prophesying, arguing, betting. Tillian's Brushwood Boy would take it again, same as he did last year. Someone contended for Ted Bland's Backward Glance, offered even money against Brushwood Boy. Had anyone seen Carberry's mare, Bluebell? Why doesn't he chance it with Whereaway, win the race or break his neck? There were eleven entries and not one without backers.

The returning automobile luncheon-parties began to flock back into their boxes. They too were intent upon the afternoon event, but they had not forgotten the excitement of the morning when a certain young lady had carried off the blue in the ladies' hunters' dash on Phil Tillian's Fawcett. There was more than just the surprise of Kitty Langdon's defeat. There was an interest in the occasion apart from horses. There was much wondering and much whispering.

Evelyn did not like the ripple of applause which greeted her return to the box with Miss Nancy and Betsy Flouie. The affair had received more publicity than she desired. Suppose George should hear of it

before she told him. Again she remembered her fancy of last evening at the tavern. She was sure she had heard him.

The third and taken her nerve a little, and she started visibly when a boy from Green Hedges handed her a note. She thought it was from Phil—and she did not want that. They had said their second and last good-bye last night. This would spoil it.

Her determined composure and cheer when she drew out the yellow slip from the envelope. It was a telegram from George, sent from New York. "Meet me at the Hotel Friday evening at seven love George," it said.

Evelyn bit her lip and tried to brush away those whirling black spots from before her eyes. Friday—that was yesterday, and her illusion at the tavern had not been an illusion. George had been there and had seen them—and what would George think? What George would think was the only important thing in the world. Where was he?

She half-rose from her chair, but Betsy reached over and restrained her. "What's the matter, Evelyn? You're white as a sheet. Anything wrong?"

"Why, no—nothing wrong. George is in town. I'm so excited. Let's go look for him, Betsy." Her smile was a sort of herculean.

"Wait until the race is over," said Betsy. "See—they are coming on now!"

The stable and the steeplechase entries came on horses gleaming in the sun, gay-coated riders. Each horse and rider on either side of the track and the crowd of their adherents in the packed promenade and stands.

Notably enough, one of the last entries was greeted with neither applause nor cheers, but a murmur of surprise and inquiry arose as to the whole ring. The horse was a glorious black, long and lean, high-spirited and nervous. The man in gray coat and white breeches was a stranger. A cry ran along at his stirrup, tugging rapidly.

All sides came the whispered name of Whereaway, the hurried revision of bets, the hushed expectancy stirred by this new element in the race.

The box from Green Hedges was quite as curious and excited as the crowd. Fortunately their interest was distracted there. Evelyn, sitting motionless as a statue, hands clenched, unblinking eyes upon the gray-coated rider that man's horse. She knew the lift of that head, the apparently careless manner which she knew covered a raging heart, the position slightly too far forward in the saddle which she had tried so often to correct. It was madness! He would be killed.

She reached out as though to stay him. She wanted to call out, to tell him he didn't need to prove it, to tell him no one else could do anything better, but the safety of that crazy blond head of his. But her throat was dry, and it was but a whisper: "George—don't do it. A jockey couldn't get him through it."

She hardly heard the announcer's megaphoned booming: "Announcing entry of Whereaway, owned by Mr. George Morrill, Mr. Morrill up." It all seemed so far away.

In a second she recovered herself. They were all looking at her. What was it she must do? Oh yes, she must pretend she had known. That was it.

"Anybody want to bet," she laughed. It hurt. Evelyn word hurt.

Betsy looked at her curiously. "Evelyn, you ought to know better than to let him buy that horse, much less take him into this."

She didn't even flinch. "Oh, George is that kind, Betsy. He'll come through." Her heart had stopped. It must have stopped.

A cry went up from the crowd. "They're off!" But the clamor subsided as the judge's whistle brought them back to the line. Backward Glance had broken.

Again they maneuvered until as a body they rushed the line, riders up in their stirrups, mounts flattening into stride, bearing avalanche-like upon the stone wall in a short way out. One could not distinguish man from man or horse from horse in that first rush.

The crowd began to desert the ring now and seek vantage points outside along the course. Those remaining scurried to the higher parts of the stands to get a bird's-eye of the whole race.

Evelyn seized the moment of confusion to make her escape, slipped out of the box and down the stairs. One anxious glance out over the heads of the crowd at the field of riders already striding into a line, and she was gone.

Evelyn's breath caught, but the man's coat as he shot over his horse's head flashed red. It wasn't George.

Another second and she was dashing across the now emptied promenade, out

[Turn to page 103.]



When he says goodnight

EVERY evening, no matter how wonderful, must come to an end.

And when he leaves you, he is going to carry away with him a mind's-eye picture of you as he last saw you.

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The Last Hurdle

(Continued from page 102)

the back gate, rushing frantically to the top of a little hill behind the grandstand. It was crowded here, too, for this was the closest point of observation to the race itself. The field must take the five-rail fence not twenty paces below.

Evelyn weakened at sight of it, but she was glad she had come. She would be first to reach him.

Not until then did she dare raise her eyes to the distant riders, turned in this direction now, the stone wall and the crowd behind them. She saw that there were but eight or ten of them left, and then she saw what she couldn't believe: running low and still well within himself was the black, Whereaway, leading the field by a good three lengths.

It couldn't be true! The color flooded back into her cheeks, and she began to shout and talk to herself. "Oh, George darling—steady him down—and remember what I said about your knees, George!"

The field bore down now upon the water-course. Ted Bland's Backward Glance and Carberry's Bluebell were running strong, side by side. A half-length behind and moving slowly up came Brushwood Boy. It looked as if Phil would break through.

ON the instant, Whereaway swerved at the watercourse, and Evelyn put her hands before her eyes. Yes he was down!

Someone caught her, and a rough voice roared, "Get back there, miss—you'll be run down!"

When she looked up again she was happier and stronger than she had ever been in her life. Whereaway had fallen half in the water and was up again, dragging in at the prostrate figure which clung to the rim.

Then suddenly she had seen the gray coat up, swinging into the saddle on the run.

The black was going hard again in an instant, and the crowd was roaring. "Whereaway! Whereaway! Come on!"

Bland and Phil were in the lead but already George had overtaken Carberry. Whereaway was still the freshest of the four.

Evelyn heard the hoofbeats pounding as they approached the stiff rail fence below, the hardest jump in the race. There was a flash of light, straining, white-eyed horses, men with parted lips and clenched teeth. The three of them were abreast, Phil and Bland and George, the latter lunched forward awkwardly in his saddle. But she didn't care about his form.

They took the jump together. Oh, he was over! "George is over!" Evelyn was crying a little.

Of course he was over. Couldn't he do anything in the world? Wasn't he George? For all of his shyness, didn't he get anything he went after? Would any of the rest of them have had the nerve to do what he was doing?

Whereaway, a length ahead at the last jump, an easy four-foot brush hurdle, took off yards too soon, struck into the wings, and crashed to the ground. It was probably George's fault. He had seen the end too near and passed.

The crowd was rushing toward the still僵硬的 figure, lying as he had fallen.

Someone pried the loosened bridle from his crasp and lifted his head.

Another took charge of things then. "Stand away from him, you all," she commanded. "Here—give me that! the horse's bridle!"

So it was Evelyn he saw when he opened his eyes, and he thought they were alone.

"You know, Big Fellow," he said, "I thought I could do it. Truly I did. I'll go on back, Evelyn, George, all parts of the story now, all part of the community."

In fact two of them sat in a chair upstairs in the house itself, looking out the street window toward the Ridge, misty with evening. Evelyn was counting on her fingers.

"Now, wait! There, you've mixed me all up again. Let's see whether for the house in Clarke—live for that horrid Whereaway for whom you paid ten; that's seventeen—no sixteen—no seventeen, and—eight for architecting Mr. Holden's new house and—Why, George! That's twenty-five! We can start to build at once. When Mr. Holden is giving us the land, the least we can do is build on it, George. You know that?"

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Forsythe's Folly

[Continued from page 83]

"It's the same with me," said Dick Forsythe. "Everything from my time came from my mother."

"I at least can testify," spoke up Mrs. Forsythe.

"One unopposed, corroborated witness," snarled Jereed Bradley, "and that witness frightened to death by fear of the exposure of her son's claims! There's your case, Clifford; go to it!"

"There was indeed no case, Clifford perceived."

"Green," he said, "you and your arrest tonight."

"The two officers went out, Clifford turned upon Mary Regan, who had stood a silent and motionless figure.

"And you, too, were in this scheme!" he exclaimed bitterly. "And I suppose you also have your part in this, just as carefully allotted or unwitting as Bradley's!"

She maintained her silence; just stared at him in cold unexpression of whatever she felt or thought. It was the sound of Jean Fenton's voice which caused him to turn again to the others.

"Dick," she was saying tremulously, her eyes fixed searchingly upon his, "besides what you helped do against Mr. Clifford, is there anything else except those old checks?"

"Nothing, Jean! I swear!"

"Then, Dick,"—her voice was close to breaking in its throbbing happiness—"Dick—why—why didn't you come to me in the beginning and tell me? I would have understood."

"Jean!" he breathed, staring. "Jean—you really care that much? But you don't understand it all, Jean. Don't you see how I was caught that night? Bradley holding that Mortimer check, able to send me to prison and disgrace you, mother, all of us?"

"You and I, Mrs. Forsythe," Bradley put in menacingly, "will see that you have another talk about that Mortimer check."

"Is this Mortimer check?" Clifford asked young Forsythe, "the only evidence existing between the present and that past which you have overcome and which you wish to forget?"

"Absolutely the only evidence!" declared Dick Forsythe, and his mother echoed his cry.

Clifford drew out the narrow slip of paper which had been attached to Bradley's sheet of Forsythe memoranda.

"In that event, Miss Fenton," he said, holding the slip out to her, wish this to be my wedding-present to you!"

"What's that?" roared Bradley, charging at Clifford, to be halted again by Clifford's straight arm.

"The Mortimer check!" repeated Dick Forsythe, in his wild delight to find that Bradley could identify it. "The Mortimer check!"

With trembling hands Dick Forsythe lighted a match and touched it to the paper.

"And now," said Clifford, "the past will trouble none of you, and I suggest that all three of you go home."

But instead of obeying this final order, Jean and Dick rushed into an embrace! Ecstatic relief and happiness, with Mrs. Forsythe sobbing over the pair.

"By the way, Mr. Clifford," said Dick Forsythe, halting in the doorway, an arm around Jean Fenton, "if I think I should tell you that the real money behind that ten-thousand dollar check I gave you is Bradley's money. You've got his ten thousand dollars in your bank."

"I believe that I am anxious to select another method to keep themselves youthful, vigorous and so on, so as to be able to do as much work as you, young men, and do it better than you." One of the best methods is the use of a "strong" remedy, which I have called "The Youth Restorer." It is a very powerful tonic, which I have called "The Youth Restorer." It is a very powerful tonic, which I have called "The Youth Restorer."

How I Made My Crippled Body The Most Beautiful In The World!

By Annette Kellermann



I believe that I am anxious to select another method to keep themselves youthful, vigorous and so on, so as to be able to do as much work as you, young men, and do it better than you." One of the best methods is the use of a "strong" remedy, which I have called "The Youth Restorer." It is a very powerful tonic, which I have called "The Youth Restorer."

Will You Write Me An Answer?

I am anxious to select another method to keep themselves youthful, vigorous and so on, so as to be able to do as much work as you, young men, and do it better than you." One of the best methods is the use of a "strong" remedy, which I have called "The Youth Restorer."

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
29 West 34th St., Dept. 811, New York City

ANNETTE KELLERMANN
Dept. 811, 29 West 34th St., New York City

Dear Mrs. Kellermann: Kindly send me, without any charge, your book "The Youth Restorer," as I am particularly interested in it. I believe that I am anxious to select another method to keep themselves youthful, vigorous and so on, so as to be able to do as much work as you, young men, and do it better than you." One of the best methods is the use of a "strong" remedy, which I have called "The Youth Restorer."

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WITH that they were gone, Clifford turned to face Bradley, and was surprised to see that Mary Regan had vanished. Only he and Bradley and Lorette remained.

"I guess that will be all for tonight, Bradley," Clifford said with a taunting edge to his voice. "That before I leave, I want to thank you for that ten-thousand dollar contribution. I shall keep it, of course—but not for personal use. It'll be readily obliged if you mention your favorite charity."

"Go to hell!" choked out the now almost apoplectic Bradley.

"Don't you do it, Mr. Clifford," advised Lorette. "Instead, let's go to New York. Come on."

Ten minutes later the two barely caught the New York train. As they slipped into seats, Lorette said, "Mr. Clifford, a lot of strange things happened tonight. Shall I tell you what struck me as the strangest?"

"Go on," urged Clifford.

"Mary Regan. Because she didn't happen. Not obviously, I mean. I watched her; she hardly moved. I don't believe I said a word. There are a lot of things about tonight I still don't understand, perhaps some you don't understand, but here's my hunch; of all the persons there, the one person who comes nearest to understanding everything that happened, that person is Mary Regan. There's something for you to think about!"

And Clifford proceeded to think.



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How to Overcome Faulty Elimination

Most of us regard intestinal clogging as merely a cause of temporary discomfort—producing such ills as headaches, bilious attacks, insomnia and the like. Yet intestinal specialists have proved that faulty elimination is the cause of fully 75 per cent of human disease.

Why Physicians Favor Lubrication

Laxatives and cathartics do not overcome faulty elimination, says a noted authority, but by their continued use tend only to aggravate the condition and often lead to permanent injury.

Medical science, through knowledge of the intestinal tract, gained by X-ray observation and exhaustive tests, has found in *lubrication* a means of overcoming faulty elimination. The gentle lubricant, Nujol, penetrates and softens the hard food waste. Thus it enables Nature to secure regular, thorough elimination. Nujol is not a medicine and cannot cause distress. Nujol hastens the rate of flow of the intestinal stream, preventing intestinal sluggishness.

Nujol is used in leading hospitals and is prescribed by physicians throughout the world for the relief of faulty elimination in people of all ages.

Infants and Children: The mother who permits intestinal clogging in her baby or older child is jeopardizing the health, even the life of her little one. For a clogged system is a weakened system, and leaves the child a prey to serious disease.

Nujol, given to the infant or child, gently softens the accumulated waste, thereby speeding up to a normal rate its movement through and out of the body.

Let your child have Nujol regularly—and see ruddy cheeks, clear eyes and happiness return once more.

Elderly People: In advanced years the natural lubricating liquid in the intestine, which serves to soften and assist the movement of food waste, decreases in quantity. Hence the need for something to give assistance. The action of Nujol so closely resembles that of Nature's lubricant that it is especially beneficial to those advanced years. Nujol softens the hard waste, thus enabling the intestinal muscles to move the food waste along and out of the body.

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Turning an Old House into a New Home

By Harriet Sisson Gillespie



Just a dull, drab little house which no one seemed to want—but along came a fairy with a magic wand and— presto!—it was transformed



The living-room and dining-room walls were covered with a light, plain paper—a pleasing background for pieces of good old furniture



"The House with a Blue Door" has become a landmark in the town. But the door is only one of its novel features. The narrow front porch was moved around the corner to overlook the garden instead of the street; two commonplace front windows became an interesting big window; and an iron balcony, window boxes and fresh paint did the rest



A picture window of opaque glass lights the dining-room while concealing an ugly house wall opposite. Triple casement windows set high, bring the sunlight to a back bedroom



OUR booklet, "A Group of Little Homes" compiled by Robert C. Wiseman, gives ideas for porches, windows and doorways that you can follow in remodeling. In another of McCall's Service booklets, "The House of Good Taste," by Ruby Ross Goodnow, you will find lovely photographs of lovely interiors, for the decoration of every room. Both booklets will be sent without charge, this month. Write, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

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Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

SO THIS is a page about jealousy. And if it can lessen the agony of a small per cent. of the outraged wives who have confided in me, it will prove the most useful effort of my life.

Jealousy is the most destructive of all emotions. It disintegrates character, paralyzes action, changes a constructive member of society into a dragging weight. To eradicate jealousy from a mind is like successfully removing a cancer from the body.

When we discuss jealousy, we handle a subject to which there is no end and so we must omit all except its common phases.

WHAT JEALOUSY IS

Much of woman's jealousy is imaginative. When it is without foundation, it embitters existence for all concerned. But there is a kind of jealousy which is based on sad and hard facts and which therefore is justifiable. Of this I am writing.

Righteous jealousy involves several instincts; sex, acquisitiveness, self-assertion, pugnacity, probably gregariousness and often curiosity. From the wearing of uncontrollable instincts was the wife suffering when she wrote as follows:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

Do "all men kill the thing they love" and expect it to resurrect itself?

While I was in the mountains last summer with a sick child, the husband I have adored was unfaithful. To my horror he admits my jealous accusations and calmly claims that I ought to be big enough to realize that he was only passing away the time!

Why must he be "big enough" to tolerate what he should have been "big enough" to put aside?

My mind works on nothing else. I am sleepless, I grow thin. Day and night I weep over my twin babes. And why, I am so weary of it all! If I had a little more heart or a little more head, one of them would win.

He says I do not love him enough to trust him, that my jealousy is absurd. Trust him again? Who shall turn back the sun—Sylvia.

WHY JEALOUSY HURTS

DOUBTLESS there is no hurt called to that caused by baffled tenderness. Love turned back upon itself, love unexpressed, is a gnawing agony. The idea is illustrated by this letter:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I have a heart full of tenderness for my husband and no place to put it. After seven years of happy marriage, my wonderful man has found an absorbing interest in a girl. Until lately he has been proud of my devotion. He has been my refuge in great sorrow and now, even in the grief he himself has caused me, I turn to the comfort of his arms. He repulses me, or gives me a cold kiss and takes up his paper, or suggests that we go out in the car.

As a consequence, I have been ill in bed for days—Alice.

WHAT JEALOUSY DOES

JEALOUSY produces many physical ailments but these are not its worst results. Jealousy paralyzes action as a victim explains:

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I was the busiest and happiest woman in our town until I discovered that my husband is devoted to his pretty assistant. Now I haven't the slightest interest in anything. Jealousy has made me as selfish as earnest love has made my husband. He neglects his children for the girl and in spite of myself, I cannot attend to my duties.

My mind is fixed upon the careless he lavishes upon the young woman. I am wretched every minute he is out of my sight. I am of no use to anyone. I might as well be dead or crazy—E. H. M.

EXACTLY so; if a woman permits her jealousy to become an obsession, as it easily may, she soon will be worse than dead.

The mind follows the easy channels just as water runs down hill. Jealousy, millilit around and around, will wear these channels deeper and deeper. Sometimes when we say we are "going crazy," we are not far from the truth.

There is only one way to meet the situation: The victim must squeeze her jealous thoughts out of her mind as she would squeeze water from a sponge, and then soak her mind with constructive ideas, unrelated to her husband, and convert them into profitable conduct for other persons.

MEN WHO CAUSE JEALOUSY

TO say that there are good men in the world is like announcing that there is salt in the sea. It is to the others who force wives to need a remedy for jealousy.

Dear Winona Wilcox:

My husband swears that I am the only woman he loves, puts on his hat and goes down to kiss a young girl's employee. It seems to me that he loves neither of us, but that he loves himself extremely well—Corn B.

TWO types of men make women justly jealous. First, the sensualist; and he is the least dangerous because he is easily recognized and understood. His wife or sweetheart readily frets herself.

To consider love at any cost the ideal solution of life's enigmas is the fashion. If love fails to work the enchantments, is it wise to settle down to enduring a muddled existence? Once that was the only way. Today the affinity triangle may be worked out by sociology, psy-



chology, eugenics and economics. Why not put your problem, big or little, to one who will try to show you a straight path? For a personal reply, send an addressed and stamped envelope. Address your letter to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 W. 37th Street, New York City.

A weaker man than the sensualist is he for whom the wronged wife frets her soul away. He is the sentimentalist. A. G. Tansley's description of the type is almost dramatic, but too long to be given space for full quotation. I thus condense it:

"The sentimentalists proper are people of weak libido and hence incapable of strong emotion or affection. Their affective nature is sufficiently satisfied by weak feeling, which plays around various objects more or less connected with normal objects of affection. A man or woman who never falls seriously in love, but who is attracted slightly by persons after person of the opposite sex, who finds sufficient satisfaction in mild philandering is a typical sentimentalist."

The idea that a philanderer is incapable of loving greatly is one all women ought to grasp and keep. It ought to save ignorant girls from adorning married men, it ought to make jealous wives measure the emotions of their erring husbands more accurately.

JEALOUSY'S CRUELEST PHASE

UNHEARABLE is that idea attached to jealousy with which the vagrant husband often taunts the accusing wife:

"Oh! You're jealous!" he sneers, implying that jealousy is a sin.

Jealousy when justified is not a sin and no wronged wife ever ought to be silenced by the slur. Jealousy is as real as love, and the man should know that it is no more within the wife's control in the beginning than is his own greed to be loved by two women at the same time.

There is viciousness in such taunting but it is evident that no woman ought to waste a word in retort. What use to argue with a stone?

FUTILITY OF JEALOUSY

IF jealousy is unchecked, it reaches the dangerous stage of futility. The wife who is rightly jealous of her husband usually makes an effort to regain his affection. But sometimes nothing will get under his skin. He scorns duty, breaks every promise. Neither the wife's anger, contempt, disgust, tenderness nor pleading will cause him to surrender his man's right to love as often as he chooses.

When the object of jealousy wraps himself in a hard shell of untruth, then occur the great tragedies of jealousy.

If impulsive women would take pains to acquire a little scientific information about jealousy, they could keep it from rising to the degree of exploding in crime.

COMMON DEMAND OF JEALOUSY

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I married the "best man in the world" and for five years was gloriously happy. I was tied at home with two babies and my husband made that an excuse for going to dances with other women. Worse followed, if he would only own up and be sorry, I would forgive him—H. S.

THE wronged wife invariably expects the offending man to repent—and this is the most absurd abuse of her attitude toward her trouble. The man rarely cares to be forgiven because he is not actually sorry. On the contrary, he thinks himself clever because he has snatched some emotional experiences from life to which he was not entitled. Sex greed goes with sex vanity.

JEALOUSY AND THE DUCTLESS GLANDS

FOR long decades, it has been supposed that a wife could win back a recant mate by super-kindness. Today we are told that human beings are chemical laboratories and that a human being, apart from normal behavior, he may be directed by the product of some over-active ductless gland.

When a good husband suddenly makes a nice wife jealous, this theory is worth attention.

Sometimes the endocrine system is upset by a shock. It has happened after war or accident that perfectly normal men, accustomed to pursue the straight road, take to the primrose alleys.

As yet the scientists only hint at what the future may reveal concerning the relation of the ductless glands to conduct.

SECRET OF THE ART OF LIVING

BUT "Tell me again what I am going to get out of adapting myself to an unat situation?" implies the confused victim of jealousy.

You are going to get an emotion which is of vast importance and supremely satisfying to every normal human being. You are going to acquire a sense of power over yourself, the ability to rule you self under all conditions, in grief as well as joy.

Part of jealousy is will-to-power—the will to rule others.

Learn to rule yourself instead. There is no more trustworthy source of personal gratification. This is the essence of the art of living.

When you can stop pitying yourself, when you can see the man as he is and not as you wish him to be, then you will become indifferent to his neglect.

Winona Wilcox

GOLD DUST



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A Secret Worth Knowing

This simple method saves both time and rubbing: Dissolve in each gallon of boiling water in a tin, aluminum or galvanized vessel two table-spoonfuls of Gold Dust. Be sure to have enough of the solution to cover the pieces of silver entirely. Leave the pieces in the boiling solution and in contact with the vessel for at least one minute. Remove, allow to dry, then polish with a soft cloth or chamois.

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You will know the genuine Gold Dust by the Twins and the name Fairbank's on the package.

And there's nothing like Gold Dust for washing dishes. A dip in the gentle suds makes them bright as sunshine.

Also give the kitchen stove and pots and pans a sun-shine bath in friendly Gold Dust. Taken no time at all.

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Twins do your work





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	Single-faced	Double-faced
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St. Paul—But the Lord is Mindful of His Own	88191 1.50	} 6271 2.00
Agnus Dei	88416 1.50	
Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht	88138 1.50	} 6281 2.00
Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her	88381 1.50	

SCHUMANN-HEINK—Victor Artist



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Exactingly artist that she is, Farrar demands the same perfection in her Victor Records as characterizes her every interpretation. It must be Farrar to merit her approval and her sixty-eight Victor Records are evidence of that fact. These numbers include:

	Single-faced	Double-faced
Carmen—Habanera	87210 \$1.00	} 621 \$1.50
Au Printemps	87313 1.00	
Madama Butterfly—Un bel di vedremo	88113 1.50	} 6110 2.00
Tosca—Vissi d'arte e d'amor	88192 1.50	
Songs My Mother Taught Me	87350 1.00	} 622 1.50
Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms	87025 1.00	

FARRAR — Victor Artist



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HOMER — Victor Artist

Homer is another great artist who is confident that the height of perfection in sound production is attained only by the Victor. She is willing to be judged by her Victor Records, of which she has made sixty-eight. Here are some of these selections:

	Single-faced	Double-faced
Messiah—He Shall Feed His Flock	88613 \$1.50	} 6166 \$2.00
Messiah—He Was Despised	88574 1.50	
Samson et Dalila—Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix	88199 1.50	} 6164 2.00
Samson et Dalila—Printemps qui commence	88627 1.50	
Flee as a Bird	87260 1.00	} 684 1.50
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In buying a talking machine consider that you must choose the Victrola or something you hope will do as well and remember that the Victrola—the standard by which all are judged—costs no more.

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